

# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 237.

## Current Items.

### PRACTICABILITY OF THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH. LETTER FROM PROF. MORSE.

LONDON, October 3.

*My dear Sir*—As the electrician of the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company, it is with the highest gratification that I have to apprise you of the result of our experiments of this morning upon a continuous conductor of more than two thousand miles in extent, a distance, you will perceive, sufficient to cross the Atlantic Ocean, from Newfoundland to Ireland.

The admirable arrangements made at the Magnetic Telegraph office, in Old Broad street, for connecting ten subterranean gutta percha insulated conductors, of over two hundred miles each, so as to give one continuous length of more than two thousand miles, during the hours of the night, when the telegraph is not commercially employed, furnished us the means of conclusively settling, by actual experiment, the question of practicability as well as the practicality of telegraphing through our proposed Atlantic cable.

The result has been thrown into some doubt by the discovery, more than two years since, of certain phenomena upon subterranean and submarine conductors, and had attracted the attention of electricians—particularly of that most eminent philosopher Professor Faraday, and that clear-sighted investigator of electrical phenomena, Dr. Whitehouse—and one of these phenomena, to wit, the perceptible retardation of the electric current, threatened to perplex our operations and require careful investigation before we could pronounce with certainty the commercial practicability of the ocean telegraph.

I am most happy to inform you that, as a crowning result of a long series of experimental investigation and inductive reasoning upon this subject, the experiments under the direction of Dr. Whitehouse and Mr. Bright, which I witnessed this morning, in which the induction coil and receiving magnets, as modified by these gentlemen, were made to acute one of my recording instruments, have most satisfactorily resolved all doubts of the practicability as well as practicality of operating the telegraph from Newfoundland to Ireland.

Although we telegraphed signals at the rate of 210.241, and according to the account at one time even of 270 per minute, upon my telegraphic register (which speed, you will perceive, is at a rate commercially advantageous), these results were accomplished, notwithstanding many disadvantages in our arrangements, of a temporary and local character—disadvantages which will not occur in the use of our submarine cable.

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

To CYRUS W. FIELD, Esq., Vice President of the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company.

"DRED" IN PARIS.—By the want of an international copyright law, Mrs. Stowe lost the immense fruits she might otherwise have secured on the sale of "Uncle Tom" in Europe. She will do better on "Dred." Before the book was published in New York, she arrived in London and there secured a copyright, and put the book to press as an original English work. The English copyright interdicts its reproduction in France, since there exists an international law between England and France on literary matter. Mrs. Stowe will therefore receive her author's profits on every book sold either in the United States, England, or France. The French translation of "Dred" is nearly finished, and will soon be issued from the press. Mrs. Stowe is exercising a supervision over the translation herself; that is to say, she requires of her French publisher a careful and faithful translation. In the mean time, the London edition at 3½ franks, and the Tanchnitz (Leipsic) edition at 2 franks, have met a large sale in Paris among English readers.—*Tribune*.

THANKSGIVING.—Governor Price of New Jersey has designated Thursday, the 20th inst., as the annual day of Thanksgiving.

CHILD CARRIED OFF BY A BEAR.—One of those fearful incidents occurred near the village of Neshota, on Saturday week, which go so far to create the thrilling interest in written romance of pioneer life. Just before sunset, a child five years old was seized in the presence of its mother by a full grown bear, and in spite of its screams and the frantic efforts of its mother, was borne into the thicket. The alarm was given, and the men, with clubs and firearms, commenced searching the woods, but up to Tuesday nothing had been found of it upon which to base a conjecture with reference to its fate. Bears are quite plenty in this neighborhood, but this is the first instance where human life has been sacrificed by them, though they have frequently carried off stock from the farmers, coming up, as in this case, to the door of the house.—*Manitowoc (Wis.) Tribune*.

THE ADVANTAGES OF PAYING FOR A NEWSPAPER IN ADVANCE.—A Boston paper says:—One of the facts put in evidence at the trial in the Supreme Court, to sustain the will of the late William Russell, was, that only a few days before he made the will, he called and paid for his newspaper a year in advance, thereby saving fifty cents. The fact was dwelt upon at length by the counsel, and commented upon by the Judge as one of great importance. The verdict of the jury would seem to sustain the proposition, that a man who has mind enough to pay for his newspaper in advance is competent to make a will.

A BULL BUTTING A TRAIN OF CARS OFF THE TRACK.—The cars on the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad, says an exchange, were attacked by a bull below the Wyoming Depot, on Saturday morning. His bullship was not on the track, but as the locomotive approached, he jumped on and made at it with head down. The cow-catcher of the locomotive was broken, and the cars forced off the track. Part of the passengers returned, and part got on the tender and went on to Scranton. We have not heard the extent of damages, but have no doubt it was greater to the cars than to the bull.

THE ELECTION.—The result of the general election on the 4th inst., will have been learned by all of our readers before they receive our present issue. In this city, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and elsewhere, the election was attended by much rioting, rowdiness, and illegal voting. Independent of any party preferences, it is truly heart sickening for an honest man to find himself connected with a state of society in which such things can not be prevented!

EAST INDIAN JUGGLERY.—Madame Pfeiffer, in her "Second Journey Round the World," gives the following description of certain unexplainable feats of jugglery witnessed by her while sojourning through the East Indies: "At the close of the entertainment, the performance of Hercules was really curious in its way. He appeared with nothing on but a pair of drawers, and a cord was passed around his neck, and with this his hands and arms were so firmly tied behind him that he could not make the smallest movement. He came to us to have the knots examined, and then he crept under a high covered basket, beneath which various garments were placed; and after the lapse of a few minutes the basket was lifted up, and the Hercules made his appearance completely clothed in them. Then he crept again under the basket and came out without them, but holding the cord with all its knots fast in his hands, and so forth. All this would, of course, have been nothing in a theater, where assistance might have been given him, but this was in a meadow, where no assistance was possible. One of the gentlemen present offered him twenty-five rupees for his mystery, but he declined the offer."

Mr. Redman, of New York.

MR. G. A. REDMAN, the well known test medium of Boston, is now in this city, and has taken rooms in Canal-street, old number, 138; new number 391. See his advertisement in another column.

## PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

S. B. Brittan on his way West.]

After completing our engagement at Elkhart we shall proceed immediately, and by the most direct route, to Fon du Lac, deferring our course of lectures at Chicago until we have visited several places in Wisconsin. Timely notice of our subsequent appointments at the West will appear in the TELEGRAPH. If the friends in other places along our route desire us to visit them, we may be able to do so as we return. All correspondents, having this object in view, should address S. B. Brittan, care of Hon. N. P. Tallmadge, Fon du Lac, Wis., until the 15th of November.

We may just mention that, wherever we go, we shall of course be pleased to receive subscriptions to this paper, and orders for Spiritual Books.

T. L. Harris at Dedworth's.

T. L. HARRIS will lecture, as usual, at Dedworth's Academy Hall, next Sunday, morning and evening, and for several succeeding Sundays. CONFERENCES are holden in the same Hall every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Lecture in Brooklyn.

MRS. L. S. BECK will lecture at Clinton Hall, corner of Clinton and Atlantic-streets, Brooklyn, next Sunday afternoon, at the usual hour.

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WHOLE NO. 237.

## The Principles of Nature.

"F. J. B.'s" RESPONSE

TO DR. HARE'S REPLY IN THE TELEGRAPH, OCTOBER 18.

MOSES' LAW RESPECTING MARRYING A CAPTIVE.—DEUT. 21:10-14.

Dr. Hare seems to become no better satisfied with this law, and still brings forward objections to sustain his position. I like the law (considering the time when it was given) better and better the more I examine it. Though neither of us has converted the other, and I presume will not, yet I am satisfied that truth, and consequently good, will be elicited by this investigation, which makes me more cheerfully and patiently endure the task of writing. I wish to enter into a thorough investigation and review of the law this time, so that the reader may have the truth and design of the law fairly before him. Before proceeding to review the law and Dr. H.'s objections, I quote Dr. Channing, on studying and interpreting the Scriptures. What he says is so just, so candid and useful, I am persuaded that every one might be profitably edified by the reading:

Our leading principle in interpreting Scripture is this: that the Bible is a book written for men, in the language of men, and that its meaning is to be sought in the same manner as that of other books. We believe that God, when he speaks to the human race, conforms, if we may so say, to the established rules of speaking and writing. How else would the Scriptures avail us more, than if communicated in an unknown tongue?

Now all books, and all conversation, require in the reader or hearer the constant exercise of reason; or their true import is only to be obtained by continual comparison and inference. Human language, you well know, admits various interpretations; and every word and every sentence must be modified and explained according to the subject which is discussed—according to purposes, feelings, circumstances and principles of the writer, and according to the genius and idioms of the language which he uses. These are acknowledged principles in the interpretation of human writings; and a man, whose words we should explain without reference to these principles, would reproach us justly with a criminal want of candor, and an intention of obscuring and distorting his meaning.

Were the Bible written in a language and style of its own—did it consist of words which admit but a single sense, and of sentences wholly detached from each other—there would be no place for the principles now laid down. We could not reason about it, or about other writings. But such a book would be of but little worth; and, perhaps, of all books the Scriptures correspond least to this description. The Word of God bears the stamp of the same hand which we see in his works. It has infinite connections and dependencies. Every proposition is linked with others, and is to be compared with others, that its full and precise import may be understood. Nothing stands alone. The New Testament is built on the Old. The Christian dispensation is a continuation of the Jewish, the completion of a vast scheme of providence, requiring great extent of view in the reader. Still more, the Bible treats of subjects on which we receive ideas from other sources beside itself; such subjects as the nature, passions, relations and duties of man; and it expects us to restrain and modify its language by known truths, which observation and experience furnish on these topics.

In addition to the remarks now made on its infinite connections, we may observe, that its style nowhere affects the precision of science, or the accuracy of definition. Its language is singularly glowing, bold and figurative, demanding more frequent departures from the literal

sense than that of our own age and country, and consequently demanding more continual exercise of judgment. We find, too, that different portions of this book, instead of being confined to general truths, refer perpetually to the times when they were written—to states of society, to modes of thinking, to controversies in the Church, to feelings and usages which have passed away, and without the knowledge of which we are constantly in danger of extending to all times and places, what was necessary and of local application.

With these views of the Bible, we feel it our bounden duty to exercise and reason upon it perpetually, to compare—to infer, to look beyond the letter to the spirit; to seek, in the nature of the subject and the aim of the writer, his true meaning; and, in general, to make use of what is known for explaining what is difficult, and for discovering new truths.

As much of what Channing has here said, as will apply to the passage we have under consideration, we wish to profit by in bringing out its true import and design.

"When thou goest to war against thine enemies, and the Lord thy God hath delivered them into thy hands, and thou hast taken them captive, and seest among the captives a beautiful woman, and hast a desire unto her, that thou wouldst have her to thy wife; then thou shalt bring her home to thine house; and she shall shave her head and pare her nails; and she shall put the raiment of her captivity from off her, and shall remain in thine house, and bewail her father and her mother a full month: and after that thou shalt go in unto her and be her husband, and she shall be thy wife. And it shall be, if thou have made light of her, then thou shalt let her go whither she will; but thou shalt not sell her for money, thou shalt not make merchandize of her, because thou hast humbled her." DEUT. 21:10-24.

This is one of those passages that refers to the times when it was written, to the states of society, modes of thinking, feeling, and usages which have passed away, and is to be judged of by these and its intended effects upon them. As I said before, to determine respecting the merits or demerits of an ancient law, we must not make the present condition of society and the laws which the present state of society requires, our standard. Laws that are adapted to people in one age of the world, on account of their being less developed, and not needed to benefit them, are not adapted to them when civilized and enlightened; and laws adapted to a civilized people would not suit their case at all when ignorant and barbarous.

Dr. Hare calls this law "the sanctioned matrimonial violation of a 'beautiful' captive under the name of marriage." But I solemnly aver, that I can not for the life of me, in truth and candor, find the first thing in the whole passage to justify such an assault; and if I can not show there is nothing, "I can try."

1st. Let us see what was the cause and the design of the law being enacted. A criminal, prohibitory law shows what vices and crimes were prevalent at the time the law was enacted, and that the legislator was trying to prevent and remove those evils. And it was customary in those early ages of the enactment of this law, for captors to subject the female captives to their lusts, still holding them as slaves and selling them when they pleased, while the children of this intercourse were held as slaves because their mother was a slave. Thus the master could have, hold, and sell his own children as slaves.

It was against this custom, that might well be denominated

"an outrage upon barbarism," that Moses gave this law. I did not mean particularly, as Dr. H., seems to have understood me, that this law "was intended to supersede the more brutal and unceremonious treatment of the victims of Jewish warfare." For when this law was given, the Israelites had only been freed a short time from four hundred years of slavery in Egypt, and were then in the desert; and so they could not have made war and taken captives for many generations. It was not to be expected that the Jews would be, or could be, any better than the surrounding nations without legislation. So Moses, to prevent the prevalence of that barbarous custom among his people, gave them this law.

2d. Let us see what this law required. It required that Jewish captors should hold the persons of their female captives, sacred and inviolate. If a captor desired one of his captives, he should first set her free; and she should remain a free woman in his house for a month. And after that he might be united to her, and be her husband, and she his wife. But it was not without making his captive free, and becoming legally united to her, in a union by which he became, and was to be, her husband, and she his wife, that he was allowed to approach her at all. They were first, according to law, to become husband and wife. Mark this fact.

Then, it is demonstrably certain, that they were husband and wife. And from this the conclusion is equally certain, that she became by law entitled to the same privileges that a Hebrew wife would be entitled to in her place. This must be the case, unless there was a special enactment providing that some of Moses' laws respecting husband and wife should not be of force in cases of this kind. *There is no such prohibition.* Being husband and wife, they are therefore subject to Moses' laws respecting husband and wife; so the woman could only be divorced as a Hebrew woman could be divorced, and consequently was in no worse situation respecting divorce than other women in Israel. And when divorced, she was as perfectly free from him, and at liberty to go where she pleased. All this follows as a necessary and legal conclusion of their having become husband and wife under the Mosaic law, so that by the provisions of that law only could they be separated.

But Dr. Hare says, "This is diametrically inconsistent with the language employed, which places the woman whom he has humbled at the arbitrary disposal of her husband, with no other protection than a prohibition to sell, which would not be requisite in the case of a female captured by an American savage." "Thou shalt not sell her for money, nor as merchandize, because thou hast humbled her." On this I remark, 1st. She was no more "at the arbitrary disposal of her husband" than any other wife. This might be said to a very great extent of every woman. 2d. The "protection" was this, "then thou shalt let her go whither she will; but thou shalt not sell her at all for money, thou shalt not make merchandize of her, for thou hast humbled her." There is not anything here setting aside Moses' law respecting the bill of divorce, which was in force in all cases of



separation between man and wife. This is an additional protection given to her in her contemplated marriage, in consequence of her having been a slave, providing that, after the separation, she should not be made a slave again.

But the gravest complaint of all comes now. "There is one consideration which I omitted to state, which adds to the enormity of the matrimonial ceremony and subsequent repudiation of 'beautiful' captives. I allude to the recklessness of the consequent offspring of this sanctified indulgence of brutal desire. Of course the captive may be the mother of a child after she has been turned adrift as an 'humbled vagabond.' All this done in the name of the Lord!" He might have added also, that it makes no provisions for those born before she left; and the captive might sometimes remain long enough to be a mother before she left! And yet again, the law does not make any provision against his turning away children by a former marriage for the sake of his captive's pet! And all this in the name of the Lord! The fact is, this law does not exonerate the father from any duties toward any of his children, nor interfere in the least with any laws respecting those duties.

The truth of the matter is this, that all this complaint has arisen from this fourteenth verse having all along been misapplied. I have allowed it to pass so, because even with this misapplication, the charges against the passage could not be sustained. This verse has been applied to the captives after they were married, whereas, if we "seek in the nature of the subject and the aim of the writer, his true meaning," we shall discover that it was intended to be applied before they were married.

If he took a fancy to a beautiful captive (Dr. H. always emphasizes the word beautiful), he was to hold her person inviolate. He was to take her to his house, where she was to shave her head, pare her nails, and bewail her father and mother according to the Eastern custom (which things would not add much to her beauty), and the matter was to be under consideration a full month. Then, and not till then, he should marry her, and they should be husband and wife. And, if she did not please him, instead of marrying her, the law said to him: "Then thou shalt let her go whither she will, but thou shalt not sell her at all for money—thou shalt not make merchandize of her." He should neither sell her, nor compel her to remain with him any longer; but allow her to go wherever she chose to go—to her country and friends, or anywhere else. As she left before the law allowed of any intercourse between them, she would not be in any very imminent danger of becoming a mother, and so it was not such an awful oversight in the law that it did not make any provision for the child which might be born.

"To laugh were want of godliness and grace,  
And to be grave exceeds all powers of face."

But the passage gives us a reason why she should be free—that he had "humbled her." And Dr. H., to give plausibility to his fierce accusations, puts great stress and an evil meaning on the word *humbled*, and talks indignantly about her being turned adrift "as an 'humbled' vagabond." There is no propriety in making such a fuss and racket over the word *humbled*, as if the worst deed had been done. In itself the word has no such meaning as Dr. H. would attach to it, and in this text it can not be tortured to such a disgusting signification. To *humble*, in the Scripture sense, means to afflict, to bring down haughtiness and pride, to subject. It is true, having these significations, it is sometimes used where force was employed against the person of a female, and where unlawful deeds were committed, as well as where humiliation and subjection were inflicted by any other means. But it is not applied to the women for the lawful intercourse of the married. In the case before us there is nothing against her virtue, nothing against her purity, or of her having been subjected to his lawless "indulgence of brutal desire."

If the intention of Moses had been to prohibit his selling her because he had been connected with her, the phrase he would have employed to express this would have been some of the following, as every one acquainted with the Scripture style well knows. Moses would have said, "he had known her," "had lain with her," "had had her to wife," "had gone in unto her," instead of having simply said he "had humbled her." As no one of the former phrases is employed, this shows conclusively, that this law did not contemplate them as having ever been united—the separation took place before they were married. In having her as his captive, in bringing her to his house with the view of marrying her, and having her head shaved, etc., and finally rejecting her, upon further acquaintance, as one whom he

was unwilling to marry—in all this, he humbled her. But Dr. H.'s construction is unwarranted and absurd.

This law, protecting the person of the captive from brutal degradation, and providing for her lawful marriage or honorable freedom, was certainly an excellent law for that age of the world. But the humanity of this law can not be so forcibly seen and felt as by contrast. Hence I invite the reader's attention to the following from De Toqueville's "Democracy in America." Soon after the revolution in France, which placed Louis Philippe on the throne, he came to the United States, and spent several years for the purpose of studying the American institutions and their effects. In his work, which he published after his return to France for the benefit of that people, I find the following:

The Americans of the South have consequently taken measures to prevent slaveholders from emancipating their slaves in most cases, not indeed by positive prohibition, but by subjecting that step to various forms which it is difficult to comply with.

I happened to meet with an old man in the south of the Union, who had lived in illicit intercourse with one of his negroes, and had several children by her, who were born the slaves of their father. He had indeed frequently thought of bequeathing to them at least their liberty; but years had elapsed without his being able to surmount the legal obstacles to their emancipation, and in the mean while his old age was come, and he was about to die. He pictured to himself his sons dragged from market to market, and passing from the authority of a parent to the rod of the stranger, until these horrid anticipations worked his expiring imagination into frenzy. When I saw him he was a prey to all the anguish of despair, and he made me feel how awful is the retribution of Nature upon those who have broken her laws.

Would this man have despised Moses' law, demanding the freedom of the slave—not throwing obstructions in the way—and making the children free? Would he have exclaimed indignantly, "All this done in the name of the Lord!" F. G. B.

#### APPENDIX

TO "F. J. B.'S" RESPONSE TO DR. HARE'S REPLY IN TELEGRAPH, OCT. 18.

#### UNIVERSALISTS.

I am not aware that I have written anything concerning "the opinions of the sect of Universalists," and that sect has nothing to do with the present investigation. They are not responsible for what I write, nor am I responsible to them for my belief; so it will be just as well not to attempt to drag their name in. I never signed any denominational creed in my life, and never withheld my religious opinions anywhere, to escape censure, gain applause, or for any pecuniary consideration.

If "the opinions of the sect of Universalists respecting future punishment differ from those entertained by nine-tenths of the Christians who have existed since the days of Christ;" if "scarcely one reader in ten, perhaps not one in a hundred, will concur in the opinions of the denunciator," i. e., "F. J. B."—all that is, luckily, no concern of mine. I always have embraced what I conceived to be truth, and declared my honest convictions, without stopping to count noses, and I always shall. There never was a time when those who were nearest the truth, and were leading on in the work of human progression, were not a very small minority. The majority are always the "old fogies" in religion, science, and medicine.

#### DR. HARBAUGH.

Dr. Hare does not seem to keep very distinctly before the reader in what respect I said Dr. Harbaugh was either ignorant or blind. It was not for any theological belief of his, but it was for quoting, and using as genuine, that notorious forgery called "Josephus' Discourse to the Greeks concerning Hades." And the reader will please bear in mind, that it was so far, and no farther than that, that I charged him with ignorance and blindness. In a former number, (See TELEGRAPH, September 13th.) I not only said that piece was a forgery of a later day, but I proved it, actually demonstrated the fact, by quotations from Josephus' genuine writings. It is not included in any list of Josephus' genuine works that I have seen, and the forgery is so apparent that no critic will attempt to put it there. Though Dr. Hare still persists in attributing that silly production to "the learned Jew," that will not help Dr. Harbaugh out of the scrape. There was, there is, and there never can be, any excuse for Dr. Harbaugh quoting that as genuine to explain Scripture by, but ignorance and blindness, that can save him from the charge of dishonesty. But it seems that this "Rev. Dr. Harbaugh, a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church," has written "two volumes on the Heaven and Hell of Scriptures." I do not know as all that is any evidence of great learning or acuteness of intellect. And I care not if he has written forty volumes, in quoting that miserably got-up, silly forgery to explain the words of Christ by,

he was "either grossly ignorant or stupidly blind," without abating one particle from the meaning of the phrase.

#### ADDISON VERSUS UNIVERSALISM.

A man came home to dinner quite disturbed in his feelings when he was asked by his

Wife. What is the matter, dear husband, that you are so excited?

Husband. A man has accused me of lying.

W. Never mind that; assertion proves nothing, only that a man can talk.

H. He not only accused me of lying, but he proved it on me. I care nothing about the accusation, but I shall have to let the proof alone.

As I not only accused Dr. Harbaugh of ignorance, or blindness, but proved it on him too, a witness is brought forward—not for Dr. Harbaugh—but against Universalism, as follows:

However, as an author in opposition to Universalism, I will address the opinions of a writer to whom "F. J. B." will not, I trust, venture to attribute stupidity and blindness. I allude to Addison, etc.

This bringing up Addison in opposition to Universalism in this place is too foreign from the subject. Has Addison quoted that forgery attributed to Josephus, to show what was the opinion of people near two hundred years before that forgery existed? Has he taken that notorious and contemptible forgery to explain what Christ had said some hundred and fifty years before? Those are the questions; that is the point, and the "sticking point." No one will "venture" to say, I trust, that Addison ever quoted that forgery for a purpose so absurd. And without the evidence, I admit I can not believe that Addison was "stupid and blind" enough to commit such an egregious blunder.

#### DIVES AND LAZARUS.

I must remonstrate some against the justness of the following sentences:

I still partake so far of the attributes of Dr. Harbaugh's mind, as to consider the efforts of "F. J. B." to set aside the plain matter-of-fact history of Dives and Lazarus, as much of the same nature of those of Lord Peter, in Swift's "Tale of a Tub." \* \* Surely all that Archbishop Hughes alleges of the incompetency of the Gospel as a rule of faith must be true, if a plain matter-of-fact detail is to be set aside as a parable by any sectarian who does not wish to have authority in its literal sense!"

On these sentences, I remark:

1. I did not make any "efforts" to show that the story of the rich man and Lazarus was a parable, inasmuch as it is found in a long discourse of Jesus, composed mostly of parables, addressed alternately to the people and his disciples. It is just as apparent that this is a parable, as is the story of "The Prodigal Son," and also, "The Unjust Steward," which are found in the same discourse, and are introduced in precisely the same manner. See Luke, chapters 15 and 16. And, if the reader will turn to those chapters and read them, he will be satisfied that there is no need of the calm inquirer mistaking one of those parables for a plain matter-of-fact history any more than the others. It has been the general opinion of Christian writers in all ages that this was a parable.

2. As Dr. H., in asserting that this story was "a plain matter of fact history," overlooks Christ's usual method of teaching—sets in defiance the context of the passage, and flies in the face of the general opinion of Christian writers in all ages of the church, he ought, at least, to have given some evidence beside his bald and unsupported assertion, before calling one who sincerely believes it a parable, "a sectarian who does not wish to have authority in its literal sense!" It will be time enough, in all courtesy and candor, for Dr. H., after he has presented some reasons to show that the context, the manner of the story, and Christ's method of using parables, are all to be set aside, to characterize "the efforts of 'F. J. B.' to set aside the plain matter-of-fact history of Dives and Lazarus as much of the same nature with those of Lord Peter, in Swift's 'Tale of a Tub.'"

3. Dr. H. can call this parable a plain matter-of-fact history if he pleases, and one thing is then certain, the doctrine of endless misery is not mentioned there at all. And assertion is not enough to put it there. Dr. Smith has truly said: "All which this passage proves is, that the righteous and wicked will be placed in different states, and that one can not pass to the other. Respecting the duration of these states it determines nothing." Dr. Harbaugh had to hitch to it that foolish forgery to make it serve his purpose, and others have to assume what is not there.

4. I will add to the above, that Dr. H. mistakes, if he supposes me to urge "that there is no menace in the Gospel of torture for



sinner." Hence his quoting those detached phrases to prove that the wicked will be punished, is labor lost.

If he quoted those phrases to prove endless misery is taught in the New Testament, I would suggest, that there is but one way to do this effectually; and that is not, to quote detached phrases from different passages treating upon different subjects, and mixing them promiscuously in chaotic confusion, such as "hell-fire," "gnashing of teeth," etc., but to show that the specific passage was actually designed to denounce punishment in the spiritual world, and pronounce that punishment positively *endless*. Relying upon equivocal phrases is not proving.

#### THE TALE OF A TUB.

How the mere mention of some trivial thing will sometimes arouse the recollection of by-gone scenes, that had seemingly passed away from the mind forever, and kindle in the breast for a time feelings of sadness or of pleasure! This mentioning of Swift's "Tale of a Tub" gave me "the melancholy pleasure" (as Gibbon said, in after years, of his visit with Hume during Hume's last sickness), of visiting, through the greatly defaced records of my memory, my youthful days. It led me back through long years of toil and care, of study and sickness, to the time when I was an apprentice.

A peddler came into the neighborhood to stay over Sunday. Late in the afternoon he said that he had a curious book in his wagon that I might have the reading of, till he left; but he could not tell the name nor object of the book. So I walked nearly a mile to obtain the book; found it was "The Tale of a Tub;" finished reading the Tale before I closed my weary eyes for a short sleep; and the next morning by dawn of day was working at cloth-dressing.

Taking so much pains to get a book to read, and being so anxious to finish the story in the few hours I had to read it, it would be strange if I did not remember something of it; and it would be still more strange for my memory to be very distinct. Among Lord Peter's numerous pranks—and he was up to them—of which mine remind Dr. H., I somewhat indistinctly remember that he boasted of having compounded a very useful medicinal powder, which he called "pimpertim-pimp," or by some such "dictionary word," and said he had discovered a sovereign remedy for worms. In reading his father's will, which I think a foot note said meant the Scripture, he was always attaching to passages, some absurd, foolish or wicked meaning, in defiance of the text, the context, reason or candor. He became so opposed to his brother's being guided by what was in the will, that he locked it up. Upon a certain occasion, he took what his brothers had always deemed a crust of bread (as the story of the rich man and Lazarus has been generally deemed a parable) he gave this crust to his brothers, saying, in substance, this is "a plain matter-of-fact shoulder of mutton." Upon this Martin and Jack did not attempt to argue with him, or convince him that a piece of bread was not a shoulder of mutton, as Lord Peter would never be moved by any arguments or explanations when he had once asserted anything, let it be ever so erroneous, respecting the will. What other "scallops" he "cut," that will apply to my case, I do not now remember.

F. J. B.

#### COMMUNICATION FROM DR. HARE,

ON THE LATE COMMUNICATION FROM "F. J. B." IN THE TELEGRAPH, OCT. 11.

"F. J. B." founds a charge of inconsistency on me, which has, in my opinion, no other basis than a defect in my capacity to explain myself, or his to understand the language which he quotes. I submit it to the reader whether it has been the defect of my language, or his own participation in the attributes of "stupidity" and "blindness," ascribed by him to the Rev. Dr. Harbaugh, which induces him to think that any *worthy* schoolmaster could be guilty of that favoritism which Scripture ascribes to God. The very instances which he cites to prove my inconsistency, show that he does not perceive that the very illustrations cited are eminently against the view of divine management, which his education has induced him to take.

Suppose that a schoolmaster were to teach a few of his pupils rules for their conduct, which he should not teach to the great majority of them, yet afterward, upon the plea of superiority thus induced by his own wrong, authorize the few thus unfairly preferred to make *fags* of the rest—thus founding one act of unpardonable injustice upon another—would not everybody denounce such conduct as indicating unprincipled partiality?

Does not the case of the nursery-man cited by "J. S." rather

operate against the side of the argument which he supposes it to favor?

Is it not manifest that sentimental partiality is entirely out of the question where one of the parties is inanimate, so that it can not be a suffering victim of injustice? Has the pecuniary interest which a gardener has in his trees any analogy with the love alleged to have been felt by Jehovah for a people? Could the love of the seed of a tree have any analogy with that which Jehovah is alleged to have for the seed of Abraham? With the gardener there could be no incentive to preference, but a superior qualification originating from nature, not from his own creative power.

He reasonably selects those plants which are naturally superior in quality as to fruit and in productiveness. But he is not the author of the superiority whence his preference originates.

God is represented as unaccountably making some of his own creatures better—some worse; and then because they are thus capriciously created, some better, some worse, making those whom he has created bad, and their posterity *likewise*, the objects of his wrath to the third and fourth generations; meanwhile authorizing his favorites to extirpate them just as fast as it may satiate their cupidity and suit their convenience!

In point of fact, however, the Jews were, according to their own account, at least as low in the scale of morality and understanding as any of their neighbors. Of these calumniated sufferers, it were contrary to all the rules of justice to accredit the account of their oppressors. Are their allegations of iniquity against their victims, more reliable than those made respecting the free-soilers by the invaders of their settlements? Other nations who have conquered, plundered and extirpated their fellow-men, have been willing to bear the burthen of the criminality thus arising; but the Hebrews have contrived to shift the load from their own shoulders by pleading the wickedness of their victims as a justification, and the wrath of their God as the cause—they being merely the instruments of carrying out the divine behests. Surely the time must come when an enlightened world will look back with wonder that such atrocious suggestions respecting the Deity, or his creatures, could be countenanced by persons of sound mind, good hearts and moral integrity.

#### REALITY.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

How easily, if fate would suffer it, we might keep forever these beautiful limits, and adjust ourselves, once for all, to the perfect calculation of the kingdom of known cause and effect. In the street and in the newspapers, life appears so plain a business that manly resolution and adherence to the multiplication-table through all weathers, will insure success. But ah! presently comes a day, or is it only a half-hour, with its angel-whispering,—which discomfits the conclusions of nations and of years! Tomorrow again, every thing looks real and angular, the habitual standards are reinstated, common sense is as rare as genius,—is the basis of genius, and experience is hands and feet to every enterprise; and yet he who should do his business on this understanding, would we quickly bankrupt. Power keeps quite another road than the turnpikes of choice and will, namely, the subterranean and invisible tunnels and channels of life. It is ridiculous that we are diplomatists, and doctors, and considerate people: there are no dupes like these. Life is a series of surprises, and would not be worth taking or keeping if it were not. God delights to isolate us every day, and hide from us the past and the future. We would look about us, but with grand politeness he draws down before us an impenetrable screen of purest sky, and another behind us of purest sky. "You will not remember," he seems to say, "and you will not expect." A good conversation, manners, and action, come from a spontaneity which forgets usages, and makes the moment great. Nature hates calculators; her methods are saltatory and impulsive. Man lives by pulses; our organic movements are such; and the chemical and ethereal agents are undulatory and alternate; and the mind goes antagonizing on, and never prospers but by fits. We thrive by casualties. Our chief experiences have been casual. The most attractive class of people are those who are powerful obliquely, and not by the direct stroke: men of genius, but not yet accredited: one gets the cheer of their light, without paying too great a tax. Theirs is the beauty of the bird, or the morning light, and not of art. In the thought of genius there is always a surprise; and the moral sentiment is well called "the newness," for it is never other; as new to the oldest intelligence as to the young child—"the kingdom that cometh without ob-

servation." In like manner, for practical success, there must not be too much design. A man will not be observed in doing that which he can do best. There is a certain magic about his properest action, which stupefies your powers of observation, so that though it is done before you, you wist not of it. The art of life has a pudency, and will not be exposed. Every man is an impossibility, until he is born; every thing impossible, until we see a success. The ardors of piety agree at last with the coldest skepticism—that nothing is of us or our works—that all is of God. Nature will not spare us the smallest leaf of laurel. All writing comes by the grace of God, and all doing and having. I would gladly be moral, and keep due metes and bounds, which I dearly love, and allow the most to the will of man, but I have set my heart on honesty in this chapter, and I can see nothing at last, in success or failure, than more or less of vital force supplied from the Eternal. The results of life are uncalculated and uncalculable. The years teach much which the days never know. The persons who compose our company, converse, and come and go, and design and execute many things, and somewhat comes of it all, but an unlooked for result. The individual is always mistaken. He designed many things, and drew in other persons as coadjutors, quarrelled with some or all, blundered much, and something is done; all are a little advanced, but the individual is always mistaken. It turns out somewhat new, and very unlike what he promised himself.

The ancients, struck with this irreducibility of the elements of human life to calculation, exalted Chance into a divinity, but that is to stay too long at the spark,—which glitters truly at one point—but the universe is warm with the latency of the same fire. The miracle of life which will not be expounded, but will remain a miracle, introduces a new element. In the growth of the embryo, Sir Everard Home, I think, noticed that the evolution was not from one central point, but coactive from three or more points. Life has no memory. That which proceeds in succession might be remembered, but that which is coexistent, or ejaculated from a deeper cause, as yet far from being conscious, knows not its own tendency. So is it with us, now skeptical, or without unity, because immersed in forms and effects all seeming to be of equal yet hostile value, and now religious, whilst in the reception of spiritual law. Bear with these distractions, with this coetaneous growth of the parts: they will one day be *members*, and obey one will. On that one will, on that secret cause, they nail our attention and hope. Life is hereby melted into an expectation or a religion. Underneath the inharmonious and trivial particulars, is a musical perfection, the Ideal journeying always with us, the heaven without rent or seam. Do but observe the mode of our illumination. When I converse with a profound mind, or if at any time being alone I have good thoughts, I do not at once arrive at satisfactions, as when, being thirsty, I drink water, or go to the fire, being cold: no! but I am at first apprised of my vicinity to a new and excellent region of life. By persisting to read or to think, this region gives further sign of itself, as it were in flashes of light, in sudden discoveries of its profound beauty and repose, as if the clouds that covered it parted at intervals, and showed the approaching traveler the inland mountains, with the tranquil eternal meadows spread at their base, whereon flocks graze, and shepherds pipe and dance. But every insight from this realm of thought is felt as initial, and promises a sequel. I do not make it; I arrive there, and behold what was there already. I make! O no! I clap my hands in infantine joy and amazement, before the first opening to me of this august magnificence, old with the love and homage of innumerable ages, young with the life of life, the sunbright Mecca of the desert. And what a future it opens! I feel a new heart beating with the love of the new beauty. I am ready to die out of nature, and be born again into this new yet unapproachable America I have found in the West.

"Since neither now nor yesterday began

These thoughts, which have been ever, nor yet can  
A man be found who their first entrance knew."

If I have described life as a flux of moods, I must now add, that there is that in us which changes not, and which ranks all sensations and states of mind. The consciousness in each man is a sliding scale, which identifies him now with the First Cause, and now with the flesh of his body; life above life, in infinite degrees. The sentiment from which it sprung determines the dignity of any deed, and the question ever is, not, what you have done or forborne, but at whose command you have done or forborne it.





# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

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

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1856.

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ADRIAN, MICH., November 2, 1856.

### READERS OF THE TELEGRAPH:

In my last letter I did not complete my record of the facts which had been related to me, as illustrative of the laws and tendencies of the spiritual movement and philosophy. Accordingly, I resume the subject, and will proceed to narrate several additional examples, and to notice such incidents connected with my travels and labors as may be likely to interest the reader. Some friends, with whom I enjoyed a brief interview on the occasion of my lecture at Leroy, related the following instances of healing:

An Irish girl named Catharine Philips, who lived in Chili, Monroe county, N. Y., was, some two years since, developed as a medium. One day Catharine was suddenly and mysteriously impelled to leave the house and to go across the fields and through the woods, a distance of about three miles, to a station on the Central Railroad, some five miles from Rochester. She paused near the track, when, the next moment, the train came along and stopped at the station. A gentleman and lady, who were on their way to Rochester, got out of the cars with a sick child. They were painfully excited, and the lady was evidently in deep distress, for her little one, at that very moment, *was in a fit*. As they alighted from the cars, Catharine, the Irish girl, was forced forward and made to take the child abruptly from the mother's arms. She was but a mere instrument in the hands of some superior agent. Controlled by that higher power, she made a few passes over the convulsed form of the little sufferer, when the fit was immediately broken, and the child looked up with a natural expression. A sweet smile played over its features when it was restored to its mother's embrace. The father, struck with the strangeness of the girl's movement, and the instantaneous relief which followed from her touch, inquired where she came from, and whether she was indeed an angel! As a slight token of his gratitude, he offered Catharine *five dollars*, but which the invisible power would not permit her to accept.

On another occasion, Catharine, at the behest of some Spirit who governed her movements, went to the neighboring town of Churchville, and, without knowing the purpose of her guide, walked into a house with whose occupants she was totally unacquainted. In the family was a boy with a broken arm, which had not been properly set. Without an introduction or any verbal announcement of the object of her unexpected visit, the girl forthwith took hold of the arm and set it, and it is alleged that from that time the lad suffered no more from the accident.

At another time a Miss Mallory, from Connecticut—who was visiting at the residence of Mr. Hyde (whose wife is a sister of Miss M.) in the village of Mumford—became the subject of the sanative powers of the Spirits. One day while Catharine Philips was at Mr. Hyde's house, she was entranced by a Spirit who said he was Dr. Kinney, and who disclosed the fact that Miss Mallory had a *cancer* on her breast, which the young lady, probably from excessive delicacy, had concealed even from her sister. Miss M. hesitated at first to corroborate the testimony of the Spirit, but finally did so. The Spirit-physician then prescribed certain medicines to be taken internally, and from time to time used the medium's hands to manipulate the diseased breast. It is asserted that at the expiration of four weeks the cancer was perfectly cured, leaving no scar to attest the fact of its existence.

In the course of my brief but agreeable interview with the friends who met me at Leroy, Mr. George W. Covell, of Alexandria, Genesee county, N. Y., related the following interesting fact which very much resembles one communicated in my last letter: Rev. Carlos P. Sanford of the Methodist Episcopal Church, while preaching against Spiritualism somewhere on the Western Reserve, had his organs unexpectedly controlled by Spirits who used him to refute his own arguments, and to defend the faith he had labored to destroy. This occurred about

two years since. Mr. Covell assures me that the Rev. Mr. Sanford now resides in Wisconsin, and that he is a public teacher of the spiritual faith and philosophy.

While delivering lectures in Fredonia, the writer was invited to spend an afternoon in the family circle of Dr. S. W. White, one of the most venerable and esteemed citizens in that place. Dr. W. related a fact in his experience which is certainly worthy of record in this connection. Mr. Strait, who lives in the neighboring village of Laona, has a little child twenty months old, which has been a rapping medium almost from its birth. When it was only four weeks old the sounds were frequently heard about the cradle while it was sleeping, and intelligent responses were obtained. It was during the early infancy of the child that the sounds were employed to spell the name of its uncle who left the form of earth at the age of ten years, and who seems to have selected this infant as the medium for manifesting his continued presence in the family circle.

With this brief history of the infant medium, I will now introduce the particular fact witnessed by Dr. White. In company with his estimable lady—who is still a member and ornament of the Presbyterian Church, notwithstanding she is an earnest Spiritualist—he called one day at the house of Mr. Strait. In the course of his interview with the invisible teachers on that occasion, Dr. W. placed a small table in the center of the room, and seated the child thereon. The mother and grandfather of the little medium were in the same apartment, but *not within ten feet of the table*. Under these circumstances—and with the all-revealing light of day to preclude the supposition of there being any mortal confederate through whose agency the manifestations might be produced—the sounds occurred on top of the table; the questions propounded by Dr. White were intelligently answered, and the same invisible power drummed a tune while no mortal save that little child was touching the table.

Now what will the skeptic do with this case? He can neither refer the sounds to Dr. White, nor to the grandfather or mother of the child, for the reason that *the phenomena do not occur when they alone are present*, or in the absence of the child. If then the sounds *do proceed from or through the child*, to what source—if *not to a Spirit*—shall we refer the power and intelligence which so far transcend the infant capacity?

My course of five lectures in Fredonia was attended by large audiences, the numbers increasing toward the close, and the interest becoming more and still more manifest on each succeeding night, as the writer proceeded with the development of the spiritual idea and the philosophy of its phenomenal manifestations. The nights were dark, and the elements of the physical world were in a state of intense commotion all the while. But notwithstanding the darkness, and in spite of wind and rain, mingled at times with hail and snow, the people were out, and many persons who live four or five miles from Fredonia were present every evening, and returned home at the close of each lecture.

There was also some slight agitation among the elements of mind during our brief sojourn in Fredonia. On the occasion of our last lecture, one good Orthodox brother felt it to be his duty to undertake a very learned defense of Jesus, whose precepts had not once been assailed, even by implication, or his example lightly esteemed in aught that had been said by the present writer. At the close of our lecture, the brother referred to asked permission to occupy thirty minutes, which request was most cordially granted. Thereupon our friend—who espoused the cause of Christ for that particular occasion—proceeded to read an article containing a great number of Scripture references, and a citation of numerous learned authorities, all designed to prove that our brother's peculiar theological notions are all correct. The reading of this article occupied one hour and twenty minutes, and the document covered the popular dogmas respecting the Divinity of Christ; the Atonement; the Resurrection of the Body; the final Judgment and Condemnation of the Wicked; the old notions of Demonology, together with critical observations on the Devil and Hades. To all appearance the article must have made a wide opening in the theological Dictionary and the biblical commentaries in general. The introductory portion, which was chiefly devoted to Demonology, involved an indorsement of this phase of spiritual intercourse; but the remainder of this theological patch-work ostensibly put forth as a reply to Spiritualists, and apparently designed to cover the claims of Christianity, had really no more to do with the subject of our lectures than it had

with the Declaration of Independence, or the Cincinnati Platform. We could not at first account for its irrelevancy, but subsequently learned that it was prepared some time since, when the church to which the author belongs was about to try the case of one of its members who was supposed to entertain heretical opinions. For some reason the circumstances of that occasion did not call for or admit of its being read. Our visit to Fredonia induced a labor of the Spirit in our good brother, and at length the conception of his brain was brought forth, "as one, born out of due season." Perhaps the same learned disquisition might be equally well adapted to the wants of the next *Agricultural Convention*. By another slight revamping and the introduction of the parable of *the wheat and the tares*, it might be easily shown that *all errors are weeds*, planted by the Prince of Evil, and that inasmuch as our theological teachers have always been employed to root up these weeds, they are therefore the best agriculturists. Is not that a plain case, and does not the economical aspect of the suggestion, at least merit the attention of our Fredonia friend?

The gentleman above referred to was followed by another who spoke extemporaneously. He did not believe in the inherent immortality of man; he contended for his dogma with great earnestness, and without seeming to so much as dream that there was a single fact in the wide world to disprove his theory. He was, however, altogether civil and polite in his personal allusions to the writer—as was the first speaker—but in both cases the manner of treating the subject was characterized by the dogmatic spirit of the past. Our friend, who insisted that the destruction of the body involved the utter annihilation of the man, was of course very certain that Spiritualism was all a delusion. Nothing could be true that conflicted with his hypothesis. Like the first brother, he was sure that he stood on "the word of God," and could not be "tripped up," though it was quite possible the heavens might fall. He seemed all the while to feel the comfortable assurance of the Irishman, who, when informed that his theory of a certain subject was opposed to the facts, replied, "Well, sure, the worse for the facts then."

I left Fredonia on Saturday morning, the first of November. The snow was not less than eight inches deep at the time of my departure, and a cold, searching wind, blowing from the Lake, rendered our ride—in an open carriage to Dunkirk—rather disagreeable. But before we had reached Sandusky, Ohio, all such palpable signs of winter disappeared, and the still smoky atmosphere of the Indian Summer veiled the distant hills. The evening twilight had departed when we left Toledo, and there being no light from the moon, the night was unusually dark. While on the way to Adrian we traveled for many miles through burning forests which presented a most imposing spectacle. Sometimes the fiery tide came close to the iron track, ever and anon pouring a flood of light through the cars; and then, disappearing for a few moments, it would suddenly reappear in the distance, the flames dimly revealing the blackened trunks that filled up the intervening space over which the fire had past. There, in solid columns, stood the blasted forest trees, like a spectral army gathered in silence around the camp-fires. Occasionally, some tall pine would be seen completely enveloped in flame, appearing like a shaft of burnished light; while here and there the crooked branches of some dry tree that had fairly ignited, looked—as their burning lines were vividly delineated against the sombre back-ground of the dense clouds—like forked lightnings, arrested by some mysterious power and petrified in the heavens!

But the mail is about to close, and I must conclude this letter. While in Leroy I was indebted to our good friends, Russel L. Samson and Steward Chamberlin, for personal attentions. At Fredonia I enjoyed the liberal hospitality of Mr. P. Crosby and his much esteemed lady, through whose careful and constant attentions my wants were most generously anticipated. Their kindness to myself, and their self-sacrificing devotion to the spiritual cause, won my heart.

S. B. B.

### Open Vision in the Hour of Death.

Rev. N. C. Fletcher, of Belfast, Me., in writing to the *Gospel Banner*, a notice of the death of Mrs. Orella B. Harris, wife of Rev. Jerome Harris, of Prospect, Me., says:

Never was there a more triumphant death. The spiritual presence seemed to be in and around her, breathing into her soul light and life. Her intellect was undimmed, and she had a glorious view of the Spirit-world. She related to her weeping friends what she saw, to cheer up their heavy hearts. Beyond the veil was her father "surrounded with intense light," and she was constrained to exclaim, on beholding him, "Oh, my dear father!" She continued to converse with her friends till the lamp of her earthly existence flickered and went out.



## DIVINITY, GEOMETRY AND LANGUAGE.

THE following paragraph, which we clip from the New York Tribune, will show how the origin of primitive languages, and even the sense of the correspondential import of geometrical forms, was connected with the soul's primeval and instinctive sense of the being and attributes of Deity:

At the scientific meeting at Albany, Prof. Gibson remarked upon a curious connection of geometry and language. Three letters occur in almost all primitive languages. They are a line, an angle, and a circle—thus: I, A, O. In almost all languages these letters are used in the word expressing Divinity. In Hebrew, *Ioa* is a name of Divinity.\* Greek, A I O the root of *aiônios*, "the eternal." In Hindoo, Japanese, and other Asiatic tongues, the same letters are used similarly. In Indian these letters occur in *Manito*, the word for Spirit. These letters, in the old Greek or Phœnician alphabet, are the first, last, and middle letters, signifying the beginning, middle and end—Alpha, Iota, and Omega.

It can scarcely be supposed that so general a coincidence in the form and sound of these letters as existing in the different primitive languages, could occur by mere accident, but it is probable that some law or common reason has governed the production of the facts stated. This law or reason must be sought in the instincts of the human soul in the primitive ages of the world in reference to a Supreme Being, its own relations toward him, and the geometrical or chirographical forms and vocal sounds by which the same might be expressed. It is not supposable that in the first ages of his existence upon the earth, man had an established language, either of writing or of vocal speech. As he acquired distinct ideas, however, the desire to communicate them to his fellow beings would naturally prompt the adoption of expressions, both as addressing the eye and ear, by which to represent them to those who were addressed; and those expressions, free from the unnatural tendencies of previous conventionalities, would most likely be such as would be recognized by the common instincts of all, as naturally bearing some correspondence to the idea intended to be represented.

Moreover, the chirographical signs and vocal sounds which, on principles of correspondence, would be used to express the *fundamental, governing, and most important* idea or instinct of the soul, would probably take a *correspondingly* fundamental and important position in the whole series of chirographical and phonetic signs that would be adopted to represent, in various combinations, all human ideas, and which signs, taken together, were subsequently called an *alphabet*. In other words, the signs for this fundamental idea or instinct would probably constitute the *beginning, the middle, and the end*—the alpha, the iota, and the omega—of the whole series of figures and sounds—just as is represented to have been the case with the A, I and O as expressing Divinity, in the paragraph quoted above. And moreover, reversing the form of reasoning, and starting from the actual fact as a basis, that these fundamental letters A, I and O, are the leading letters of the name of the *Deity* in most if not all really primitive languages, the hypothesis finds strong confirmation, that the idea of a Deity as expressed by them was a *correspondingly fundamental* conception of the primitive human soul—that the idea of a God, in other words, is *naturally* to the soul in its pristine state, the alpha, the iota, and the omega—the beginning, middle, and end—of all human ideas, and the basis on which all other true ideas rest; and if this is true, moreover, then *atheism*, or the *negation* of the general and particular ideas expressed by these three fundamental letters, is to the uncorrupted instincts and intuitions of the soul, the beginning, middle, and end of all *falsehood*.

But there must have been a reason why, in primitive languages, these three fundamental signs should so uniformly assume the same *geometrical shapes*; and in seeking for this reason some arcana, or at least suggestions, may be unfolded which may possibly prove of deep interest and importance.

As all developments take place from interior germs which precede external forms, so the first and more definite knowledges of the primitive inhabitants of the earth, related to their *interior consciousnesses*. This is not an hypothesis, but may safely be pronounced a *fact*, confirmed by all monuments of the original conditions of humanity that have been preserved to us. This affords us the *rationale* of the remark already submitted, and which is itself also confirmed by innumerable monumental evidences, that in the absence of preëstablished and arbitrary forms of language, the primitive tribes of men would outwardly express their interior conceptions by those geometrical forms and vocal sounds which the common instinct recognized as *corresponding*

to the conceptions themselves, for in no other conceivable way could they express them and be understood.

Now among the first and most naturally conceived correspondences, was that of *lowness* and *highness* of physical position, as representing inferior and superior *moral* and *spiritual* states of being. It was in accordance with this conception that the ancients, and indeed people of all ages and nations, externally looked up from the earth into the visible firmament as representing the interior looking up of the soul from its naturally low, earthly, and sensual states, to the spiritually highest *state* and *Being*—that is to *heaven* and to *God*. But while the soul had this *upward* aspiration for communion with, and assistance from, heaven and God, it also had a desire for the improvement of *external* and *earthly* conditions—feeling, however, that the latter was dependent upon blessings from above. Now let the reader think what figure or hieroglyph would man, with no established language, but under the guidance of his *simple and primitive instincts*, most naturally adopt to express, by correspondence, his upward aspiration to heaven and to God. Would it not be a simple, straight line drawn from beneath vertically upward? And would he not as naturally express the aspiration for the improvement or *progression* of his *earthly* condition, by a *horizontal* line drawn *forward*, as marking his path over the *surface of the earth*? And as every well-regulated mind would always have these two aspirations *combined*, would not their form of *combined* expression be a line drawn upward and forward, in an *inclined* direction, thus forming the first side of the Alpha, or letter A? And would not the idea of the *response* to these aspirations which the human soul always felt, very naturally be expressed by a corresponding line drawn downward, this forming the second side of the A? Then allowing that what has been gradually *accomplished* for man during the course of this progression, may be appropriately expressed by a *horizontal* line drawn across the figure *midway between bottom and top*, or between earth and heaven, and thus expressing the *embodied combination of the two*, we have completed the form of the Alpha or A.

Now consider the general form of the A as a whole, and you find in it the general figure of a *mountain*, the apex representing the seat of Divinity, the base representing the seat of natural humanity, and the sides representing the ascents and descents, the aspirations and responses, which occur between humanity and divinity. If the geometrical form of the letter A actually expressed to the primitive tribes of men, the idea which we have here connected with it, we may readily suppose that a *mountain* would naturally express to them the same general idea; and precisely accordant with this thought do we find it to be a *fact* that the ancients considered mountains as representing heaven or the seat of Divinity—as, for examples, the Mount Zion of the Jews; the Mount Gerizim of the Samaritans; the Mount Olympus, Mount Parnassus, and Mount Helicon of the Greeks, etc.; and it is curious to remark in this connection that the name of the Himalayah mountains in India, of the Hæmus mountains in Greece, and of the different mountains called Himmel in Saxony, Jutland, and elsewhere, all come from the same Sanscrit root with the German word *Himmel*, which signifies *heaven*.

But to return to the trio of geometrical figures: If you would express in the simplest and smallest geometrical form the *combined* principles which we have seen to be hieroglyphically expressed in the letter A, you would draw a simple vertical line from the apex representing Divinity, to the base representing humanity; and in that you would have the letter iota or I, the simplest and smallest letter in the alphabet. In that *direct* union of apex and base—of the Divinity and humanity points—you have represented the Divine-human, or what the ancients called the *Logos* or Word, and the Son of God and the son of Man.

Again: Suppose that the primitive men had desired to combine in one form of representation the phases of the idea of Divinity represented by these first two figures, and to add thereto the idea of an all-encircling, eternally existing, eternally operative Divine providential Energy, what figure could they have used so appropriately as the *circle*, (the O,) which is a line combining all possible motions and directions, and which is without beginning and without end? Here, then, in the circle or O, we have a representation of the sphere of divine operative energy,

\* It would appear that a human instinct which, perhaps without man's *externally* understanding it, has in much later ages, expressed this aspiration in the form of *church steeples* or *spires*, reaching heavenward as representing the thoughts soaring to God.

the all-embracing and everlasting sphere of universal and particular divine Providences, and which in the Christian theology is called the *Holy Spirit*.

In these three geometrical figures, the A, I and O, then, we have an appropriate representation, and *exponent* of the Trinity of *degrees* (not persons) which all the leading theologies of the world have, so long as they have remained in their pristine state, recognized in essentially the same form, and which the Hindoo theology designated as Brahma, Vishnou, and Naragan, the Persian as Mithras, Mithra and Ormuzd, the Egyptian as Osiris, Isis and Horus, the Christian as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit etc., etc.

If the positions assumed in the foregoing remarks are correct, they explain the origin, and give peculiar force and significance to, the words which were spoken to St. John while in vision, by the glorified Spirit of his Divine Master, saying, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, the first and the last." Rev. I. 8, 11, 17, 18.

But should any reader, from a superficial glance at the foregoing remarks, be inclined to pronounce them unfounded and fanciful speculations, we would respectfully request him to think as deeply and interiorly as possible upon several positions, with the grounds on which they rest, in *detail* as well as in the *general*; and then, before insisting upon an adverse decision with much assurance, give us a more rational and satisfactory account for the origin of the facts stated in the extract at the commencement of this article, and at the same time give us a more plausible theory of the principles and incipient processes that led to the origin of all language.

But our hypothesis is supported by respectable testimonies of independent investigators. We presume the seership of Emanuel Swedenborg will not be disputed by any Spiritualist, while his profound acquirements as a man of science and a philosopher will be acknowledged by every intelligent person who is acquainted with his history. But on the basis of his profound learning and his experience as a seer, he declared that the most ancient writings were not only correspondential in the *general* sense, but that the particular letters, and the particular parts of these, even to their minutest apices and points, involved specific significations. This fact, according to Swedenborg, was alluded to when it was declared that not one jot (*yod* or *iota*) or tittle (apex or point of a letter) of the law should fail till all should be fulfilled.

Added to this testimony, which, if admitted, establishes the basis of our idea, there is another independent source of confirmation. Since the modern spiritual manifestations began to attract attention, thousands upon thousands of pages have been written under Spirit influence, in strange and mystical characters which can not be identified with any existing human language. In many instances these characters have been interpreted by Spirits and clairvoyants, without, however, giving any *rule* by which they are interpreted—which, with *other* indications, sufficiently shows that there is really a *meaning* connected with them, and that they are not the chance scribblings of childish and idle Spirits who seek in this way only to amuse themselves, or excite a vague wonder in the minds of mortals. It is presumable that Spirits thus using characters other than those which are conventional, and understood by mortals, would use them on the basis of their intuitive perception as Spirits, of their fitness to represent their ideas; and that fitness, it is presumable, must be based upon the peculiar geometrical properties of the figures as *naturally corresponding* to the Spirits' affections and thoughts. By studying the natural correspondences of directions and forms, we think we have arrived at the *basis* of the rule according to which these mystical writings may be interpreted. Of course the results to which we have thus far arrived are of a comparatively indefinite character, but the apparent confirmation that has been given of our interpretation of mystical Spirit characters upon the basis of this rule, have been such as to encourage farther investigation, and to add much to the confidence we would otherwise have had in the correctness of the ideas set forth in this article, relative to the fundamental chirographical forms in which the name or rather nature of God and his relations to man, are found to be expressed in primitive languages.

But this article is already too long, and want of room compels us to omit some interesting considerations in respect to the nature and significance of vowel sounds, and also an account of the results of some important linguistic researches as bearing upon this subject, by the learned Dr. Roehrig.



## Original Communications.

## OUR HOME.

WRITTEN BY IMPRESSION.

Not in this world, where every hope is fading,  
Shall weary pilgrim souls like ours find rest;  
Where death and change each hour our steps invading,  
Snatch from our hearths and hearts each cherished guest.

Not in this world, where shadows, ever falling,  
Deepen and darken 'round us day by day;  
Where sin, and shame, and want, in shapes appalling,  
Walk unabashed beside us in the way;

Where all our purest feelings, wronged and slighted,  
Are daily wounded by the scoff and sneer,  
Striving to quench this lamp by angels lighted,  
Lest the worn spirit be of too "good cheer"—

Not in a world like this—O no, forever  
Onward, still onward, though the way seem long,  
Aided and cheered in every good endeavor,  
By Spirit-greeting and by Spirit-song,

Until at last—robed in the bright immortal—  
We lay aside our earthly form and fears,  
And pass with joy through an illumined portal,  
To that pure land where there are no more tears.

There, through the endless ages, onward ever,  
Joined by the unforgotten loved and blest,  
The sundered ties united now forever,  
We find our home, our joy, our perfect rest.

M. L. R., MEDIUM.

## LETTER FROM A TROUBLED SPIRIT.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE, ESQ., NEW YORK:

Dear Sir—Esteeming it a privilege to communicate with you through this medium, I have taken upon myself the assumption to indite a few lines, hoping you will pardon the transgression.

I have considered your question in the extract, and can safely say: Annihilation is better in reality than future misery. I was in early life educated in the errors of the day; therefore I had no definite knowledge of eternity. Superstition was mixed with the errors of the day. My mind was darkened by the shadows of sectarianism. Had I enjoyed beneficent rays of divine truth, I might now have been a saint in heaven. But I am not going to dwell on the past. I will speak of my present happiness and then leave.

I will give you a few of my views of this world. In my opinion mankind are organized beings, independent of matter or fleshy substance. They are organized on principles of light, and attract their rays from the solar system, the same as you are attracted toward us. We are beings of light, immaterial organizations, and have dwellings adapted to our several capacities that are situated in different locations. These localities are termed spheres by us. When we leave the earthly home, we go in regular order through those spheres. If our life has been a good one, we assimilate with the virtuous and good. If it has been evil, we associate with the evil. Now excuse me if I say, Satan is an artful inventor, and can disguise himself, not wholly, but partially. "It is by the fruits we are known," says the word of God. "If we are evil our fruits will be evil; if we are good our fruits will be good." For wherein we have transgressed one law, the condemnation is felt, whether in the conscience or the atonement.

I tell you what, dear sir, conscience is a barbed arrow, and pierces but to sting.

A conscience once awakened is a guilty one in its own estimation. (Excuse me for being too verbal.) The sting of remorse falls like a leaden weight upon the soul, and wherever it enters there it abides. No palliation can be offered. It is like this: the parent chastises the child in order to enforce an obedience to his parental authority—not with anger but with the love of a kind, indulgent parent. Now does the parent feel justified? He certainly does. Reverse the case, and see how it would be. Let anger be predominant: what then? Consequently the sin is visited upon the father, and the child is suffered to go unpunished.

I would say, God is in some respects like the indulgent father. He chastises only to show the vile sinner his true situation. Were He to chastise without love, there would be no true repentance. But God, who saw the human depravity, wept tears of bitter anguish, and gave himself a ransom. The ransom includes all the human family, from Noah down to the present day.

A sinner is a sinner in the sight of God. There is no man, but what has sinned and fell short of the glory. Thus spake Christ. Therefore are we not to be pitied instead of censured, when we are viewed by the Christian? Certainly we are. In this measure, Christ pities us; then should not our fellow-men? For if Christ be just and condemn us not, shall man condemn us?

We are already condemned, for the law condemns us; the light of holy inspiration condemns us. Every influence from above descends only to smite us. We live in open fear and distrust. We may be said to rove, literally speaking, to the ends of the earth, without a hope to lead us. O grant the love of God may be shed abroad in our hearts! I feel unhappy all the time. I have so long been injured to an unhappy life, I feel as if pardon was not for me. I feel that I have no friend—that I am all alone. What can be more horrible than to be deprived of the society of those we loved on the earth?—a fond mother, or perhaps a dearly-cherished wife! O horrid—excruciating in the extreme

—to think I am separated from those I so dearly loved—the innocent companionship of a dear and affectionate companion, and the society of a beloved mother! Ah, could I see the mirror face to face, and behold the beauties I once slighted! I would recall the past could I do it. But no; fate has decided it otherwise. All I can do is to mourn over my past ingratitude, and await the time when I shall be freed from my unhappy state, and pass on to another sphere. How melancholy is the thought, that by an ill-directed life I have lost the great prize! Could it be otherwise, when I blasphemed the name of my heavenly Father, and set at naught his requirements? O no! The past has been a deep mystery! I now see, whereas once I was blind. The veil is being rent in twain.

O pray for me, dear sir; pray that I may be led into the shepherd's fold. I will now leave, requesting you to publish this, if you please. Answer me, and comfort my heart.

Through Mary Howe, Medium, Damariscotta, Maine. September 6, 1856.

The Spirit who writes me the above letter, purports to be the same with whom I held a pleasant dialogue through the mediumship of Miss Howe, in Damariscotta, Me., which was published in this paper under date of August 30. This Spirit had been in the habit of giving his name to the Circle as the "Evil One," and did so give it to me. He appeared to be in a thoughtless, bewildered, unstable condition, consequent, probably, on a reckless life, and vindictive, dehumanizing, false religious teachings, to which he had in some degree been subjected while in the earth-form. He now says, "Had I enjoyed beneficent rays of divine truth, I might now have been a saint in heaven." Undoubtedly we shall all realize in a greater or less degree, the fearful consequences of false religious teachings. Bigoted errors are worse than ignorance; it is more difficult to unlearn falsities than to learn truth.

"Satan is an artful inventor, and can disguise himself, not wholly, but partially."

I trust my friend, the "Evil One," will pardon my ignorance of his meaning by the above language. Who and what is Satan? In what sphere is his dwelling, and where is it located? If you answer these questions, will you please tell me whether you speak from what you call the "shadows of sectarianism" in the earth, or from a personal acquaintance or knowledge of Satan acquired in the Spirit-world? Please also inform me if you know any particular instance where "Satan artfully invented" anything, or "disguised himself." I might not be so particular did not your remark sound so much like sectarian cant. Please also tell me what you know (not what you have heard) about the atonement of which you speak.

"But God, who saw the human depravity, wept tears of bitter anguish, and gave himself a ransom."

I confess this sentence appears to me downright nonsense. Were your own senses in any way employed in its utterance? I hope not, for I fear you would have been guilty of blasphemy. Do you mean to say that God experimented in the manufacture of human beings, and wept because they did not come up to his expectation? True, he would not be the only one who has failed in an attempt at invention. But you say:

"How melancholy is the thought, that by an ill-directed life I have lost the great prize! Could it be otherwise, when I blasphemed the name of my heavenly Father."

Have you not here equally blasphemed in the *pious*, instead of the popular, *profane* way? Do you not impute imbecility and recklessness to him as God the Creator, in saying he wept for the depravity of the work of his own hands? Think of it. I do not suppose you really mean to continue to blaspheme, since you seem to think your prospects have already been injured by it. But it will avail nothing to thus change the garb of blasphemy from profanity to specious piety. All such phrases as the above are used by bigoted sectarians and their devotees, senselessly, and as others make use of profane language. They are idle words, spoken when people think they must say something, but have no thought to utter. Did you see God thus weeping? or do you know anybody that did see him? Have you any evidence that such was the fact? If you have, it will be of service to me.

"And gave himself a ransom."

For what? and to whom? I have heard it said that some man was so foolish as to bite his own nose off, but I never heard that anybody was so foolish as to kill himself, or suffer others to kill him, because his own manufacture failed to accomplish the purpose for which it was intended. Would you not think such a man a senseless monster? Do you think God more foolish and reckless than men? It is claimed generally by those who make use of such language as I have quoted above from your letter,

that God knew all things from the beginning. If so, he must have known what his creatures would be and do. Then why did he create us? or why did he weep when he saw us doing just what he knew we would do?

It always shocks me to find Christians endeavoring to prove God less discreet or humane than men are, and I must consider them in error until they or you produce some better proof than mere assertion or assumption. I call for the proofs. You will perceive that I have little respect for profanity, whether in the garb of piety or in what is popularly called swearing or profanity. I do not know anything too sacred to talk sensibly about. At all events, all that I know has come to me through my senses, and I can not hold or make use of any words or sentences inconsistent with the normal exercise of my senses.

I am sorry for you, if as you say, you "live in open fear and distrust," and "feel as if pardon was not for you." I assure you there is no "fear and distrust" in those who act and speak uprightly, and as their senses commend. The truckling panders to falsities—those who confess to God through the lips, that they are greater sinners than they in their hearts believe; those who plead for special favors and mumble over senseless jargons with which to purchase them—they alone *fear and tremble*. It is because of their duplicity to God and themselves; because their senses are divorced from their speech and conduct, especially in what they term godly things. My best prayer for these and for you is, that you put away all lying and deceit. Cease to crucify the noblest attributes of your nature, and to address God in the specious senseless cant of bigots. Come to yourself and wisely exercise all the faculties God has given you. Be what you were made for—a man, and stand in the dignity of your nature, and the "Evil One," with all fear and trembling, will vanish as the darkness before the sun.

Hoping to hear from you again, I remain, for truth and progress in earth and heaven,

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

## LETTERS AGAINST SPIRITUALISM.

BY AN ORTHODOX CHURCH MEMBER.  
NUMBER THREE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

In my last letter I ventured to direct your attention to the circumstance of a visit I lately received from one of your Spiritualists. I now desire to inform you thus publicly, that I have no farther desire for the honor of any of their acquaintance. Indeed the very sight of them, as you may well suppose, is quite enough for me, especially *when at church!* On a recent occasion, for instance, two of these gentlemen came marching into one of our up-town churches, where I attend, and with the greatest effrontery imaginable, they seated themselves at once—where, indeed, they had no right to do. And, without the slightest regard to the required formularies, they commenced staring about them, more, indeed, as if they thought they were in a theater, than in a place of worship during "divine service." And what I thought was most insulting, they would every now and then look at the clergyman in such a remarkably direct and significant manner, positively as if they thought they really knew as much as he did! Such behavior as this, you are aware, needs no comment. I observed, however, that they appeared to be very attentive to what the preacher said, which, it must be confessed, is a little different from the conduct of our own people. I also particularly noticed how entirely indifferent they were to matters which generally command the greatest respect and attention. Neither could they be operated upon in the least by the many impressive extraneous circumstances by which they were surrounded—such as the painted windows, the lofty pillars, the gorgeous embellishments, and the pomp and circumstance attending the walking to and fro of the various distinguished officers of the church. Even the attractions of my lady chieftain—for they had the honor of sitting in the very next pew to her—appeared to be entirely lost upon them, though the efforts of the whole of this distinguished family were unremitting in this respect, especially that of the young ladies, who were continually coughing, and rustling their silks, and fanning themselves, although the weather was quite sufficiently cold. But all to no purpose; they did not even turn their heads, nor do I think they were really capable of so much as a single purely religious, intelligent and fashionable idea.

But all this naturally enough makes one only the more attached to one's own peculiar faith, or "ism," if you please to call it so; and for my part, as I have always been, so I intend ever to remain, an adherent of Episcopalianism.

My father was an Episcopalian in the old country, and so were all his ancestors for many generations. To tell you the truth, Messrs. Editors, he was for forty years the sexton of St. Dunstan's Church, Crocket Friars, near the Old London Bridge. You may have heard of him before. He used to have *five hundred pounds* a year, just for sweeping out the pews and lighting the candles, while the curate's salary was only *seventy pounds* for preaching three times a day on the Sunday, beside all the other duties of the week. He was a man (my father) that was always respected by the rector, the curate, and by all the parish. Of course he was a very good and remarkably devout Christian, or he



could never have held so important an office in the Church. I could give you some singularly appropriate evidences of this, but I have too filial a regard for the old man to trespass upon what has passed, and may as well be forgotten! Still it seems he was always entitled to a great many perquisites at Easter and Christmas, beside his regular salary. Precious soul, of course he wanted no new religion or "New Church." I have even known my father, at the very name of Swedenborg, positively shake and tremble like an aspen leaf. And if he had lived in these days of Spirit manifestations, why, he would certainly have gone crazy, and then it would have been said that Spiritualism had done it all, which would most assuredly have been nothing less or more than the exact truth of the matter!

Speaking of the behavior of these Spiritualists, puts me in mind of an old favorite dog my father used to have, who generally attended church with us, and how he used, also, in his way, to conform to the different parts of the services, with almost as much regularity as his master. And like his master he, too, had his good things to enjoy as a reward of his fidelity—consisting of all the fish-bones in Lent, the boiled egg shells at Easter, and the scrapings of the plum-pudding bags at Christmas. Neither could you ever be able to get him to change his religion. I well remember his singularly quaint, shrewd and intelligent look at us, whenever this subject was broached, sufficiently indicative of his fixed determination in this respect. And I do not think I shall ever forget how much we used to feel interested in observing his remarkable circumspection of conduct always during the services at church. Standing up, for instance, and sitting or rather lying down, then rising again, and stretching himself out, he would put out his long tongue and wag his tail—just as if he really enjoyed the service; and no doubt he did, and perhaps he had got as much real devotion in him, too, as many of his fellow-worshippers. Poor beast, as his master died of the gout so he at last died of the plethora; and what is perhaps a little surprising, he was not denied the right of Christian burial, although we do not hear that he was ever baptized! But it should be remembered that he was a sincere christian dog, and not an "adult" human being who, under the same circumstances, you know, would not be permitted to enjoy the like privilege. But we must not proceed, for fear of trespassing upon other "provinces"—or what your infidel Spiritualists call "abuses!"

For my part I shall always stand up for the Queen, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the rights of the church, as my fathers did before me; and whoever dares to speak or think differently, as in duty bound, I shall side with our ministers in denouncing them as "infidels," and so neither will I cease to insult them by praying for them, as well as for all respectable "Jews," "Turks," and other "heretics."

As ever, yours truly, ORTHODOXY.

### STRANGE APPARITION OF A SICK PERSON.

SHEBOYGAN, Wis., October 19, 1856.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Prompted by your "Call for Facts" in the TELEGRAPH of the 11th instant, I send you the following, which was told to me last June by one of my neighbors. My informant is not a Spiritualist, but what is usually called an infidel, and he told me the story to show how easy it is for people to be deceived. The parties here mentioned are all Germans, including my informant. To give you a better understanding of the story, I will say that the principal street through our town is called Eighth-street; that my informant lived on an alley running at right angles with this street, and that on the street north of this alley, running parallel with it, and near Eighth-street, a German by the name of Schneider keeps a tavern; still north of this, on Eighth-street, is a public square, and on the street north of that square another German named Schubert keeps a tavern. North of this, outside of the city, the mother of my informant, whose name is Dortenbach, owned a piece of land before her death, which happened last spring.

Now for the story: "My mother," said my neighbor, "made a practice of going out to her land every Sunday afternoon when the weather was pleasant. But I must tell it in my own way. Last winter was very long and severe, and the spring was cold and backward, so that the old lady was obliged, much against her will, to leave her land unvisited for many months. This annoyed her exceedingly, and she had waited week after week for a long time for pleasant weather, so that she could take her accustomed walk. The weather came at last, but with it a fit of sickness which put the old woman to bed—it proved to be her death-bed. I will here mention that she had got herself a new dress before she was taken sick, but had never worn it, intending to do so the first time she went to see her land. The week before her death, about Wednesday, she asked her daughter-in-law, my neighbor's wife, how the weather was. She was told that it was very fine. "Then," said she, "I will go and see my land next Sunday." She was told she would not be well enough, but she insisted that she would, and meant to go. Several times through the week after that, she spoke of it again, and reiterated her determination to go that afternoon, though she could not get out of bed! Well, about two o'clock that afternoon, she was taken worse; the doctor was sent for; they thought her dying, and for a time thought her dead! After lying about half an hour in this state, she revived again and became comparatively easy, so that all appearance of immediate death had passed, and she fell into a quiet sleep.

The doctor started for home, and Mr. Dortenbach walked out with him as far as Schneider's tavern, where he stopped. Mr. Schneider inquired of him if any of his family were sick, seeing the doctor with him. Upon Dortenbach's statement that his mother was quite low, Schneider expressed great surprise, stating that about half an hour before she had passed his house! This of course was denied by Dortenbach; but Schneider said he was sure of it, and showed where she

came through a vacant lot from her house to the street he lived on, turned the corner of his fence, passed by his door, went to Eighth-street, turned up that street north, and went toward the public square! He then described her clothing, which Dortenbach said was exactly what she would have worn had she been able to go out, including the new gown before mentioned!

This seemed inexplicable to both of them, and the subject was dropped. The next Tuesday morning the old lady died. In the afternoon of that day Mr. Dortenbach met Mr. Schubert, the tavern keeper north of the square. The latter asked Mr. Dortenbach if his mother's death had not been very sudden, stating that he had seen her on the Sunday before apparently in good health! Here was another surprise for my friend, who told Schubert he was mistaken. But he was as positive as Schneider, and went on to describe her dress, just as he had done; said she came up past the square about two o'clock in the afternoon; that he stood in his bar-room door, fronting south, looking at her; that he called his wife's attention to her, remarking "this is Mrs. Dortenbach's first visit to her land this spring." He said she crossed the street toward them, passed within a few feet of the bar room door, but did not speak nor look at them; went toward the north end of the house where there is a door to enter the kitchen. Mrs. Schubert remarked that the old lady must intend to go into the kitchen, as she sometimes did, and went back through the house to meet her. Arriving at the kitchen and not seeing her, she opened the door, but she was not in sight. She then concluded that she had turned a corner and gone on toward her land, only wondering she had not stopped nor spoken to them!

Now this is the story. Dortenbach is a man of integrity; I asked him to tell it over a second time, about two weeks after the first recital which he did without material variation. I believe it all. He told me he would go with me to the men mentioned above to have them corroborate this statement; but I was satisfied. "Now," continued he, "this shows the fallacy of your supposed spiritual manifestations. Here are two men and a woman, none of them easily deceived, all concurring in a statement which could not be true, for my mother was at that time in my house very sick!"

Of course you will say that Mrs. Dortenbach's Spirit had passed temporarily out of the body, and afterward returned; but here is a mystery to me. Has our clothing Spirits as well as our bodies? If not, how did that woman get on her favorite dress when she was not a tenant of a mortal body! Again, how could she be visible to three different persons, in two different places, in broad day-light, and they in their normal state, when we are told by mediums that it requires twilight for Spirits to make themselves visible, or that those seeing them must be in a clairvoyant state? I would like to see some remarks on this. If you think this worth noticing, I will give you at another time a fact in my own experience.

Yours fraternally, EDWARD M. MACGRAW.

Send on any more facts you may have, friend, and accept our thanks for the foregoing. We may have some remarks to offer on the above at another time and place. Ed.

### LETTER FROM ARKANSAS.

REMARKABLE DREAM.

LOUISVILLE, LAFAYETTE CO., ARK., September 29, 1856.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Gentlemen— \* \* \* Myself and Dr. J. P. Mathews, of Dorchester, Columbia county, (a subscriber to your TELEGRAPH) are the only open disciples of this new manifestation of God and his wondrous works; and rest assured, in this benighted church-land we have a hard time of it. Dr. M. is now delivering a course of lectures on Spiritualism, and as he has received the attention of his auditory, we trust some good may be effected.

In the mean time will you permit me to state the following fact? It occurred in the fall of '52, when Spiritualism had not been heard of in this region.

On a certain morning my wife narrated to me this dream or vision: Her father and family were then on their route to this county, from Alabama, by land. In her dream she "was translated a great distance—was in a chamber of a large and fine dwelling-house. She beheld her mother—dead—and though she appeared enveloped in a halo, her form radiant, her eyes heavenly bright—altogether angelic in her appearance—yet she knew her; and at the moment she beheld her, a sister of my wife's, who died in this country some six months previous to this time, glided into the room, and most tenderly and affectionately laying her arms around her mother, they were both, by an invisible means, wafted away. The father and others of the family were standing around the bedside, weeping. In front of this dwelling she beheld a large and singular-looking building—apparently a machine of some kind—and in front of the dwelling-house, and around this other building, were huge piles of lumber of different kinds, stocked up.

I answered, 'twas simply a dream. She told it to several others—'twas only a dream. But being impressed by it, she noticed the time of its occurrence. Some six weeks thereafter, her father and family landed in our midst. One was missing—the mother had died on the way, the same night of this dream, in a large frame dwelling house of a Dr. Withers, on the banks of the Warrior River, in Alabama; and in front of this house was an extensive steam saw-mill, and vast piles of sawed lumber stocked up around the mill and in front of the dwelling. Was it only a dream? If so, what a striking coincidence! Was it an effort of clairvoyance? Can you give the rationale of it? If so, and you can find room in your TELEGRAPH, you will greatly oblige,

Respectfully yours, D. W. HARRIS.

### SPIRITUALISM IN BATAVIA, N. Y.

FRIENDS PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Dear Sirs—I am requested, on the part of the spiritual friends in Alexander, to report synoptically, the progress of Spiritualism in their town, as far as I have been a witness myself.

To do so fully, would be occupying more time than I can well spare, inasmuch as it would make a large volume—even a superficial description of the various manifestations I have there witnessed; suffice it to say, therefore, it has been constantly progressing since the first manifestation, a little over a year ago. The principal scenes of development are at Anson and James Lewis' houses. The medium is a young man, seventeen or eighteen years of age, a son of Anson Lewis, who was first controlled by an Indian chief, at my brother's house, in the same neighborhood, at a circle formed there in consequence of Charles Hammond, of Rochester, being then on a visit to the place, to lecture and form developing circles. The house seemed to be full of congenial Indian Spirits, and Jasper Lewis (the medium above spoken of) was controlled to not only see, but to describe scenes in the spheres; and a number of others, myself and brother among the number, became so far influenced that we felt like Indians, and responded to one another in regular order, in that kind of gibberish peculiar to the aborigines of this country. I can not vouch for the correctness of the language, yet so far as perfect accord is proof, I am sure the Spirits understood it. That peculiar influence, from that time to this, seems to have continued with Jasper and a younger brother of his. The greatest marvel in their control, is the perfectness in which they lead off the Indian dance. The mediums are clumsy boys, and were never taught the science of dancing; but the neatness and elegance of motion, and perfectness of time they are enabled to keep, while under the influence of these Spirits, can not be surpassed by the most accomplished dancer. I find myself utterly incapable to give a just description. No tune can be played so fast, that they will not accord perfectly, nor changed from one to another, instanter, but they chime accurately. Indeed, they are a wonder to the many crowds that throng their house, and to the most expert violinist of our country, E. T. Squires. To use Mr. Squires' own language or expression—"I have played the Highland Fling as rapidly as I could, to many, but never before came across one that could keep perfect time with me before!"

This will give some idea of the perfect control the Spirits have over these boys, and especially Jasper, the elder of the two. Jasper is influenced to give eloquent lectures in the Indian language (the language has been tested by the presence of some of our Tonawanda Indians), and then is influenced to give a synopsis in broken English. He is influenced to describe Spirit friends, give names, ages when departed, and tell how, or with what disease. He is also influenced to prescribe, sometimes, for the sick—to manipulate, and also to point out who will be mediums, and of what sort.

The Lewis families are able and hospitable farmers, and have rooms sufficiently large for public meetings; and generally on Sunday, and Sunday evenings, the Spirits, through Jasper and visiting mediums, hold forth to large crowds. I was present last Sunday, and remained till Monday afternoon, in company with J. A. Cortes, a reformed Romanist, whom the Spirits have taken possession of in a very remarkable manner, and have sent him into these parts, I have no doubt, to accomplish much good in the way of communicating heavenly messages. He is a trance medium, and discourses in that condition in the most argumentative, eloquent and easy manner. It has been but a few weeks since the Spirits first began to control him, and the present indications promise great usefulness in the future. On Sunday a meeting was called together for him, in the Universalists' House in Alexander, at 10 o'clock. The house was very well filled, and the Spirits, at the hour, entranced him, and spoke just three-quarters of an hour upon the teachings of the Harmonial Philosophy. Every individual seemed spell-bound, and the closing up of the Spirits' discourse was only to awake the congregation from a bright vision of glory to gaze again upon each other's countenances. After this he was influenced, or rather impressed, to give a portion of his experience, and checked in the midst of it by the Spirits, and made to close the meeting. The propriety of this is better understood by Brother Cortes' friends, than by the public.

Again we returned to neighbor James Lewis' house, when the Spirits, through him, gave us indubitable testimony of their actual control, by personifications and revelations. One gentleman and lady had their bickerings and contentions with each other the night before, accurately pointed out to them, and described; and the parties confessed to it. Another gentleman, a resident in the village, had his son described, name told, age, when departed, accurately declared, and the disease that caused dissolution, properly named, through Jasper.

Thus you see Spiritualism is onward, even in our midst. There are manifestations in other places, particularly at my brother's. He, himself, is controlled, but altogether in a foreign language; and the Spirits announce they are about to use him for a clairvoyant and healing medium. He already feels the difficulties of patients, and is enabled to point them out. But, fearful I may weary your patience by extending this article, I will here close; but as I said in the beginning, I could produce a large volume of convincing incidents and facts, as connected with the Lewis' boys, in connection with the mediums from our place and elsewhere.

Yours very truly,

BATAVIA, October 24, 1856.

J. J. DENSLOW.

SIGNS OF THE APPROACHING WINTER.—The Indians regard a thin husk of corn as an indication of a mild winter. This being true, the one just approaching will be of the gentle kind, as the husks are said to be very thin.



## Interesting Miscellany.

### PARTING HAWSERS AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

FROM DR. KANE'S "ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS."

It blew a perfect hurricane. We had seen it coming, and were ready with three good hawsers out ahead, and all things snug on board.

Still it came on heavier and heavier, and the ice began to drive more wildly than I thought I had ever seen it. I had just turned in to warm and dry myself during the momentary lull, and was stretching myself out in my bunk, when I heard the sharp twanging snap of a cord. Our six-inch hawser had parted, and we were swinging by the two others; the gale roaring like a lion to the southward.

Half a minute more, and "twang, twang!" came a second report. I knew it was the whale line by the shrillness of the ring. Our noble ten-inch manilla still held on. I was hurrying my last sock into its sealskin boot, when McGary came waddling down the companion-ladders: "Captain Kane, she won't hold much longer; it's blowing the devil himself, and I am afraid to surge."

The manilla cable was proving its excellence when I reached the deck; and the crew as they gathered round me, were loud in its praises. We could hear its deep *Æolian* chant, swelling through all the rattle of the running gear and moaning of the shrouds. It was the death song! The strands gave way with the noise of a shotted gun; and in the smoke that followed their recoil, we were dragged out by the wild ice, at its mercy.

We steadied and did some pretty warping, and got the brig a good bed in the rushing drift; but it all came to nothing. We then tried to beat back through the narrow ice-clogged water-way that was driving, a quarter of a mile wide, between the shore and the pack. It cost us two hours of hard labor, I thought skillfully bestowed; but at the end of that time we were at least four miles off, opposite the great valley in the center of Bedevilled Reach. Ahead of us, farther to the North, we could see the strait growing still narrower, and the heavy ice tables grinding up, and clogging it between the shore cliffs on one side, and the ledge on the other. There was but one thing left for us: to keep in some sort the command of the helm by going freely where we must otherwise be driven. We allowed her to scud under a reefed foretopsail—all hands watching the enemy, as we closed, in silence.

At seven in the morning, we were close upon the piling masses. We had only time to fasten a spar as a buoy to the chain, and let her slip. So went our best bower!

Down we went upon the gale again, hopelessly scraping along a lee of ice seldom less than thirty-feet thick; one floe, measured by a line as we tried to fasten to it, more than forty. I had seen such ice only once before, and never in such rapid motion. One upturned mass rose above our gunwale, smashing in our bulwarks, and deposited half a ton of ice in a lump upon our decks. Our staunch little brig bore herself through all this wild adventure as if she had a charmed life.

But a new enemy came in sight ahead. Directly in our way, just beyond the line of floe-ice, against which we were alternately sliding and thumping, was a group of bergs. We had no power to avoid them; and the only question was, whether we were to be dashed in pieces against them, or whether they might not offer us some providential nook of refuge from the storm. But as we neared them, we perceived that they were at some distance from the floe-edge, and separated from it by an interval of open water. Our hopes rose, as the gale drove us toward the passage, and into it; and we were ready to exult, when from some unexplained cause, probably an eddy of the wind against the lofty ice-walls, we lost our headway. Almost at the same moment, we saw that the bergs were not at rest—that with a momentum of their own, they were bearing down upon the other ice, and that it must be our fate to be crushed between the two.

Just then a broad scone-piece of low water-washed berg came driving from the southward. The thought flashed upon me of one of our escapes in Melville Bay, and as the scone moved rapidly close alongside us, McGary managed to plant an anchor on its slope, and to hold on to it by a whale-line. It was an anxious moment. Our noble tow-horse, whiter than the pale horse that seemed to be pursuing us, hauled us bravely on, the spray dashing over his windward flanks, and his forehead plowing up the lesser ice as if in scorn. The bergs encroached upon us as we advanced: our channel narrowed to a width of about forty feet: we braced the yards to keep clear of the impending ice-walls.

We passed clear; but it was a close shave—so close that our port quarter-boat would have been crushed if we had not taken it from the davits—and found ourselves under the lee of a berg, in a comparatively open lead. Never did heart-tried men acknowledge, with more gratitude, their merciful deliverance from a wretched death.

THE NEW KEY.—"Aunt," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts and make them so willing; for you know, aunt, God took my father and my mother, and they want people to be kind to their poor little daughter." "What is the key?" asked aunt. "It is only one little word—guess what?" But aunt was no guesser. "It is *please*," said the child; aunt, it is *please*; if I ask one of the great girls in school, "*Please* show me my parsing lesson?" she says, "O yes, and helps me." If I ask Sarah, "*please* do this for me?" no matter, she'll take her hands out of the suds. If I ask, uncle, "*please*," he says, "Yes, puss, if I can;" and if I say, "*please* aunt—" "What does aunt do?" asked aunt herself. "O, look and *smile* like mother, and that is best of all," cried the little girl, throwing her arms round aunt's neck, with a tear in her eye. Perhaps other children will like to know about this key, and I hope they will use it also; for there is great power in the small, kind courtesies of life.

HISTORY OF THE MARSEILLES HYMN.—The Marseillaise presents notes of the song of glory and the shriek of death; glorious as the one, funereal like the other: it assures the country while it makes the citizens turn pale. This is its history: There was then (at the time of the French Revolution, 1790,) a young officer of the artillery, in the garrison of Strasburg, named Rouget de Lisle. He was born at Louis le Sannier, in the Jura, that country of revelry and energy as mountain countries always are. He charmed with his music and verses the slow dull garrison life. Much in request from his two-fold talent as a musician and a poet, he visited the house of Deitrick, an Alsatian patriot, on intimate terms. In the winter of 1792, there was a scarcity in Strasburg. The house of Deitrick was poor and the table was humble, but there was a welcome for Rouget de Lisle. Once when there was only some coarse bread and slices of ham on the table, Deitrick looked with calm sadness and said to him: "Plenty is not seen at our feasts, but what matter if enthusiasm is not wanting at our civic fetes, and courage in our soldiers' hearts. I have still a bottle of wine in my cellar." "Bring it," said he to his daughter, "and we will drink to liberty and our country."

They drank—De Lisle was a dreamer—his heart was moved—his head was heated. He went staggering to his chamber, endeavoring by degrees to find inspiration in the palpitation of his citizen's heart, and on his small harpsichord, now composing the air before the words, now composing words before the air, combining them so intimately in his mind that he could never tell which was first produced, the air or words, so impossible did he find it to separate the music from the poetry, and the feeling from the impression. He sang everything—wrote nothing. Overcome by the Divine inspiration his head fell sleeping on his instrument, and he did not awake till daylight. The song of the overnight returned to his memory with difficulty, like the recollection of a dream. He wrote it down and gave it to Deitrick, who called together some musicians who were capable of executing De Lisle's composition. De Lisle sang. At the first verse all countenances turned pale—at the second tears flowed; at the last enthusiasm burst forth. The hymn of the country was found. Alas! it was destined to be the hymn of terror. The unfortunate Deitrick went a few months afterward to the scaffold, to the sounds of the notes first produced at his fireside and from the heart of his friend.

The new song some weeks after was sung at Strasburg. It flew from city to city. Marseilles adopted it to be sung at the opening and close of its clubs. Marseilles spread it all over France. Hence the name of Marseilles.

De Lisle heard it and shuddered at its sound on his ears, while escaping by the wild passes of the Alps as a proscribed Royalist. "What do they call that hymn?" he inquired of his guide. "The Marseilles," answered the peasant. It was thus he learned the name of his own work. The arm was turned against the hand that forged it.—*Lamartine*.

FRANKLIN AND HIS CUSTOMER.—One fine morning when Franklin was busy preparing his paper for the press, a lounge stepped into the store, and spent an hour or more in looking over the books, etc., and finally taking one in his hand, asked the price.

"One dollar," was the answer.

"One dollar," said the lounge; "can't you take any less than that?"

"No, indeed; one dollar is the price."

Another hour had nearly passed, when the lounge asked:

"Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes, he is in the printing-office."

"I want to see him," said the lounge.

The shop-boy immediately informed Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the store waiting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the lounge with book in hand addressed him thus:

"Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for this book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollar and a quarter! Why, your young man asked only a dollar."

"True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to have taken a dollar then than to have been taken out of my office."

The lounge seemed surprised, and wishing to end the parley of his own making, said:

"Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it."

"One dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half! Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes, said Franklin, and I had better taken that price then than a dollar and a half now."

The lounge paid down the price, and went about his business—if he had any—and Franklin returned into the printing office.

"LOUDER!"—A man lately went to the Post-office, and putting his mouth up to the delivery-box, cried out, "Louder!" The clerk supposing the man to be deaf, and that he was making a request of him to speak louder so that he could hear, asked him in a very loud tone the name of the person for whom he wanted the letter. "Louder!" cried the man. "What name?" yelled the clerk. "Louder!" again bawled the man, who now supposed the clerk to be deaf. The clerk took a long breath, and with all his might again bawled out in the man's face the same question. "What name?" This was done in so loud a tone that the echo seemed to return from the far-off hills. The man started back in alarm, shouting to the top of his big lungs: "Louder, Sir, Louder? I told you Louder! My name is nothing else!" "Oh, ah! oh, ho!" said the clerk, "your name is Louder, eh? Didn't think of that; here's your letter; Mr. Louder, here's your letter."—*Washington Star*.

ONE SECRET OF A HAPPY DEATH.—Were I to live my life, over again, I should make it a point to do a kindness to a fellow-being whenever I had the opportunity. I regret very much that my habit has been so different. It has been my way too much to let others take care of themselves, while I took care of myself.

If some little trespass was committed to my rights, or if I suffered some slight inconvenience from the thoughtlessness or selfishness of others, I was greatly annoyed, and sometimes used harsh and reproachful language toward the offender. I am now satisfied that my own happiness was greatly impaired by this course, and that my conduct and example contributed to the irritation and unhappiness of others.

It was but the other day that I was passing along the street, and a coachman was endeavoring to draw a light carriage into the coach-house. He tried once or twice without success, and, just as I came up, the carriage occupied the whole of the side-walk, and prevented my passing.

The fellow looked as if it ought not to be so, and there was something like a faint apology in his smile. It was on my tongue to say, "In with your carriage, man, and do not let it stand here blocking up the passage!" But a better spirit prevailed. I went to the rear of the carriage and said:

"Now try again, my good fellow!" while I gave a little push, and in the carriage went, and out came the pleasant "Thank you, sir, much obliged." I would not have taken a twenty-dollar bank-note for the streak of sunshine that this one little act of kindness threw over the rest of my walk, to say nothing of the lighting up of the coachman's face.

And when I look back upon my intercourse with my fellow-men all the way long, I can confidently say that I never did a kindness to any human being without being happier for it. So that, if I were governed by merely selfish motives, and wished to live the happiest life I could, I would just simply obey the Bible precepts, to do good unto all men as I had opportunity.

THE COMPLETED CORAL ISLAND.—The Coral Island, in its best condition, is but a miserable residence for man. There is poetry in every feature; but the natives find this a poor substitute for bread-fruit and yams of more favored lands. The cocoanut and pandanus are, in general, the only products of the vegetable kingdom afforded for their sustenance, and fish and crabs from the reef their only food. Scanty, too, is the supply; and infanticide is resorted to in self-defense, when but a few years would otherwise overstock the half-dozen square miles of which their little world consists. Yet there are more comforts than might be expected on land of so limited extent—without rivers, without hills, in the midst of salt water, with the most elevated point but ten feet above high tide, and no part more than three hundred miles from the ocean. Though the soil is light, and the surface often strewed with blocks of coral, there is a dense covering of vegetation to shade the native villagers from the tropical sun.

The cocoanut, the tree of a thousand uses, grows luxuriantly on the coral-made land after it has emerged from the ocean; and the scanty dresses of the natives, their drinking vessels and other utensils, mats, cordage, fishing-lines and oil, beside food, drink and building materials, are all supplied from it. The pandanus, or sacred pine, flourishes well, and is exactly fitted for such regions; as it enlarges and spreads its branches, one prop after another grows out from the trunk and plants itself in the ground; and by this means its base is widened and the growing tree supported. The fruit, a large ovoidal mass made of dry seeds diverging from a center, each near two cubic inches in size, affords a sweetish, husky article of food, which, though little better than prepared corn-stalks, admits of being stored away for use when other things fail. The extensive reefs abound in fish which are easily captured, and the natives, with wooden hooks, often bring in large kinds from the deep waters. From such sources, a population of 10,000 persons is supported on the single Island of Taputeona, (or Drummond's Island, one of the Kings-mills,) whose whole inhabitable area does not exceed six square miles.—*U. S. Exploring Expedition*.

### BORN INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD.

RUFUS CROSBY KEMP left the earthly tabernacle, which he had occupied nearly forty-three years, at 7 o'clock, Monday morning, October 20th, at his late residence, No. 259 Fourth Avenue, this city.

Our brother had complained of pain in the region of his lungs and heart for some months past, but attended to his business up to Friday night, prior to his death. Saturday and Sunday he was about the house, and no one suspected his near dissolution until the fatal moment came.

Mr. Kemp married at an early age, in Boston, and has raised up an unusually interesting family of eight children, whom he left to the guiding counsels of an affectionate mother. He was a kind and indulgent husband and father, and devotedly fond of his family.

Mr. Kemp has been an indefatigable merchant, first in the tailoring, afterward the dry goods business, in Boston. For the last few years he has been engaged in the furniture business in the city of New York, and for the last year or more, under the name and firm of Vrede & Co. Our brother was subjected to many of the trials and misfortunes of trade, all of which he met with Christian fortitude, and he was sustained by a serene hope of overcoming them all. But death came to him in the prime of life, to arrest his almost superhuman endeavors for the realization of the hopes of physical nature, and transported his soul into sublimer realities. May his serene spiritual presence and heavenly counsels be still realized by his bereaved family and devoted friend.



**SPIRIT AND CLAIRVOYANT MEDIUMS IN NEW YORK.**

**Mrs. E. J. French**, No. 8 Fourth Avenue, Clairvoyant and Healing Physician for the treatment of diseases. Hours, 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., and 2 to 4 P. M. Electro-medicated Baths given by Mrs. French.

**Mrs. Harriet Porter**, Clairvoyant Physician and Spirit-Medium, 109 West Twenty-fourth-street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues. Hours from 10 to 12 A. M. and from 2 to 5 P. M., Wednesdays and Sundays excepted.

**Mrs. J. E. Kellogg**, Spirit-Medium, Rooms, No. 625 Broadway, New York. Visitors received for the investigation of Spirit Manifestations every day, (except Sundays,) from 9 A. M. to 12½ P. M. On Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, from 7 to 9 P. M.

**Mrs. Bradley**, Healing Medium, 109 Green-street. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 10 A. M. until 4 P. M.

**Miss Katy Fox**, Rapping Medium, Twenty-second street, corner Fourth Avenue. May be seen in the evening only.

**Mrs. M. B. Gourlay**, the Medium through whom Dr. Hare made most of his experiments, No. 77 Lexington Avenue, near Twenty-sixth street.

**Miss Seabring** can be seen daily at 115½ Grand street. Hours, from 10 to 12 A. M. and 2 to 5 and 8 to 10 P. M. No Circle Saturday evenings, nor Sunday mornings and afternoons.

**Mrs. Beck**, 883 Eighth Avenue, Trance, Speaking, Rapping, Tipping and Personating Medium.

**J. B. Conklin**, Test Medium, Rooms 477 Broadway. Hours, daily, from 9 A. M. to 12 o'clock, and from 2 to 4 P. M.

**A. B. Smith**, Rondout, N. Y., Clairvoyant and Spirit Medium for healing the sick. Mr. S. can examine patients at a distance by having their names and residences submitted to his inspection.

**Mr. G. A. Redman**, of Boston, Test Medium, has taken rooms at 188 Canal-street, (new No. 391) where she may be consulted.

**NEW JERSEY.**

**Mrs. Lorin L. Platt**, of New Brunswick, N. J., Spiritual and Clairvoyant Medium, employs her powers chiefly in the examination and treatment of disease.

**CONNECTICUT.**

**Mrs. J. R. Mettler**, Clairvoyant and Spirit Medium, devotes her time chiefly to the examination and treatment of the sick. Mrs. M. also gives Psychometrical delineations of character. Residence, No. 9 Winthrop-street, Hartford.

**Mrs. R. M. Henderson** is a Trance-Speaking Medium of whose abilities we hear very favorable reports. We once had the pleasure of listening to her in Hartford, and can truly say that her discourse on that occasion was, intrinsically and as an illustration of mediumship, above the average standard. Mrs. Henderson may be addressed at Newtown, Conn.

**Mrs. Caroline E. Dorman**, Clairvoyant, residence 122 Grand-street, New Haven. Medical examinations and prescriptions for the sick will be attended to.

**RHODE ISLAND.**

**Mrs. H. T. Huntley** is a Trance-Speaking Medium, who has been employed in this capacity for two years. Address at Providence, R. I.

**BOSTON.**

**Mrs. W. R. Hayden**, Test Medium, by Rapping, Writing, and other modes of manifestation. Residence, No. 5 Hayward-place.

**Miss Frank Burbank**, Trance, Speaking and Personating Medium, may be found at No. 98 Hudson Street.

**G. A. Redman**, Test Medium by the various modes, Rapping, Writing and Tipping, has his rooms at No. 45 Carver-street.

**Mrs. B. K. Little**, (formerly Miss Ellis,) Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium, has opened rooms at No. 46 Elliot-street.

**Miss A. W. Snow**, No. 104 Tyler-street, Writing and Trance Medium, proposes to answer sealed letters, and describe persons that have left the form.

**FITCHBURG, MS.**

**Mrs. E. W. Sidney**, Medical Clairvoyant and Spirit Medium, Rooms Fitchburg, Mass. Terms for an examination and prescription, \$1.

**SOUTH ROYALTON, VT.**

**Mrs. Mary H. Brown**, Medical Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, will be happy to wait on the sick and afflicted.

**NASHUA, N. H.**

**Dr. Charles Ramsdell**, Clairvoyant, Writing, and Psychometric Medium, No. 19 Elm-street.

**I. G. ATWOOD,**

"THE WONDERFUL HEALING MEDIUM OF LOCKPORT, N. Y." I. G. Atwood & Lady, Magnetic and Clairvoyant Physicians, No. 18 Locust st., Lockport, N. Y., receive patients into their family for the treatment of nearly all classes of diseases, on reasonable terms. Clairvoyant examinations and prescriptions made, applicant being present, or request by letter. The name, age and residence of the subject given, syrups prepared and magnetized, by Spirit direction for each case, if required, at moderate prices.

TERMS.—Examination of persons present, \$2; including prescription, \$3; if by letter, \$3 and \$5. No letter will be answered unless it contains money or P. O. stamp. 297-4t

**MRS. E. J. FRENCH.**

**CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING PHYSICIAN,** OFFICE 780 BROADWAY, SECOND FLOOR, FRONT ROOM.

The morbid conditions of the Human organism delineated and prescribed for with unparalleled success.

TERMS.—For examination and prescription \$5, when the patient is present; if absent \$10. All subsequent examinations \$2. Terms strictly in advance. In order to insure prompt attention some of the leading symptoms must be given when sending a lock of hair.

Hours from 10 to 1 and from 2 to 4, except Saturdays and Sundays. 219-tf

**MRS. M. B. GOURLAY.**

HEALING, Clairvoyant, Psychometric, Speaking, Writing and TEST MEDIUM, (through whom Prof. Hare, of Philadelphia, conducted his investigations of the Spiritual Phenomena) offers her services to the Public.

UNMISTAKABLE TESTS of Spiritual presence, Identity and communion, together with diagnoses of disease and treatment are given. Hours, from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M., and from 4 to 10 P. M. Residence, No. 77 Lexington Avenue, above Twenty-sixth street. 215-tf

**MR. AND MRS. U. CLARK'S REMOVAL.**

Mr. and Mrs. CLARK have just removed from Williamsburgh to Auburn, N. Y., where they will labor part of the time, and make Central and Western New York their principal field of labor. They will answer calls together, or Mr. Clark will be in readiness to officiate at marriages and funerals, or as Lecturer, Psychometer and Healing Medium. After the 25th they will also be prepared to receive a few visitors who may desire to test the spiritual cure. 225-tf

**MRS. H. J. HAIN, M. D.**

No. 37 Lafayette Place, New York. Office hours, 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., exclusively for ladies, and from 2 to 5 P. M. for gentlemen, Wednesdays excepted. All other hours by appointment. Persons applying by letter must state the name, sex, and age of the patient, together with the leading features of the case. Examinations made in the interior, not the clairvoyant state. Terms:—For first examination and prescription, \$5; if the patient is present; \$10 if absent; all subsequent examinations \$5. Terms strictly in advance. 216-tf

**MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANCE.**

An accurate and reliable diagnosis with prescription will be guaranteed on application, personally or by letter, to T. G. CHASE, M. D., 356 North 12th-street, Philadelphia, Pa. TERMS: When the patient is present, \$3; if with written diagnosis and medicine, \$5; when by lock of hair from a distance, \$6—in all cases, except of pecuniary inability. Then a difference will be made. 231-3m

**MR. G. A. REDMAN,**

The well-known Test Medium of Boston has taken rooms in Canal-street, old No. 138, new No. 391. Hours may be engaged from 9 A. M. till 9 P. M. Public Circles, evening only, from 7 to 9 P. M. Private parties can be accommodated at the rooms, or at their residences if desired. To insure an uninterrupted opportunity of investigation, hours should be previously engaged. 236-tf

**MRS. HAYES,**

Clairvoyant and Healing Physician, Office 176 Grand-street. Wonderful cures by her clairvoyant powers. Terms: Examination, including prescription, \$1. Satisfactory examinations given, remember, or no pay taken. 209 DR. HAYES, Electrician.

**TO THE DISEASED.**

MR. AND MRS. C. POLLARD Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physicians, No. 18 Post-office Building, (north side) Hartford, Conn., devote themselves to the relief of the sick and afflicted, consumption not excepted. Address Dr. C. Pollard, Hartford, Conn. 215-10t

**CLAIRVOYANCE.**

Mrs. CAROLINE E. DORMAN has removed to New Haven, where she will make medical examinations and prescriptions for the sick, at her residence, 122 Grand-street, New Haven. Terms: First examination, \$3; each subsequent one, \$2.

**CLAIRVOYANCE AND PSYCHOMETRY.**

TERMS.—For Medical Examination and Prescription..... \$3.00  
For Psychometrical Delineation of Character, including conjugal adaptation, 2.00  
202 Address, R. P. WILSON, Cleveland, Ohio.

**SPIRITUAL MEDIUM.**

H. P. FAIRFIELD, Trance Speaking Medium and Clairvoyant Healing Physician, Wilbraham, Mass. 234-tf

**TIFFANY'S MONTHLY.**

THE Subscriber's Monthly is devoted to the investigation of the Philosophy of Mind in its being, action and manifestation in every plane of development, including the Philosophy of Spiritual Manifestations.

He will demonstrate the principles by which all the phenomena connected with Spiritualism can be understood, and by which all the apparent antagonisms may be harmonized.

He will trace the DIVINE METHOD in all things natural and spiritual, showing the true relation of the FINITE to the INFINITE; and will investigate the laws of Divine manifestation in the light of axiomatic truths.

He will demonstrate the existence of a religious nature in man, point out its needs and the Divine method of supplying them.

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He will teach the method of truly translating the ACTUAL and REAL into the PERCEPTIVE and IDEAL, by means of which the mind is truly unfolded in LOVE and WISDOM, thereby begetting in man true action in respect to himself, his NEIGHBOR and his GOD.

To be published at the office of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, New York. Each Number contain ninety-six octavo pages, Small Pica type. This work commenced on the 1st of March, 1856. It is issued monthly, at \$3 per annum, in advance. Subscriptions and remittances received by PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, Telegraph Office, 342 Broadway, New York. JOEL TIFFANY.

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THE undersigned having been endeavoring the past six or seven months to obtain the liberty or permission of speech through some channel of the Northern Press, and having made various solicitations to four several mediums of the Newspaper press, and thus far having signally failed, and hearing various rumors of a free Press, takes this means of ascertaining its locality. Any newspaper publisher that will publish a few short communications, the leading one designed to (or prepare the way to) meet the Southern sentiment, *genius loci*, or "Free Society a failure," will confer a favor by forwarding his address to the Editor of this paper.

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Bromide of Magnesium, a trace.		
Chloride of Potassium.....	0.3555	2.7302
Chloride of Sodium.....	29.8034	228.8901
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## Interesting Miscellany.

## PARTING HAWSERS AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

FROM DR. KANE'S "ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS."

It blew a perfect hurricane. We had seen it coming, and were ready with three good hawsers out ahead, and all things snug on board.

Still it came on heavier and heavier, and the ice began to drive more wildly than I thought I had ever seen it. I had just turned in to warm and dry myself during the momentary lull, and was stretching myself out in my bunk, when I heard the sharp twanging snap of a cord. Our six-inch hawser had parted, and we were swinging by the two others; the gale roaring like a lion to the southward.

Half a minute more, and "twang, twang!" came a second report. I knew it was the whale line by the shrillness of the ring. Our noble ten-inch manilla still held on. I was hurrying my last sock into its sealskin boot, when McGary came waddling down the companion-ladders: "Captain Kane, she won't hold much longer; it's blowing the devil himself, and I am afraid to surge."

The manilla cable was proving its excellence when I reached the deck; and the crew as they gathered round me, were loud in its praises. We could hear its deep Æolian chant, swelling through all the rattle of the running gear and moaning of the shrouds. It was the death song! The strands gave way with the noise of a shot gun; and in the smoke that followed their recoil, we were dragged out by the wild ice, at its mercy.

We steadied and did some pretty warping, and got the brig a good bed in the rushing drift; but it all came to nothing. We then tried to beat back through the narrow ice-clogged water-way that was driving, a quarter of a mile wide, between the shore and the pack. It cost us two hours of hard labor, I thought skillfully bestowed; but at the end of that time we were at least four miles off, opposite the great valley in the center of Bedevilled Reach. Ahead of us, farther to the North, we could see the strait growing still narrower, and the heavy ice tables grinding up, and clogging it between the shore cliffs on one side, and the ledge on the other. There was but one thing left for us: to keep in some sort the command of the helm by going freely where we must otherwise be driven. We allowed her to scud under a reefed foretopsail—all hands watching the enemy, as we closed, in silence.

At seven in the morning, we were close upon the piling masses. We had only time to fasten a spar as a buoy to the chain, and let her slip. So went our best bower!

Down we went upon the gale again, hopelessly scraping along a lee of ice seldom less than thirty-feet thick; one floe, measured by a line as we tried to fasten to it, more than forty. I had seen such ice only once before, and never in such rapid motion. One upturned mass rose above our gunwale, smashing in our bulwarks, and deposited half a ton of ice in a lump upon our decks. Our staunch little brig bore herself through all this wild adventure as if she had a charmed life.

But a new enemy came in sight ahead. Directly in our way, just beyond the line of floe-ice, against which we were alternately sliding and thumping, was a group of bergs. We had no power to avoid them; and the only question was, whether we were to be dashed in pieces against them, or whether they might not offer us some providential nook of refuge from the storm. But as we neared them, we perceived that they were at some distance from the floe-edge, and separated from it by an interval of open water. Our hopes rose, as the gale drove us toward the passage, and into it; and we were ready to exult, when from some unexplained cause, probably an eddy of the wind against the lofty ice-walls, we lost our headway. Almost at the same moment, we saw that the bergs were not at rest—that with a momentum of their own, they were bearing down upon the other ice, and that it must be our fate to be crushed between the two.

Just then a broad scone-piece of low water-washed berg came driving from the southward. The thought flashed upon me of one of our escapes in Melville Bay, and as the scone moved rapidly close alongside us, McGary managed to plant an anchor on its slope, and to hold on to it by a whale-line. It was an anxious moment. Our noble tow-horse, whiter than the pale horse that seemed to be pursuing us, hauled us bravely on, the spray dashing over his windward flanks, and his forehead plowing up the lesser ice as if in scorn. The bergs encroached upon us as we advanced: our channel narrowed to a width of about forty feet: we braced the yards to keep clear of the impending ice-walls.

We passed clear; but it was a close shave—so close that our port quarter-boat would have been crushed if we had not taken it from the davits—and found ourselves under the lee of a berg, in a comparatively open lead. Never did heart-tried men acknowledge, with more gratitude, their merciful deliverance from a wretched death.

THE NEW KEY.—"Aunt," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts and make them so willing; for you know, aunt, God took my father and my mother, and they want people to be kind to their poor little daughter." "What is the key?" asked aunt. "It is only one little word—guess what?" But aunt was no guesser. "It is *please*," said the child; aunt, it is *please*; if I ask one of the great girls in school, "*Please* show me my parsing lesson?" she says, "O yes, and helps me." If I ask Sarah, "*please* do this for me?" no matter, she'll take her hands out of the suds. If I ask, uncle, "*please*," he says, "Yes, puss, if I can;" and if I say, "*please* aunt—" "What does aunt do?" asked aunt herself. "O, look and *smile* like mother, and that is best of all," cried the little girl, throwing her arms round aunt's neck, with a tear in her eye. Perhaps other children will like to know about this key, and I hope they will use it also; for there is great power in the small, kind courtesies of life.

HISTORY OF THE MARSEILLES HYMN.—The Marseillaise presents notes of the song of glory and the shriek of death; glorious as the one, funereal like the other: it assures the country while it makes the citizens turn pale. This is its history: There was then (at the time of the French Revolution, 1790,) a young officer of the artillery, in the garison of Strasburg, named Rouget de Lisle. He was born at Louis le Sannier, in the Jura, that country of revelry and energy as mountain countries always are. He charmed with his music and verses the slow dull garrison life. Much in request from his two-fold talent as a musician and a poet, he visited the house of Deitrick, an Alsatian patriot, on intimate terms. In the winter of 1792, there was a scarcity in Strasburg. The house of Deitrick was poor and the table was humble, but there was a welcome for Rouget de Lisle. Once when there was only some coarse bread and slices of ham on the table, Deitrick looked with calm sadness and said to him: "Plenty is not seen at our feasts, but what matter if enthusiasm is not wanting at our civic fetes, and courage in our soldiers' hearts. I have still a bottle of wine in my cellar." "Bring it," said he to his daughter, "and we will drink to liberty and our country."

They drank—De Lisle was a dreamer—his heart was moved—his head was heated. He went staggering to his chamber, endeavoring by degrees to find inspiration in the palpitation of his citizen's heart, and on his small harpsichord, now composing the air before the words, now composing words before the air, combining them so intimately in his mind that he could never tell which was first produced, the air or words, so impossible did he find it to separate the music from the poetry, and the feeling from the impression. He sang everything—wrote nothing. Overcome by the Divine inspiration his head fell sleeping on his instrument, and he did not awake till daylight. The song of the overnight returned to his memory with difficulty, like the recollection of a dream. He wrote it down and gave it to Deitrick, who called together some musicians who were capable of executing De Lisle's composition. De Lisle sang. At the first verse all countenances turned pale—at the second tears flowed; at the last enthusiasm burst forth. The hymn of the country was found. Alas! it was destined to be the hymn of terror. The unfortunate Deitrick went a few months afterward to the scaffold, to the sounds of the notes first produced at his fireside and from the heart of his friend.

The new song some weeks after was sung at Strasburg. It flew from city to city. Marseilles adopted it to be sung at the opening and close of its clubs. Marseilles spread it all over France. Hence the name of Marseilles.

De Lisle heard it and shuddered at its sound on his ears, while escaping by the wild passes of the Alps as a proscribed Royalist. "What do they call that hymn?" he inquired of his guide. "The Marseilles," answered the peasant. It was thus he learned the name of his own work. The arm was turned against the hand that forged it.—*Lamartine*.

FRANKLIN AND HIS CUSTOMER.—One fine morning when Franklin was busy preparing his paper for the press, a lounge stepped into the store, and spent an hour or more in looking over the books, etc., and finally taking one in his hand, asked the price.

"One dollar," was the answer.

"One dollar," said the lounge; "can't you take any less than that?"

"No, indeed; one dollar is the price."

Another hour had nearly passed, when the lounge asked:

"Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes, he is in the printing-office."

"I want to see him," said the lounge.

The shop-boy immediately informed Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the store waiting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the lounge with book in hand addressed him thus:

"Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for this book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollar and a quarter! Why, your young man asked only a dollar."

"True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to have taken a dollar than to have been taken out of my office."

The lounge seemed surprised, and wishing to end the parley of his own making, said:

"Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it."

"One dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half! Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes, said Franklin, and I had better taken that price than a dollar and a half now."

The lounge paid down the price, and went about his business—if he had any—and Franklin returned into the printing office.

"LOUDER!"—A man lately went to the Post-office, and putting his mouth up to the delivery-box, cried out, "Louder!" The clerk supposing the man to be deaf, and that he was making a request of him to speak louder so that he could hear, asked him in a very loud tone the name of the person for whom he wanted the letter. "Louder!" cried the man. "What name?" yelled the clerk. "Louder!" again bawled the man, who now supposed the clerk to be deaf. The clerk took a long breath, and with all his might again bawled out in the man's face the same question. "What name?" This was done in so loud a tone that the echo seemed to return from the far-off hills. The man started back in alarm, shouting to the top of his big lungs: "Louder, Sir, Louder! I told you Louder! My name is nothing else!" "Oh, ah! oh, ho!" said the clerk, "your name is Louder, eh? Didn't think of that; here's your letter; Mr. Louder, here's your letter."—*Washington Star*.

ONE SECRET OF A HAPPY DEATH.—Were I to live my life, over again, I should make it a point to do a kindness to a fellow-being whenever I had the opportunity. I regret very much that my habit has been so different. It has been my way too much to let others take care of themselves, while I took care of myself.

If some little trespass was committed to my rights, or if I suffered some slight inconvenience from the thoughtlessness or selfishness of others, I was greatly annoyed, and sometimes used harsh and reproachful language toward the offender. I am now satisfied that my own happiness was greatly impaired by this course, and that my conduct and example contributed to the irritation and unhappiness of others.

It was but the other day that I was passing along the street, and a coachman was endeavoring to draw a light carriage into the coach-house. He tried once or twice without success, and, just as I came up, the carriage occupied the whole of the side-walk, and prevented my passing.

The fellow looked as if it ought not to be so, and there was something like a faint apology in his smile. It was on my tongue to say, "In with your carriage, man, and do not let it stand here blocking up the passage!" But a better spirit prevailed. I went to the rear of the carriage and said:

"Now try again, my good fellow!" while I gave a little push, and in the carriage went, and out came the pleasant "Thank you, sir, much obliged." I would not have taken a twenty-dollar bank-note for the streak of sunshine that this one little act of kindness threw over the rest of my walk, to say nothing of the lighting up of the coachman's face.

And when I look back upon my intercourse with my fellow-men all the way long, I can confidently say that I never did a kindness to any human being without being happier for it. So that, if I were governed by merely selfish motives, and wished to live the happiest life I could, I would just simply obey the Bible precepts, to do good unto all men as I had opportunity.

THE COMPLETED CORAL ISLAND.—The Coral Island, in its best condition, is but a miserable residence for man. There is poetry in every feature; but the natives find this a poor substitute for bread-fruit and yams of more favored lands. The cocoanut and pandanus are, in general, the only products of the vegetable kingdom afforded for their sustenance, and fish and crabs from the reef their only food. Scanty, too, is the supply; and infanticide is resorted to in self-defense, when but a few years would otherwise overstock the half-dozen square miles of which their little world consists. Yet there are more comforts than might be expected on land of so limited extent—without rivers, without hills, in the midst of salt water, with the most elevated point but ten feet above high tide, and no part more than three hundred miles from the ocean. Though the soil is light, and the surface often strewn with blocks of coral, there is a dense covering of vegetation to shade the native villagers from the tropical sun.

The cocoanut, the tree of a thousand uses, grows luxuriantly on the coral-made land after it has emerged from the ocean; and the scanty dresses of the natives, their drinking vessels and other utensils, mats, cordage, fishing-lines and oil, beside food, drink and building materials, are all supplied from it. The pandanus, or sacred pine, flourishes well, and is exactly fitted for such regions; as it enlarges and spreads its branches, one prop after another grows out from the trunk and plants itself in the ground; and by this means its base is widened and the growing tree supported. The fruit, a large ovoidal mass made of dry seeds diverging from a center, each near two cubic inches in size, affords a sweetish, husky article of food, which, though little better than prepared corn-stalks, admits of being stored away for use when other things fail. The extensive reefs abound in fish which are easily captured, and the natives, with wooden hooks, often bring in large kinds from the deep waters. From such sources, a population of 10,000 persons is supported on the single Island of Taputeona, (or Drummond's Island, one of the Kings-mills,) whose whole inhabitable area does not exceed six square miles.—*U. S. Exploring Expedition*.

## BORN INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD.

RUFUS CROSBY KEMP left the earthly tabernacle, which he had occupied nearly forty-three years, at 7 o'clock, Monday morning, October 20th, at his late residence, No. 259 Fourth Avenue, this city.

Our brother had complained of pain in the region of his lungs and heart for some months past, but attended to his business up to Friday night, prior to his death. Saturday and Sunday he was about the house, and no one suspected his near dissolution until the fatal moment came.

Mr. Kemp married at an early age, in Boston, and has raised up an unusually interesting family of eight children, whom he left to the guiding counsels of an affectionate mother. He was a kind and indulgent husband and father, and devotedly fond of his family.

Mr. Kemp has been an indefatigable merchant, first in the tailoring, afterward the dry goods business, in Boston. For the last few years he has been engaged in the furniture business in the city of New York, and for the last year or more, under the name and firm of Vrede & Co. Our brother was subjected to many of the trials and misfortunes of trade, all of which he met with Christian fortitude, and he was sustained by a serene hope of overcoming them all. But death came to him in the prime of life, to arrest his almost superhuman endeavors for the realization of the hopes of physical nature, and transported his soul into sublimer realities. May his serene spiritual presence and heavenly counsels be still realized by his bereaved family and devoted friend.



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**Mrs. Beck**, 883 Eighth Avenue, Trance, Speaking, Rapping, Tipping and Personating Medium.

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**Mrs. R. M. Henderson** is a Trance-Speaking Medium of whose abilities we hear very favorable reports. We once had the pleasure of listening to her in Hartford, and can truly say that her discourse on that occasion was, intrinsically and as an illustration of mediumship, above the average standard. Mrs. Henderson may be addressed at Newtown, Conn.

**Mrs. Caroline E. Dorman**, Clairvoyant, residence 122 Grand-street, New Haven. Medical examinations and prescriptions for the sick will be attended to.

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**Miss Frank Burbank**, Trance, Speaking and Personating Medium, may be found at No. 98 Hudson Street.

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**Mrs. B. K. Little**, (formerly Miss Ellis,) Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium, has opened rooms at No. 46 Elliot-street.

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## A CARD—TO THE NORTHERN PRESS.

The undersigned having been endeavoring the past six or seven months to obtain the liberty or permission of speech through some channel of the Northern Press, and having made various solicitations to four several mediums of the Newspaper press, and thus far having signally failed, and hearing various rumors of a free Press, takes this means of ascertaining its locality. Any newspaper publisher that will publish a few short communications, the leading one designed to (or prepare the way to) meet the Southern sentiment, *genius loci*, or "Free Society a failure," will confer a favor by forwarding his address to the Editor of this paper.

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