

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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VOL. V.—NO. 21.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 229.

Current Items.

THE DUMMY LOCOMOTIVE.—Mr. Henry Waterman once designed a locomotive which was intended should look like a common baggage car, make no noise, show no smoke nor steam, and although slow could pull like a dragon. It was built by the Hudson River Railroad Co., and used for a time in hauling cars through the streets, a man always preceding it on horseback to clear the track, but its use was forbidden by the city authorities. The objections having been recently reconsidered and removed, leave was given to the Company again to use this powerful engine in place of horse power, under certain restrictions, and the "dummy," as it is termed, is now being refitted and improved in several respects. There are three pieces of 36-inch driving wheels, without flanges coupled, and located between the ordinary trucks. The cylinders, 18 inches in diameter, the stroke of piston the same, and on a recent trial the machine proved itself capable of hauling fifteen loaded freight cars up the grade on the Eleventh avenue without difficulty. There are two large iron tanks for water, the water used in condensing the steam being worked alternately from one into the other. The fuel being Anthracite, little or no smoke is visible.—*Tribune*.

A WONDERFUL RELIC.—It is stated that in cutting through Oliver-street, for the purpose of extending the Bowery, a tomb stone was exhumed and a perfect skull found beneath it. The inscription was in Hebrew characters, and after being submitted to the inspection of many learned citizens of the Israelitish persuasion, it was deciphered to bear the name "Grenada," while the date runs back some 399 years, which was before the discovery of America by Columbus.—*N. Y. Courier*.

A WONDERFUL CURIOSITY.—On Saturday, at Springfield, the lower jaw of some monster was taken out a few feet below the surface by some miners; they were offered \$2000 for it. This curiosity has created quite an excitement in that camp. The remains are supposed to belong to a species of the mastadon. The bone weighed over eighty pounds, was seven inches in thickness, and about three feet in length. There were several teeth in it in a beautiful state of preservation.—*Sonora Herald*.

JAMES HALL of Boston, prospecting for antiquities, has discovered the cellar of Miles Standish's house at Duxbury, and dug from it a gun barrel some fifty-two inches in length, and other valuable relics. The house was burned down over two hundred years ago, and the accumulations of earth over what was probably the top of the cellar, have been about two feet in depth.

LITERARY FAME.—Arrangements have been made with Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, for separate editions in England, France and Germany, of her new novel, now going through the press of Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., of this city; so that the book will have simultaneous issue in the four great publishing cities of the world—Boston, London, Paris and Leipzig.—*Boston Transcript*.

The New Jersey State Fair commenced its Second Annual Exhibition at Newark on Thursday of last week. The attendance is very large and the exhibition highly creditable.

REMITTANCES TO THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, ENDING SEPTEMBER 13.

James S. Brabaker, \$3; John W. Maulling, 2; Isaac H. Hunt, 1; Thomas Hinckel-
liffe, 1; Thomas Norris, 3; Edward M. Macgregor, 1; William R. Evans, 4; Russell
Barber, 3; Sarah Nichols, 1; Mrs. E. Cochran, 2; Jno. Parteb, 1; S. S. Fletcher, 1;
Adin A. Waldo, 1 16; G. C. Wood, 60c; Phillip Pfell, 43c; J. S. Mentaudest, 1;
John Rogers, 2; A. B. Warren, 2; Daniel Carpenter, 1 04; W. Fisher, 1; S. N. Jones,
2; Mary Doud, 1; David P. Turner, 2; J. S. Fuller, 2 24; Elisha Glidden, 1; Eb-
bens Ferry, 1; Luanid D. Cross, 2; J. H. Hater, 24c; Fayette B. Fambin, 1 24;
Mary Bly, 3; J. B. Gavland, 5; A. J. Champion, 1; A. Leonard Hughs, 2; John
Lustus, 15; F. Kemball, 50c; R. B. Lewis, 2; Penj. Turner, 1; Geo. W. Samson, 2;
C. B. Gullophen 2; Mary C. Hoyt, 2; John Eddle, 1; P. Knowls, 25c; Roswell
Emery, 1; Samuel Forbes, 1 50; Henry Breden, 1 50; Hannah Fogden, 75c.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

To Our Friends at the West.

The Editor of this paper proposes to leave New York as early as the first of October, on a lecturing tour through several of the Western States, including Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana and Illinois. The lectures will chiefly relate to the facts, laws and tendencies of Spiritual Intercourse; the spiritual element in all Religions and in the noblest works of genius, ancient and modern; special attention being given to the present living inspiration, and the great Spiritual Reform-
nation of our own time.

S. B. B. will also receive invitations to lecture on literary, philosoph-
ical and popular subjects, before Lyceums and scientific institutions. The friends of progress in the numerous cities and villages along the Hudson River, New York Central, Lake Shore or Great Western, and Michigan Central and Southern Railroads, who may desire his services in this capacity, are requested to communicate their wishes, by letter or otherwise, at their earliest convenience. This will be necessary, as we desire to prepare and publish a complete programme of our pro-
posed labors before leaving home.

It will be perceived that this course will render it extremely incon-
venient, if not altogether impossible, for the lecturer to accept invita-
tions that may be tendered to him along the route; hence the obvious
necessity of making previous arrangements. Address S. B. Brittan, at
this office.

Lecture in Brooklyn.

Mr. L. J. PARDEE will lecture in Clinton Hall, corner of Clinton and
Atlantic-streets, Brooklyn, on Sunday next (21st inst.) at 3 o'clock, P. M.
Miss Beebe at Southold, L. I.

Miss C. M. BEEBE will lecture at Southold, L. I., next Sunday (21st
instant.)

Dodworth's Hall.

JOEL TIFFANY will lecture at Dodworth's Hall next Sunday (21st inst.)
morning and evening.

T. L. Harris in Boston.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 229.

The Principles of Nature.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

BY DR. R. T. HALLOCK.
Concluded.

Patient Reader: We are approaching the end of our journey. The incidents hitherto related had their origin with man on earth—with humanity in the bud. I have some to speak of the projectors of which were man above the earth—humanity in the flower, humanity nearer the fountain of causation than the plane of being we now occupy; that is to say, of man as a Spirit divested of the grosser particles of matter.

Saturday evening, July 26, found me in the city of Buffalo, where I soon made the acquaintance of the Editor of the *Age of Progress*, who introduced me to a well-known medium of that city, Miss Brooks, who with her father and a few friends kindly consented to give me an opportunity for witnessing the phenomena usually manifested through her, and testified to by many intelligent persons. The facts were these: The piano was placed with the key-board against the fireplace, and the lid raised so as to be just underneath the shelf above it. The party, after the room had been prepared so as to be in total darkness when the light was extinguished, took their seats in a small circle on the opposite side of the room, in front of the reversed side of the piano, and distant from it some six or eight feet. Miss Brooks took her position standing with her back to the piano and her hands resting upon it. Then the light was put out and the circle sat with joined hands and feet in perfect darkness, awaiting the result. Soon the piano commenced uttering sounds, then music, then a wild crash of noise as though the instrument were being struck with a muffled wooden mallet, and the whole fabric must be ruined beyond repair. Then a lighter strain, during which the tuning of the instrument and the movement of the pedals were distinctly heard, and heard repeatedly during the performance. Various familiar sounds were imitated with remarkable exactness. The sawing of wood with a buck-saw, the dropping of the stick, then apparently the sawing of a huge "back log" with a cross-cut saw, which, when it fell, seemed to shake the whole room. During a considerable portion of the time the piano was being thus exercised, a clock upon the mantle-piece directly above it was striking rapidly, was being wound up, and its alarm bell ringing! Let it be remembered now, that the room, though dark, was closed, and all its contents and surroundings had been thoroughly examined; the piano stood with its key-board to the wall, and all the persons in the room were joined in close contact except Miss Brooks; and then let him who can, believe that she was competent to the performance just related. The piano was repeatedly lifted bodily, and let fall to the floor, and only prevented apparently by her request from advancing in this way to where we were seated on account of the damage it might do to the ceiling and walls of the house.

Seeing such amplitude of power induced me to ask if the unseen owner would touch us. By way of answer, my walking stick which I had left in an unobtrusive corner of the room, was

heard to fall on the floor, and soon after it was found in gentle contact with the head of Mr. Brooks, then of others, then in not very light proximity with a gentleman's back—Mr. Stephen Albro, who had changed seats a moment before with Mr. Brooks, and requested, if it could be done, to be pushed out of his chair by it. Mr. Albro is by no means a "light weight," but he found the end of that cane and the power applied to it, not only accommodating but convincing. He was landed upon our feet at the bottom of the circle, in much less time than it requires to relate it. Mr. Brooks soon after, there being at this time no music from the piano, commenced whistling "Yankee Doodle," in a mild way, to which the walking-stick immediately responded by keeping audible and perfect time on his head, which seemed also to inspire the piano with a desire to join in beating time, which it certainly did by lifting its clumsy legs and letting them fall gently upon the floor in a measured and orderly manner, and in perfect harmony with the walking-stick and the whistle. Query—If Miss Brooks beat time with the cane, who lifted the piano?

I had not been touched yet. Affecting playfully to feel myself slighted, I requested to be remembered. No answer. Then I asked to have a book brought from a table not far distant and placed in my lap. I was seated at the end of a sofa, and directly the question was asked, I felt a light substance graze along my left arm and fall to the floor. This was afterward found to be a lady's work-basket, and was for the time being the only answer to my desire to be touched, and I soon forgot it in the interest felt for what others were receiving. This was right, and according to the solemn rules of sound politeness I believe, for it was my walking-stick that was out making complimentary calls and leaving its cards, which in my greediness I had forgotten. My cane had more "manners" than its owner. But it returned home at last; and as if to repay me for my previous impatience, began a series of caresses such as are seldom, I think, received from a bit of bamboo and ivory. All over my face and lips, head and neck that stick was passed with all the gentleness of a lady's hand. Then the iron-pointed end passed all about my eyes, making many times the complete circuit of their orbits—the eyes being all the while purposely held open, pressing upon the lids and edges with all the assurance and dexterity of the nicest manipulator acting in broad daylight. When this had been repeated till there could be no doubt that we were in the presence of an eye to which our darkness was no obstruction, as quick as thought, the cane was reversed, and the ivory end thrust into my bosom, and a book laid upon my arm. This ended the sitting.

By appointment, on Monday evening the 28th, the same party met again. The day had been as hot as any ever known in these parts, and the evening seemed too sultry for breath itself. Taking our seats at a table in the customary way, we were told through the raps that on account of the extreme heat the original object of the meeting would have to be postponed; but they would treat us to some music, which was all they would be able to do on that occasion. Preparations similar to those of

Saturday evening were accordingly made, Miss Brooks assisting, (please notice this) and while doing so, the piano, standing as before described, just as we were about to take our places as on the former occasion, I stepped across the room, passing the end of the piano to the shelf above it for a drink of water. Having helped myself, as I turned to take my seat, the strings of that instrument were vibrated so as to pass through my whole frame like an electric shock. It was not only heard distinctly, but felt.

Now, as no person but myself was near the piano (and I have just stated what I was doing there), how is that sound which was felt with a thrill through every nerve in my system, to be accounted for, if the explanation given through the same power that produced it, is to be rejected? Admitting that, the solution is natural and easy to every careful observer of law, and of facts now occurring all over the world. Denying that, you make an invasion upon the territory of Science, and a breach in its solid walls through which all the scorn and derision it has heaped by implication on what it considers mere miracle mongering theology, must flow back upon itself and deluge its professors with shame and confusion. For its savans to fill the whole country with "horn books" setting forth the exact science of the relation absolute between effects and causes, and then to admit (as, by a denial of the real cause, is positively conceded,) that cases may occur, in which no such boasted relation exists—is to end at once all exactness and all scientific certainty. It is no salvo to true science, to affect the humility of a belief that some yet undiscovered law within its physical domain may be found to account for this and similar phenomena—it knows better! It knows that it might as well look with hope for a law that will send water up hill without adequate force. The common profession of a faith in the discovery of a future law, ruling these facts, may quiet the fears of the superstitious for a time, but in the mouth of science it is a "pious fraud!"

Being seated again as on the previous evening, we were treated with a piece of music which, had it been performed at the "Academy" on Fourteenth-street, in the city of New York, would have "brought down the house" and called for nightly repetition. And why I speak so positively, being no musical critic, is this: I know what *does* do it. Cross-examine the public in its expression of rapture for sweet sounds, and any one may ascertain, without practical acquaintance with a fiddle-bow, what it was that pleased it. One may know what *does* a certain thing without being able to do it one's-self, may he not? Well, that performance did as far transcend common piano-playing as Jenny Lind excels an ordinary vocalist. The producer of it said it was called, where *he* lived, "The Shower of Pearls," and it was appropriately named, to say the least. Let any musician who may think I overstate this matter, call on Mr. Brooks and his daughter, and they may possibly change their opinion. My good friend Stephen Albro, who can be found at No. 200 Main-street, Buffalo, will cheerfully point out their residence.

But I must make haste. Arrived in Rochester, Tuesday the

29th, I had an excellent opportunity for witnessing some manifestations entirely new to me. The medium was Miss Mary Comstock, who was kind enough to devote a few hours of that beautiful morning to a circle of friends at the house of Mr. Burtis. There was much in her appearance, etc., that reminded me of Mrs. Leah Brown, of the Fox Family, and, like her, she has communications through rapping and other modes, but the peculiarity alluded to consists of letters, etc., appearing upon her arms. For example, I had asked the question, while we were receiving answers through the raps, whether Spiritualism was advancing in the world as rapidly and usefully as could well be expected, or as was satisfactory to them? To this there was an affirmation by the raps, and immediately Miss Comstock said, "I guess they are coming. I feel the usual pricking and burning sensations in my arm." On looking at it, I observed a redness in one spot, near the elbow, and soon others in lines along the arm, which, faster than I can write it, gave the following answer to my question: "Glorious our good works on earth. Let your light shine." Between these sentences, and on the broadest portion of the fore-arm, was raised in exquisite outline the stem of a rose-bush bearing a beautiful full-blown rose, with the natural accompaniment of buds and leaves. This was not done in the dark, recollect, nor by gas-light, but in the broad light of noonday.

On the same occasion another answer was produced in the same way, and covering the field occupied by the first, addressed to a lady who, like myself, was a stranger. Instead of a rose, in this case, there appeared a small tree between the writing, and on the other arm was a rose twig, but neither so large nor beautiful as the first. The writing, however, was very perfect and large; the fore-arm was nearly covered with it. The tree was a part of the address to the lady, and had a meaning as distinct and definite as the writing. Let me state the circumstances of its occurrence. When the writing appeared upon the arm in answer to my question, the circle consisted of Mr. Burtis, wife, two little girls, the Rev. Mr. Hammond (a well-known member of Rochester), Miss Comstock and myself. Directly it had been well considered, wondered at, and had finally disappeared, we were joined by three strangers. One had just returned from Europe, one was from the South, and the other was the lady alluded to. This of course involved an introduction and change in the conditions of the circle. When all were seated, communication was resumed through the raps, the strangers in their turns being the questioners and receiving the replies. During a short pause, I asked if the Spirit-power would reproduce the writing, etc., upon the arm. To this it was replied, they would try to produce something else. Subsequently, therefore, my attention was closely directed to the appearance of the "something else," but it seemed a long time in coming. Mr. Hammond, being in feeble health, had retired to a sofa in the corner of the room. Mrs. Burtis became entranced, and with her hands laid upon the head of the young lady, was speaking to her as from a Spirit friend, the substance of which was encouragement to persevere in the investigation of Spiritualism—that she was in process of development as a medium, and if she could only throw her doubts and fears away and look up hopefully and trustfully, she would soon realize in her own experience the sublime reality of what she prayed in her inmost soul might prove to be true. Still there was nothing on Miss Comstock's arm. Mr. Hammond in the meantime spoke from the sofa, and said: "Madam, I see your interior state very clearly, and they show me a symbolical representation of it—I see a tree, and you are sitting among its lower branches. You look up, and on observing the beautiful fruit and foliage on the boughs above you, you feel pained with the thought that you can never reach so high, and sink back discouraged."

Again I looked and there was nothing on the arm. Concluding that we should be disappointed in that respect, I said to Miss Comstock I would like to speak with her alone, and asked her to walk with me on the piazza. She readily complied, and we passed side by side out of the room and toward the end of the piazza farthest from the company. Arrived there, I turned directly in front of her, and wishing to impress her strongly with what I had to say, grasped her hand. As I did so and raised it up, the sleeve fell back, and then, to my astonishment, appeared what I have described. To drop her hand and step back to the parlor to request the friends there to come out and witness it, was but natural. So there we stood in the open air, at 12 o'clock, M., looking upon a phenomenon as much above the power of man in his present state of knowledge to produce, as

it would be to create a world. The writing was plain, large and beautiful. Perhaps there may be some relation between the production of that tree upon the arm and the remarks of Mr. Hammond—I should not be surprised if it were so. Reader, what thinkest thou?

May I presume to hold thee by the button a moment longer? It may be some time before we meet again in the TELEGRAPH. I feel that I have intruded upon it and upon thee, and will forbear, with a parting word. I am an inexpert word painter, and my picture is full of froth and folly and coarseness. What its significance may be to thee, will depend wholly on thine eye; what it means to me I wish to state: I see the young and growing world disgusted with the joyous and sublime Gospel of Jesus Christ, because of the gravity and gloom of its professed friends and followers; I hear these mistaken friends groaning on their way up to God and heaven—most miserably happy, and proclaiming by their dismal and solemn march to all beholders, that Heaven is not worth the seeking nor God sufficiently attractive, to suggest an introduction—in short, I see what Jesus saw in the old Jerusalem. We are preparing the foundations for the new. Should the laborers sing and make merry at their work, or groan? We do read that the "morning stars sang together" when a "babe" was born, shall we weep that a world is saved? To be a true man, is to be equal to the exigencies of the passing hour, it is to be a child with children, merry in the midst of the mirth-moving and a man in the crisis which asks for a man's work. The true man can bestride a broomstick in the nursery, and "weigh the stars in a balance" in his library; the true Christian of the popular stamp can do nothing but groan, and that, too, invariably in the merry place. He can be prodigiously grave and solemn over his shoe-strings, and laugh like an idiot over the very facts of which he must predicate his immortality and eternal life!

I have painted foolishly, therefore, for a great purpose—the purpose of expressing my utter contempt for such misplaced gravity and wisdom. I wish to place myself on the record, away down here at the foot of this "Jacob's ladder," upon which the happy millions of earth and Heaven are to pass and repass in all the glorious hereafter, as a man who can laugh and enjoy trifles—as a man who can be a devoted and undoubting Spiritualist—as a man who can enjoy the society of Heaven—as a man who loves Jesus as an "elder brother" and God as our universal Father, without feeling himself curtailed of the privilege to laugh, or deprived of the inalienable right to play the fool when it will serve a wise purpose. Farewell!

THE LAW OF PROPHECY.

MR. TELEGRAPH:

Is there a law of prophecy; and if there is, will some of your savans please favor us with a few remarks touching it? It is a subject that has been occupying my thoughts for the last ten years; but I have, as yet, arrived at no definite conclusion. If the power to prophesy exists, then I maintain that, like all other human endowments, it exists in obedience to fixed laws; and that there is some such faculty possessed by humanity, I think the remarkable prophecies on record are both too numerous and well authenticated to admit of a denial. "Approaching events cast their shadows before," says the "Prophet-bard" of Avon, and in this feature of the subject we can easily recognize the legitimacy of prophecy. The destruction of Jerusalem, for example, was predicted from the character of its institutions and inhabitants; the increase of knowledge from the invention of printing; and, in like manner, Republicanism may be predicted as the future form of British government. In all such cases we have the "shadow before;" and hence the fulfillment of a prophecy based upon inferences which maybe thus legitimately drawn, becomes an absolute certainty. But when there is no shadow—when not even the embryonic symptoms of an event exists, to cast a shadow, as in the case of the prediction concerning the steamer Ericsson, for example—how then are we to account for fore-knowledge? Some people may be very sagacious, and others very perceptive; but Reason tells us—at least, mine tells me—that not even angels can know of an event before the birth of its indications!

Should this prophecy concerning the Ericsson ever be fulfilled, I could only account for it by supposing some mischievous Spirit to have resolved on firing the ship, and thus become the verifier as well as the prophet. Will expounder Partridge, philosopher Fishbough, or divining Davis lend us a little light on this subject? Fraternally,

ROBERT W. ROGERS.

INCREDIBLE TALES,

OR FACTS NOT SUFFICIENTLY AUTHENTICATED.

I HAVE seldom been more surprised than with the following paragraph which I copy from a private business letter just received:

"Your SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH contains—or did when I took it—too many incredible tales, not sufficiently well authenticated. I think this calculated to injure any cause, however good it may be. Christianity has suffered serious damage by it."

Doubtless the "incredible tales" to which the writer refers, are the records of spiritual manifestations and communications on which modern Spiritualism and Christianity are based, viz., the seeing of Spirit lights, hearing of voices speaking out of heaven, Spirits influencing persons to write, speak and sing in their own and in unknown tongues, prophecying and telling strangers all the secrets of their lives, locking and unlocking the doors of prisons and of our dwellings, transporting persons and ponderable objects through the air, rolling away stones from sepulchers, etc. All these things are said to have occurred in ancient times, and are also testified to as within the experience of scores of credible living witnesses all around us, of which number I am one. Those who do not believe these "incredible tales" as occurring in ancient times are not Christians, and those who do not believe them as occurring in our own time are not modern Spiritualists. These are the germs, conditions and facts from which all Christianity and modern Spiritualism have grown up. Small and "incredible" were they in the beginning, to be sure, but the frequency of their occurrence, and their potency for conviction, have raised them both to mighty trees in the mental world, in whose branches the fowls of the air may rest secure. If these "incredible facts" had not been demonstrated to man's natural senses, he could not, of course, have known of immortality; neither that the life man lives in the flesh determines his condition and happiness in the existence beyond. If those persons of ancient times who experienced these "incredible" facts had not testified, nobody except themselves could have believed or had faith in an unbroken continuity of existence beyond the visible world—consequently, since all man's voluntary speech and action proceed from, or has reference to, his knowledge or belief, there could have been no Christianity in the world to-day. Christianity consists in an earth-life regulated with reference to a knowledge or belief in a life beyond; hence all Christianity rests on what my correspondent terms "incredible tales."

Those who have not experienced these "incredible" facts, or believed these "incredible tales" are neither Christians nor Spiritualists. But how can "incredible tales," if true, "seriously damage" a cause based on "incredible tales"? Those who do not believe these "incredible tales," are certainly not "damaged" by their existence, while those who have experienced the phenomena, or believed the "incredible tales," are certainly benefited by them. Shall we then stifle these heavenly voices, and cease to testify to these immortal truths and manifestations? Suppose those persons who witnessed these things in ancient times had bottled them up within themselves, or smothered them in their graves, where would have been Christianity—where humanity and progress? No sentiment or sound of these could have awakened the echo, Where! To these "incredible tales" then, is all of Christianity and human progress indebted. To these "incredible tales" of veritable facts in this paper are our efforts devoted. This is one of the messengers of "incredible" facts which transcend ordinary physical observation. It goes forth to awaken the diviner echoes and aspirations of the human soul—a pioneer in human progress establishing the long prayed for kingdom of God in the hearts of men. We do not profess to stand still or traverse the beaten track through sandy deserts, and limit knowledge where it is, and man to his present condition; but crowded upon the frontier of human progress where the wisdom of the past culminates, we stand, looking out upon the immensities of the unknown and invisible beyond, observing meditating, testifying.

I have publicly testified to many facts which transpired under my own observation, which I knew would not be generally believed; and as well did I know that my statements would bring discredit and reproach upon me. I have not been mistaken in this; I have received anonymous letters threatening my life; relatives and friends have earnestly admonished me that I was hazarding my own and my family's religious, political and social privileges, and that I should be likely to squander my property, and speedy failure would be the result. Business men

have refused me credit; a bank, with which I kept my account refused me the usual banking facilities, and reported what they knew to be scandalous falsehoods respecting my pecuniary abilities; and all to coerce me into subjection, and to crucify my own senses in deference to assumed infallibility in religious things, and to the popular infidelity to truth and duty in commerce; to strangle immortal impulses and manifestations for the miserable pottage my friends and foes had to offer. But between truth and duty and the world's offered sacrifice, I could perceive no relative value; hence I continue to investigate and to testify, holding myself ever ready for cross-examination. The stormy threats, bribes, fuss and fustian appear to have blown over without harm to me in person or property, and if any are less cordial I have but to turn my ear with myriads of devout men and listen to the still small voice of angels. But my correspondent says our facts "are not sufficiently well authenticated." What shall we do or say more? If any devotee to mere forms wishes us to confirm our statements of spiritual facts under oath, we are ready to do so. But can anybody suppose another to be so reckless of his character and interest as to give currency to "incredible tales" which are really untrue, when he knows it will bring reproach and discredit upon him? Is there really anybody so stupid as not to have learned that people lie only for gain? Besides, is it not more incredible to presume that so many men and women should, without motive or collusion, almost simultaneously bear testimony to similar "incredible facts" within their own experience, than it is, under the circumstances, to believe their "incredible tales" to have a real genuine basis?

The more remarkable and improbable the statements in which a considerable number of people agree, the more evidence is there of its truth. On the principle that if a person give currency to an untruth, it will be one that people are expected to believe, and hence brought within the range of probabilities.

No attentive reader of the TELEGRAPH will have failed to observe, that to all statements (with very few, if any, exceptions) which embody remarkable or incredible manifestations, we have required the name of the party who made the communication, the time and place at which the events occurred, the names of the persons present at the time, and we have published them with the communication. Does not this afford every opportunity to persons so ascertain, by writing to the parties, whether the statement be genuine, and by writing to others in the city or town, to ascertain whether the persons testifying are truthful, and whether there are any circumstances which seem to throw discredit on the statement? Is this not proper and sufficient precaution to warrant credence?

If my correspondent or anybody else wishes to have the name of taking a paper on which words are printed, and do not wish to be troubled with any new facts or ideas, they will not much hazard disappointment in subscribing for almost any of the so-called religious papers of the day. Many of them are organs of men and women banded together for the purpose of holding the world where it is, and to anathematize every innovator on their stale, dead calm, as an infidel, and to crucify every new fact or idea.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

COMMUNICATION FROM DR. HARE.

In a recent newspaper it has been published that I made an apology before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, for having claimed an opportunity to explain my having become an advocate of Spiritualism, after having published an opposite conviction. True it is undoubtedly, that I suggested an apology, but it was for the association, not for myself that it was made. The apology was suggested for their refusal to allow me a hearing, not for my request that a hearing should be granted.

In support of my claim to be heard, I urged that if the sounds and movements of which the occurrence had been suggested by numberless unimpeachable witnesses were not, as by them inferred, due to the Spirits of departed mortals, they would be due to some physical causes, and consequently would fall within the field of physical investigation, legitimately belonging to the Association. Hence, without admitting the explanation of Spiritualists to be true, the association could not fairly refuse the desired hearing. My much esteemed friend, Prof. Pierce, sought to escape from this dilemma by urging that if the phenomena were due to Spirits, it did not belong to the meeting to consider them, and that if the opposite were true, they must originate in deception, and therefore could not deserve the desired consideration.

Being myself one of those through whom the phenomena in

question had been produced and attested, subsequent to the session I asked Prof. Pierce whether he intended to impute deception to me. In reply he said, that he had not denied that the phenomena were due to Spirits. It is therefore to be inferred, that this eminent astronomer actually concurs with me in opinion as to the origin of the phenomena.

But if the Spirit manifestations, so called, although attested by witnesses more numerous and better known than those by which any miraculous facts ever were before attested, are to be ascribed to deception or delusion, how are any of those on which any existing religion reposes for its truth, to be held free from the same defects.

Moreover, if due to deception, is it less the duty of men of science to trace it to that source? Can it be right that those who are by their intellectual ability and attainments pre-eminently competent to investigation, should not exert their powers to expose the deceit.

But even when traced to spirits, if valuable suggestions should be made by Spirits, should men of science neglect those suggestions instead of "trying all, and holding fast that which proves good?" Pursuant to the premises, I insisted the real motive for the refusal of my request was not brought forward, which was expediency—a motive analogous to that which had led me during thirty years in which I occupied the professorship of chemistry to avoid any expression to my class of my religious opinions which might conflict with the opinions of those with whom I was associated, and with which it was my duty to harmonize and not to render unpopular.

Every man of science is the "born thrall" of the existing theology. Being in this thralldom they dare not countenance facts which may furnish a bulwark to overthrow the theological fortress under whose ordinance they exist. When a highly accomplished candidate may be refused a chair on account of his disbelief in the Trinitarian mystery, it could not but be dangerous for any dependent on theological institutions to admit of any way to the celestial regions preferable to that so painfully exemplified in the "Pilgrim's Progress."

There has been a time when religion repressed science; and it would seem that at the present era science is to revenge itself by repressing religious truth, by sanctioning indirectly the alleged manifestations of antiquity, while deriding those of the present time; believing on miracles told by no one knows who, yet denying the allegations of eye-witnesses known to be truthful; while straining at spiritual gnats, swallowing scriptural camels.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

CLAIRVOYANCE is no humbug, no fanciful chimera of the brain, no delusion; and yet how many there are who believe it to be such! Two years ago such was my opinion on this matter. The following circumstances led me to change my opinions:

One evening, while reading one of the Harmonias—"The Physician"—my mind became strongly attracted to an illustration of what Mr. Davis calls "spiritual perception." In reading this "illustration" and on arriving at that part which speaks of the "soft, clear light" which "emanates from the front brain," I received in that portion of my brain, a shock so strong that for a brief period I was quite unconscious to everything around me. At the same time a light, similar to that of a flash of lightning, passed before my eyes.

Six weeks after the above, and one evening when I was thinking of what I had read in the Harmonia, I again received this "shock" in the front brain; but this time it was so powerful that I remained in an unconscious state for nearly two hours and a half. On returning to consciousness, what was my surprise to find that during this unconsciousness I had experienced the truth of all that Mr. Davis said in regard to spiritual perception! By the "soft clear light" which appeared to come from within my fore-brain, I was enabled to see from the room in which I was then sitting, to one in which I recognized several of my relations whom I had not seen for nearly six years, and who were nearly four thousand miles distant.

This was no dream, but an actuality. The time and conditions in which I saw these relations conspire to prove its reality. When I saw these relations some of them were in their beds, while others were seated in the room partially dressed, and had evidently just risen from their couch. When I came to consciousness it was fifty minutes past twelve o'clock, A. M. The difference of the time between England and the State of Ohio, can not be much less than five hours. Admitting this to be so, does

it not appear probable enough, that at the time I was in this unconscious state, these relations were actually rising from their beds?

Another thing connected with this occurrence was, that amongst these relations I saw two small children whom I did not know. On inquiry I have found that those children had been born since I left England. I had no previous knowledge that such had been the case.

The above are the reasons why I have changed my opinions in regard to the "humbuggery" of clairvoyance; and I now regard it as a faculty of the human mind, the development of which would bring joy to many a sorrowing heart, when circumstances have thrown them far from many they dearly love.

Pittsburg, September 10, 1856.

BENJAMIN WALKER.

F. J. B.'S DEFENSE OF MOSES.

I beg permission to express through your columns my gratitude to "F. J. B." for the instruction contained in his defense of those parts of the Old Testament so severely commented on by Dr. Hare. The ground taken by him in extenuation of "Moses' law respecting marrying female captives," seems to me a rational and successful defense, while the principle involved in it, to wit, "we must not make the present condition of society, and the laws which the present state of society requires, our standard," is equally applicable when the Bible is relied on as authority for slavery, capital punishment or war. If critics will but recognize as facts what at this day all savans at least assert—that the phrenological organization of mankind has undergone a very great change since the days of the ancient Seers and Prophets whose writings they condemn, and then consider whether that change is an effect of education and civilization, or whether the enlarged expansion of mind evidenced in this progressed education, is not a consequence flowing from, and dependent on, such change of brain-organization, they will, I think, realize the rationale of F. J. B.'s defense, and obtain a better key to the estimate of the Old Testament itself. It has been the misfortune of skeptics to adopt the dogma of the Church, that mankind in the infancy of the race derived from its progenitors a perfected physical brain-organization—hence that man in the early ages was competent to form enlarged mental conceptions of principles. It seems to me science is fast dissipating this idea, and demonstrating that the opposite condition alone prevailed, by showing that the form of human skull then prevalent did not exhibit the reflective and moral organs except as faintly developed, constituting an absolutely limited mental power as the necessary consequence thereof. By recognizing this fact the principle asserted by F. J. B. will be fully appreciated and respected. K.

RESPONSE TO DR. REYNOLDS' INQUIRY.

BRO. BRITTAN:

In the TELEGRAPH, Vol. 5 No. 18, I notice a communication addressed to you, and headed "A Remedy Wanted." Your correspondent, Mr. Reynolds, of Newcastle, Pa., asks "Whether through Spirit agency some remedy had been, or could be discovered for that dreadful prostration of the nervous system caused by the too free use of spirits and other poisonous narcotics." I do not know how far the nerve-soothing vital fluids given to us by Spirit direction through Mrs. French may be effective in destroying the appetite for strong drink, but I do know they are, in their different degrees and combinations, peculiarly adapted to most conditions of nervous debility and irritability, and in three or four cases which have come under my own personal observation, cases of patients of Mrs. French, whose deranged mental and physical condition was traceable mainly to excessive, or to the habitual and long-continued use of intoxicating drinks, the desire or taste for strong drinks very greatly diminished as their health became restored. Whether this was due to any properties in these fluids, or to the operation of moral causes, or to both combined, I am not prepared to say; but knowing as I do positively, that the habit of drinking has been entirely broken up in one of the cases attended to (and I know nothing to the contrary in the others) and in the hope of affording relief, I will, if you will permit me through the medium of your valuable journal, make the following proposition to the doctor, whose humanitarian pleadings prompted the inquiry. I will ship to his address fifteen or twenty bottles (enough to make a fair trial in several cases) of such numbers of the nerve-soothing vital fluids as our Spirit friends may designate as best adapted to such conditions, only requiring him to make a fair trial, and report the result or results, whether favorable or unfavorable.

T. CULBERTSON,
For Mrs. French's Medicines, 750 Broadway, N. Y.

WHERE THE OPENING IS.—One of our friends was coming from New York, in the cars, the other night, and amused at an interview between two persons, who seemed not have met for some time before. "Well!" said one, after the first salutations, "what are you up to now?" "Oh! I don't know," replied the other; "I shall take to religion." "Religion!" cried his friend, "what do you mean?" "Why," said the other, "I think it's a going to be a good business; the ministers are all leaving it, and I tell you what, I believe there's to be an opening there."



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

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1856.

THE LAW AND THE RIGHT.

THE legal rectitude and technical morality of the world are founded in selfishness. It requires no very acute powers of observation to discover that they are rarely incompatible with the most flagrant injustice, while they are not unfrequently the concomitants of every species of crime. Falsehood, oppression and cruelty are sufficiently dangerous and subversive of the highest human interests when they are left to stand alone in their naked deformity. But when falsehood robs some ancient apostle of his old sandals; when despotism dignifies itself with the popular paraphernalia of a constitution and laws; when statesmen "are swift to shed blood," and solemn rogues put on saintly liveries; then, indeed, is legalized villany made respectable before the people, while the virtue that is above the standard of the Law is as far from being realized as the wildest dreams of Utopia. Nature is obviously at war with the conventional justice and legal righteousness of the times; the inspiration that is dead and buried in old tomes and tombs; the holiness that is nowhere else so perceptible as at the Religious Anniversaries—in the preamble and resolutions—and the love that burns on the eloquent tongue without warming the heart or purifying the life—these are all as useful as ordinary fossils, and not less entertaining than the party-colored clothing and fantastic tricks of common harlequins. Such devices belong to the dispensation of Shams, under which the law is lame and the gospel without unction, though both are of acknowledged antiquity.

There is a fundamental difference between being right according to law and lawful according to right, and we design to indicate the proper distinction in the present article.

RIGHT ACCORDING TO LAW.

The Law is the popular standard whereby many men undertake to determine what is *Right*. But neither the form nor the spirit of legal enactments, nor yet the tribunals for the administration of the Law, can ever settle this question, even with reference to the smallest of all human transactions. What, ever is essentially *Right*, is so of necessity and forever on account of its intrinsic conformity to the eternal principles of Justice; while the law may be wise or unwise, cruel or humane, according to the intelligence, disinterestedness, and benevolence of the legislator. Men have been right with respect to the law, and yet wrong in every vital sense. Even in this age of superior light, and in this country where Reform is like a multiflorous tree, it may be possible to violate every principle of justice and humanity and yet be justified before the legal tribunal. Men practice falsehood in legal quibbles; they commit fraud by concealing the truth, and steal according to more than one statute, for "such cases made and provided." Respectable citizens may commit highway robbery, agreeably to the provisions of the law. The process is easy, and the thing has been done a thousand times. In New Jersey the method consists in procuring a Railroad Charter from the Legislature, which precludes the construction of any other road, at the same time it authorizes the proprietors to charge all non-residents—the people of all other States and countries—an increased and most exorbitant price for the transportation of their persons. New Jersey is entitled to the credit of having systematized this business on a somewhat liberal scale. Nor need we stop here. For while the law, in all civilized States, is frequently a means of protection, it is no less true that it is often used as an engine of oppression. It is both a whip and a chain in the hands of despotic rulers. Even under the enlightened legislation of our own country it often denies to woman her natural rights, while it gives to man special prerogatives not contemplated in the wise economy of Nature. It deprives the wife of the legal ability to control her own person, and robs mothers of their offspring. The law sends a man to the State Prison for forging the name of a capitalist, while the libertine, who has ruined the character and blighted the hopes of the

purest of Eve's fair daughters, is permitted to go uncouraged into the most respectable society, and to carry his moral leprosy with him. Juvenile offenders against municipal authority are sent to prison with old culprits who have grown gray in iniquity, while the national Congress, owing to the superior intelligence and respectability of its members—and, especially, on account of their high social position and great political influence—allows them to commit *justifiable homicides* whenever their inflamed passions become ungovernable. Does not the law maintain that your "house is your castle," and that no one shall be permitted to invade your premises? The wretch who is both starving and freezing may be driven from your door on any false pretense; and if the poor inheritor of honest poverty shall chance to perish at the next corner, it is all right—in the technical sense. The rich man's castle must of course be defended, and murder may be committed with impunity, provided always that it be done according to any one of the legally prescribed modes, or by a *special act of Congress*!

We learn from authentic history that laws have been written in blood. Even in this age, the man who is no better than the legal standard of right is unfit to be trusted outside of the penitentiary. As the law may be either a shield or a scourge, it can never be safely used to determine the intrinsic justice or propriety of any human transaction. Laws may be founded in equity, but we are reminded that they are often the symbols and instruments of oppression. The loftiest patriotism and the purest devotion have been treated as crimes; and those who have been the greatest public benefactors—who have redeemed mankind from superstition, idolatry and barbarism, have been crucified under the sanction and authority of Law. Thus in the tyrant's grasp the law bars the hero's dungeon, while it leads the Martyrs of Liberty and the Apostles of Righteousness to their doom. These things are according to the legal standards of rectitude among men, but they are, nevertheless, the popular falsehoods and gigantic practical wrongs that most dishonor human nature, at the same time they fill up the darkest scenes in the drama of history.

LAW ACCORDING TO RIGHT.

When about to act, the conscientious man naturally inquires what is *Right* rather than what is *Law*. Indeed, a technical conformity to the provisions of the Code may indicate a *fear of the penalties of the Law*, rather than a sincere respect for individual rights, legal authorities and institutions, or a just regard for the principles of social order and harmony. While the phases of Law are more numerous and variable than the ever-changing forms and colors of the kaleidoscope, *Right*, on the contrary, has an *absolute sense*, in which it is more immutable than the stars. Every personal interest, as well as every political movement, is liable to modify the requirements and the administration of law; but Justice remains unchangeable through all political, moral and material revolutions. We have observed that the most clamorous advocates for the unconditional supremacy of legal over natural and moral institutions, have too often found some pretext for trampling on the most sacred rights of individuals and nations. Accordingly, among those who share our confidence, the man who reverences *Right*, even more than he respects Law, holds the first place. We are prone to suspect the integrity of any one who is assiduous to find out what the statute requires, when the question involved finds a proper solution in the Golden Rule. We naturally conclude that he is in want of a legal justification for some conscious neglect of duty; or, that being too timid to expose himself to merited punishment, is still determined to invade the rights of some one according to the specific forms of law. Such men add cowardice to knavery, and are less deserving of respect than the bravo, who at least has the magnanimity to assume the full responsibility of his fierce and fearless aggressions.

The highest conception of *Right* should be the paramount law with every honest citizen. Such a man, if he be possessed of ordinary intelligence, seldom has an occasion to consult any authorities, except reason and conscience. In his native dignity and moral elevation he is far above the low plane of legal righteousness where conscience and humanity are so little respected. The necessity for opposing the administration of Law, under a government that tolerates all religions, may very rarely occur; but every day may present an occasion that calls for something more than legal obedience—for a loftier patriotism and a more disinterested devotion to the common welfare.

OUR MANTLE GONE.

WE had a mantle once—not a mere symbol of royalty nor of intellectual powers and moral graces—but a *veritable mantle that the tailor made of drap d'été*, and which had been attached to our person for some time. (We are oblivious respecting dates.) But at length (yes, it was a *long mantle*), the attachment which had always been mutual, was suddenly interrupted, we know not how, nor who is responsible for the deed that has chilled the blood in these veins. We only know that that mantle has lost its attachment for its former proprietor. Alas! we feel its warm embrace no more. But it is some satisfaction to reflect that it was a *progressive institution*, notwithstanding it has advanced out of our sight.

We indulge the pleasing hope that the party who wears that mantle is an individual of creditable proportions all round—physical, mental and moral; for we dislike to think it is made to conceal any gross deformities. Of course it was never used to that; and the thought that, by a possibility, it might fit a fop or a knave, gives our nerves a slight shock. We are happy to know that our mantle is too roomy to be becoming to any conservative; and if some friend of progress has got it we trust he will send it to this office. Perhaps we shall have a change and a warmer temperature soon, so that he can get along without it. What consolation there is in that thought! O let the sun shine and the south wind prevail for a little season.

It is no use for any one to hold on to our mantle in the hope of getting any inspiration from the lining. Inspiration never takes the direction of the insensible perspiration. It flows from the lips and through the fingers. To be convinced of this fact, the man who has formed a sort of free-love attachment for our mantle, has only to take a seat in our *sanctum* sufficiently near to be *en rapport* with our right hand. If, however, that individual can't spare it, we will make an effort to get along without it. But we have one reasonable request; if that is granted we shall be resigned. If not too late, we wish to stipulate that the reputation of that mantle for respectability shall not be damaged by introducing it into bad society. That's all. May its present possessor have a good time, and may the mantle of some honest man fall on all of his class.

P. S.—The man who has our mantle need have no fear of receiving a tailor's bill—'twas paid for.

THE LITTLE WITNESS.

"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."—JESUS.

WE copy the following significant testimony of a little child from a late number of the *Northern Christian Advocate*, a paper devoted to the interests of the M. E. Church:

THE DYING CHILD.

I was greatly pleased, says Dr. Thomson, with a little incident that a mother gave me the other day. A child lay dying. Feeling unusual sensations she said, "Mamma, what is the matter with me?"

Mother. "My child, you are dying."

Child. "Well, mamma, what is dying?"

Mother. "To you, dear child, it is going to heaven."

Child. "Where is heaven?"

Mother. "It is where God is, and Christ, and the Holy Ghost, and the angels, and the good men made perfect."

Child. "But, mamma, I am not acquainted with any of those, and I do not like to go alone; won't you go with me?"

Mother. "O, Mary, I can not. God has called you only, not me, now."

Turning to the father she asked the same question. Then piteously appealing to each of her brothers and sisters, she repeated the same interrogatory, and received the same response. She then fell into a gentle slumber, from which she awoke in a transport of joy, saying, "You need not go to heaven with me, I can go alone. I have been there, and grand-mamma is there, and grand-papa is there, and aunt Martha;" and with a sweet smile, and a countenance bright as with the glory of opening heaven, looking upward and whispering, "Yes, I am coming," she passed away.

The incident here described evidently belongs to the phenomenal manifestations of Spiritualism. That little child was afraid to die—did not like to go to heaven alone lest it might meet only with unsympathizing strangers. To quiet its apprehensions some Spirit—doubtless a departed relative—entranced her—"She fell into a quiet sleep." During this spiritual entrancement the interior senses of the child were opened; Mary saw and recognized three members of the family who were already in the Spirit World. This was not a mere dream, nor can it be referred to the excited imagination of the child; for, in either case, the images of the vision would have been in general correspondence with the preëxisting state of mind; whereas, the fact is, they were wholly dissimilar. That the

child had a vision of the Spirit Home, inspired by some angelic guardian, we entertain no doubt. Indeed, that she was in conscious communion with those Spirits—that they were calling her, and that she heard and answered them, is evident from the last words that MARY uttered on earth—"YES, I AM COMING."

This "little child" was "set in the midst" of the church, as a witness to the truth of Spiritualism; and we hope that other Doctors as well as Dr. Thomson, may derive pleasure and receive instruction from its simple testimony. How long will the world's religious teachers continue—by denouncing Spiritualism—to slander this little child, and all who like her are fitted, by a genuine spiritual experience, for "the kingdom of heaven"? Not only do they dishonor their religion by this gross abuse of the living, but they libel the saints in heaven, (by ascribing their divine offices to jugglery and devilry) who thus exercise a watchful care over the sick and the dying; and who even come to this mortal shore to soothe the pangs of dissolution, and to receive the departing Spirit into their loving arms.

The mere pretenders to Christian gifts and graces may find a significant warning in the fact, that it was not to the unbelieving world, but to "the disciples" that Jesus said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

THE LAW OF PROPHECY.

In another column will be found an article under the above-caption, written by E. W. Rogers, in which the writer solicits the views upon this subject, of those who have made it a theme of investigation. The present writer entertains but an humble opinion of his ability to intelligibly solve a question of so recondite a nature as the one here proposed, but his deep intuitions sanction the following view as correct so nearly as the truth can be represented in the brief space allotted to this article:

There are two ways in which future events may be foretold. One is by deduction from externally cognizable movements and forces which are now in operation—such, for instance, as, according to mathematical law, will necessarily bring about an eclipse, or a conjunction of the planets, at some point of time in the future, or as will unavoidably result in the development of some physical or social crisis in the affairs of our own world. Another way is, by the impressions or intuitions of the interior mind, independent of external indications, and sometimes contrary to them. It is by such interior monitions that shipwrecks, accidents by falls, death by lightning, and other occurrences in the future of individuals and nations (of which no outer indications can exist), are sometimes foretold with an accuracy which leaves no doubt as to the reality of the prophetic foresight claimed by those who announce them. It is concerning the nature and laws of this latter mode or faculty of knowing the future, that our correspondent wishes to have the views of other investigators, as the mode of working out mathematical predictions from external data is easily comprehensible by all.

One hypothesis by which many persons are inclined to solve this mystery is that which supposes that Spirits, by their superior knowledge of the movements and tendency of things on the external plane, are able to calculate mathematically the future developments of those things, in the same way that man calculates an eclipse; and that, having thus solved the problem for themselves, they impress their knowledge upon the minds of such persons in the flesh as they may find endowed with the requisite susceptibility. It is not denied that this may sometimes be true; but we think there are insuperable difficulties in the way of admitting its truth to an extent necessary to account for all the truthful prophecies that have been uttered. For example, it was stated that a lady was prevented from embarking at Liverpool with the steamship Arctic on her last voyage, by a distinct impression that some fatal catastrophe would befall her before reaching the American shores. Now if the Spirits who are supposed to have produced this impression upon the lady's mind, foreknew by any mathematical calculations based upon an external confluence of movements and forces, that the Arctic would be wrecked during that voyage, they must have known, or been able to know, precisely how, when and where the wreck would take place, in the same way as the astronomer is able to know all the particulars of a future eclipse. But in order that a Spirit might have had any such foreknowledge from the resources of mathematics, it must have known, as elements of the calculation, things which can not well be conceived possible even for a Spirit to know. It must have known precisely at what mo-

ment the two vessels which came in collision would leave their respective ports,—for if either of them had left one minute earlier or later, and other things remained the same, the catastrophe would not have happened. It must also have known precisely the force of steam that would be used by each vessel at each hour during the voyage. It must have known the amount of canvas that would be spread by each vessel, and the force and direction of the currents of air that would act upon each at each hour and moment. It must have foreknown the innumerable ocean currents which each ship would have to encounter, as accelerating or retarding its progress. It must have foreknown every tack which the masters of the respective ships would order to be made, and how many hours and minutes each vessel would sail on each particular tack; for had any of these conditions been different from what they were, the collision would not have occurred, and had they not been all accurately foreknown, the collision could not have been predicted to take place, by any external or mathematical process. Every reasoning mind, therefore, we think will be inclined to our opinion, that all the predictions whose fulfillment is dependent upon so many external contingencies must, even when Spirits are their annunciators, be given from interior sources of knowledge which are entirely independent of any law or process of mathematics, or even of logic in any form.

By cautiously following some attenuated threads of argument that are in our possession, we will be conducted, we think, to the true source of this prophetic knowledge. In the first place, then, it is known that clairvoyants can sometimes reveal the most secret facts of a man's past history. The best clairvoyants will say that this is done by measurably merging themselves into, and for the time being, becoming one with, the selfhood of the individual who is subjected to the examination, and by thus, as it were, making all the sensations, memories, interior conditions, etc., of that person, their own. But suppose that same individual whose retrospective life is thus revealed by the clairvoyant, has a prospective life definitely formed in his mind—may not the latter, by the same process, be revealed as definitely as the former? We will suppose, for example, that the individual has in his mind a plan for the future construction of a building: might not the clairvoyant, absorbed at that point in the individual's very identity, be as sensible of that plan as she might be of any part of the man's past experience? And would she not be able to reveal that plan, together with the period and manner of its prospective execution, with a particularity in proportion to the intimacy of her rapport with the man's thoughts? And suppose the man to be omnipotent in the execution of his designs, would not her revelation be a truthful prophecy of the future construction whose plan is thus perceived?

Now we presume it is unnecessary for us to enter into any labored argument to prove, what few will deny, that all events, however minute they may be, are eternally engendered in the power and wisdom of the Infinite One, and thus are subjects of his foreknowledge. As the building to be constructed in the future has its archetype or thought-form in the mind of the architect, so all future events however minute, must necessarily have their archetypes or thought-forms in the soul of Him who, as the self-existent Cause of all things, must contain in himself the germs and ideas of all effects that are subsequently developed to the external or sensuous plane. Moreover, as an infinite God must necessarily dwell in smallest as well as greatest things, it is possible for man, either directly or through the mediumship of Spirits and Angels, to come into rapport with him—to be conjoined with him—to be one with him, either in a universal sense, or in respect to some particular faculty or intention of his divine mind; and whoever comes into sensible rapport with the divine archetypal form or thought-germ of any future event, will foreknow that event as from himself, because so far as that form or thought germ is concerned, he is in God and God is in him, and the two are thus far virtually one. He thus foreknows the event precisely as the clairvoyant foreknows the future construction of the building from the mind of the architect, with this difference, that the thought-germs in the mind of the architect may fail of being externally realized for want of power, while God's purposes will be accomplished inevitably.

If this course of reasoning is correct, then it follows that all truthful interior prophecy is the result of divine revelation, in the absolute sense of that term; for whatever agency Spirits may have in the matter, they are themselves dependent for their knowledge ultimately upon the Source of all Intelligence. F.

MR. HARRIS' DISCOURSES.

THE discourse delivered by T. L. Harris at Dodworth's Academy last Sunday morning, was listened to with profound attention by an audience which filled the hall in every part. His subject was the mediatorial nature of Christianity, the lecture being closely connected with a series of discourses delivered in this city by the Speaker, about a year ago. He took the ground that Christianity, as originally instituted by Jesus and his apostles, was not an ecclesiasticism—did not consist of a set of barren creeds and ceremonies, but was a living energy descending from the heavens and incarnated in the lives of its receivers, and thus wherever it went became the means of communion with heaven and with God. True, the faith of its early followers always recognized the intrinsic divinity of their religion and of its Author, but they considered faith without a possession of the living realities to which it related, as being dead even as is the body without the spirit. Even long after Christians began to contend with each other about forms of doctrine, they everywhere recognized the existence of a living influx from heaven through the divine principles which were received in common by them all. During the first three centuries of Christian history, open communion with Spirits and angels, the working of miracles and the sensible outpouring of the spirit of prophecy were of frequent occurrence and were every where recognized; and through this sensible potency God added converts to the visible church, and raised innumerable multitudes of men and women to a higher and holier life. Even during the darkness and barbarism of the medieval ages, Christianity continued to bless thousands of the simple hearted and the devout by connecting them with heaven, and serving as a medium for the influx of blessings from the angel world and from God; and notwithstanding the gross materialism of all Protestant sects of the present day, it would not be difficult to show that spiritual manifestations have been recognized among them all.

But we can give but little idea of the discourse in this brief sketch; and it may suffice to say that it seemingly produced a powerful and most healthy effect upon the deeply interested auditors, causing them, as they left the hall, to feel that they had been fed by the bread of life and strengthened in the inner man.

As the writer lives a long distance from the place of meeting; he had not the pleasure of listening to the evening discourse, but we learn from those who were present, that the audience was densely crowded, and, as usual, highly delighted with the eloquence of the speaker.

We understand that Joel Tiffany is expected to occupy the desk at Dodworth's next Sunday, morning and evening.

Where the Ass got the Lion's Skin.

JOHN C. RIVES, of the old firm of Blair and Rives, speaking of our distinguished men, uses the following language, in which the compliment is "over the left," though doubtless in the right direction:

I have seen manuscript writings of most great men of the country during the last twenty years, and I think I may say that no twenty of them could stand the test of the scrutiny of one-half of the journeymen printers employed in my office.

This fact will be vouched for by every Editor in the Union. To the poor "jour" many a "great man" owes his reputation for scholarship, and were the humble type-stickers to resolve, by concert, to set up manuscript in their hands, for even one little week, precisely as it is written by the authors, there would be more reputations slaughtered than their devils could shake a stick at in twenty-four hours. "Statesmen" would become "small by degrees and beautifully less." Many an ass would have the lion's hide torn from his limbs.

Public and Private Lectures.

MRS. B. F. HATCH (more generally known as CORA SCOTT) is a young lady of remarkable natural intuitions and—when under spiritual influence—a Trance-Speaking Medium of superior powers, whose manner is agreeable, and whose public discourses have been listened to with much satisfaction by our friends at the West. We have been favored with an opportunity to witness, in private, some illustrations of this Lady's mediumship, which certainly afforded a very pleasing intellectual entertainment. Mrs. Hatch has come to reside in this city, and will hereafter accept invitations from the friends in adjacent places, either to deliver public lectures, or to answer spiritual, philosophical, and practical questions before private circles.

Mrs. H. may be addressed, care of Dr. Hatch, 49 Bleeker-street.

To the Editor's Correspondents.

AMONG the letters addressed to the Editor, containing invitations to deliver Lectures, are some fifteen or twenty from different places in New York, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, and Illinois, which he has not yet found time to answer; but they shall receive attention in the course of the present week.

THE CHARTER OAK.

THE old Oak, in which the Colonial Charter of Connecticut was deposited one hundred and sixty-nine years ago, has long been an object of peculiar interest to the people of New England and to travelers. Since that "Brave old Oak" has fallen it may concern the reader to know its history, which we copy from the *Hartford Times*:

Before Governor Wyllys came to America, he sent his steward forward to prepare a place for his residence. As he was cutting away the trees upon the hill-side of the beautiful "Wyllys' place," a deputation of Indians came to him and requested that he would spare this old hollow Oak. They declared that it had "been the guide of their ancestors for centuries." It was spared, to fall this day, having finally yielded to the process of natural decay.

The tree measured thirty-three feet in circumference at the bottom, and it has broken off so as to leave eight feet of stump on one side and six on the other—the stump measuring twenty-one feet in circumference at its top.

The Charter of King Charles the Second for the Colony of Connecticut, arrived in Hartford in 1662, probably in the month of September, though the precise time is not now known. On the 9th of October it was publicly read to the assembled freemen of Connecticut, and was declared "to belong to them and their successors," and the people evinced their gratitude by appointing a Committee to take charge of it, under the solemnities of an oath, and to preserve this palladium of the rights of the people. It contained many liberal provisions, as may be seen on examining it in the Secretary of State's office, where the original copy is still preserved with care. It was the organic law of Connecticut till the present Constitution took its place in 1818.

In 1686, the General Government of New England was dissolved by James the Second, and a new Government was instituted, with Joseph Dudley as President of the Commissioners. Connecticut refused to surrender, and when the third writ of *quo warranto* was sent to her, Governor Treat, in January, 1687, called a special session of the Assembly, which refused to accede to the demands of the new king. They still held to their charter. In March, another special session was convened, but still the representatives of the people refused to "surrender." In May they met again in regular session, under the Charter, and re-elected Treat as Governor.

On the 31st of October, 1687, Sir Edmund Andross, attended by members of his Council and a body-guard of sixty soldiers, entered Hartford to take the Charter by force. The General Assembly was in session. He was received with courtesy, but coldness. He entered the Assembly room, and publicly demanded the Charter. Remonstrances were made, and the session was protracted till evening. The Governor and his associates appeared to yield. The Charter was brought in and laid upon the table. Sir Edmund thought that the last moment of the Colony had come, when suddenly the lights were all put out, and total darkness followed! There was no noise, no resistance, but all was quiet.

The candles were again lighted, but the Charter was gone! Sir Edmund Andross was disconcerted. He declared the Government of Connecticut to be in his own hands, and that the Colony was annexed to Massachusetts and other New England Colonies, and proceeded to appoint officers. While he was doing this, Captain Jeremiah Wadsworth, a patriot of those times, was concealing the Charter in the hollow of Wyllys' Oak, now known as the CHARTER OAK.

In 1689, King James abdicated, and on the 9th of May of that year, Governor Treat and his associate officers resumed the Government of Connecticut under the Charter, which had been preserved in the old Hollow Oak.

Mr. Stuart had Colt's Armory Band come up this noon, and play solemn dirges for two hours over the trunk of the fallen Monarch of the Forest. He is a generous-hearted man; a worthy proprietor of the lovely hill-side that nurtured for centuries such a noble tree.

A daguerreotyped likeness of the fallen tree was taken to-day.

The city bells are to be tolled at sun-down, as a mark of respect entertained by our citizens for the fallen "Monarch."

Prose and Poetry.

A GENTLEMAN repeated the following "Beautiful Thought," in the presence of a young lady, who was the personification of the sentiment expressed.

YOUNG WOMANHOOD:

"The sweet moon on the horizon's verge—a thought matured but not uttered—a conception warm and glowing, not yet embodied—the rich halo which precedes the rising sun—the rosy dawn that bespeaks the ripening peach—

A flower which is not quite a flower,
Yet is no more a bud."

"Or rather," replied the young lady, "as my mother says of me,

A girl that is too young for beaux
And yet too old to hoop."

Spiritual Meeting.

THE following notice, from Henry Pinney and others, did not reach us in time for insertion in our last Number.—Ed.

The Spiritualists will hold a meeting in a grove in Ellington, Conn., to commence on Friday, September 19, 1856, and close on Sunday, the 21st. Spiritualists and all others who are interested in the subject of Spiritualism are respectfully invited to attend.

Original Communications.

"NIGHT THOUGHTS."

O! is there not on earth's vast round,
Some spot where troubled souls may rest—
Where peace and comfort may be found
For hearts o'erburdened and oppressed?
Speak out, ye voices of the earth and air,
And if such spot there be, O, tell me where!

Thou placid Moon, with brow serene,
Whose tranquil rays give shadows birth!
What, in thy journey, hast thou seen
Upon this cold and dreary earth?
Where is that spot where mortals weep no more—
Where joys ne'er die, and trials all are o'er?

The moon, with half-averted face,
Replies: "In all my monthly round
I've seen no consecrated place,
Where grief and trouble are not found;
But as I gaze upon the earth below,
I everywhere behold the signs of woe."

Tell me, ye brilliant orbs of light,
That look from out yon azure deep!
What see you this long, cheerless night,
While all but me are wrapt in sleep?
"We see," the stars in silv'ry tones reply—
"We see how soon your fondest hopes may die."

Ah, yes; but have your love-lit eyes,
Since Time's first morning hymn ye sung,
Descried no land beneath the skies
Where hearts with anguish are not wrung?
The stars, or else mine eyes, with tears o'erflow,
While, in my soul, I hear them answer, "No!"

Ye winds, that now in silence sleep,
Awake! your voice I fain would hear:—
Tell me, as round the world ye sweep,
What learn you of this earthly sphere?
The winds, in gentle whispers make reply,
"We learn of mortals how to moan and sigh."

Night, mother of all mystery!
Break thy long silence now, and tell,
If through thy shadows thou canst see
Where happy souls together dwell.
The Night, in answer, draws her veil away,
And starting, I behold the light of day!

And is this life, then, one long night,
Whose fitful dreams disturb the soul—
And will immortal visions, bright,
From an eternal day outroll?
Then wait, my fettered spirit, wait in peace,
For soon the breaking morn will bring release!

E'en now a voice is in mine ear,
That seems to whisper from the sky,
To tell me of a blissful sphere
Where love and joy will never die—
That though this mortal life be full of care,
The soul will bear no heavy burdens there!

P. E. F.

NEW YORK, September, 1856.

NOTE.—The reader will observe in the above lines some resemblance to the words of a song entitled "Where shall the Soul find rest," sung formerly by the Hutchinson Family. But it is due to the author to state that he never saw the words of the song referred to, and only discovered the resemblance by hearing the song sung by the "Hall Sisters" since the above was written.

THE BIBLE AND SPIRITUALISM.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

I have not been a contributor to any of the papers which advocate the cause of Spiritualism, for the reason that I thought them conducted by men better qualified for the task than I am; but should you find the following worthy a place in your columns, you are at liberty to use it.

I suppose it is a general rule among those who oppose Spiritualism, to charge that Spiritualists discard the Bible. So far as I know, they do not, but interpret it for themselves—a right that belongs to all. The Orthodox claim that they have the exclusive right to interpret, and an equal right to denounce all who do not receive their teaching, as infidels and bad men and women.

I am disposed to contest this point with them. It is consummate arrogance on their part, and the people are about to throw it off. They charge us with infidelity; I charge them with the sin of pretending to follow Christ while they do not, neither do they teach his Gospel.

Here I join issue with them, and proceed to examine the evidence. Christ says, (Mark 16: 17, 18,) "And these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

Again he says, (St. John, 14: 12) "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also."

Was language ever so plain? There is no limit to this as to time. The apostles are commanded to go and preach to every creature, and those are the signs that are to follow the belief of those creatures. Our opponents say they were to follow only the apostles; the text, however, silences that assumption, or should do so with all honest and intelligent opponents.

Again they say Christ's coming put an end to all such things. Here again they run into error. They can not find a passage of Scripture within the Bible that will justify such a conclusion. They suppose it so because no such signs follow modern preaching; they have no other evidence.

Christ says most emphatically that he came to *destroy* no law, but to fulfill the law and the prophecies. The declaration is positive. I will not here discuss what constitutes a miracle, but simply say I may do so at some future time, observing that all miracles were with the prophets, Christ, and with like mediums of the present age, but the natural result of natural laws, which laws were not, and are not, understood by the mass of mankind. Christ gave the apostles full power to do and to teach all he had done or said; why then was not this power retained? We answer, because the pride of man and his unbelief destroyed it. Christ often upbraided his disciples with unbelief while he was with them.

Paul's first letter to the Corinthians sets this matter in its true light. He says, 1st Cor. 12: 1, "I would not have you ignorant." Then follows an enumeration of gifts. He says, "The manifestation is given to every man to profit with all. To one is given wisdom; to another knowledge; to another, power; to another, the gifts of healing; to another, the working of miracles; to another, prophecy; to another, discerning of Spirits; to another, divers kinds of tongues; to another, the interpretation of tongues." Then he says, (12: 28, 29, 30,) "And God hath set some in the church, first, apostles, (then in order) prophets, teachers, working of miracles, gifts of healing, helps, governments, diversity of tongues." Then he says, "Are all prophets? are all apostles? are all teachers? do all work miracles? have all the gift of healing? do all speak with (to them) unknown tongues? do all interpret? But," says he, "covet earnestly the best gifts."

He then in the 13th chapter upbraids them for a want of charity. In the 14th chapter he again brings up the subject of Spiritualism as follows: "Follow after charity, and desire spiritual gifts." He then instructs them with great care, how they shall conduct their meetings. See 1 Cor. 14, 1 and on.

He prefers that they should prophesy (teach) rather than speak in unknown tongues. He says of himself, 18th and 19th verses, "I thank my God, I speak with tongues more than you all; yet in the church I had rather speak five words with my understanding (his natural tongue), than by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue." The reasons he gives for this are also to be found in the previous verses. He says the speaking in tongues unknown to the speaker should be used only as a sign to the unbeliever, as used on the day of Pentecost.

It seems they had no leader and no order of exercise, but all was confusion, each one being disposed to lead or act for himself; and hence he says, at the 26th verse, "How is it then, brethren? When ye come together every one of you hath a psalm, hath a doctrine, hath a tongue, hath a recitation, hath an interpretation."

He corrects this by saying in the 31st verse, "Ye may all prophecy one by one, that all may learn and all may be comforted." Then he adds in the 31st verse, "The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets."

Now I ask our opponents how they dare pretend that they are the followers of Christ? Paul was the especial expounder of the teachings of Christ, and was a medium of a high order. John recognizes the same facts in his first epistle general. He says, 4: 1-3, "Beloved, believe not every Spirit, but try the Spirits?" Now why this? because then, as now, low, undeveloped Spirits may have attempted to teach. Paul and John both recognize the fact that it was the Spirits who spoke through the different members of the Corinthian church.

I ask our opponents, do any of the signs follow them? Do they cast out devils or heal the sick? Do they speak with tongues, without first having learned them? Do they speak as led by the Spirit, or as led by some D. D.?

They look for no one to make a profession of religion under the influence of their every-day preaching. Protracted meetings with "re-lays" of ministers, is the place for all conversions. Vital piety has fled from them. Their gods are fine houses, fine clothes, big salaries and the like. They are sanctimonious on Sunday, and play tricks before high heaven on Monday, and yet they claim to be the chosen ones of God. Let them show this by their works, and we will have charity for them.

I can not see for my life how any one who is at all familiar with the Spiritualism of the Bible, can see the present condition of the church in any other light than I do. The Jews labored under the vain mistake that the professed Christian world now do; but Christ came and scourged them most unmercifully. He would do no less now were he to come again.

The argument against Spiritualism that our opponents make use of is, that it is the Spirit of God that operates upon man. This we grant; but that does not settle the question, for the proofs are as it were innumerable as to this matter.

God sends his angels to inform man of his will. The proof of this abounds in the Bible from one end to the other. "Behold I send an angel before thee to keep thee in thy way," Exodus 23: 20, and this

angel took upon itself the form of a burning bush. "And God heard the voice of the lad; and the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, What alleth thee, Hagar? Fear not, for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is," Gen. 21: 17. Again, "The angel of the Lord called out of heaven to Abraham," Gen. 22: 11.

Now let the reader contrast the Spiritualism of the Old Testament with the New, and that, too, upon one of the most important events connected with man. The reader can not fail to see the sameness.

See Mat. 1: 20, "But while he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream." Again, 1: 24, "Then Joseph being raised from sleep, did as the angel of the Lord had bidden him." Malachi says, Mal. 5, "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet."

But still stronger proof, if possible, exists, for God has not left us in the dark. John the Revelator says (Rev. 1: 1) that the Book of Revelation was given to Christ by God, and he (Christ) sent and signified it by his angel unto his servant John. Now if God gave this to Christ to reveal to John, will our opponents tell us why he sent an angel?

It has been denied that Angel and Spirit are one. It is also denied that the Spirits of the departed can come back to earth, or visit the Spirits of those said to be lost. I am fully aware that much may be said on both sides of this question. But if the Bible be divided against itself, it can no more stand as evidence, than could a house stand if divided against itself. If such is the case, what is to be done? I know of no other way than that the preponderance of evidence must rule—we must seek to harmonize the book, and not destroy it. Our opponents say we destroy the Bible. The Jews said the same of Christ. He told them No, but he came to fulfill it. Our interpretation of the Bible destroys not the Book, but much of the *theology* of our opponents, of which they seem to think more than they do of the Book itself.

We have already shown that it was an angel who revealed to John what was "shortly to come to pass." Now for the further understanding of this matter in dispute, we will refer to Rev. 19: 10. John here says, "And I fell at his feet to worship him." Whom did he fall down to worship? Not God or Christ, for they were not, in a literal sense, present. Who could it be, then? The object of his adoration says to him, "I am thy fellow servant." But how can this be if the Spirits of the departed can not come to earth? for John was not in the body and on earth. This great gulf must have been crossed some way.

This is a grave question; but let us not pass it by as one of the mysteries of godliness *past finding out*.

By the by, if men looked a little less to the building of "platforms" and creeds, and a little more for truth as it is, there would be much less mystery in religion than now exists.

But let us look at Rev. 22: 8, 9, and see if this difficulty can not be solved, and the mystery of Spiritualism explained. The Book of Revelation is now nearly complete; John had seen into the future; delighted with it, he says, "And I, John, saw these things and heard them. And when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which showed me these things. Then, said he, (the angel) see thou do it not; for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, * * * worship God."

The angel has now declared himself to be the Spirit of one of the old prophets. This settles the matter as to the fact that the Spirits of the departed do visit earth. At all events John declares he was so informed.

Paul in his Epistle to the Hebrews also recognizes the same fact (see Heb. 1: 14.) He says, speaking of angels, "Are they not all ministering Spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

I have thus hastily examined this subject. I have witnessed at private and public circles nearly everything spoken of by Christ or Paul. Mediums who are fully developed conduct a religious meeting in the same manner Paul instructed the Corinthians to. I have heard them speak in tongues to them unknown, speaking both in the controlled or trance state and in the normal and natural state. The medium could not interpret what he had said to save his life, but another medium, who was present in the controlled state informed us what was said. Did I not see the sameness of Spiritualism of this day, that we read of in days past, I should perhaps doubt. But when I see the "signs follow those who believe" I am forced to accept the truth and reject error.

I have other facts I wish to speak of, but already is this letter quite too long. Should this, however, meet with favor, I may be disposed to continue the subject.

GEO. C. WOOD.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

SPIRITUALISM IN VENEZUELA.

CIRCLE IN CARACAS.

July 23.—The circle met, and unexpectedly a number of ladies and gentlemen called, and caused rather a bad influence; some communications were made by tipping and rapping on the table. The Spirit of General Bolivar manifested its presence, and influenced the medium, making a short address and pointing to a Colonel present. He said he was the only believer among the visitors; that Spiritualism was progressing and could not be resisted. "As to myself," he said, "I did not die a natural death. I was poisoned, and on being asked who the guilty person was, he declined to give the name, (owing to the visitors present)."

July 24.—The circle met, without any visitor present, the medium being influenced by General Bolivar. He made a cross on the table, and a shepherd's crook; then pointing three times in the direction of the Archbishop's palace and three times in the direction of the Presi-

dent's house, he spoke of the opposition of the Church to the great truths being developed to mankind; but, said he, the Bishop can not resist this great principle. It is taking deep root in the minds of the people; the power of the Bishop can avail nothing, and he will fall. At this moment the medium fell his whole length on the floor, then rose upon his knees, and continued: "Have faith and everything you desire shall be granted. The Provisor and Vicar-General wrote a document before his death which he gave to the Archbishop sealed; the Bishop broke the seal three days after his death, read the paper, and no person but the Bishop knows the contents; that the Spirit of the Provisor would appear at the circle the following evening, and make known the contents of that paper, so as to convince the Bishop of the reality of Spirit-manifestations. The Bishop is now trembling; he will probably appear at the circle in mask or disguise; that the President would also appear, and that wonderful things should be done. Yes, the heads of Colombia and Venezuela shall appear, and President Monagas shall see the bust of Bolivar on the center of this table with spiritual eyes. Keep all these things to yourselves until they come to pass. Spiritualism is now progressing rapidly in the United States; also in Caracas, and nothing can impede its progress." The table rose twice, indicative of the rising of our faith. He then put out his arms and said: This little circle is a pillar of strength which nothing earthly can destroy; the shafts of calumny will be hurled against its walls, but with harmless fury. Those who ridicule and scoff at you outwardly, are mentally troubled in relation to the manifestations presented to their view. Fear not, and care not what they say; have faith. The Spirits will be with you, and God will be with you."

July 25.—The circle met; the medium was influenced by the Spirit of the Provisor or Vicar-General of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, Doctor Diego Cordova, who departed this life ten days since, and said: "I left the whole of my wealth to be distributed to poor widows, orphans and the poor generally, at the door of the Archbishop's palace. I left nothing to my relatives, for they were not in want." This last act of my life elevated me immediately to the seventh sphere. Had I done otherwise, I should not have been elevated so high. The fact of making this disposition of my property is only known to the Archbishop. Go to him and tell him privately of this communication from me to your circle, and he must believe the truth.

"There is a design now in agitation to offer this medium a large sum of money to leave the country, and the offer will be made through his own son; but he must be firm as a rock in resisting such a temptation. The ball is rolling; the truth is spreading; keep it going. The inquiring mind is at work, and the truth will spread in all directions."

General Simon Bolivar then spoke through the medium and said: From this little circle the truth is spreading; do not impede its progress. You will soon have the influence of General Monagas; not only the President but the Monagas family generally, for they will continue in power for a long time.

"I was poisoned by —. It was he who caused my death. I make this communication to this little circle; it must be kept secret, otherwise Bolivar will never again visit your circle." He then said: "The following Spirits have this night joined your circle—Robert Furlong, (killed at the battle of Yorktown) of the seventh sphere; Susan Driggs, (died an infant in the year 1791, at Middletown, Conn.) seventh sphere; the Provisor and Vicar-General, Doctor Diego Cordova, of the Catholic Church, Caracas, seventh sphere; Richard Evans, of New Hampshire, sixth sphere; Simon Bolivar, fourth sphere; Doctor José Vargas, fourth sphere; Monagas, father of the President, fourth sphere."

July 27.—The circle met; the table was carried into a corner and turned over on the floor; and being taken back, it moved again to the same place and tipped over; and this was performed five times, without our being able to imagine the cause. The medium being influenced, he pointed to the corner indicated and said, "In that place is interred the remains of five friars, four Franciscan and one Dominican; their names will be given to the circle at another time, and the truth can be ascertained by referring to the records of the church of San Francisco. The Spirits of the five friars are all present at this circle; their ashes must not be disturbed." (The circle was sitting near where the altar of a church formerly stood).

July 28.—The medium being influenced by the Spirit of the Vicar-General, Doctor Cordova, he spoke at large. Pointing in the direction of the Archbishop's palace, he said: "The scarlet robe, the tinsels, tassels, gold and diamonds shall perish and crumble into dust, and the Archbishop shall fall. Oh! how much good he could do if he would investigate this divine principle and give it his countenance. How Spirits would rejoice; but alas! his position in the church prevents him. He will believe, yea, he does believe, but unfortunately is precluded from manifesting his belief."

Coming to Caracas in November last as a missionary in the spiritual cause, with but little hope of success, and finding but one person who had previously visited a circle, I added two others, and we commenced our sittings. One who joined as an unbeliever soon became developed as a seeing, speaking, and rapping medium. I have been assiduous in the cause, instructing the living and assisting departed souls to rise from darkness to light; and my labor is not without its fruits. Many have come to assure me that through my instruction and advice they have ascended to the second sphere from their dismal abode. Some, through the Spirit-manifestations, have been convinced of the immortality of the soul, who did not believe it before, and have become Christians; and we have had a great and glorious revival from Spirit revelation. Hundreds of families have their spiritual tables in operation, conversing with their departed friends; and in almost every case they receive as correct answers as they could through the best developed

medium. Every mind is inquiring what this new principle is, and it is the theme of conversation in every family; yea, it has burst forth like a flame of fire, and the church can no more impede its progress than it could dam up the water of the Mississippi.

CARACAS, August 4, 1856.

SETH DRIGGS.

NOTES BY AN ITINERANT.

NUMBER FOUR.

HANCOCK, MASS., August 25, 1856.

RESUMPTION—SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE—"A REST" AT THE INN, ETC.
Dear Telegraph—Once more I resume my itinerary. I left New Lebanon a week ago this morning. At the close of my "month's labors" I proposed lecturing in the village church through a friend, Dr W—; but the trustees were unwilling that I should. They are about engaging a new preacher at this place, and I attended, by the Doctor's invitation, to listen to one of his discourses. I forget the inevitable text, but the subject was of the most "evangelical" stamp, commencing with "the most precious doctrine contained in the Scriptures," viz., that of the *Vicarious Sacrifice*, and terminating on "faith and good works." It was altogether a "milk-and-water" affair. I subsequently called upon my friend the Doctor, to learn as to getting the house, and we naturally fell into discourse on the sermon. Although a liberal mind in his relations to the community, he was evidently not free. I had not intended this freedom with "the churches;" but the occasion has tempted me, and the "intellectual principle" of the times is astray. However, in future I hope to be silent, and to mind my own business according to the injunction of the prophet: "Ephraim is joined to his idols: let him alone."

As I journeyed here I rested by the way upon a stone under an oak. Weary with my walk over the mountain, it was pleasant to rest, and the gentle summer breeze fanned my brow, and I lingered leaning against the tree. I had unstrung the bow of my mind, and the thoughts of my quiver were strewn loosely about as I mused. Presently, I fell into meditation on the condition of man, and I imagined myself as one that was lost—lost, though at times striving to look up. Bowed down with evil and pernicious lusts, passions and vices, I viewed myself as among the most fallen and unworthy of men. Alas! I cried at my condition, and I wished that I could be saved. I had often heard of angels and good Spirits, and I wished that they would help me, and I thought of them in their blest abodes. Despairing, I ended this train of thought. I was silent and at ease, as I had often been before. The world as at a mid-summer eve, seemed consonant with my condition, and for a moment I was at rest from carrying the shield,

"Bearing that strange device, 'Excelsior!'"

I lay in ignoble repose. The drowsy air lulled in the branches, and played with my locks, and I seemed to sleep. Presently beautiful forms approached where I lay, and looked upon me; and then with lifted hands covered their faces, and said, "God alone can help him—God alone can help him." I was aroused, and on looking at the time, resumed my journey. It was all a dream; but it lingers yet in my memory and is as vividly retained as the recollection of the rest on the stone under the oak.

While I rested at that spot, I considered and resolved on reaching an inn, to spend a week in retirement and rest. I felt that I needed it; and besides, I believed that it would be profitable to me in my spiritual work. So, like Moses on his way to Egypt, I have been resting "by the way in the inn."

We read in Isaiah, that the "Lord saw that there was no man, and wondered that there was no intercessor." The greatest of Commentators says by *man*, in the Word, is signified intelligence. It is a serious and important question what "the Seraph of Progression" means in "pointing on the dial plate of time" to *Rochester knockings*, and "spiritual manifestations" generally. What does it all mean? what is to be the end of it? are questions asked at every corner. "Where are the soothsayers, the astrologers, the diviners of secret things, the interpreters of dark sayings, that the king—even the king of Babylon may understand these things?" But this sort of proceeding has lost its charm—nay more, its power. Knowledge has become too general. The questions must be answered by each *man* separately. Things no longer move by kingly dictation. But I have not time to pursue this theme on paper at present. It is sufficient that Spiritualism is toward the fulfillment of that hopeful and joyous prophecy, "that the knowledge of the Lord should cover the earth, as the waters cover the great deep."

I attended the only church in this small village yesterday forenoon, to hear and learn, which I did—receiving a good impression. The preacher took for his text, "Remember Lot's wife." Many of his remarks were good, but his closing one, backed up by the whole tenor of his discourse with a little assistance on the part of the hearer, that even a look (as in the example) affected one's life, was especially so to my own mind on considering that the "Lust of the eye" ranks among the three ruling "elements of the world" in that old guide, the Bible. The fool's eye wanders here and there constantly.

Notwithstanding, I can not say much in favor of the "church," at least as to results; for I found a very small congregation, and learned that very few of the villagers attended at all—a poor feather in the cap of "Close Communion Baptists," which I understand them to be.

My lecture at this place was confined, from various causes, to but one auditor—the schoolmaster. However, I hope to visit them again at some future time with that special object in view, as I did not intend lecturing here at all, on stopping; but he proved quite an interesting one, being a young man of considerable talent; but he was no great friend to Spiritualism, I found—at least not what many would consider a friend, although on an interior analysis of his mind I should set him down as a Spiritualist. Fraternally, BENJAMIN GREAVES.

Interesting Miscellany.

THE MIGHTY CEDARS OF CALIFORNIA.

REV. DR. BUSHNELL, of Hartford, writes from California to the *New York Independent*, a graphic account of the immense cedars of California, the greatest cedars in the world. One of them, which had been felled, he ascertained, by counting the grains of the stump, to be twelve hundred and eighty years old. When Mahomet was at nurse, this tree was sprouting. Says the reverend gentleman:

"It is forest, yet nothing that we mean by forest. There is no undergrowth, scarcely anywhere a rock; the surfaces are as beautifully turned as if shaped by a landscape gardener, and dotted all over by myriads of flowers, more delicate, more various, than any garden ever grew. Moving along these surfaces, rounding over a hill, or galloping through some silent valley, winding here among the native oaks casting their round shadows, and here among tall pines and cedars drawing their huge conical shapes on the ground, we seem, in fact, to be riding through some vast park. Indeed, after we had seen the trees and taken their impression, we could think of nothing but to call it the park of the Lord Almighty. The other trees, we observed, were increasing in size as we neared the place, till finally descending gently along a western slope among the files of little giants, we came to the gate of the real giants, emerging into the cleared ground of the Big Tree Hotel, between the two sentinels, which are five hundred feet high and stand only far enough apart for the narrow road to pass between. These were the first of the Washington cedars we had seen; it really seemed that we had seen a tree before; and yet they were only medium specimens.

"Close by the house lay the first cut of the Big Tree, *par eminence*; the remaining part, or top, had been split up and removed. Near this first cut stood the stump, about six feet high, with an arbor mounted on the top, which had been squared down for this purpose, the posts of the arbor standing out in the line of the largest circuit at the ground, and the space between them and the circuit at the top filled in by a floor of short boards. The diameter of the top is by measurement twenty-five feet one way, and twenty-three and one-half the other. The diameter at the ground, was thirty-one feet. They are all included in a space of fifty acres, and are only about ninety in number. The ground occupied is a rich, wet bottom, and the foot of the moist northern slope adjacent, covered also with an undergrowth. And why are they here, just here, and no where else? This, I confess, is to me the greatest, strangest wonder of all, that no where in the whole earth is there another known example of these Anakims of the forest. Ninety seeds alone have been started; ninety and no more. Is there—was there no other piece of ground but just this, in the whole world, that could fitly take the seeds of such a growth? Why have they never spread? Why has no one seed of the myriads they sprinkle every year on the earth, ever started in any other locality?

"And what a starting it is, when such a seed of life begins to grow! Little did that tiny form of matter, about the size of a parsnip-seed, and looking more like it than any other, imagine what it was going to do, what feelings to excite, when it started the first sproutings of the Big Tree! We measured an enormous sugar pine, felled. Sixty feet from the ground it was six feet in diameter, and it was two hundred and forty feet high. We measured one of the prostrate giants, and two hundred and forty feet from the ground it was six feet in diameter! The top was gone, but it could not have been less than three hundred feet high. And yet this tree was only eighteen feet in diameter where the Big Tree was twenty-five. If the Big Tree were hollowed, one might drive the largest load of hay through it, without even a brush.

"Many of the trees, and all the largest of them that remain, are greatly injured by fire. Their time is therefore much shortened, and a long time will be required to bring the smaller ones to their maximum of growth. A man, instigated by the infernal love of money, cut down the biggest of them and skinned the next, one hundred and twenty feet upward from the ground, (*viz.*, the mother,) that he might show or sell the bark of her body, both sound as a rock at the heart, and good for a thousand years to come. Oh, it surpasses all contempt! And yet to see this giant mother still growing up as before, bearing her fresh foliage, ripening her seeds, and refusing to die; hiding still her juices and working her pumps in the deep masses of her barkless body, which the sun of two whole years has not been able to season through, dead as it is, and weather-cracked without—it is a sight so grand as almost to compensate for the loss we suffer by the baseness of the human scamp."

A SNAKE-CHARMED BOY.—The *Fulton Patriot* relates the following story, which sounds very much like one we used to hear when a juvenile, but of the truth of either we are somewhat incredulous. The *Patriot* says: "A boy about five years, son of a Mr. Martin, who lives at Gilbert's Mills, has been for a short time back perceptibly failing in health, and although every means were employed for his recovery, nothing seemed to be of benefit to him. He was in the habit of absenting himself from his companions—of being taciturn and uncommunicative. These unusual peculiarities were noticed, and the boy was watched. He went to a creek near the school-house which he attended, and seating himself, a large snake, commonly known as the milk-snake, came to him, and coiling itself about him, ate of his dinner, and amused itself by licking the child's fingers, rubbing its head on his cheeks, etc. The witnesses then showed themselves, captured the reptile, and killed it. The child states that he has been in the habit of visiting the snake every noon for some weeks past, and that the snake never failed of appearing. The boy is now recovering. The above facts are fully substantiated."

TERTULLIAN ON PATIENCE.

CONCLUSION OF HIS TREATISE.

"Thus is God an abundantly sufficient depository of patience. If thou placest a wrong in his hands, he is an avenger; if a loss, he is a restorer; if pain, he is a physician; if death, he is the resurrection. What a license hath patience, in having God for her debtor! And not without cause; for she observeth all his pleasure, she interposeth her aid in all his commands. She fortifieth faith, guideth peace, assisteth charity, instructeth humility, waiteth for patience, setteth her mark on confession, ruleth the flesh, preserveth the spirit, bridleth the tongue, restraineth the hand, treadeth temptations under foot, driveth away offenses, perfecteth martyrdom, consoleth the poor, ordereth the rich, straineth not the weak, wasteth not the strong, delighteth the believer, inviteth the heathen, commendeth the servant to his master, his master to God; adorneth the woman, approveth the man; is loved in the boy, praised in the young man, respected in the old; is beautiful in each sex, in every age. Come, now, let us describe her form, and her demeanor. She hath a countenance serene and placid, a forehead smooth, contracted with no wrinkle of grief or of anger; her brows are evenly and cheerfully relaxed, her eyes cast down in humility, not in melancholy. Her mouth beareth the seal of honorable silence. Her color is such as those have who are free from care and crime. Her head is often shaken at the devil, with a smile of defiance. . . .

"She sitteth on the throne of that most kind and gentle spirit, who is not in the gathering of the whirlwind, nor in the blackness of the cloud, but belongeth to the soft, calm, clear and simple, such as Elias saw him at the third time. For where God is, there also is his foster-child, to wit, Patience. When therefore the Spirit of God descendeth, patience never divideth from him. If we receive her not together with the Spirit, will he abide with us always? Nay, I know not whether he would continue any longer; without his companion and handmaid, he must needs be grieved at every place and time. Whatever his enemy inflicteth he can not endure alone, lacking the instrument of endurance. This is the way, this is the rule, these the works of an heavenly and true, that is, a Christian patience."

A BONAPARTE LOVE LETTER.

THE following passionate *billet-doux*, written by Napoleon to Josephine, shows how affectionately he could write to the woman whom he afterwards sacrificed.

TO JOSEPHINE AT MILAN.

MARMIROLO, July 17, 1796.

I received your letter, my adorable friend. It has filled my heart with joy. I am grateful to you for the trouble you have taken to send me the news. I hope that you are better to-day. I am sure that you have recovered. I earnestly desire that you should ride horseback; it can not fail to benefit you.

Since I left you, I have been constantly depressed. My happiness is to be near you. Incessantly I live over in my memory your caresses, your tears, your affectionate solicitude. The charms of the incomparable Josephine kindle continually a burning and a glowing flame in my heart. When, free from all solicitude, all harassing care, shall I be able to pass all my time with you, having only to love you, and to think only of the happiness of so saying, and of proving it to you? I will send you your horse, but I hope you will soon join me. I thought that I loved you months ago, but since my separation from you I feel that I love you a thousand fold more. Each day since I knew you I have adored you yet more and more. This proves the maxim of Braver, that "love comes all of a sudden" to be false. Everything in nature has its own course, and different degrees of growth.

Ah! I entreat you to permit me to see some of your faults. Be less beautiful, less gracious, less affectionate, less good; especially be not over-anxious, and never weep. Your tears rob me of reason, and inflame my blood. Believe me, it is not in my power to have a single thought which is not of thee, or a wish which I could not reveal to thee.

Seek repose. Quickly re-establish your health. Come and join me, that at least, before death, we may be able to say, "We were many days happy." A thousand kisses, and one even to Fortuna, notwithstanding his spitefulness.

BONAPARTE.

AN INGENIOUS PROPHETESS.—Jemima Wilkinson possessed considerable ingenuity. On one occasion she gave out that she would walk on the water. A large company was gathered on the shore of the river to see the exhibition. She made preparations as if about to proceed, and then, suddenly staying herself, turned to the multitude and said, "Have you all faith that I can do this thing?" Fearing to throw any impediment in her way, they all replied that they had faith. "Then," returned she, resuming her bonnet and turning away, "it is of no use for me to do it; for if you are already convinced, it would be a mere waste of Divine power to perform a miracle for the purpose of convincing you of something which you already believe!"—*Investigator*.

"BELLE BRITTAN" AT THE CONFESSIONAL.—The lively Newport correspondent of the *New York Mirror* thus confesses: I have not been a "young lady" long; but I have already seen enough to convince me of the hollow mockery of what is termed fashionable society; and I would much rather be known as the simple-hearted country girl—"the flower of the plantation,"—the "idol of the colored people" at home, than to reign here as "the belle of the season," admired for my fading beauty, courted for my father's "uncertain riches," and abused for the very "charms" that make up my attractions.

MORE'S UTOPIA.

SIR THOMAS MORE, in his book on the Utopians, says: They are almost all of them very firmly persuaded that good men will be infinitely happy in another state; so that, although they are compassionate to all who are sick, yet they lament no man's death, except they see him part with life uneasy, and as if he were forced to it; for they look on this as a very ill presage, as if the soul, being conscious to itself of guilt, and quite hopeless, were afraid to die, from some secret hints of approaching misery.

They think that such a man's appearance before God, can not be acceptable to him; who, being called on, does not go out cheerfully, but is backward and unwilling, and is, as it were, dragged to it. They are struck with horror when they see any die in this manner, and carry them out in silence and with sorrow; praying God that he may be merciful to the errors of the departed soul, they lay the body in the ground.

But when any die cheerfully and full of hope they do not mourn for them, but sing hymns when they carry out their bodies; and commending their souls very earnestly to God, in such a manner that their whole behavior is rather grave than sad, they burn the body, and set up a pillar where the pile was made, with an inscription to the honor of such men's memory. And when they come from the funeral, they discourse of their good life and worthy actions, but speak of nothing oftener, and with more pleasure, than of their serenity at their death.

They think such respect paid to the memory of good men, is both the greatest incitement to engage others to follow their examples, and the most acceptable worship that can be offered them; for they believe that though by the imperfection of human sight, they are invisible to us, yet that they are present among us, and hear those discourses that pass concerning themselves. And they think that it does not agree with the happiness of departed souls not to be at liberty to be where they will. Nor do they imagine them capable of the ingratitude of not desiring to see those friends with whom they lived on earth in the strictest bonds of love and kindness, and they judge that such good principles, as all other good things, are rather increased than lessened in good men after their death; so that they conclude they are still among the living, and do observe all that is said or done by them; and they engage in all affairs that they set about with so much the more assurance, trusting to their protection; and the opinion they have of their ancestors being still present, is a great restraint on them from all ill designs.

MAHOMMEDAN HONESTY.—Mohammedan honesty strikes the Christian in the East more forcibly than any other trait of character. There seems to be no distress so deep, and no temptation so great as to induce a follower of the Prophet to take what does not belong to him, or in any pecuniary way to rob friend or foe. The history of human society does not show an instance where the teachings of any one man have made such lasting impressions as Mohammed's in this particular. Centuries have passed since he has gone, but his standard of honesty has not been lowered among his followers; and no Christian community in Europe or America can in this particular begin to compare with them. Theft is a crime unknown to them, and but one single instance of robbery has happened in Turkey in twenty years. A recent writer, speaking upon this point, says: "While traveling, it is not uncommon to see a Janissary enter the Cantine, heave several bags of gold in the corner, and go out to sleep with his horse! A merchant returning from Smyrna, traveling early in the morning, saw a horse tied to an olive tree, and several bags lying on the ground. Curiosity led him to examine them; he found that they all contained gold, and that several of the pieces had nearly worked through the cloth. On looking around he saw a Janissary at some distance in a profound sleep. 'Friend,' said the merchant, on waking him, 'whose gold is that?' 'I have the charge of it,' was the reply. 'But are you not afraid to leave it there?' 'No,' said the Janissary; 'it can't run away.' 'But travelers may steal it,' said the Frank. 'They can't steal it,' replied the Turk, 'for it belongs to a man in Smyrna!'"

ONE OF WEBSTER'S JOKES.—Mr. Webster was fond of a practical joke, but only of a harmless one, and, generally, a benevolent one. He had in Northfield, across the river from his Franklin farm, a small piece of sandy, barren land, with a poor house upon it, in which a very destitute family had been living some time without paying any rent. Upon one of his visits to the place, the good woman expressed her anxiety about being able to remain. She expected to be turned out, and didn't know where to go. She hoped Mr. Webster wouldn't be hard with her. He heard her through, and told her, with great gravity, that he knew it was a hard case for her; he wished to consider her, and didn't mean to be unkind; but he had a great many to provide for. At the same time putting his hand into his pocket he took out a five-dollar bill and handed it to her, saying he was very sorry he couldn't do better by her, but if she thought she could afford to stay on the place another year for that, he should be very glad. And he rode off.

GOING THE EASIEST WAY.—Robert Southey, the "Epic Poet," was a thorough-going Protestant. In one of his letters published since his death, he says: "No child of mine shall ever visit a Catholic family. You may go to Heaven that way, certainly; but there is no more reason for doing it than there would be for going to London in a dirt-cart, when there are so many easier, cleaner, and surer conveyances."

SUBLIMELY RIDICULOUS.—A man in Wisconsin who recently inserted a long advertisement in the papers offering his farm for sale, closed in the following ridiculous style: "The surrounding country is the most beautiful the God of Nature ever made. The scenery is celestial—divine. Also, two wagons to sell and a yoke of steers!"

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Chloride of Calcium.....	14.8544	114.08 8
Chloride of Magnesium.....	3.3977	26.0944
Iodide of Magnesium.....	0.0042	0.0322
Bromide of Magnesium, a trace.		
Chloride of Potassium.....	0.3555	2.7302
Chloride of Sodium.....	29.8034	228.8991
Chloride of Ammonium, } a trace.		
Silicic Acid,	50.6075	388.6055
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VOL. V.—NO. 21.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 229.

The Principles of Nature.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

BY DR. R. T. HALLOCK.
Continued.

Patient Reader: We are approaching the end of our journey. The incidents hitherto related had their origin with man on earth—with humanity in the bad. I have some to speak of the projectors of which were man above the earth—humanity in the flower, humanity nearer the fountain of causation than the plane of being we now occupy: that is to say, of man as a Spirit divested of the grosser particles of matter.

Saturday evening, July 26, found me in the city of Buffalo, where I soon made the acquaintance of the Editor of the *Age of Progress*, who introduced me to a well-known medium of that city, Miss Brooks, who with her father and a few friends kindly consented to give me an opportunity for witnessing the phenomena usually manifested through her, and testified to by many intelligent persons. The facts were these: The piano was placed with the key-board against the fireplace, and the lid raised so as to be just underneath the shelf above it. The party, after the room had been prepared so as to be in total darkness when the light was extinguished, took their seats in a small circle on the opposite side of the room, in front of the reversed side of the piano, and distant from it some six or eight feet. Miss Brooks took her position standing with her back to the piano and her hands resting upon it. Then the light was put out and the circle sat with joined hands and feet in perfect darkness, awaiting the result. Soon the piano commenced uttering sounds, then music, then a wild crash of noise as though the instrument were being struck with a muffled wooden mallet, and the whole fabric must be ruined beyond repair. Then a lighter strain, during which the tuning of the instrument and the movement of the pedals were distinctly heard, and heard repeatedly during the performance. Various familiar sounds were imitated with remarkable exactness. The sawing of wood with a buck-saw, the dropping of the stick, then apparently the sawing of a huge "back log" with a cross-cut saw, which, when it fell, seemed to shake the whole room. During a considerable portion of the time the piano was being thus exercised, a clock upon the mantle-piece directly above it was striking rapidly, was being wound up, and its alarm bell ringing! Let it be remembered now, that the room, though dark, was closed, and all its contents and surroundings had been thoroughly examined; the piano stood with its key-board to the wall, and all the persons in the room were joined in close contact except Miss Brooks; and then let him who can, believe that she was competent to the performance just related. The piano was repeatedly lifted bodily, and let fall to the floor, and only prevented apparently by her request from advancing in this way to where we were seated on account of the damage it might do to the ceiling and walls of the house.

Seeing such amplitude of power induced me to ask if the unseen owner would touch us. By way of answer, my walking stick which I had left in an unobtrusive corner of the room, was

heard to fall on the floor, and soon after it was found in gentle contact with the head of Mr. Brooks, then of others, then in not very light proximity with a gentleman's back—Mr. Stephen Albro, who had changed seats a moment before with Mr. Brooks, and requested, if it could be done, to be pushed out of his chair by it. Mr. Albro is by no means a "light weight," but he found the end of that cane and the power applied to it, not only accommodating but convincing. He was landed upon our feet at the bottom of the circle, in much less time than it requires to relate it. Mr. Brooks soon after, there being at this time no music from the piano, commenced whistling "Yankee Doodle," in a mild way, to which the walking-stick immediately responded by keeping audible and perfect time on his head, which seemed also to inspire the piano with a desire to join in beating time, which it certainly did by lifting its clumsy legs and letting them fall gently upon the floor in a measured and orderly manner, and in perfect harmony with the walking-stick and the whistle. Query—If Miss Brooks beat time with the cane, who lifted the piano?

I had not been touched yet. Affecting playfully to feel myself slighted, I requested to be remembered. No answer. Then I asked to have a book brought from a table not far distant and placed in my lap. I was seated at the end of a sofa, and directly the question was asked, I felt a light substance graze along my left arm and fall to the floor. This was afterward found to be a lady's work-basket, and was for the time being the only answer to my desire to be touched, and I soon forgot it in the interest felt for what others were receiving. This was right, and according to the solemn rules of sound politeness I believe, for it was my walking stick that was out making complimentary calls and leaving its cards, which in my greediness I had forgotten. My cane had more "manners" than its owner. But it returned home at last; and as if to repay me for my previous impatience, began a series of caresses such as are seldom, I think, received from a bit of bamboo and ivory. All over my face and lips, head and neck that stick was passed with all the gentleness of a lady's hand. Then the iron-pointed end passed all about my eyes, making many times the complete circuit of their orbits—the eyes being all the while purposely held open, pressing upon the lids and edges with all the assurance and dexterity of the nicest manipulator acting in broad daylight. When this had been repeated till there could be no doubt that we were in the presence of an eye to which our darkness was no obstruction, as quick as thought, the cane was reversed, and the ivory end thrust into my bosom, and a book laid upon my arm. This ended the sitting.

By appointment, on Monday evening the 28th, the same party met again. The day had been as hot as any ever known in these parts, and the evening seemed too sultry for breath itself. Taking our seats at a table in the customary way, we were told through the raps that on account of the extreme heat the original object of the meeting would have to be postponed; but they would treat us to some music, which was all they would be able to do on that occasion. Preparations similar to those of

Saturday evening were accordingly made, Miss Brooks assisting, (please notice this) and while doing so, the piano, standing as before described, just as we were about to take our places as on the former occasion, I stepped across the room, passing the end of the piano to the shelf above it for a drink of water. Having helped myself as I turned to take my seat, the strings of that instrument were vibrated so as to pass through my whole frame like an electric shock. It was not only heard distinctly, but felt.

Now, as no person but myself was near the piano (and I have just stated what I was doing there), how is that sound which was felt with a thrill through every nerve in my system, to be accounted for, if the explanation given through the same power that produced it, is to be rejected? Admitting that, the solution is natural and easy to every careful observer of law, and of facts now occurring all over the world. Denying that, you make an invasion upon the territory of Science, and a breach in its solid walls through which all the scorn and derision it has heaped by implication on what it considers mere miracle mongering theology, must flow back upon itself and deluge its professors with shame and confusion. For its savans to fill the whole country with "horn books" setting forth the exact science of the relation absolute between effects and causes, and then to admit (as, by a denial of the real cause, is positively conceded,) that cases may occur, in which no such boasted relation exists—is to end at once all exactness and all scientific certainty. It is no salvo to true science, to affect the humility of a belief that some yet undiscovered law within its physical domain may be found to account for this and similar phenomena—it knows better! It knows that it might as well look with hope for a law that will send water up hill without adequate force. The common profession of a faith in the discovery of a future law, ruling these facts, may quiet the fears of the superstitious for a time, but in the mouth of science it is a "pious fraud!"

Being seated again as on the previous evening, we were treated with a piece of music which, had it been performed at the "Academy" on Fourteenth-street, in the city of New York, would have "brought down the house" and called for nightly repetition. And why I speak so positively, being no musical critic, is this: I know what *does* do it. Cross-examine the public in its expression of rapture for sweet sounds, and any one may ascertain, without practical acquaintance with a fiddle bow, what it was that pleased it. One may know what *does* a certain thing without being able to *do* it one's self, may he not? Well, that performance did as far transcend common piano playing as Jenny Lind excels an ordinary vocalist. The producer of it said it was called, where *he* lived, "The Shower of Pearls," and it was appropriately named, to say the least. Let any musician who may think I overstate this matter, call on Mr. Brooks and his daughter, and they may possibly change their opinion. My good friend Stephen Albro, who can be found at No. 200 Main-street, Buffalo, will cheerfully point out their residence.

But I must make haste. Arrived in Rochester, Tuesday the

22nd, I had an excellent opportunity for witnessing some manifestations entirely new to me. The medium was Miss Mary Comstock, who was kind enough to devote a few hours of that beautiful morning to a circle of friends at the house of Mr. Burtis. There was much in her appearance, etc., that reminded me of Mrs. Leah Brown, of the Fox Family, and, like her, she has communications through rapping and other modes, but the peculiarity alluded to consists of letters, etc., appearing upon her arms. For example, I had asked the question, while we were receiving answers through the raps, whether Spiritualism was advancing in the world as rapidly and usefully as could well be expected, or as was satisfactory to them? To this there was an affirmation by the raps, and immediately Miss Comstock said, "I guess they are coming. I feel the usual pricking and burning sensations in my arm." On looking at it, I observed a redness in one spot, near the elbow, and soon others in lines along the arm, which, faster than I can write it, gave the following answer to my question: "Glorious our good works on earth. Let your light shine." Between these sentences, and on the broadest portion of the fore-arm, was raised in exquisite outline the stem of a rose-bush bearing a beautiful full-blown rose, with the natural accompaniment of buds and leaves. This was not done in the dark, recollect, nor by gas-light, but in the broad light of noonday.

On the same occasion another answer was produced in the same way, and covering the field occupied by the first, addressed to a lady who, like myself, was a stranger. Instead of a rose, in this case, there appeared a small tree between the writing, and on the other arm was a rose twig, but neither so large nor beautiful as the first. The writing, however, was very perfect and large; the fore-arm was nearly covered with it. The tree was a part of the address to the lady, and had a meaning as distinct and definite as the writing. Let me state the circumstances of its occurrence. When the writing appeared upon the arm in answer to my question, the circle consisted of Mr. Burtis, wife, two little girls, the Rev. Mr. Hammond (a well-known medium of Rochester), Miss Comstock and myself. Directly it had been well considered, wondered at, and had finally disappeared, we were joined by three strangers. One had just returned from Europe, one was from the South, and the other was the lady alluded to. This of course involved an introduction and change in the conditions of the circle. When all were seated, communication was resumed through the raps, the strangers in their turns being the questioners and receiving the replies. During a short pause, I asked if the Spirit-power would reproduce the writing, etc., upon the arm. To this it was replied, they would try to produce something else. Subsequently, therefore, my attention was closely directed to the appearance of the "something else," but it seemed a long time in coming. Mr. Hammond, being in feeble health, had retired to a sofa in the corner of the room. Mrs. Burtis became entranced, and with her hands laid upon the head of the young lady, was speaking to her as from a Spirit friend, the substance of which was encouragement to persevere in the investigation of Spiritualism—that she was in process of development as a medium, and if she could only throw her doubts and fears away and look up hopefully and trustfully, she would soon realize in her own experience the sublime reality of what she prayed in her inmost soul might prove to be true. Still there was nothing on Miss Comstock's arm. Mr. Hammond in the meantime spoke from the sofa, and said: "Madam, I see your interior state very clearly, and they show me a symbolical representation of it—I see a tree, and you are sitting among its lower branches. You look up, and on observing the beautiful fruit and foliage on the boughs above you, you feel pained with the thought that you can never reach so high, and sink back discouraged."

Again I looked and there was nothing on the arm. Concluding that we should be disappointed in that respect, I said to Miss Comstock I would like to speak with her alone, and asked her to walk with me on the piazza. She readily complied, and we passed side by side out of the room and toward the end of the piazza farthest from the company. Arrived there, I turned directly in front of her, and wishing to impress her strongly with what I had to say, grasped her hand. As I did so and raised it up, the sleeve fell back, and then, to my astonishment, appeared what I have described. To drop her hand and step back to the parlor to request the friends there to come out and witness it, was but natural. So there we stood in the open air, at 12 o'clock, n., looking upon a phenomenon as much above the power of man in his present state of knowledge to produce, as

it would be to create a world. The writing was plain, large and beautiful. Perhaps there may be some relation between the production of that tree upon the arm and the remarks of Mr. Hammond—I should not be surprised if it were so. Reader, what thinkest thou?

May I presume to hold thee by the button a moment longer? It may be some time before we meet again in the TELEGRAPH. I feel that I have intruded upon it and upon thee, and will forbear, with a parting word. I am an inexperienced word painter, and my picture is full of froth and folly and coarseness. What its significance may be to thee, will depend wholly on thine eye; what it means to me I wish to state: I see the young and growing world disgusted with the joyous and sublime Gospel of Jesus Christ, because of the gravity and gloom of its professed friends and followers; I hear these mistaken friends groaning on their way up to God and heaven—most miserably happy, and proclaiming by their dismal and solemn march to all beholders, that Heaven is not worth the seeking nor God sufficiently attractive to suggest an introduction—in short, I see what Jesus saw in the old Jerusalem. We are preparing the foundations for the new. Should the laborers sing and make merry at their work, or groan? We do read that the "morning stars sang together" when a "babe" was born, shall we weep that a world is saved? To be a true man is to be equal to the exigencies of the passing hour, it is to be a child with children, merry in the midst of the mirth-moving and a man in the crisis which asks for a man's work. The true man can bestride a broomstick in the nursery, and "weigh the stars in a balance" in his library; the true Christian of the popular stamp can do nothing but groan, and that, too, invariably in the merry place. He can be prodigiously grave and solemn over his shoe-strings, and laugh like an idiot over the very facts of which he must predicate his immortality and eternal life!

I have painted foolishly, therefore, for a great purpose—the purpose of expressing my utter contempt for such misplaced gravity and wisdom. I wish to place myself on the record, away down here at the foot of this "Jacob's ladder," upon which the happy millions of earth and Heaven are to pass and repass in all the glorious hereafter, as a man who can laugh and enjoy trifles—as a man who can be a devoted and undoubting Spiritualist—as a man who can enjoy the society of Heaven—as a man who loves Jesus as an "elder brother" and God as our universal Father, without feeling himself curtailed of the privilege to laugh, or deprived of the inalienable right to play the fool when it will serve a wise purpose. Farewell!

THE LAW OF PROPHECY.

MR. TELEGRAPH:

Is there a law of prophecy; and if there is, will some of your *savans* please favor us with a few remarks touching it? It is a subject that has been occupying my thoughts for the last ten years; but I have, as yet, arrived at no definite conclusion. If the power to prophecy exists, then I maintain that, like all other human endowments, it exists in obedience to fixed laws; and that there is some such faculty possessed by humanity, I think the remarkable prophecies on record are both too numerous and well authenticated to admit of a denial. "Approaching events cast their shadows before," says the "Prophet-bard" of Avon, and in this feature of the subject we can easily recognize the legitimacy of prophecy. The destruction of Jerusalem, for example, was predicted from the character of its institutions and inhabitants; the increase of knowledge from the invention of printing; and, in like manner, Republicanism may be predicted as the future form of British government. In all such cases we have the "shadow before;" and hence the fulfillment of a prophecy based upon inferences which may be thus legitimately drawn, becomes an absolute certainty. But when there is no shadow—when not even the embryonic symptoms of an event exists, to cast a shadow, as in the case of the prediction concerning the steamer *Ericsson*, for example—how then are we to account for fore-knowledge? Some people may be very sagacious, and others very perceptive; but Reason tells us—at least, mine tells me—that not even angels can know of an event before the birth of its indications!

Should this prophecy concerning the *Ericsson* ever be fulfilled, I could only account for it by supposing some mischievous Spirit to have resolved on firing the ship, and thus become the verifier as well as the prophet. Will expounder Partridge, philosopher Fishbough, or divining Davis lend us a little light on this subject? Fraternally,

ROBERT W. ROGERS.

INCREDIBLE TALES.

OR FACTS NOT SUFFICIENTLY AUTHENTICATED.

I have seldom been more surprised than with the following paragraph which I copy from a private business letter just received:

"Your *Spiritual Telegraph* contains—or did when I took it—too many incredible tales, not sufficiently well authenticated. I think this calculated to injure any cause, however good it may be. Christianity has suffered serious damage by it."

Doubtless the "incredible tales" to which the writer refers, are the records of spiritual manifestations and communications on which modern Spiritualism and Christianity are based, viz: the seeing of Spirit lights, hearing of voices speaking out of heaven, Spirits influencing persons to write, speak and sing in their own and in unknown tongues, prophesying and telling strangers all the secrets of their lives, locking and unlocking the doors of prisons and of our dwellings, transporting persons and ponderable objects through the air, rolling away stones from sepulchers, etc. All these things are said to have occurred in ancient times, and are also testified to as within the experience of scores of credible living witnesses all around us, of which number I am one. Those who do not believe these "incredible tales" as occurring in ancient times are not Christians, and those who do not believe them as occurring in our own time are not modern Spiritualists. These are the germs, conditions and facts from which all Christianity and modern Spiritualism have grown up. Small and "incredible" were they in the beginning, to be sure, but the frequency of their occurrence, and their potency for conviction, have raised them both to mighty trees in the mental world, in whose branches the fowl of the air may rest secure. If these "incredible facts" had not been demonstrated to man's natural senses, he could not, of course, have known of immortality; neither that the life man lives in the flesh determines his condition and happiness in the existence beyond. If those persons of ancient times who experienced these "incredible" facts had not testified, nobody except themselves could have believed or had faith in an unbroken continuity of existence beyond the visible world—consequently, since all man's voluntary speech and action proceed from, or has reference to, his knowledge or belief, there could have been no Christianity in the world to-day. Christianity consists in an earth-life regulated with reference to a knowledge or belief in a life beyond; hence all Christianity rests on what my correspondent terms "incredible tales."

Those who have not experienced these "incredible" facts, or believed these "incredible tales" are neither Christians nor Spiritualists. But how can "incredible tales," if true, "seriously damage" a cause based on "incredible tales"? Those who do not believe these "incredible tales," are certainly not "damaged" by their existence, while those who have experienced the phenomena, or believed the "incredible tales," are certainly benefited by them. Shall we then stifle these heavenly voices, and cease to testify to these immortal truths and manifestations? Suppose those persons who witnessed these things in ancient times had bottled them up within themselves, or smothered them in their graves, where would have been Christianity—where humanity and progress? No sentiment or sound of these could have awakened the echo, Where! To these "incredible tales" then, is all of Christianity and human progress indebted. To these "incredible tales" of veritable facts in this paper are our efforts devoted. This is one of the messengers of "incredible" facts which transcend ordinary physical observation. It goes forth to awaken the diviner echoes and aspirations of the human soul—a pioneer in human progress establishing the long prayed for kingdom of God in the hearts of men. We do not profess to stand still or traverse the beaten track through sandy deserts, and limit knowledge where it is, and man to his present condition; but crowded upon the frontier of human progress where the wisdom of the past culminates, we stand, looking out upon the immensities of the unknown and invisible beyond, observing meditating, testifying.

I have publicly testified to many facts which transpired under my own observation, which I knew would not be generally believed; and as well did I know that my statements would bring discredit and reproach upon me. I have, not been mistaken in this; I have received anonymous letters threatening my life; relatives and friends have earnestly admonished me that I was hazarding my own and my family's religious, political and social privileges, and that I should be likely to squander my property, and speedy failure would be the result. Business men

have refused me credit; a bank, with which I kept my account refused me the usual banking facilities, and reported what they knew to be scandalous falsehoods respecting my pecuniary abilities; and all to coerce me into subjection, and to crucify my own senses in deference to assumed infallibility in religious things, and to the popular infidelity to truth and duty in commerce; to strangle immortal impulses and manifestations for the miserable pottage my friends and foes had to offer. But between truth and duty and the world's offered sacrifice, I could perceive no relative value; hence I continue to investigate and to testify, holding myself ever ready for cross-examination. The stormy threats, bribes, fuss and fustian appear to have blown over without harm to me in person or property, and if any are less cordial I have but to turn my ear with myriads of devout men and listen to the still small voice of angels. But my correspondent says our facts "are not sufficiently well authenticated." What shall we do or say more? If any devotee to mere forms wishes us to confirm our statements of spiritual facts under oath, we are ready to do so. But can anybody suppose another to be so reckless of his character and interest as to give currency to "incredible tales" which are really true, when he knows it will bring reproach and discredit upon him? Is there really anybody so stupid as not to have learned that people lie only for gain? Besides, is it not more incredible to presume that so many men and women should, without motive or collusion, almost simultaneously bear testimony to similar "incredible facts" within their own experience, than it is, under the circumstances, to believe their "incredible tales" to have a real genuine basis?

The more remarkable and improbable the statements in which a considerable number of people agree, the more evidence is there of its truth. On the principle that if a person give currency to an untruth, it will be one that people are expected to believe, and hence brought within the range of probabilities.

No attentive reader of the TELEGRAPH will have failed to observe, that to all statements (with very few, if any, exceptions) which embody remarkable or incredible manifestations, we have required the name of the party who made the communication, the time and place at which the events occurred, the names of the persons present at the time, and we have published them with the communication. Does not this afford every opportunity to persons so ascertain, by writing to the parties, whether the statement be genuine, and by writing to others in the city or town, to ascertain whether the persons testifying are truthful, and whether there are any circumstances which seem to throw discredit on the statement? Is this not proper and sufficient precaution to warrant credence?

If my correspondent or anybody else wishes to have the name of taking a paper on which words are printed, and do not wish to be troubled with any new facts or ideas, they will not much hazard disappointment in subscribing for almost any of the so-called religious papers of the day. Many of them are organs of men and women banded together for the purpose of holding the world where it is, and to anathematize every innovator on their stale, dead calm, as an infidel, and to crucify every new fact or idea.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

COMMUNICATION FROM DR. HARE.

In a recent newspaper it has been published that I made an apology before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, for having claimed an opportunity to explain my having become an advocate of Spiritualism, after having published an opposite conviction. True it is undoubtedly, that I suggested an apology, but it was for the association, not for myself that it was made. The apology was suggested for their refusal to allow me a hearing, not for my request that a hearing should be granted.

In support of my claim to be heard, I urged that if the sounds and movements of which the occurrence had been suggested by numberless unimpeachable witnesses were not, as by them inferred, due to the Spirits of departed mortals, they would be due to some physical causes, and consequently would fall within the field of physical investigation, legitimately belonging to the Association. Hence, without admitting the explanation of Spiritualists to be true, the association could not fairly refuse the desired hearing. My much esteemed friend, Prof. Pierce, sought to escape from this dilemma by urging that if the phenomena were due to Spirits, it did not belong to the meeting to consider them, and that if the opposite were true, they must originate in deception, and therefore could not deserve the desired consideration.

Being myself one of those through whom the phenomena in

question had been produced and attested, subsequent to the session I asked Prof. Pierce whether he intended to impute deception to me. In reply he said, that he had not denied that the phenomena were due to Spirits. It is therefore to be inferred, that this eminent astronomer actually concurs with me in opinion as to the origin of the phenomena.

But if the Spirit manifestations, so called, although attested by witnesses more numerous and better known than those by which any miraculous facts ever were before attested, are to be ascribed to deception or delusion, how are any of those on which any existing religion reposes for its truth, to be held free from the same defects.

Moreover, if due to deception, is it less the duty of men of science to trace it to that source? Can it be right that those who are by their intellectual ability and attainments pre-eminently competent to investigation, should not exert their powers to expose the deceit.

But even when traced to spirits, if valuable suggestions should be made by Spirits, should men of science neglect those suggestions instead of "trying all, and holding fast that which proves good?" Pursuant to the premises, I insisted the real motive for the refusal of my request was not brought forward, which was expediency—a motive analogous to that which had led me during thirty years in which I occupied the professorship of chemistry to avoid any expression to my class of my religious opinions which might conflict with the opinions of those with whom I was associated, and with which it was my duty to harmonize and not to render unpopular.

Every man of science is the "born thrall" of the existing theology. Being in this thralldom they dare not countenance facts which may furnish a bulwark to overthrow the theological fortress under whose ordinance they exist. When a highly accomplished candidate may be refused a chair on account of his disbelief in the Trinitarian mystery, it could not but be dangerous for any dependent on theological institutions to admit of any way to the celestial regions preferable to that so painfully exemplified in the "Pilgrim's Progress."

There has been a time when religion repressed science; and it would seem that at the present era science is to revenge itself by repressing religious truth, by sanctioning indirectly the alleged manifestations of antiquity, while deriding those of the present time; believing on miracles told by no one knows who, yet denying the allegations of eye-witnesses known to be truthful; while straining at spiritual gnats, swallowing scriptural camels.

CLAIR VOYANCE.

CLAIRVOYANCE is no humbug, no fanciful chimera of the brain, no delusion; and yet how many there are who believe it to be such! Two years ago such was my opinion on this matter. The following circumstances led me to change my opinions:

One evening, while reading one of the Harmonias—"The Physician"—my mind became strongly attracted to an illustration of what Mr. Davis calls "spiritual perception." In reading this "illustration" and on arriving at that part which speaks of the "soft, clear light" which "emanates from the front brain," I received in that portion of my brain, a shock so strong that for a brief period I was quite unconscious to everything around me. At the same time a light, similar to that of a flash of lightning, passed before my eyes.

Six weeks after the above, and one evening when I was thinking of what I had read in the Harmonia, I again received this "shock" in the front brain; but this time it was so powerful that I remained in an unconscious state for nearly two hours and a half. On returning to consciousness, what was my surprise to find that during this unconsciousness I had experienced the truth of all that Mr. Davis said in regard to spiritual perception! By the "soft clear light" which appeared to come from within my fore-brain, I was enabled to see from the room in which I was then sitting, to one in which I recognized several of my relations whom I had not seen for nearly six years, and who were nearly four thousand miles distant.

This was no dream, but an actuality. The time and conditions in which I saw these relations conspire to prove its reality. When I saw these relations some of them were in their beds, while others were seated in the room partially dressed, and had evidently just risen from their couch. When I came to consciousness it was fifty minutes past twelve o'clock, A. M. The difference of the time between England and the State of Ohio, can not be much less than five hours. Admitting this to be so, does

it not appear probable enough, that at the time I was in this unconscious state, these relations were actually rising from their beds?

Another thing connected with this occurrence was, that amongst these relations I saw two small children whom I did not know. On inquiry I have found that those children had been born since I left England. I had no previous knowledge that such had been the case.

The above are the reasons why I have changed my opinions in regard to the "humbuggery" of clairvoyance; and I now regard it as a faculty of the human mind, the development of which would bring joy to many a sorrowing heart, when circumstances have thrown them far from many they dearly love.

PITTSBURG, September 16, 1856.

BENJAMIN WALKER.

F. J. B.'S DEFENSE OF MOSES.

I beg permission to express through your columns my gratitude to "F. J. B." for the instruction contained in his defense of those parts of the Old Testament so severely commented on by Dr. Hare. The ground taken by him in extenuation of "Moses' law respecting marrying female captives," seems to me a rational and successful defense, while the principle involved in it, to wit, "we must not make the present condition of society, and the laws which the present state of society requires, our standard," is equally applicable when the Bible is relied on as authority for slavery, capital punishment or war. If critics will but recognize as facts what at this day all savans at least assert—that the phrenological organization of mankind has undergone a very great change since the days of the ancient Seers and Prophets whose writings they condemn, and then consider whether that change is an effect of education and civilization, or whether the enlarged expansion of mind evidenced in this progressed education, is not a consequence flowing from, and dependent on, such change of brain-organization, they will, I think, realize the rationale of F. J. B.'s defense, and obtain a better key to the estimate of the Old Testament itself. It has been the misfortune of skeptics to adopt the dogma of the Church, that mankind in the infancy of the race derived from its progenitors a perfected physical brain-organization—hence that man in the early ages was competent to form enlarged mental conceptions of principles. It seems to me science is fast dissipating this idea, and demonstrating that the opposite condition alone prevailed, by showing that the form of human skull then prevalent did not exhibit the reflective and moral organs except as faintly developed, constituting an absolutely limited mental power as the necessary consequence thereof. By recognizing this fact the principle asserted by F. J. B. will be fully appreciated and respected.

K.

RESPONSE TO DR. REYNOLDS' INQUIRY.

BRO. BRITTAN:

In the TELEGRAPH, Vol. 5 No. 18, I notice a communication addressed to you, and headed "A Remedy Wanted." Your correspondent, Mr. Reynolds, of Newcastle, Pa., asks "Whether through Spirit agency some remedy had been, or could be discovered for that dreadful prostration of the nervous system caused by the two free use of spirits and other poisonous narcotics." I do not know how far the nerve-soothing vital fluids given to us by Spirit direction through Mrs. French may be effective in destroying the appetite for strong drink, but I do know they are, in their different degrees and combinations, peculiarly adapted to most conditions of nervous debility and irritability, and in three or four cases which have come under my own personal observation, cases of patients of Mrs. French, whose deranged mental and physical condition was traceable mainly to excessive, or to the habitual and long-continued use of intoxicating drinks, the desire or taste for strong drinks very greatly diminished as their health became restored. Whether this was due to any properties in these fluids, or to the operation of moral causes, or to both combined, I am not prepared to say; but knowing as I do positively, that the habit of drinking has been entirely broken up in one of the cases attended to (and I know nothing to the contrary in the others) and in the hope of affording relief, I will, if you will permit me through the medium of your valuable journal, make the following proposition to the doctor, whose humanitarian pleadings prompted the inquiry. I will ship to his address fifteen or twenty bottles (enough to make a fair trial in several cases) of such numbers of the nerve-soothing vital fluids as our Spirit friends may designate as best adapted to such conditions, only requiring him to make a fair trial, and report the result or results, whether favorable or unfavorable.

T. COLLENTSON,

For Mrs. French's Medicines, 780 Broadway, N. Y.

WHERE THE OPENING IS.—One of our friends was coming from New York, in the cars, the other night, and amused at an interview between two persons, who seemed not have met for some time before. "Well!" said one, after the first salutations, "what are you up to now?" "Oh! I don't know," replied the other; "I shall take to religion." "Religion!" cried his friend, "what do you mean?" "Why," said the other, "I think it's a going to be a good business; the ministers are all leaving it, and I tell you what, I believe there's to be an opening there."



SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

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

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1856.

THE LAW AND THE RIGHT.

The legal rectitude and technical morality of the world are founded in selfishness. It requires no very acute powers of observation to discover that they are rarely incompatible with the most flagrant injustice, while they are not unfrequently the concomitants of every species of crime. Falsehood, oppression and cruelty are sufficiently dangerous and subversive of the highest human interests when they are left to stand alone in their naked deformity. But when falsehood robs some ancient apostle of his old sandals; when despotism dignifies itself with the popular paraphernalia of a constitution and laws; when statesmen "are swift to shed blood," and solemn rogues put on saintly liveries; then, indeed, is legalized villany made respectable before the people, while the virtue that is above the standard of the Law is as far from being realized as the wildest dreams of Utopia. Nature is obviously at war with the conventional justice and legal righteousness of the times; the inspiration that is dead and buried in old tomes and tombs; the holiness that is nowhere else so perceptible as at the Religious Anniversaries—in the preamble and resolutions—and the love that burns on the eloquent tongue without warming the heart or purifying the life—these are all as useful as ordinary fossils, and not less entertaining than the party-colored clothing and fantastic tricks of common harlequins. Such devices belong to the dispensation of Shams, under which the law is lame and the gospel without unction, though both are of acknowledged antiquity.

There is a fundamental difference between being right according to law and lawful according to right, and we design to indicate the proper distinction in the present article.

RIGHT ACCORDING TO LAW.

The Law is the popular standard whereby many men undertake to determine what is *Right*. But neither the form nor the spirit of legal enactments, nor yet the tribunals for the administration of the Law, can ever settle this question, even with reference to the smallest of all human transactions. Whatever is essentially *Right*, is so of necessity and forever on account of its intrinsic conformity to the eternal principles of Justice; while the law may be wise or unwise, cruel or humane, according to the intelligence, disinterestedness, and benevolence of the legislator. Men have been right with respect to the law, and yet wrong in every vital sense. Even in this age of superior light, and in this country where Reform is like a multiflorous tree, it may be possible to violate every principle of justice and humanity and yet be justified before the legal tribunal. Men practice falsehood in legal quibbles; they commit fraud by concealing the truth, and steal according to more than one statute, for "such cases made and provided." Respectable citizens may commit highway robbery, agreeably to the provisions of the law. The process is easy, and the thing has been done a thousand times. In New Jersey the method consists in procuring a Railroad Charter from the Legislature, which precludes the construction of any other road, at the same time it authorizes the proprietors to charge all non-residents—the people of all other States and countries—an increased and most exorbitant price for the transportation of their persons. New Jersey is entitled to the credit of having systematized this business on a somewhat liberal scale. Nor need we stop here. For while the law, in all civilized States, is frequently a means of protection, it is no less true that it is often used as an engine of oppression. It is both a whip and a chain in the hands of despotic rulers. Even under the enlightened legislation of our own country it often denies to woman her natural rights, while it gives to man special prerogatives not contemplated in the wise economy of Nature. It deprives the wife of the legal ability to control her own person, and robs mothers of their offspring. The law sends a man to the State Prison for forging the name of a capitalist, while the libertine, who has ruined the character and blighted the hopes of the

purest of Eve's fair daughters, is permitted to go unscourged into the most respectable society, and to carry his moral leprosy with him. Juvenile offenders against municipal authority are sent to prison with old culprits who have grown gray in iniquity, while the national Congress, owing to the superior intelligence and respectability of its members—and, especially, on account of their high social position and great political influence—allows them to commit *justifiable homicides* whenever their inflamed passions become ungovernable. Does not the law maintain that your "house is your castle," and that no one shall be permitted to invade your premises? The wretch who is both starving and freezing may be driven from your door on any false pretense; and if the poor inheritor of honest poverty shall chance to perish at the next corner, it is all right—in the technical sense. The rich man's castle must of course be defended, and murder may be committed with impunity, provided always that it be done according to any one of the legally prescribed modes, or by a *special act of Congress*!

We learn from authentic history that laws have been written in blood. Even in this age, the man who is no better than the legal standard of right is unfit to be trusted outside of the penitentiary. As the law may be either a shield or a scourge, it can never be safely used to determine the intrinsic justice or propriety of any human transaction. Laws may be founded in equity, but we are reminded that they are often the symbols and instruments of oppression. The loftiest patriotism and the purest devotion have been treated as crimes; and those who have been the greatest public benefactors—who have redeemed mankind from superstition, idolatry and barbarism, have been crucified under the sanction and authority of Law. Thus in the tyrant's grasp the law bars the hero's dungeon, while it leads the Martyrs of Liberty and the Apostles of Righteousness to their doom. These things are according to the legal standards of rectitude among men, but they are, nevertheless, the popular falsehoods and gigantic practical wrongs that most dishonor human nature, at the same time they fill up the darkest scenes in the drama of history.

LAW ACCORDING TO RIGHT.

When about to act, the conscientious man naturally inquires what is *Right* rather than what is *Law*. Indeed, a technical conformity to the provisions of the Code may indicate a *fear of the penalties of the Law*, rather than a sincere respect for individual rights, legal authorities and institutions, or a just regard for the principles of social order and harmony. While the phases of Law are more numerous and variable than the ever-changing forms and colors of the kaleidoscope, *Right*, on the contrary, has an *absolute sense*, in which it is more immutable than the stars. Every personal interest, as well as every political movement, is liable to modify the requirements and the administration of law; but Justice remains unchangeable through all political, moral and material revolutions. We have observed that the most clamorous advocates for the unconditional supremacy of legal over natural and moral institutions, have too often found some pretext for trampling on the most sacred rights of individuals and nations. Accordingly, among those who share our confidence, the man who reverences *Right*, even more than he respects *Law*, holds the first place. We are prone to suspect the integrity of any one who is assiduous to find out what the statute requires, when the question involved finds a proper solution in the Golden Rule. We naturally conclude that he is in want of a legal justification for some conscious neglect of duty; or, that being too timid to expose himself to merited punishment, is still determined to invade the rights of some one according to the specific forms of law. Such men add cowardice to knavery, and are less deserving of respect than the bravo, who at least has the magnanimity to assume the full responsibility of his fierce and fearless aggressions.

The highest conception of *Right* should be the paramount law with every honest citizen. Such a man, if he be possessed of ordinary intelligence, seldom has an occasion to consult any authorities, except reason and conscience. In his native dignity and moral elevation he is far above the low plane of legal righteousness where conscience and humanity are so little respected. The necessity for opposing the administration of Law, under a government that tolerates all religions, may very rarely occur; but every day may present an occasion that calls for something more than legal obedience—for a loftier patriotism and a more disinterested devotion to the common welfare.

OUR MANTLE GONE.

We had a mantle once—not a mere symbol of royalty nor of intellectual powers and moral graces—but a *veritable mantle* that the tailor made of *drap d'été*, and which had been attached to our person for some time. (We are oblivious respecting dates.) But at length (yes, it was a *long mantle*), the attachment which had always been mutual, was suddenly interrupted, we know not how, nor who is responsible for the deed that has chilled the blood in these veins. We only know that that mantle has lost its attachment for its former proprietor. Alas! we feel its warm embrace no more. But it is some satisfaction to reflect that it was a *progressive institution*, notwithstanding it has advanced out of our sight.

We indulge the pleasing hope that the party who wears that mantle is an individual of creditable proportions all round—physical, mental and moral; for we dislike to think it is made to conceal any gross deformities. Of course it was never used to that; and the thought that, by a possibility, it might fit a fop or a knave, gives our nerves a slight shock. We are happy to know that our mantle is too roomy to be becoming to any conservative; and if some friend of progress has got it we trust he will send it to this office. Perhaps we shall have a change and a warmer temperature soon, so that he can get along without it. What consolation there is in that thought! O let the sun shine and the south wind prevail for a little season.

It is no use for any one to hold on to our mantle in the hope of getting any inspiration from the lining. Inspiration never takes the direction of the insensible perspiration. It flows from the lips and through the fingers. To be convinced of this fact, the man who has formed a sort of free-love attachment for our mantle, has only to take a seat in our *sanctum* sufficiently near to be *en rapport* with our right hand. If, however, that individual can't spare it, we will make an effort to get along without it. But we have one reasonable request; if that is granted we shall be resigned. If not too late, we wish to stipulate that the reputation of that mantle for respectability shall not be damaged by introducing it into bad society. That's all. May its present possessor have a good time, and may the mantle of some honest man fall on all of his class.

P. S.—The man who has our mantle need have no fear of receiving a tailor's bill—'twas paid for.

THE LITTLE WITNESS.

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."—JESUS.

We copy the following significant testimony of a little child from a late number of the *Northern Christian Advocate*, a paper devoted to the interests of the M. E. Church:

THE DYING CHILD.

I was greatly pleased, says Dr. Thomson, with a little incident that a mother gave me the other day. A child lay dying. Feeling unusual sensations she said, "Mamma, what is the matter with me?"

Mother. "My child, you are dying."

Child. "Well, mamma, what is dying?"

Mother. "To you, dear child, it is going to heaven."

Child. "Where is heaven?"

Mother. "It is where God is, and Christ, and the Holy Ghost, and the angels, and the good men made perfect."

Child. "But, mamma, I am not acquainted with any of those, and I do not like to go alone; won't you go with me?"

Mother. "O, Mary, I can not. God has called you only, not me, now."

Turning to the father she asked the same question. Then piteously appealing to each of her brothers and sisters, she repeated the same interrogatory, and received the same response. She then fell into a gentle slumber, from which she awoke in a transport of joy, saying, "You need not go to heaven with me, I can go alone. I have been there, and grand-mamma is there, and grand-papa is there, and aunt Martha;" and with a sweet smile, and a countenance bright as with the glory of opening heaven, looking upward and whispering, "Yes, I am coming," she passed away.

The incident here described evidently belongs to the phenomenal manifestations of Spiritualism. That little child was afraid to die—did not like to go to heaven alone lest it might meet only with unsympathizing strangers. To quiet its apprehensions some Spirit—doubtless a departed relative—entranced her—"She fell into a quiet sleep." During this spiritual entrancement the interior senses of the child were opened; Mary saw and recognized three members of the family who were already in the Spirit World. This was not a mere dream, nor can it be referred to the excited imagination of the child; for, in either case, the images of the vision would have been in general correspondence with the preëxisting state of mind; whereas, the fact is, they were wholly dissimilar. That the

child had a vision of the Spirit Home, inspired by some angelic guardian, we entertain no doubt. Indeed, that she was in conscious communion with these Spirits—that they were calling her, and that she heard and answered them, is evident from the last words that MARY uttered on earth—"Yes, I AM COMING."

This "little child" was "set in the midst" of the church, as a witness to the truth of Spiritualism; and we hope that other Doctors as well as Dr. Thomson, may derive pleasure and receive instruction from its simple testimony. How long will the world's religious teachers continue—by denouncing Spiritualism—to slander this little child, and all who like her are fitted, by a genuine spiritual experience, for "the kingdom of heaven"? Not only do they dishonor their religion by this gross abuse of the living, but they libel the saints in heaven, (by ascribing their divine offices to jugglery and devilry) who thus exercise a watchful care over the sick and the dying; and who even come to this mortal shore to soothe the pangs of dissolution, and to receive the departing Spirit into their loving arms.

The mere pretenders to Christian gifts and graces may find a significant warning in the fact, that it was not to the unbelieving world, but to "the disciples" that Jesus said, "*Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.*"

THE LAW OF PROPHECY.

In another column will be found an article under the above-caption, written by E. W. Rogers, in which the writer solicits the views upon this subject, of those who have made it a theme of investigation. The present writer entertains but an humble opinion of his ability to intelligibly solve a question of so recondite a nature as the one here proposed, but his deep intuitions sanction the following view as correct so nearly as the truth can be represented in the brief space allotted to this article:

There are two ways in which future events may be foretold. One is by deduction from externally cognizable movements and forces which are now in operation—such, for instance, as, according to mathematical law, will necessarily bring about an eclipse, or a conjunction of the planets, at some point of time in the future, or as will unavoidably result in the development of some physical or social crisis in the affairs of our own world. Another way is, by the impressions or intuitions of the interior mind, independent of external indications, and sometimes contrary to them. It is by such interior monitions that shipwrecks, accidents by falls, death by lightning, and other occurrences in the future of individuals and nations (of which no outer indications can exist), are sometimes foretold with an accuracy which leaves no doubt as to the reality of the prophetic foresight claimed by those who announce them. It is concerning the nature and laws of this latter mode or faculty of knowing the future, that our correspondent wishes to have the views of other investigators, as the mode of working out mathematical predictions from external data is easily comprehensible by all.

One hypothesis by which many persons are inclined to solve this mystery is that which supposes that Spirits, by their superior knowledge of the movements and tendency of things on the external plane, are able to calculate mathematically the future developments of those things, in the same way that man calculates an eclipse; and that, having thus solved the problem for themselves, they impress their knowledge upon the minds of such persons in the flesh as they may find endowed with the requisite susceptibility. It is not denied that this may sometimes be true; but we think there are insuperable difficulties in the way of admitting its truth to an extent necessary to account for all the truthful prophecies that have been uttered. For example, it was stated that a lady was prevented from embarking at Liverpool with the steamship *Arctic* on her last voyage, by a distinct impression that some fatal catastrophe would befall her before reaching the American shores. Now if the Spirits who are supposed to have produced this impression upon the lady's mind, foreknew by any mathematical calculations based upon an external confluence of movements and forces, that the *Arctic* would be wrecked during that voyage, they must have known, or been able to know, precisely *how, when* and *where* the wreck would take place, in the same way as the astronomer is able to know all the particulars of a future eclipse. But in order that a Spirit might have had any such foreknowledge from the resources of mathematics, it must have known, as elements of the calculation, things which can not well be conceived possible even for a Spirit to know. It must have known precisely at what mo-

ment the two vessels which came in collision would leave their respective ports,—for if either of them had left one minute earlier or later, and other things remained the same, the catastrophe would not have happened. It must also have known precisely the force of steam that would be used by each vessel at each hour during the voyage. It must have known the amount of canvas that would be spread by each vessel, and the force and direction of the currents of air that would act upon each at each hour and moment. It must have foreknown the innumerable ocean currents which each ship would have to encounter, as accelerating or retarding its progress. It must have foreknown every tack which the masters of the respective ships would order to be made, and how many hours and minutes each vessel would sail on each particular tack; for had any of these conditions been different from what they were, the collision would not have occurred, and had they not been all accurately foreknown, the collision could not have been predicted to take place, by any external or mathematical process. Every reasoning mind, therefore, we think will be inclined to our opinion, that all the predictions whose fulfillment is dependent upon so many external contingencies must, even when Spirits are their annunciators, be given from interior sources of knowledge which are entirely independent of any law or process of mathematics, or even of logic in any form.

By cautiously following some attenuated threads of argument that are in our possession, we will be conducted, we think, to the true source of this prophetic knowledge. In the first place, then, it is known that clairvoyants can sometimes reveal the most secret facts of a man's past history. The best clairvoyants will say that this is done by measurably merging themselves into, and for the time being, becoming one with, the selfhood of the individual who is subjected to the examination, and by thus, as it were, making all the sensations, memories, interior conditions, etc., of that person, their own. But suppose that same individual whose retrospective life is thus revealed by the clairvoyant, has a prospective life definitely formed in his mind—may not the latter, by the same process, be revealed as definitely as the former? We will suppose, for example, that the individual has in his mind a plan for the future construction of a building: might not the clairvoyant, absorbed at that point in the individual's very identity, be as sensible of that plan as she might be of any part of the man's past experience? And would she not be able to reveal that plan, together with the period and manner of its prospective execution, with a particularity in proportion to the intimacy of her rapport with the man's thoughts? And suppose the man to be omnipotent in the execution of his designs, would not her revelation be a truthful prophecy of the future construction whose plan is thus perceived?

Now we presume it is unnecessary for us to enter into any labored argument to prove, what few will deny, that all events, however minute they may be, are eternally engendered in the power and wisdom of the Infinite One, and thus are subjects of his foreknowledge. As the building to be constructed in the future has its archetype or thought-form in the mind of the architect, so all future events however minute, must necessarily have their archetypes or thought forms in the soul of Him who, as the self-existent Cause of all things, must contain in himself the germs and ideas of all effects that are subsequently developed to the external or sensuous plane. Moreover, as an infinite God must necessarily dwell in smallest as well as greatest things, it is possible for man, either directly or through the mediumship of Spirits and Angels, to come into rapport with him—to be conjoined with him—to be one with him, either in a universal sense, or in respect to some particular faculty or intention of his divine mind; and whoever comes into sensible rapport with the divine archetypal form or thought-germ of any future event, will foreknow that event as from himself, because so far as that form or thought-germ is concerned, he is in God and God is in him, and the two are thus far virtually one. He thus foreknows the event precisely as the clairvoyant foreknows the future construction of the building from the mind of the architect, with this difference, that the thought-germs in the mind of the architect may fail of being externally realized for want of power, while God's purposes will be accomplished inevitably.

If this course of reasoning is correct, then it follows that all truthful interior prophecy is the result of divine revelation, in the absolute sense of that term; for whatever agency Spirits may have in the matter, they are themselves dependent for their knowledge ultimately upon the Source of all Intelligence. F.

MR. HARRIS' DISCOURSES.

THE discourse delivered by T. L. Harris at Dodworth's Academy last Sunday morning, was listened to with profound attention by an audience which filled the hall in every part. His subject was the mediatorial nature of Christianity, the lecture being closely connected with a series of discourses delivered in this city by the Speaker, about a year ago. He took the ground that Christianity, as originally instituted by Jesus and his apostles, was not an ecclesiasticism—did not consist of a set of barren creeds and ceremonies, but was a living energy descending from the heavens and incarnated in the lives of its receivers, and thus wherever it went became the means of communion with heaven and with God. True, the faith of its early followers always recognized the intrinsic divinity of their religion and of its Author, but they considered faith without a possession of the living realities to which it related, as being dead even as is the body without the spirit. Even long after Christians began to contend with each other about forms of doctrine, they everywhere recognized the existence of a living influx from heaven through the divine principles which were received in common by them all. During the first three centuries of Christian history, open communion with Spirits and angels, the working of miracles and the sensible outpouring of the spirit of prophecy were of frequent occurrence and were every where recognized; and through this sensible potency God added converts to the visible church, and raised innumerable multitudes of men and women to a higher and holier life. Even during the darkness and barbarism of the medieval ages, Christianity continued to bless thousands of the simple hearted and the devout by connecting them with heaven, and serving as a medium for the influx of blessings from the angel world and from God; and notwithstanding the gross materialism of all Protestant sects of the present day, it would not be difficult to show that spiritual manifestations have been recognized among them all.

But we can give but little idea of the discourse in this brief sketch; and it may suffice to say that it seemingly produced a powerful and most healthy effect upon the deeply interested auditors, causing them, as they left the hall, to feel that they had been fed by the bread of life and strengthened in the inner man.

As the writer lives a long distance from the place of meeting, he had not the pleasure of listening to the evening discourse, but we learn from those who were present, that the audience was densely crowded, and, as usual, highly delighted with the eloquence of the speaker.

We understand that Joel Tiffany is expected to occupy the desk at Dodworth's next Sunday, morning and evening.

Where the Ass got the Lion's Skin.

JOHN C. RIVES, of the old firm of Blair and Rives, speaking of our distinguished men, uses the following language, in which the compliment is "over the left," though doubtless in the right direction:

I have seen manuscript writings of most great men of the country during the last twenty years, and I think I may say that no twenty of them could stand the test of the scrutiny of one-half of the journeymen printers employed in my office.

This fact will be vouched for by every Editor in the Union. To the poor "jour" many a "great man" owes his reputation for scholarship, and were the humble type-stickers to resolve, by concert, to set up manuscript in their hands, for even one little week, precisely as it is written by the authors, there would be more reputations slaughtered than their devils could shake a stick at in twenty-four hours. "Statesmen" would become "small by degrees and beautifully less." Many an ass would have the lion's hide torn from his limbs.

Public and Private Lectures.

MRS. B. F. HATCH (more generally known as CORA SCOTT) is a young lady of remarkable natural intuitions and—when under spiritual influence—a Trance-Speaking Medium of superior powers, whose manner is agreeable, and whose public discourses have been listened to with much satisfaction by our friends at the West. We have been favored with an opportunity to witness, in private, some illustrations of this Lady's mediumship, which certainly afforded a very pleasing intellectual entertainment. Mrs. Hatch has come to reside in this city, and will hereafter accept invitations from the friends in adjacent places, either to deliver public lectures, or to answer spiritual, philosophical, and practical questions before private circles.

Mrs. H. may be addressed, care of Dr. Hatch, 49 Blocker-street.

To the Editor's Correspondents.

AMONG the letters addressed to the Editor, containing invitations to deliver Lectures, are some fifteen or twenty from different places in New York, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, and Illinois, which he has not yet found time to answer; but they shall receive attention in the course of the present week.

THE CHARTER OAK.

The old Oak, in which the Colonial Charter of Connecticut was deposited one hundred and sixty-nine years ago, has long been an object of peculiar interest to the people of New England and to travelers. Since that "Brave old Oak" has fallen it may concern the reader to know its history, which we copy from the *Hartford Times*:

Before Governor Wyllys came to America, he sent his steward forward to prepare a place for his residence. As he was cutting away the trees upon the hill-side of the beautiful "Wyllys' place," a deputation of Indians came to him and requested that he would spare this old hollow Oak. They declared that it had "been the guide of their ancestors for centuries." It was spared, to fall this day, having finally yielded to the process of natural decay.

The tree measured thirty-three feet in circumference at the bottom, and it has broken off so as to leave eight feet of stump on one side and six on the other—the stump measuring twenty-one feet in circumference at its top.

The Charter of King Charles the Second for the Colony of Connecticut, arrived in Hartford in 1662, probably in the month of September, though the precise time is not now known. On the 9th of October it was publicly read to the assembled freemen of Connecticut, and was declared "to belong to them and their successors," and the people evinced their gratitude by appointing a Committee to take charge of it, under the solemnities of an oath, and to preserve this palladium of the rights of the people. It contained many liberal provisions, as may be seen on examining it in the Secretary of State's office, where the original copy is still preserved with care. It was the organic law of Connecticut till the present Constitution took its place in 1818.

In 1686, the General Government of New England was dissolved by James the Second, and a new Government was instituted, with Joseph Dudley as President of the Commissioners. Connecticut refused to surrender, and when the third writ of *quo warrant* was sent to her, Governor Treat, in January, 1687, called a special session of the Assembly, which refused to accede to the demands of the new king. They still held to their charter. In March, another special session was convened, but still the representatives of the people refused to "surrender." In May they met again in regular session, under the Charter, and re-elected Treat as Governor.

On the 31st of October, 1687, Sir Edmund Andross, attended by members of his Council and a body-guard of sixty soldiers, entered Hartford to take the Charter by force. The General Assembly was in session. He was received with courtesy, but coldness. He entered the Assembly room, and publicly demanded the Charter. Remonstrances were made, and the session was protracted till evening. The Governor and his associates appeared to yield. The Charter was brought in and laid upon the table. Sir Edmund thought that the last moment of the Colony had come, when suddenly the lights were all put out, and total darkness followed! There was no noise, no resistance, but all was quiet.

The candles were again lighted, but the Charter was gone! Sir Edmund Andross was disconcerted. He declared the Government of Connecticut to be in his own hands, and that the Colony was annexed to Massachusetts and other New England Colonies, and proceeded to appoint officers. While he was doing this, Captain Jeremiah Wadsworth, a patriot of those times, was concealing the Charter in the hollow of Wyllys' Oak, now known as the CHARTER OAK.

In 1689, King James abdicated, and on the 9th of May of that year, Governor Treat and his associate officers resumed the Government of Connecticut under the Charter, which had been preserved in the old Hollow Oak.

Mr. Stuart had Colt's Armory Band come up this noon, and play solemn dirges for two hours over the trunk of the fallen Monarch of the Forest. He is a generous-hearted man; a worthy proprietor of the lovely hill-side that nurtured for centuries such a noble tree.

A daguerreotypic likeness of the fallen tree was taken to-day.

The city bells are to be tolled at sun-down, as a mark of respect entertained by our citizens for the fallen "Monarch."

Prose and Poetry.

A GENTLEMAN repeated the following "Beautiful Thought," in the presence of a young lady, who was the personification of the sentiment expressed.

YOUNG WOMANHOOD:

"The sweet moon on the horizon's verge—a thought matured but not uttered—a conception warm and glowing, not yet embodied—the rich halo which precedes the rising sun—the rosy dawn that bespeaks the ripening peach—

A flower which is not quite a flower,
Yet is no more a bud."

"Or rather," replied the young lady, "as my mother says of me,

A girl that is too young for beaux
And yet too old to hoop."

Spiritual Meeting.

The following notice, from Henry Pinney and others, did not reach us in time for insertion in our last Number.—Ed.

The Spiritualists will hold a meeting in a grove in Ellington, Conn., to commence on Friday, September 19, 1856, and close on Sunday, the 21st. Spiritualists and all others who are interested in the subject of Spiritualism are respectfully invited to attend.

Original Communications.

"NIGHT THOUGHTS."

O! is there not on earth's vast round,
Some spot where troubled souls may rest—
Where peace and comfort may be found
For hearts o'erburdened and oppressed?
Speak out, ye voices of the earth and air,
And if such spot there be, O, tell me where!
Thou placid Moon, with brow serene,
Whose tranquil rays give shadows birth!
What, in thy journey, hast thou seen
Upon this cold and dreary earth?
Where is that spot where mortals weep no more—
Where joys ne'er die, and trials all are o'er?

The moon, with half-averted face,
Replies: "In all my monthly round
I've seen no consecrated place,
Where grief and trouble are not found;
But as I gaze upon the earth below,
I everywhere behold the signs of woe."

Tell me, ye brilliant orbs of light,
That look from out yon azure deep!
What see you this long, cheerless night,
While all but me are wrapt in sleep?
"We see," the stars in silv'ry tones reply—
"We see how soon your fondest hopes may die."

Ah, yes; but have your love-lit eyes,
Since Time's first morning hymn ye sung,
Descried no land beneath the skies
Where hearts with anguish are not wrung?
The stars, or else mine eyes, with tears o'erflow,
While, in my soul, I hear them answer, "No!"

Ye winds, that now in silence sleep,
Awake! your voice I fain would hear:—
Tell me, as round the world ye sweep,
What learn you of this earthly sphere?
The winds, in gentle whispers make reply,
"We learn of mortals how to moan and sigh."

Night, mother of all mystery!
Break thy long silence now, and tell,
If through thy shadows thou canst see
Where happy souls together dwell.
The Night, in answer, draws her veil away,
And starting, I behold the light of day!

And is this life, then, one long night,
Whose fitful dreams disturb the soul—
And will immortal visions, bright,
From an eternal day outroll?
Then wait, my fettered spirit, wait in peace,
For soon the breaking morn will bring release!

E'en now a voice is in mine ear,
That seems to whisper from the sky,
To tell me of a blissful sphere
Where love and joy will never die—
That though this mortal life be full of care,
The soul will bear no heavy burdens there!

P. E. F.

NEW YORK, September, 1856.

NOTE.—The reader will observe in the above lines some resemblance to the words of a song entitled "Where shall the Soul find rest," sung formerly by the Hutchinson Family. But it is due to the author to state that he never saw the words of the song referred to, and only discovered the resemblance by hearing the song sung by the "Hall Sisters" since the above was written.

THE BIBLE AND SPIRITUALISM.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

I have not been a contributor to any of the papers which advocate the cause of Spiritualism, for the reason that I thought them conducted by men better qualified for the task than I am; but should you find the following worthy a place in your columns, you are at liberty to use it.

I suppose it is a general rule among those who oppose Spiritualism, to charge that Spiritualists discard the Bible. So far as I know, they do not, but interpret it for themselves—a right that belongs to all. The Orthodox claim that they have the exclusive right to interpret, and an equal right to denounce all who do not receive their teaching, as infidels and bad men and women.

I am disposed to contest this point with them. It is consummate arrogance on their part, and the people are about to throw it off. They charge us with infidelity; I charge them with the sin of pretending to follow Christ while they do not, neither do they teach his Gospel.

Here I join issue with them, and proceed to examine the evidence. Christ says, (Mark 16: 17, 18), "And these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

Again he says, (St. John, 14: 12) "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also."

Was language ever so plain? There is no limit to this as to time. The apostles are commanded to go and preach to every creature, and those are the signs that are to follow the belief of those creatures. Our opponents say they were to follow only the apostles; the text, however, silences that assumption, or should do so with all honest and intelligent opponents.

Again they say Christ's coming put an end to all such things. Here again they run into error. They can not find a passage of Scripture within the Bible that will justify such a conclusion. They suppose it so because no such signs follow modern preaching; they have no other evidence.

Christ says most emphatically that he came to destroy no law, but to fulfill the law and the prophecies. The declaration is positive. I will not here discuss what constitutes a miracle, but simply say I may do so at some future time, observing that all miracles were with the prophets, Christ, and with like mediums of the present age, but the natural result of natural laws, which laws were not, and are not, understood by the mass of mankind. Christ gave the apostles full power to do and to teach all he had done or said; why then was not this power retained? We answer, because the pride of man and his unbelief destroyed it. Christ often upbraided his disciples with unbelief while he was with them.

Paul's first letter to the Corinthians sets this matter in its true light. He says, 1st Cor. 12: 1, "I would not have you ignorant." Then follows an enumeration of gifts. He says, "The manifestation is given to every man to profit with all. To one is given wisdom; to another knowledge; to another, power; to another, the gifts of healing; to another, the working of miracles; to another, prophecy; to another, discerning of Spirits; to another, divers kinds of tongues; to another, the interpretation of tongues." Then he says, (12: 28, 29, 30), "And God hath set some in the church, first, apostles, (then in order) prophets, teachers, working of miracles, gifts of healing, helps, governments, diversity of tongues." Then he says, "Are all prophets? are all apostles? are all teachers? do all work miracles? have all the gift of healing? do all speak with (to them) unknown tongues? do all interpret? But," says he, "covet earnestly the best gifts."

He then in the 13th chapter upbraids them for a want of charity. In the 14th chapter he again brings up the subject of Spiritualism as follows: "Follow after charity, and desire spiritual gifts." He then instructs them with great care, how they shall conduct their meetings. See 1 Cor. 14, 1 and on.

He prefers that they should prophesy (teach) rather than speak in unknown tongues. He says of himself, 18th and 19th verses, "I thank my God, I speak with tongues more than you all; yet in the church I had rather speak five words with my understanding (his natural tongue), than by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue." The reasons he gives for this are also to be found in the previous verses. He says the speaking in tongues unknown to the speaker should be used only as a sign to the unbeliever, as used on the day of Pentecost.

It seems they had no leader and no order of exercise, but all was confusion, each one being disposed to lead or act for himself; and hence he says, at the 26th verse, "How is it then, brethren? When ye come together every one of you hath a psalm, hath a doctrine, hath a tongue, hath a recitation, hath an interpretation."

He corrects this by saying in the 31st verse, "Ye may all prophecy one by one, that all may learn and all may be comforted." Then he adds in the 31st verse, "The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets."

Now I ask our opponents how they dare pretend that they are the followers of Christ? Paul was the especial expounder of the teachings of Christ, and was a medium of a high order. John recognizes the same facts in his first epistle general. He says, 4: 1-3, "Beloved, believe not every Spirit, but try the Spirits?" Now why this? because then, as now, low, undeveloped Spirits may have attempted to teach. Paul and John both recognize the fact that it was the Spirits who spoke through the different members of the Corinthian church.

I ask our opponents, do any of the signs follow them? Do they cast out devils or heal the sick? Do they speak with tongues, without first having learned them? Do they speak as led by the Spirit, or as led by some D. D.?

They look for no one to make a profession of religion under the influence of their every-day preaching. Protracted meetings with "relays" of ministers, is the place for all conversions. Vital piety has fled from them. Their gods are fine houses, fine clothes, big salaries and the like. They are sanctimonious on Sunday, and play tricks before high heaven on Monday, and yet they claim to be the chosen ones of God. Let them show this by their works, and we will have charity for them.

I can not see for my life how any one who is at all familiar with the Spiritualism of the Bible, can see the present condition of the church in any other light than I do. The Jews labored under the vain mistake that the professed Christian world now do; but Christ came and scourged them most unmercifully. He would do no less now were he to come again.

The argument against Spiritualism that our opponents make use of is, that it is the Spirit of God that operates upon man. This we grant; but that does not settle the question, for the proofs are as it were innumerable as to this matter.

God sends his angels to inform man of his will. The proof of this abounds in the Bible from one end to the other. "Behold I send an angel before thee to keep thee in thy way," Exodus 23: 20, and this

angel took upon itself the form of a burning bush. "And God heard the voice of the lad; and the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, What allest thou, Hagar? Fear not, for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is." Gen. 21: 17. Again, "The angel of the Lord called out of heaven to Abraham," Gen. 22: 11.

Now let the reader contrast the Spiritualism of the Old Testament with the New, and then, upon one of the most important events connected with man. The reader can not fail to see the difference.

See Mat. 1: 20, "But while he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream." Again, 1: 24, "Then Joseph being raised from sleep, did as the angel of the Lord had bidden him." Malachi says, Mal. 5, "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet."

But still stronger proof, if possible, exists, for God has not left us in the dark. John the Revelator says (Rev. 1: 1) that the Book of Revelation was given to Christ by God, and he (Christ) sent and signified it by his angel unto his servant John. Now if God gave this to Christ to reveal to John, will our opponents tell us why he sent an angel? —

It has been denied that Angel and Spirit are one. It is also denied that the Spirits of the departed can come back to earth, or visit the Spirits of those said to be lost. I am fully aware that much may be said on both sides of this question. But if the Bible be divided against itself, it can no more stand as evidence, than could a house stand if divided against itself. If such is the case, what is to be done? I know of no other way than that the preponderance of evidence must rule—we must seek to harmonize the book, and not destroy it. Our opponents say we destroy the Bible. The Jews said the same of Christ. He told them No, but he came to fulfill it. Our interpretation of the Bible destroys not the Book, but much of the *allegory* of our opponents, of which they seem to think more than they do of the Book itself.

We have already shown that it was an angel who revealed to John what was "about to come to pass." Now for the further understanding of this matter in dispute, we will refer to Rev. 19: 10. John here says, "And I fell at his feet to worship him." When did he fall down to worship? Not God or Christ, for they were not, in a literal sense, present. Who could it be, then? The object of his adoration says to him, "I am thy fellow-servant." But how can this be if the Spirits of the departed can not come to earth? For John was not in the body and on earth. This great gulf must have been crossed some way.

This is a grave question; but let us not pass it by as one of the mysteries of godliness *passing finding out*.

By the by, if men looked a little less to the building of "platforms" and creeds, and a little more for truth as it is, there would be much less mystery in religion than now exists.

But let us look at Rev. 22: 8, 9, and see if this difficulty can not be solved, and the mystery of Spiritualism explained. The Book of Revelation is now nearly complete; John had seen into the future; delighted with it, he says, "And I, John, saw these things and heard them. And when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which showed me these things. Then, said he, (the angel) see thou do it not; for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, * * * worship God."

The angel has now declared himself to be the Spirit of one of the old prophets. This settles the matter as to the fact that the Spirits of the departed do visit earth. At all events John declares he was so informed.

Paul in his Epistle to the Hebrews also recognizes the same fact (see Heb. 1: 14). He says, speaking of angels, "Are they not all ministering *Spirits*, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

I have thus hastily examined this subject. I have witnessed at private and public circles nearly everything spoken of by Christ or Paul. Mediums who are fully developed conduct a religious meeting in the same manner Paul instructed the Corinthians to. I have heard them speak in tongues to their unknown, speaking both in the controlled or trance state and in the normal and natural state. The medium could not interpret what he had said to save his life, but another medium who was present in the controlled state informed us what was said. Did I not see the sameness of Spiritualism of this day, that we read of in days past, I should perhaps doubt. But when I see the "signs follow those who believe" I am forced to accept the truth and reject error.

I have other facts I wish to speak of, but already is this letter quite too long. Should this, however, meet with favor, I may be disposed to continue the subject.

GEO. C. WOOD.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

SPIRITUALISM IN VENEZUELA.

CIRCLE IN CARACAS.

July 23.—The circle met, and unexpectedly a number of ladies and gentlemen called, and caused rather a bad influence; some communications were made by tipping and rapping on the table. The Spirit of General Bolivar manifested its presence, and influenced the medium, making a short address and pointing to a Colonel present. He said he was the only believer among the visitors; that Spiritualism was progressing and could not be resisted. "As to myself," he said, "I did not die a natural death. I was poisoned, and on being asked who the guilty person was, he declined to give the name, (owing to the visitors present).

July 24.—The circle met, without any visitor present, the medium being influenced by General Bolivar. He made a cross on the table, and a shepherd's crook; then pointing three times in the direction of the Archbishop's palace and three times in the direction of the Presi-

dent's house, he spoke of the opposition of the Church to the great truths being developed to mankind; but, said he, the Bishop can not resist this great principle. It is taking deep root in the minds of the people; the power of the Bishop can avail nothing, and he will fall. At this moment the medium fell his whole length on the floor, then rose upon his knees, and continued: "Have faith and everything you desire shall be granted. The President and Vice-General wrote a document before his death which he gave to the Archbishop sealed; the Bishop broke the seal three days after his death, read the paper, and no person but the Bishop knows the contents; that the Spirit of the President would appear at the circle the following evening, and make known the contents of that paper, so as to convince the Bishop of the reality of Spirit-manifestations. The Bishop is now trembling; he will probably appear at the circle to mock or dispute; that the President would a man appear, and that wonderful things should be done. Yes, the hands of Colombia and Venezuela shall appear, and President Monagas shall see the bust of Bolivar on the center of this table with spiritual eyes. Keep all these things to yourselves until they come to pass. Spiritualism is now progressing rapidly in the United States; also in Caracas, and nothing can impede its progress." The table rose twice, indicative of the rising of our faith. He then put out his arms and said: "This little circle is a pillar of strength which nothing earthly can destroy; the shafts of calumny will be hurled against the walls, but with harmless fury. Those who ridicule and scoff at you outwardly, are mentally troubled in relation to the manifestations presented to their view. Fear not, and care not what they say; have faith. The Spirits will be with you, and God will be with you."

July 25.—The circle met; the medium was influenced by the Spirit of the President or Vice-General of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, Doctor Diego Cordova, who departed this life ten days since, and said: "I left the whole of my wealth to be distributed to poor widows, orphans and the poor generally, at the door of the Archbishop's palace. I left nothing to my relatives, for they were not in want." This last act of my life elevated me immediately to the seventh sphere. Had I done otherwise, I should not have been elevated so high. The fact of making this disposition of my property is only known to the Archbishop. Go to him and tell him privately of this communication from me to your circle, and he must believe the truth.

"There is a design now in agitation to offer this medium a large sum of money to leave the country, and the offer will be made through his own son; but he must be firm as a rock in resisting such a temptation. The ball is rolling; the truth is spreading; keep it going. The inquiring mind is at work, and the truth will spread in all directions."

General Simon Bolivar then spoke through the medium and said: "From this little circle the truth is spreading; do not impede its progress. You will soon have the influence of General Monagas; not only the President but the Monagas family generally, for they will continue in power for a long time."

"I was poisoned by —. It was he who caused my death. I make this communication to this little circle; it must be kept secret, otherwise Bolivar will never again visit your circle." He then said: "The following Spirits have this night joined your circle—Robert Furlong, (killed at the battle of Yorktown) of the seventh sphere; Susan Briggs, (died an infant in the year 1791, at Middletown, Conn.) seventh sphere; the President and Vice-General, Doctor Diego Cordova, of the Catholic Church, Caracas, seventh sphere; Richard Evans, of New Hampshire, sixth sphere; Simon Bolivar, fourth sphere; Doctor Josef Vargus, fourth sphere; Monagas, father of the President, fourth sphere."

July 27.—The circle met; the table was carried into a corner and turned over on the floor; and being taken back, it moved again to the same place and tipped over; and this was performed five times, without our being able to imagine the cause. The medium being influenced, he pointed to the corner indicated and said, "In that place is interred the remains of five friars, four Franciscan and one Dominican; their names will be given to the circle at another time, and the truth can be ascertained by referring to the records of the church of San Francisco. The Spirits of the five friars are all present at this circle; their ashes must not be disturbed." (The circle was sitting near where the altar of a church formerly stood).

July 28.—The medium being influenced by the Spirit of the Vice-General, Doctor Cordova, he spoke at large. Pointing in the direction of the Archbishop's palace, he said: "The scarlet robe, the tinsels, tassels, gold and diamonds shall perish and crumble into dust, and the Archbishop shall fall. Oh! how much good he could do if he would investigate this divine principle and give it his countenance. How Spirits would rejoice; but alas! his position in the church prevents him. He will believe, yea, he does believe, but unfortunately is precluded from manifesting his belief."

Coming to Caracas in November last as a missionary in the spiritual cause, with but little hope of success, and finding that one person who had previously visited a circle, I added two others, and we commenced our sittings. One who joined as an unbeliever soon became developed as a seer, speaking, and rapping medium. I have been assiduous in the cause, instructing the living and assisting departed souls to rise from darkness to light; and my labor is not without its fruits. Many have come to assure me that through my instruction and advice they have ascended to the second sphere from their dismal abode. Some, through the Spirit-manifestations, have been convinced of the immortality of the soul, who did not believe it before, and have become Christians; and we have had a great and glorious revival from Spirit revelation. Hundreds of families have their spiritual tables in operation, conversing with their departed friends; and in almost every case they receive as correct answers as they could through the best developed

medium. Every mind is inquiring what this new principle is, and it is the theme of conversation in every family; yea, it has been forth like a flame of fire, and the church can no more impede its progress than it could ban up the waters of the Mississippi.

Caracas, August 4, 1856.

JOHN PARTRIDGE.

NOTES BY AN ITINERANT.

STANDARD WORD.

Caracas, Vene., August 25, 1856.

REMARKS.—ARRIVED CARACAS, VENEZUELA, at 10:30 A.M. at the 100, 1000. Dear Telegraph—Once more I venture, my itinerant. I left New Orleans a week ago this morning. At the close of my "month's" in Louisiana I proposed lecturing in the village church through a friend, Dr. W.—; but the trustees were unwilling that I should. They are about engaging a new preacher at this place, and I am invited by the Doctor's invitation, to listen to one of his discourses. I hope the inevitable text, but the subject was of the most "evangelical" stamp, commencing with "the most precious doctrine contained in the scriptures," viz., that of the Vicarious Sacrifice, and terminating on "faith and good works." It was altogether a "milk-and-water" affair. I subsequently called upon my friend the Doctor, to learn as to getting the home, and we naturally fell into discourse on the sermon. Although a liberal mind in his relations to the community, he was extremely not free. I had not intended this freedom with "the churches;" but the occasion has tempted me, and the "intellectual principle" of the times is strong. However, in future I hope to be silent, and to mind my own business according to the injunction of the prophet: "Ephraim is joined to his idols: let him alone."

As I journeyed here I rested by the way upon a stone under an oak. Weary with my walk over the mountain, it was pleasant to rest, and the gentle summer breeze fanned my brow, and I listened leaning against the tree. I had entering the bow of my mind, and the thoughts of my quiver were stirred loudly about as I moved. Presently, I fell into meditation on the condition of man, and I imagined myself as one that was lost—lost, though at times striving to look up. Downed down with evil and pernicious lusts passions and vices, I viewed myself as among the most fallen and unworthy of men. Alas! I cried at my condition, and I wished that I could be saved. I had often heard of angels and good Spirits, and I wished that they would help me, and I thought of them in their most solemn. Despairing, I ended this train of thought. I was silent and at ease, as I had often been before. The world as at a mid-summer eve, seemed commensurate with my condition, and for a moment I was at rest from carrying the shield.

"Heating that strange device, 'Eviliter!'"

I lay in ignominious repose. The driving air lulled in the branches, and played with my locks, and I seemed to sleep. Presently beautiful forms approached where I lay, and looked upon me; and then with lifted hands covered their faces, and said, "God alone can help him—God alone can help him." I was aroused, not on looking at the time, resumed my journey. It was all a dream; but it figures yet in my memory and is as vividly retained as the recollection of the rest of the state under the oak.

While I rested at that spot, I considered and resolved on reaching an inn, to spend a week in retirement and rest. I felt that I needed it; and besides, I believed that it would be profitable to me in my spiritual work. So, like Moses on his way to Egypt, I have been resting "by the way in the inn."

We read in Isaiah, that the "Lord saw that there was no man, and wondered that there was no intercessor." The greatest of Communicators says by man, in the Word, "signified intelligence." It is a serious and important question what "the Search of Progression" means in "pointing on the dial plate of time" to Rochester, London, and "spiritual manifestations" generally. What does it all mean? what is to be the end of it? are questions asked at every corner. "Where are the seers, the astrologers, the diviners of secret things, the interpreters of dark sayings, that the king—even the king of Babylon may understand those things?" But this sort of proceeding has lost its charm—nay more, its power. Knowledge has become too general. The questions must be answered by each man separately. Things no longer move by king's dictation. But I have not time to pursue this theme on paper at present. It is sufficient that Spiritualism is toward the fulfillment of that hopeful and joyous prophecy, "that the knowledge of the Lord should cover the earth, as the waters cover the great deep."

I attended the only church in this small village yesterday forenoon, to hear and learn, which I did—receiving a good impression. The preacher took for his text, "Remember Lot's wife." Many of his remarks were good, but his closing one, backed up by the whole tenor of his discourse with a little assistance on the part of the hearer, that even a look (as in the example) affected one's life, was especially so to my own mind on considering that the "Lost of the eye" walks among the three ruling "elements of the world" in that old guide, the Bible. The fool's eye wanders here and there constantly.

Notwithstanding, I can not say much in favor of the "church," at least as to results; for I found a very small congregation, and learned that very few of the villagers attended at all—a poor feather in the cap of "Close Communion Papists," which I understand them to be.

My lecture at this place was confined, from various causes, to but one audience—the schoolmaster. However, I hope to visit them again at some future time with that special object in view, as I did not intend lecturing here at all, on stopping; but he proved quite an interesting one, being a young man of considerable talent; but he was no great friend to Spiritualism. I found—at least not what many would consider a friend, although on an interior analysis of his mind I should set him down as a Spiritualist. Fraternally, BENJAMIN GRAYES.

Interesting Miscellany.

THE MIGHTY CEDARS OF CALIFORNIA.

REV. DR. BESNELL, of Hartford, writes from California to the New York Independent, a graphic account of the immense cedars of California, the greatest cedars in the world. One of them, which had been felled, he ascertained, by counting the grains of the stump, to be twelve hundred and eighty years old. When Mahomet was at nurse, this tree was sprouting. Says the reverend gentleman:

"It is forest, yet nothing that we mean by forest. There is no undergrowth, scarcely anywhere a rock; the surfaces are as beautifully turned as if shaped by a landscape gardener, and dotted all over by myriads of flowers, more delicate, more various, than any garden ever grew. Moving along these surfaces rounding over a hill, or galloping through some silent valley, winding here among the native oaks casting their round shadows, and here among tall pines and cedars drawing their huge conical shapes on the ground, we seem, in fact, to be riding through some vast park. Indeed, after we had seen the trees and taken their impression we could think of nothing but to call it the park of the Lord Almighty. The other trees, we observed, were increasing in size as we neared the place, till finally descending gently along a western slope among the files of little giants, we came to the gate of the real giants, emerging into the cleared ground of the Big Tree Hotel, between the two sentinels, which are five hundred feet high and stand only far enough apart for the narrow road to pass between. These were the first of the Washington cedars we had seen; it really seemed that we had seen a tree before; and yet they were only medium specimens.

"Close by the house lay the first cut of the Big Tree, *par excellence*; the remaining part, or top, had been split up and removed. Near this first cut stood the stump, about six feet high, with an arbor mounted on the top, which had been squared down for this purpose, the posts of the arbor standing out in the line of the largest circuit at the ground, and the space between them and the circuit at the top filled in by a floor of short boards. The diameter of the top is by measurement twenty-five feet one way, and twenty-three and one-half the other. The diameter at the ground, was thirty-one feet. They are all included in a space of fifty acres, and are only about ninety in number. The ground occupied is a rich, wet bottom, and the foot of the moist northern slope adjacent, covered also with an undergrowth. And why are they here, just here, and no where else? This, I confess, is to me the greatest, strangest wonder of all, that no where in the whole earth is there another known example of these Anakims of the forest. Ninety seeds alone have been started; ninety and no more. Is there—was there no other piece of ground but just this, in the whole world, that could fitly take the seeds of such a growth? Why have they never spread? Why has no one seed of the myriads they sprinkle every year on the earth, ever started in any other locality?

"And what a starting it is, when such a seed of life begins to grow! Little did that tiny form of matter, about the size of a parsnip-seed, and looking more like it than any other, imagine what it was going to do, what feelings to excite, when it started the first sproutings of the Big Tree! We measured an enormous sugar pine, felled. Sixty feet from the ground it was six feet in diameter, and it was two hundred and forty feet high. We measured one of the prostrate giants, and two hundred and forty feet from the ground it was six feet in diameter! The top was gone, but it could not have been less than three hundred feet high. And yet this tree was only eighteen feet in diameter where the Big Tree was twenty-five. If the Big Tree were hollowed, one might drive the largest load of hay through it, without even a brush.

"Many of the trees, and all the largest of them that remain, are greatly injured by fire. Their time is therefore much shortened and a long time will be required to bring the smaller ones to their maximum of growth. A man, instigated by the infernal love of money, cut down the biggest of them and skinned the next, one hundred and twenty feet upward from the ground, (*viz.*, the mother,) that he might show or sell the bark of her body, both sound as a rock at the heart, and good for a thousand years to come. Oh, it surpasses all contempt! And yet to see this giant mother still growing up as before, bearing her fresh foliage, ripening her seeds, and refusing to die; hiding still her juices and working her pumps in the deep mazes of her barkless body, which the sun of two whole years has not been able to season through, dead as it is, and weather-cracked without—it is a sight so grand as almost to compensate for the loss we suffer by the loss of the human stump."

A SNAKE-CHARMING BOY.—The Fulton Patriot relates the following story, which sounds very much like one we used to hear when a juvenile, but of the truth of either we are somewhat incredulous. The Patriot says: "A boy about five years, son of a Mr. Martin, who lives at Gilbert's Mills has been for a short time back perceptibly failing in health, and although every means were employed for his recovery, nothing seemed to be of benefit to him. He was in the habit of absenting himself from his companions—of being taciturn and uncommunicative. These unusual peculiarities were noticed, and the boy was watched. He went to a creek near the school-house which he attended, and seating himself a large snake, commonly known as the milk-snake, came to him, and coiling itself about him, ate of his dinner, and amused itself by licking the child's fingers, rubbing its head on his cheeks, etc. The witnesses then showed themselves, captured the reptile, and killed it. The child states that he has been in the habit of visiting the snake every noon for some weeks past, and that the snake never failed of appearing. The boy is now recovering. The above facts are fully substantiated."

TERTULLIAN ON PATIENCE.

CONCLUSION OF HIS TREATISE.

"Thus is God an abundantly sufficient depository of patience. If thou placest a wrong in his hands, he is an avenger; if a loss, he is a restorer; if pain, he is a physician; if death, he is the resurrection. What a license hath patience, in having God for her debtor! And not without cause; for she observeth all his pleasure, she interponeth her aid in all his commands. She fortifieth faith, guideth peace, assisteth charity, instructeth humility, waiteth for patience, setteth her mark on confession, ruleth the flesh, preserveth the spirit, bridlith the tongue, restraineth the hand, treadeth temptations under foot, driveth away offenses, perfecteth martyrdom, consoleth the poor, ordereth the rich, straieth not the weak, waiteth not the strong, delighteth the believer, inviteth the heathen, commendeth the servant to his master, his master to God; adorneth the woman, approveth the man; is loved in the boy, praised in the young man, respected in the old; is beautiful in each sex, in every age. Come, now, let us describe her form, and her demeanor. She hath a countenance serene and placid, a forehead smooth, contracted with no wrinkle of grief or of anger; her brows are evenly and cheerfully relaxed, her eyes cast down in humility, not in melancholy. Her mouth beareth the seal of honorable silence. Her color is such as those have who are free from care and crime. Her head is often shaken at the devil, with a smile of defiance.

"She sitteth on the throne of that most kind and gentle spirit, who is not in the gathering of the whirlwind, nor in the blackness of the cloud, but belongeth to the soft, calm, clear and simple, such as Elias saw him at the third time. For where God is, there also is his foster-child, to wit, Patience. When therefore the Spirit of God descendeth, patience never divideth from him. If we receive her not together with the Spirit, will he abide with us always? Nay, I know not whether he would continue any longer; without his companion and handmaid, he must needs be grieved at every place and time. Whatever his enemy inflicteth he can not endure alone, lacking the instrument of endurance. This is the way, this is the rule, these the works of an heavenly and true, that is, a Christian patience."

A BONAPARTE LOVE LETTER.

The following passionate *lettre-doux*, written by Napoleon to Josephine, shows how affectionately he could write to the woman whom he afterwards sacrificed.

TO JOSEPHINE AT MILAN.

MARSEILLE, July 17, 1796.

I received your letter, my adorable friend. It has filled my heart with joy. I am grateful to you for the trouble you have taken to send me the news. I hope that you are better to-day. I am sure that you have recovered. I earnestly desire that you should ride homeward; it can not fail to benefit you.

Since I left you, I have been constantly depressed. My happiness is to be near you. Incessantly I live over in my memory your caresses, your tears, your affectionate solicitude. The charms of the incomparable Josephine kindle continually a burning and a glowing flame in my heart. When, free from all solicitude, all harassing care, shall I be able to pass all my time with you, having only to love you, and to think only of the happiness of so saying, and of proving it to you? I will send you your horse, but I hope you will soon join me. I thought that I loved you months ago, but since my separation from you I feel that I love you a thousand fold more. Each day since I knew you I have adored you yet more and more. This proves the maxim of Bravere, that "love comes all of a sudden" to be false. Everything in nature has its own course, and different degrees of growth.

Ah! I entreat you to permit me to see some of your faults. Be less beautiful, less gracious, less affectionate, less good; especially be not over-anxious, and never weep. Your tears rob me of reason, and inflame my blood. Believe me, it is not in my power to have a single thought which is not of thee, or a wish which I could not reveal to thee.

Seek repose. Quickly re-establish your health. Come and join me, that at least, before death, we may be able to say, "We were many days happy." A thousand kisses, and one even to Fortune, notwithstanding his spitefulness.

BONAPARTE.

AN INCONSPICUOUS PROVERB.—Jemima Wilkinson possessed considerable ingenuity. On one occasion she gave out that she would walk on the water. A large company was gathered on the shore of the river to see the exhibition. She made preparations as if about to proceed, and then, suddenly staying herself, turned to the multitude and said, "Have you all faith that I can do this thing?" Fearing to throw any impediment in her way, they all replied that they had faith. "Then," returned she, resuming her bonnet and turning away, "it is of no use for me to do it; for if you are already convinced, it would be a mere waste of Divine power to perform a miracle for the purpose of convincing you of something which you already believe."—*Investigator*.

"DEAR BROTHERS" AT THE CONVENTION.—The lively Newport correspondent of the New York Mirror thus confesses: I have not been a "young lady" long; but I have already seen enough to convince me of the hollow mockery of what is termed fashionable society; and I would much rather be known as the simple-hearted country girl—"the flower of the plantation,"—the "lily of the colored people" at home, than to reign here as "the belle of the season," admired for my fading beauty, courted for my father's "uncertain riches," and shamed for the very "charms" that make up my attractions.

MORE'S UTOPIA.

Sir Thomas More, in his book on the Utopians, says: They are almost all of them very firmly persuaded that good men will be infinitely happy in another state; so that, although they are compassionate to all who are sick, yet they lament no man's death, except they see him poor with life uneasy, and as if he were forced to it; for they look on this as a very ill prelude, as if the soul, being conscious to itself of guilt, and quite hopeless, were afraid to die, from some secret hints of approaching misery.

They think that such a man's appearance before God, can not be acceptable to him; who, being called on, does not go out cheerfully, but is backward and unwilling, and is, as it were, dragged to it. They are struck with horror when they see any die in this manner, and carry them out in silence and with sorrow; praying God that he may be successful to the errors of the departed soul, they lay the body in the ground.

But when any die cheerfully and full of hope they do not move for them, but sing hymns when they carry out their bodies; and committing their souls very earnestly to God, in such a manner that their whole behavior is rather grave than sad, they burn the body, and set up a pillar where the pile was made, with an inscription to the honor of such men's memory. And when they come from the funeral, they discourse of their good life and worthy actions, but speak of nothing of sorrow, and with more pleasure, than of their serenity at their death.

They think much respect paid to the memory of good men, is but the greatest incitement to engage others to follow their example, and the most acceptable worship that can be offered them; for they believe that though by the imperfection of human sight, they are invisible to us, yet that they are present among us, and hear those discourses that pass concerning themselves. And they think that it does not agree with the happiness of departed souls not to be at liberty to be where they will. Nor do they imagine them capable of the ingratitude of not desiring to see those friends with whom they lived on earth in the strictest bonds of love and kindness, and they judge that such good principles, as all other good things are rather increased than lessened in good men after their death; so that they conclude they are still among the living, and do observe all that is said or done by them; and they engage in all affairs that they set about with so much the more assurance, trusting to their protection; and the opinion they have of their ancestors being still present, is a great restraint on them from all ill designs.

MACHIAVELLIAN HONESTY.—Mohammedan honesty strikes the Christian in the East more forcibly than any other trait of character. There seems to be no distress so deep, and no temptation so great as to induce a follower of the Prophet to take what does not belong to him, or in any pecuniary way to rob friend or foe. The history of human society does not show an instance where the teachings of any one man have made such lasting impressions as Mohammed's in this particular. Centuries have passed since he has gone, but his standard of honesty has not been lowered among his followers; and no Christian community in Europe or America can in this particular begin to compare with them. Theft is a crime unknown to them, and but one single instance of robbery has happened in Turkey in twenty years. A recent writer, speaking upon this point, says: "While travelling, it is not uncommon to see a Janissary enter the Casino, leave several bags of gold in the corner, and go out to sleep with his horse! A merchant returning from Smyrna, travelling early in the morning, saw a horse tied to an olive tree, and several bags lying on the ground. Curiosity led him to examine them; he found that they all contained gold, and that several of the pieces had nearly worked through the cloth. On looking around he saw a Janissary at some distance in a profound sleep. 'Friend,' said the merchant on waking him, 'whose gold is that?' 'I have the charge of it,' was the reply. 'But are you not afraid to leave it there?' 'No,' said the Janissary; 'it can't run away.' 'But travellers may steal it,' said the Frank. 'They can't steal it,' replied the Turk, 'for it belongs to a man in Smyrna.'"

ONE OF WASHINGTON'S JOINS.—Mr. Webster was fond of a practical joke, but only of a harmless one, and, generally, a benevolent one. He had in Northfield, across the river from his Franklin farm, a small place of sandy, barren land, with a poor house upon it, in which a very destitute family had been living some time without paying any rent. Upon one of his visits to the place, the good woman expressed her anxiety about being able to remain. She expected to be turned out and didn't know where to go. She hoped Mr. Webster wouldn't be hard with her. He heard her through, and told her, with great gravity, that he knew it was a hard case for her; he wished to consider her, and didn't mean to be unkind; but he had a great many to provide for. At the same time putting his hand into his pocket he took out a five-dollar bill and handed it to her, saying he was very sorry he couldn't do better by her, but if she thought she could afford to stay on the place another year for that, he should be very glad. And he rode off.

GOING TO HEAVEN BY WATER.—Robert Southey, the "Epic Poet," was a thorough-going Protestant. In one of his letters published since his death, he says: "No child of mine shall ever visit a Catholic family. You may go to Heaven that way, certainly; but there is no more reason for doing it than there would be for going to London by a direct cut, when there are so many easier, cleaner, and surer conveyances."

SCULPTURE RECOMMENDED.—A man in Wisconsin who recently inserted a long advertisement in the papers offering his farm for sale, closed in the following ridiculous style: "The surrounding country is the most beautiful the God of Nature ever made. The scenery is celestial—divine. Also, two wagons to sell and a yoke of steers!"