

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

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VOL. V.—NO. 31.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 239.

Current Items.

BURYING THE WRONG MAN.—MR. PATRICK BURKE MEETING HIS OWN FUNERAL.—On Wednesday last Mrs. Catharine Burke, residing in Eleventh Avenue, near Forty-seventh-street, learned that her husband, Patrick, had been killed at Tarrytown, by a train of cars belonging to the Hudson River Rail Road Company. She immediately started for that place, and on seeing the body of deceased, at once recognized it as that of her husband. A handsome mahogany coffin was immediately procured, and a regular old-fashioned Irish wake followed, after which (on Thursday) the body was brought to this city. Five carriages were hired, and being filled with the mourning friends of the deceased, the funeral cortege started for Calvary Cemetery, but on their way were brought to a halt by the sudden appearance of the genuine Patrick Burke. The funeral procession was, of course, immediately stopped, and Patrick returned to his home in a carriage beside his wife. The corpse was started off for the Bellevue Dead-House, where Coroner Perry yesterday held an inquest upon it, and the above facts were elicited. The body was conveyed to the Dead-House for a second recognition.

THE DREADFUL CALAMITY AT KIRKWOOD.—The Postmaster at Kirkwood, Broome county, furnishes the *Binghamton Republican* with the particulars of the horrible calamity, a brief mention of which we published under our telegraph head on Monday. The letter is dated the 8th instant, and is as follows: "Our usually quiet town has been thrown into a great state of excitement by the burning of a house within about a mile and a half from this village, with all its occupants, consisting of Mr. Harlow Perkins, his wife and seven children—two of them nearly grown—and Mr. Perkins' mother, an old lady. Mr. Perkins' father lived with him, but went over to stay with another son last night, who lived but a few rods distant. I have just returned from the scene of disaster, and I can assure you it was an awful scene. There was scarcely enough left of the remains of any of the ten persons to recognize them as human beings. The building was burned last night about midnight, but nothing can be ascertained as to its origin."

A RARE BLOCK FOR THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—Dr. Heap has sent to the United States a beautiful block of Carthaginian marble for the Washington National Monument. It was obtained from the ruins of what is supposed to have been the temple of Esculapius, and was cut from a most splendid column of yellow antique marble with red veins. The block is a cube of two feet; on a highly-polished surface it bears the arms of Carthage (a horse and palm tree), executed in Mosaic, underneath which is the word "Carthage." The different colored marbles of which the Mosaic is composed, were all obtained from the ruins of Carthage. In future ages, when not even the ruins of this once famous city of antiquity remain to attest its past existence, this solitary block of marble, dug from the moldering ruins of an idolatrous temple, and placed within a monument to "the Father of his Country," may perhaps be the sole relic of Carthage from the wreck of time.—*English Paper.*

THE TELEGRAPH ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.—The New York and Newfoundland telegraph line was opened to St. Johns, November 9, and congratulatory messages between the New York company and Governor Dudley of Newfoundland have already passed over the wires. The long contemplated trans-atlantic company is said to have actually been formed in London, under the auspices of Sir John Brett. One-half of the required capital to complete the line from Newfoundland to Ireland, was immediately taken up. Contracts looking to the certain completion of the line across the Atlantic next summer, were being negotiated with one of the London submarine telegraph manufacturing companies, the work to be commenced in November, and the line laid down in July next.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—The *Benninton Banner* says: "On Saturday evening last, one of the most heart-rending accidents took place at Bennington, which it has been our lot to record for a long time. It appears that while Mrs. Ranney, wife of Dr. J. W. Ranney, and Mrs. Colvin, wife of Mr. Vail Colvin, were riding in a carriage down the hill near the former residence of P. L. Robinson, Esq., in the village of North Bennington, and as they came to the bridge at the foot of the hill, they discovered a team coming in the opposite direction, whereupon Mrs. Ranney immediately turned the course of her horse, in order to let the other team pass, there being but one track upon which to cross the bridge, when her horse became frightened at a pile of lumber, and commenced backing; and although every effort was put forth to check him in his course, they did not succeed, and the horse, carriage and occupants were precipitated down an embankment of some fifteen feet, killing Mrs. Ranney instantly, and severely, if not mortally, injuring Mrs. Colvin."

REMARKABLE FAMILY.—A paper in Burlington (Conn.) publishes the following: Residing within a stone's throw of our office is an old lady, Mrs. Pol. Beaman, a history of whose family presents the most striking instances of prolonged life that we ever knew or heard of. She is now in the ninety-second year of her age. The decease of her partner, Tracy Beaman, occurred but a short time since. He was two years her senior, and they had lived together in the same farm-house during sixty nine years. They had a family of nine children, the eldest of whom is now seventy-three, and was married when she was fourteen. Of the grandchildren there are now forty-nine, the eldest of whom is aged fifty-six. There are one hundred and fifty-six great-grandchildren and eighteen great-great-grandchildren. A few are dead, but the family seems blessed with an iron constitution, and most of them are yet living and well. We doubt if there is another case in this country where a venerable mother can call two hundred and thirty of her lineal pedigree around her Thanksgiving dinner-table.

ANOTHER ROYAL MARRIAGE.—The heir presumptive to the crown of Holland, who has lately been on a visit to the English Court, has, it is said, fallen desperately in love with the Princess Alice, and the Minister Plenipotentiary at the English Court has received instructions from the Hague to make overtures for a matrimonial alliance. Queen Victoria seems to be quite a model mother in the way of match-making. She will now have two daughters fiancées to two crowns.

STEAM ON THE RED SEA.—The Viceroy of Egypt has chartered a steam navigation company, with a capital of three millions, of which the government will furnish two millions, to establish steam communication between various points on the Red Sea. Mustapha Bey, nephew of the Viceroy, will direct the enterprise.

A COSTLY BRIDGE.—The suspension bridge about to be erected over the Mississippi at St. Louis, it is said will be the most costly in the world. It will cost about two million dollars, will be eighty-four feet above high water, and over a mile in length. The bottom of the towers will be sixty feet below low water.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

S. B. Brittan's Programme.

MR. BRITTAN'S Programme of Lectures was received too late for our last paper. The portion of it that is not yet behind time, is as follows:

Chicago, Ill. from the 23d to 26th instant.
New Albany, Ind. " 28th to 30th instant.

Lecture in Brooklyn.

Mrs. L. S. Beck, trance speaking medium, who spoke to such good acceptance last Sunday week, to the Spiritualist at Clinton Hall, corner of Clinton and Atlantic streets, Brooklyn, will speak again at the same place next Sunday afternoon, at the usual hour.

Lectures next Sunday.

MR. AMBLER will occupy the desk at Dodworth's Academy, 806 Broadway, next Sunday morning and evening, and Mr. Harris will speak in Academy Hall, Broadway, opposite Bond street, next Sunday morning and evening.

Those persons who may feel any interest in the difference between T. L. Harris and L. T. Warner, respecting the duration of Mr. Harris' occupancy of the desk at Dodworth's Hall, will be gratified to learn that such difference was the result of a mutual misapprehension, and that such mutual explanations have taken place as to be perfectly satisfactory to both parties and re-establish a cordial understanding.

T. L. HARRIS,
L. T. WARNER.

NEW YORK, November 21, 1856.

To "E. C."—I do not know any psychometrical readers who use Buchanan's Chart; neither do I know of any such readers whose powers or capabilities to delineate characters can be relied on.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

"E. S." is informed that the price of Mrs. Mettler's Restorative Syrup is two dollars per bottle.

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WHOLE NO. 239.

The Principles of Nature.

FROM DR. HARE.

MISAPPREHENSION OF "F. J. B." CORRECTED, IN RELATION TO DR. HARE'S ALLEGATIONS AS TO THE FINDING OF THE PENTATEUCH BY HILKIAH.

"F. J. B." states that "Dr. Hare alleges that the Pentateuch was forged by Hilkiah." This is incorrectly stated. A document, in order to avail as testimony, must be so presented as to create in us the impression that it is not a forgery.

I urged, that no manuscript alleged by any priest during the dark ages, to be found in any cathedral or in the Vatican, and sent to a fanatical king who could not read, to be read by a clerk, would now be deemed authentic, so as to establish any miraculous facts bearing on religion. No confirmation of Romanism would be credited having no better origin than that thus suggested.

Suppose that a book, giving an account of manifestations like those now attested by Spiritualists, was alleged to have been found by any person, whether in sacerdotal orders or otherwise, of whom no particular knowledge could be obtained, nor of the authorship of the book, would any credit be given to it by those who now consider Hilkiah and his associates trustworthy? Does the finding of a book by a person worthy of confidence prove the authors of it to be worthy of confidence? It is not necessary that a broker should allege a signature to be a forgery; it is enough for him to say, in refusing to take a check: "I do not know the signature; it may be forged." A dealer will not take a bank note of the genuineness of which he is ignorant, nor when he does not know the drawer to be solvent. In a recent communication I have admitted, that conceding certain books to have been found, it was in the power of the parties into whose keeping they fell, to make any changes which suited their views. Under the most favorable aspect which this narrative presents, the Pentateuch can have no higher authority than that of a manuscript so little cared for as to be allowed to be not only lost, but forgotten by those who had a deep interest in its contents.

As I contemplate the whole of the five books in question, they consist of a crude, ill-written history, or annals of a barbarous people, who assumed to themselves great merit for adopting an abstract conception of their God, instead of seeking any assistance from images; nevertheless transferring their worship to tabernacles and temples, sacrifices and ceremonies which were quite as absurd, and upon which our modern Bible-worshippers have passed a practical sentence of condemnation, by their utter neglect of them.

From the self-condemnation thus involved, an escape is sought by ascribing mutability to the commands of God, who is made to enjoin one set of moral precepts by Moses, and another by Jesus.

The Bible is, as I think, of a nature to disprove itself to all who are not incapacitated by the educational prejudice, or intimidated by sectarian intolerance from forming an independent opinion, or from the expression of any verdict which their conscience may dictate.

"F. J. B." asserts, that it was a particular sanctified copy of the Pentateuch which Hilkiah found and read to Josiah; but this is contradicted by the fact, that this king is represented as rending his clothes through grief, and to have used the following words: "Great is the wrath of the Lord that is poured out on us, because our fathers have not kept the word of the Lord, to do after all that is written in this book." Accordingly, Huldah, the prophetess, thus expresses herself to the messengers of the king:

Tell the man who sent you to me, thus saith the Lord: "Behold! I will bring evil upon this place and upon the inhabitants thereof; even all the curses which are written in the book which they have read before the king of Judah, because they have forsaken me and have burned incense unto other gods, that they might provoke me to anger with the work of their hands; therefore my wrath will be poured out upon this place, and shall not be quenched."

Then the king is represented as making a "covenant anew," to perform "the words of the covenant" written in the book thus found. It is represented that there was much exertion required on the part of this pious monarch, "to take away the abominations" which had prevailed in consequence of ignorance of this recovered record of the laws of Moses.

How is all this to be reconciled with the pretence of "F. J. B." that it was only a particular sacred copy that was missing, many others being in the possession of the Judaic community?

The loss of books so important in the eyes of such devotees as Josiah, must demonstrate that they had not been viewed in the same way by those who allowed them to be neglected, mislaid or forgotten. The Jews at that time were better judges of the authenticity of the Pentateuch than anybody can be in modern times, and it appears that they were so feebly impressed with a belief in their divine origin, that they were at various times induced to leave the worship of Jehovah, according to the Mosaic dispensation, for that of idols. Idolatry appears to have prevailed so exclusively during Josiah's reign, anterior to the finding of the book, that as a punishment therefor, the whole nation was condemned to an ignominious captivity.

Even Solomon, the wisest of men, as pretended, was so little impressed with the truth of the Jewish Scripture, that in his old age he became an idolator.

Had Moses presented to the Israelites sufficient evidence of his divine authority, is it creditable that any of them would have worshiped the golden calf?

It is also erroneously mentioned, that the presentation of the book of Josiah "has been admitted by Dr. Hare to have taken place." Far from making this admission, I urged, that according to the respectable authority of Dr. Norton, of Cambridge, Mass., the Old Testament was written after the return of the Jews from captivity.

All that I would effect by reference to the precarious evidence of the origin of this much-adored biblical record, is to show that there is no evidence adequate to prove it to be the word of God, or to have owed its existence to divine inspiration, so that the horrid crimes committed by Abraham, Moses, Jacob, Joshua,

Samuel and David, are to be laid to the account of the God of the universe, and as having his sanction, if not resulting from his immediate instructions.

RELIGION.

RELIGION, etymologically speaking, is derived from the Latin *religare*, to tie. The dogmatists of the old Church have represented the ties between God and man to consist in the observance of the covenants and commands of God to man. Hence necessarily arose the question amongst them, whether good acts or faith are the necessary requisites of true Religion?

Spiritualism is neither Protestant nor Catholic. Spiritualism seeks truth and embraces it, even when issued from the secret conclave of Rome, while on the other hand it rejects merciless falsity, even when it represents itself as an offering of free reason. Spiritualism will therefore be commended to acceptance in so far as it will remove all, or at least most of, the difficulties which have agitated honest minds for by-gone centuries.

Religion, in our meaning, is *love*, and love is an urgent *anxiety, partly conscious, and partly unconscious, for a union of man's soul to God*; and this sense of religion is very fitly embodied in the Roman word *religare*; because love is union, and union is a tie. Religion, therefore, is a holy matrimony between man's soul and God.

There exists a universal law in the physical world which some will call the law of impermeability, whereby two bodies can never unite in one, except in a state of solution. A body can not, as long as it has a concrete self-existence—a signification of its own—form a union with any other body, or be assimilated by it; so that it became the adage of the old philosophers, that "Bodies do not act upon each other, but in a fluid state." The chemist in his laboratory—that imitator of God's secrets—breaks and dissolves the bodies whose forms he is desirous to see changed. The morsel which I try to appropriate in my own nourishment must first be crushed by the mechanical force of the teeth, and dissolved by the chemical agency of the poisonous saliva; a swallowed morsel passes through the body without being united or assimilated by it.

The very same law is prevailing in the moral and spiritual world. No soul can perfectly unite with another and congenial one, much less can a soul be united with a *Spirit*, except in a state of solution. Love is, therefore, the great moral fluid which dissolves and makes unite idea with idea, soul with soul, soul with idea, Spirit with Spirit.

We said above, "Religion is a holy matrimony." This was not intended to serve as a metaphor at all, but as an actual representation of the moral world, typifying that inward, imperious sentiment, which flies around in us angel-like without ever assuming a body in an external act. It is a perfumed flower without seed. We are drawn to it by scent alone. These incorporeal spirits can only be judged by their types in the visible world. Such a visible type of the invisible religious sentiment is matrimony, and it has therefore to be judged by it.

Plato said, The beginning of wisdom is astonishment, and truly a man who can never be astonished—a man to whom everything is plain and square—of such a man I should think that his heart is not in the right place. He lacks love, and can therefore never enter the temple of wisdom. It astonishes the inquirer after the truth, when perceiving a truth to which he reached only after long exertions in collating facts of which the ancients were quite ignorant—still to find that humanity in her rise when yet in the cradle, forboded all truth, and symbolized it. So have the eastern people considered the material symbol of love as a covenant between God and man. Hence the law of circumcision. Christ changed this for circumcision of the heart; and there is no doubt in my mind that had Christ with his apostles been fully conscious of the divinity of sexual love and matrimony—had they not considered woman as sin and a necessary evil; and had they understood that woman's love is the only visible type of the invisible love to God, and that the first is related to the later as the flower is related to the fruit—they had then, instead of speaking in such indefinite terms of love and matrimony, proclaimed aloud, *sub hoc signo salve*.

Or would you have the whole of my thought? Then I will say: The *infantile age* is mainly devoted to the self-hood, and with the same propriety that physiologists called the age of suckling a continuation of gestation, we may call the whole infantile age a continuation of the same. In this age all that which is spiritual in man is and exists already, but in a foetal state, unconsciously wrapped in membranes of its own. The *age of puberty*, when the body wings and plumes itself, the membranes suddenly break, and fantasy is installed. To our own astonishment a celestial thought drops into our soul, whispering in our ear that we are incomplete; that our soul is *en rapport* with another and congenial soul; that our soul is but the reflex of humanity, as each dew-drop reflects the whole sun; that our soul is *en rapport* with the soul of the Universe; that the soul of humanity is *en rapport* with the Deity itself. This Spirit is the new-born of the age of fantasy, which in a similar manner as the new-born organism, can not be brought in immediate contact with the Universe and its objects, but must be supported and nursed upon the bosom of its mother. So neither can the new-born Spirit come in immediate contact with the soul of the Universe, much less with the Deity; but it needs to be supported and nursed with the purest and most refined milk of our breasts, in love and matrimony. Love and matrimony is, therefore, to the love of God, what the mother's milk is to the development of man. Races and nations who neglect to nurse the new-born Spirit, have an immatured Deity—a Deity of fantasy—for instance, the African tribes with their fetishism.

We try, therefore, to solve this problem, whether true religion consists in good acts or in faith, by transferring the same question to matrimony. Matrimony has the same elements of which religion is composed. Faith is a union of one soul with another and congenial one, brought about by the all-melting fluid of love, supported and cherished in hope of the future generation. Faith and good acts are therefore the axis about which revolves matrimony; and if you inquire of materialistic men, which of them consummates matrimony, they will not hesitate to refer you to the cradle from which a positive cry of the new generation satisfies all your senses. But it will not satisfy woman's sense. Women, the mothers of mankind who, with all readiness, would sacrifice ten lives for the sake of their offspring—women's feeling will revolt at such a heartless matrimony. Her uncontrolled feeling will give vent to the emphatic cry of protest: "*Matrimony is no nursery*—matrimony is faith in a union of soul with soul."

Yet is the mere Platonic love, the desire after a union of soul with soul, in itself a mere possibility and no reality—a *sentimentality*, but no *morality*. No soul can perfectly unite with another one, so long as it is encompassed in the shrine of the body; no drop of crystallizing water contained in a piece of ice, can unite in one drop with that contained in another piece of ice, before the crystal is melted, and the crystallizing water freed from its limited planes and edges. And these good acts of matrimony are just the given media of solution by aid of which the body becomes broken and humiliated in self-denial, the conscious mind eclipsed by the moment of unconsciousness. Thus all individuality is suspended. For the essence of love is abnegation of the body and absorption of individuality.

The same is the case in the matrimony of man with God. To state that good acts alone are sufficient for salvation, is to make

of the holy church a work-shop where hell and paradise are built. It may well satisfy a good many, but men of a developed inner sense will revolt against the desecration of the most holy, just as Luther did against the trade of absolution by Tetzl. And it is a sad experience to perceive that Luther only understood how to abolish the market sale, but not the private ones. The Protestant Church deals constantly with hell and heaven in the name of God; still it is given to no woman-born to make dispensations of God's unbounded blessings.

The salvation of men consists in the realization, as much as possible upon earth, of a union of man's soul with God as the only true worship; and this union can but incompletely be attained by immolations, by offerings of our body and mind, by self-denial and humility, by abnegation and absorption, whose media are the moral acts, whose essence consists in a benevolent self-denial.

All flowers of plants, after the anthera have poured out into the *pistillum* the pollen, wither and die; the largest portion of animals, after the union of one unconscious idea with the opposite one, die and close the summit of their existence in attaining that which Buddhism taught man to be his salvation, viz., *annihilation*.

S. KISSEFF, M. D.

TEST COMMUNICATIONS.

THE following communication was made to me through Mr. G. A. Redman, medium, formerly of Boston, but now at 138 Canal-street, New York, on Friday last, November 14th, 1856. I found Mr. Redman alone in his room, and he invited me to take a seat and try for a communication. I hesitated, as I did not stop for that purpose, nor did I expect a communication, having made a good many trials, but uniformly without success. I however concluded to take a seat at his table, and proceeded as follows:

In the first place I took six small pieces of paper and wrote the name of a near deceased relative upon each. I then folded them in as small a compass as I could, and rolled them together until each one was no larger than a common-sized pea. The question was then asked, "Is there a Spirit present who will communicate with me?" Soon the response came, that there was. "Is the name of the Spirit written on either of these pieces of paper?" (pointing to the slips of paper on the table.) "Yes." I then asked, "Is your name on this?" No response. "On this?" No response. "On this?" No response. "On this?" "Yes." "Will the Spirit write its name before I open the paper?" "Yes." At once Mr. Redman wrote the name "Elizabeth;" and upon opening the paper I found the same name written upon it. I then asked if Elizabeth would give me a communication in writing? At once Mr. Redman's hand was influenced, and commenced to write at the top of the page, from right to left, with the letters standing toward me. As I was sitting at the opposite side of the table, and continued to write until he came to the bottom of the page, it could only be read by holding the paper to the glass. It was as follows:

MY DEAR MORTAL BROTHER—Though I do not often come to thee, still I am with thee, and my Spirit is watching over and guiding both the mind and the body from the ways of the world that are wrong. O how I do enjoy this moment! I never have been allowed before where I could come so nigh and see thee, and tell thee of my high love. O how much this world has to learn! And to see thy soul so receptive, it makes us all happy. Thy sister guardian, ELIZABETH.

After reading this communication, and a few moments reflection, I remarked, "It is a long time since you died." The Spirit immediately said, "I passed to life, dear brother." I then inquired, "Is our mother with you?" when Mr. Redman wrote again as before:

I told mother, and we left our duties to spend a few moments with one who is walking the path of spiritual truth, and each moment gaining upon the distance that separates him from the unseen but realized existence. Thou hast lived long on earth compared with me, dear brother, and well thou hast, for now thy pillow of experience can be soothed by angels.

I asked many other questions, all of which were answered promptly and correctly. Amongst them was this, "Have your religious opinions undergone any change since you left the form?" to which she replied that they had. This question was induced from a desire to learn if a change of views take place after we enter the Spirit-world. As this sister was of a religious temperament, and early in life joined herself to the church and applied herself devotedly to her religious duties, believing what the church taught, as it does, that there can be no change after death, "that as death leaves us, so the judgment finds us," and our condition

is irrevocably fixed at the period of death. This doctrine denies in effect, the idea of progression, and fixes our condition in a state of absolute happiness or misery, without a possibility of change. If, therefore, this communication is a true one, it proves that the idea of a fixed condition is false, and admits the doctrine of progression to be true. And why not? Does not all consistent, rational reflection teach, that to be immortal we must retain all our faculties, entire and complete, and exercise them in the Spirit-world as we exercise them here? and if so, how is it possible for us to exist to all eternity without advancing in moral goodness? This is the universal effect here in the form. Age calms our physical energies, and quickens our moral and religious faculties, and must operate the same upon the same minds wherever they are situated. "Like causes produce like effects;" so virtuous deeds elevate and advance our moral and religious nature, whether we exist in the form or in the Spirit-world.

The communication referred to may be true or false. In some respects it is probably not true; but the question after all is, Did it come from the Spirit-world? or did it proceed from my own mind, or from the mind of Mr. Redman? One of the three sources must be the true source whence it came, for there was no living person in the room but Mr. Redman and myself. Mr. Redman is an almost entire stranger to me. He knew nothing of me, nor of my family connections. He could not have known the one who purports to communicate, for she left the form twenty-six years since, which must have been several years before Mr. Redman was born. How, then, could he have written the name, "Elizabeth," to correspond with the name I had written upon the small piece of paper, which he did not see, and had no possible chance of knowing what I had written? If Mr. Redman had known my family connections, and desired to deceive me, it would have been quite natural for him to have written the names of other deceased relatives who have left the form recently, and whose names would have satisfied me quite as well, as to have brought forward the one who had been absent so long as to be, in some degree, lost from my mind. I can not bring myself to believe, for one moment, that the communication came from him.

As to the probability of these communications being a reflex of my own mind, I can speak with certainty; for notwithstanding I wrote the name "Elizabeth," with five other names, I know positively that I was not thinking of her, nor was I expecting to hear from her. My mind was fixed upon two or three deceased relatives who had left the form quite recently, and from whom I desired and expected a communication, if I had one at all. I know I was not thinking of "Elizabeth" at the time; therefore the communication could not be a reflex of my mind, and the conclusion is to me irresistible, that it came from the Spirit-world; and this conclusion is strengthened by the almost numberless communications that come to others under similar or more striking circumstances, bringing conviction to thousands and thousands, of the reality of meeting our departed friends who have preceded us to the Spirit home, and who still come back to us with glad tidings to help us forward in our course.

And why should it not be so? What are the obstacles that forbid our communion? If immortality is a reality, our friends live; death has not destroyed them; and if they continue to live, they must be the same beings they were here. The mode of existence may have changed—not the existence itself. They possess all the attributes of mind that characterize them here. Not one "jot or tittle" will be changed; for if change comes over us we lose our identity, and are no longer the same individual beings. To argue a change would be to argue a total annihilation. To live on is an immutable law of our being, and can not be changed. This we see in all the communications that come to us. The same human feelings, the same affections, the same habit of thought—in fact, the same being whom we knew as our father, mother, sister, brother, husband, wife, or friend, and who shared our affections here, and at whose departure from us we shed tears of sorrow, believing the grave separated us, perhaps forever, now return to us, manifesting all the characteristics by which we knew them in the form. Few have realized a rational idea of a future mode of existence; all has been vague and unsatisfactory. But the time now seems to be at hand when we are to be permitted to know something of ourselves, of our destiny, and what are our duties, in order to insure our best good, here as well as hereafter. There are laws that govern us morally and physically; these laws are only to be understood and obeyed, to give us happiness here; and as this state of existence

is a part of the future, or as our whole existence makes up eternity, it only requires us to live in harmony with ourselves here, to ensure that harmony of the soul we desire when the physical nature ceases to be longer of use to us, and when the soul is in the full enjoyment of that condition most congenial to itself. Then will joy and peace flow out from us, and heart will gladden heart, and all will join in one general jubilee of rational enjoyment in progressive life forever.

A. S. GIBBS.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE JEWS.

THE Jewish people fill so large a space in the early history of the world, that we are more familiar with their name and career than that of our forefathers. Up to a certain point, no other nation stood so boldly in the foreground, nor had so much to do with the permanent and formative events which make the history of our race what it is, as the occupants of that obscure, isolate, agricultural kingdom, so small as to be scarcely perceptible upon the map, and the prey of so many conquerors—Palestine. The chosen people of God, the honored depositaries of the only direct revelations ever made to man, heirs of the promises, the countrymen and brethren of the incarnate Lord, and actors in the most tragic and decisive events that have ever taken place in the world, this rude little people have, by an indefeasible right, attracted to themselves a reverent interest and historic importance which no other nation can claim. Losing by their fall and dispersion their central position, their subsequent history is less important, though still crowded with elements of suffering, patience, heroism, to which no other annals present a parallel. Of what they are as a religious community at present, less is generally understood than would seem possible concerning a people once so famous. We have been so much instructed by an article in the current number of the *North American Review* on this subject, that we are induced to digest its facts and statements, in the hope that the information will be interesting to our readers, who must regard the Jews, if only for their fathers' sake, with a peculiar interest.

The Jews are scattered among many nations, and share, to a great extent, the characteristics of the people among whom they dwell. But there is a radical distinction between the Jew of the East and the Jew of the West. The Mediterranean Sea separates the race of Israel into classes as distinct in spirit as are Moslem and Christian; and the Vistula is a boundary between the Judaism which is inert and stationary, and the Judaism which assimilates to itself the elements of progressive civilization. With the Oriental Hebrew, theology is the beginning and end of all knowledge. The Talmud is his Koran. To read it, pore over it, speculate upon it, copy it, are the most cherished joys of life. The Occidental Jew, on the contrary, from early years, has cultivated the arts and sciences. The names of Halevy, Aben Ezra, Maimonides, and Kimchi had once European celebrity, and still keep an eminent place in the history of the poets, philosophers, and rhetoricians of the middle ages. In almost every age and country there have been distinguished Jewish scholars, like Mendelssohn, Hillel, and Neander; and gradually they have been rising to higher social, intellectual, and moral importance, until, in proportion to their numbers, it is undoubtedly true that the Hebrew race have, in culture and influence, an equality with any sect of Christians.

The Oriental division of the Jews, the writer in question estimates at probably five millions. In the Austrian Empire they are reckoned at a million or more, and possess such decided monetary power with the State as bankers, that they have a great degree of freedom and privilege. In Prussia, where they number over half a million, they have a good position, and their relative rank as scholars is very high. The smaller States of Germany have about three hundred thousand Israelites, principally in the cities, especially in the free cities of Frankfort and Hamburg, which they feel to be half their own. In France, they are estimated as high as a hundred thousand, chiefly in the Rhine province of Alsatia. In the British possessions of Europe, the number of Jews is about sixty thousand, of whom one-third are residents of London. A few political rights are still withheld, but socially they are not distinguished from the subjects of the realm. Holland, first to grant them justice, counts in her cities not less than fifty thousand; Sweden, Denmark, and Belgium may have thirty thousand, and the various Italian States as many more. The whole number of Jews in Europe may be reckoned at four and a half millions.

In this country, the writer supposes that no class of immi-

grants has increased more rapidly than the Hebrew. In 1850, a man might count upon his fingers all the synagogues in the land; now there are at least a quarter of a million Jews, from eighty to ninety synagogues, and a multitude of smaller communities where a nucleus exists, which will soon grow into a synagogue. The city of New York alone has twenty synagogues and thirty thousand Jews—about one-twentieth part of the population being such. There are synagogues in all the chief cities of the seaboard—two in Boston, five in Philadelphia, five in Baltimore, three in New Orleans, two in Charleston, and four in Cincinnati.

The Oriental Jews are united, because stagnant. They are all Talmudists, have but few schools, and no periodicals. But the Western Jews are troubled with as many sects as Protestants. There are three principal divisions among them—the Conservatives, Reformers, and Neologists; each of these containing subdivisions made by the degree to which the peculiar notions of the party are carried. The Conservatives hold fast to tradition, and are by profession Talmudists, though differing among themselves as to the stringency and extent to which it should be held. This party is an overwhelming majority in numbers, including nine-tenths of the Israelites in Europe and America. They have four monthly magazines in Germany, one in France, one, a weekly, in Great Britain, two periodicals in Holland, and one in Italy. Of these the best is the *Jeshuran* published at Frankfort. In this country this party have only a monthly, the *Occident*, published at Philadelphia, and a weekly in New York, *The Asmodean*.

The Reformers generally deny the infallibility of tradition, but differ among themselves in the degree to which they discard it. The right wing maintain that tradition has authority, but may be lawfully modified so as to conform to the progress of civilization and the spirit of the age. The left wing are radicals concerning tradition, rejecting it utterly, and denying the resurrection of the dead. They are in fact, the modern Sadducees, though they do not maintain the relative rank of the sect in Herod's day. This party has three monthly periodicals in Germany, one in France, and two weeklies in the United States. The Neologists have also their right and left wing—the former holding to the authority of the Decalogue, but discarding the Levitical law; the latter being outright Deists. This party has but two periodicals, one in Germany, and one in Baltimore. They have but two Synagogues in this country, both in Baltimore. The Reformers have but four—one in each of the cities of Albany, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston.

Of eminent living Jewish scholars and other personages, the article notices among the Conservatives, Rabbi Rapoport, of Prague, the erudite author of the Talmudic dictionary; Dr. Sachs, of Berlin, a poet and preacher; Dr. Manheir, of Vienna; Dr. Hirsch, of Frankfort. Of the Reformers, Dr. Salomon, of Hamburg; Dr. Jost, of Frankfort; Weils, a remarkable Arabic scholar; Dr. Furst, of Leipsic; Berthold Auerbach, author of the most popular work of modern German fiction. Meyerbeer the composer, is a Jew, as also was Mendelssohn. Ernst, the first concert artist of the age; Lessing, the greatest living historical painter; Rachel, the tragedienne; Foul, the French Minister of Finance; Mr. Salvador, the historian—are all Jews, not to mention the Rothschilds, D'Israeli, and other names as familiar as household words.

The change which centuries have made in the ritual and hierarchical order of the Jews is very slight. The visitor in a synagogue sees substantially the same arrangement, and hears substantially the same prayers and chants as the Hebrews of Syria saw and heard in the days of Hillel. But not all the Jews, even of the most rigid sect, live up to their rigid creeds. The younger Israelites, like the younger Quakers, often sadly fall away from that stern obedience which is the praise of the elders. The very numerous fasts—a characteristic feature of Judaism—are kept like the Christian Lent. And as to the once darling hope of a literal return to Palestine, the Jews are said to have lost all belief or interest in it. The reply which one of the Rothschilds is said to have given to an applicant for money for this purpose probably expresses the prevalent sentiment of the Hebrew race: "I would rather be a Jew of the kings, than king of the Jews."

The amelioration of the condition of the Jews has engaged the attention, not only of Christians, but of wealthy Israelites. There are Christian Missions in the Holy Land, and in other places at the East, established for the sole purpose of their conversion. There is a costly English Church built on the highest

part of Mount Zion, but it is empty. Neither the zeal of Bishop Gobat or Mr. Nicholayson, nor the piety of Mr. Schauffler, has as yet produced any striking results. There is a small sect in Virginia, called "Disciples," who have a missionary in Jerusalem. The attempt to mingle agricultural instruction with religious teaching, now in progress at Jaffa, is too recent to permit a sound judgment as to its influence or success. At present it has but little promise, either in the sympathy of Jews or Christians.—*N. Y. Evangelist*.

THE GREAT MYSTERY.

WE are informed by the records of antiquity, that a God manifested in the flesh was a great mystery to the ancient Jews; and this undoubtedly remains a great mystery at the present day, to all those religious sectarians who have been benighted by those traditions. But to the independent mind, enlightened by divine grace, there can be no truth more fully demonstrated.

When mankind reject this divine light within, to follow blind guides, they become the victims of their own stupidity, and of a superstitious education which religious sectarians impose upon them as derived from the traditions of their fathers, and systematized by the craftiness of the priests. But the Son of God is equally beneficent to all, and his light, like the rays of the natural sun, is universally diffused. It is not the dead body, nor the natural blood of Jesus (as we have been taught), that constitute a Savior, but the living and glorified Spirit that once enlightened and animated that body, and which must find a resurrection in the sinner's heart. Christ the Savior is Deity incarnate; he is to the intellectual, what the outward sun is to the natural world, and mankind are as independent of priests and books for his revelations, as they are for the light of day. All that is to be known of God is manifest within, by the light that emanates from one's self; and there is no other medium by which man can recognize his existence or obtain the knowledge of his will.

The history of the Bible is a history of progress; and if I understand the intended moral result of the Gospel, it consisted in an entire emancipation from bondage to former precedents, and in the establishment of individual sovereignty, by the operation of the divine law written upon the heart, or the revelations of the Son of God within. It is not what God revealed to Moses, or what Jesus did eighteen hundred years ago, that materially concerns the present race; but what he reveals to us, and what he is doing now. Shall we, in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, and in this enlightened country, go away back to Mount Sinai to look for God's law, when Christ is so near? Or in view of the opening prospect before us, shall we sit down in the labors of our predecessors, and look for a stopping-place upon the march of intellect? Or shall we ascend the hill of science, which is the hill of Zion, and mount up in expanded vision, when we may see God in all his glory and man in boundless bliss?

Divine communion will constitute a heaven anywhere. With the approbation of the Son of God, or of Christ within, we may find the kingdom of heaven in the recesses of a dungeon; and without this, we may be surrounded outwardly by all the glory of an imperial palace or Trinity Church, and every place in hell, at least in miniature. But the fabled hell and kingdom of heaven of orthodox sectarians, where their Devil and their Deity reside, is a locality that has never been located. They tell us it is somewhere beyond the grave, enveloped in profound mystery; but when the worshipers of an absent and mysterious God shall get out of the dark prison of superstition where they have been fed upon the poison husks of tradition, they will discover that God is light and life, and that light is the revelation of all things in the spiritual as well as in the material world.

A LOVER OF LIGHT.

WHEN on the quiet of my lonely hours
Some softly whispering inspiration steals;
Am I less blest than he whose Spirit feels
The deepest movings of the muse's powers?
Nay. For the sunlight that gilds up the towers
Of princes—in the sheltered lane reveals
The beauty of the primrose—and unseals
Phials of fragrance in the violet's bowers.
For poetry can glad, illumine, sustain
And dignify the humblest heart she sways;
And though the world the trifles may disdain,
Still dear unto the poet are his lays.
And whoso seeketh shall not seek in vain,
For joys abundant in her pleasant ways.—*Jerrold's Mag.*



SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

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

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1856.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

"FOREST HOME" (EMPER), NEAR FOND DU LAC, WIS.,
November 15, 1856.

READERS OF THE TELEGRAPH:

Since the date of my second letter—written from Adrian, Mich.—my opportunities for writing have been extremely limited, owing to frequent and rapid changes with respect to locality and other incidental circumstances. At length, however, I am prepared to continue this correspondence under most favorable conditions. Just now I find myself magnificently disposed of in a commodious apartment, from which I look out on the groves of walnut and burr oak wherewith Nature has adorned the Governor's park. Surrounded by pleasant scenes and agreeable companions, I naturally feel more inspiration than I shall be likely to express. The truth is, on my way hither I found so many good people thirsting for the inspiring waters from the new "well-spring" that I have been *pumped nearly dry*, and some time will be required to fill up this empty spiritual "cistern." The reader must not misjudge respecting the reason why my resources are temporarily exhausted. It is well known that when a cistern is *tapped* on all sides, the contents will run out about as readily as if it were partially demolished. For this reason no one is authorized to infer that we belong to the biblical category of "broken cisterns that can hold no water."

My lectures in Michigan were generally well attended, notwithstanding they occurred on the week of the Presidential election, when the public mind was, to a great extent, preoccupied with subjects involved in the political contest. I was at Ypsilanti, on the Huron river, in Washtenaw county, on the evenings of the third and fourth. The principal hall had been engaged for my lectures by Mr. E. Samson, a true man, and one of the most consistent and devoted Spiritualists in the State. But on the evening of the third instant we had an illustration of political rectitude in the successful attempt to deprive us of the use of the hall. It being the last night before the election, one of the political parties had engaged the services of a prominent stump orator, presuming that the hall was not otherwise engaged. But when the politicians learned that the Spiritualists had secured the use of it for that evening, they proposed to give something if our friends would resign the further use of the place after the expiration of the first half hour, to which it was proposed to restrict the introductory lecture on Spiritualism. This seemed like crowding a great subject into very narrow quarters, but under the circumstances it was deemed advisable to acquiesce, that general good feeling might be preserved. Very early in the evening, the Hall was filled with a mixed audience of Spiritualists and those who had come together to "save the country." The hour designated for our lecture was half-past seven o'clock, but before the time arrived the political wire-pullers and scene-painters were in full blast. As the principles of justice and the courtesies of polite society are rarely recognized by excited politicians, our paramount claims to the use of the hall were of course totally disregarded. Those of our friends who had not yet found their way into the *political box-trap*—ingeniously baited with a short spiritual lecture—with such as happened to be seated near the door, repaired to a small hall over Mr. Samson's store, where the first lecture was delivered. On the second evening—the political operators being otherwise engaged in counting votes and in estimating the probable results of the contest—we were left in peaceable possession of the large hall. The weather was unfavorable, but in spite of the agitated state of the physical and political elements, a good audience assembled, about two-thirds of the number present being ladies. At the close of the lecture, Rev. Henry H. Powers, of the Episcopal Church, offered some friendly strictures, and the writer made a brief rejoinder, after which the people retired from the hall, apparently much interested with what they had heard.

The next place in my programme was Battle Creek, also situated on the line of the Michigan Central Railroad, one hundred and seventeen miles west of Detroit. This thriving and beautiful village stands at the point where the stream bearing the same name discharges its waters into the Kalamazoo river. I was met at the depot by several friends who anticipated my arrival. Among the number was Rev. J. P. Averill, formerly a clergyman of the Universalist denomination, now a rational and enlightened Spiritualist, and all his life a fearless and honest man. When this brother became satisfied that the Modern Manifestations were spiritual in their origin, he modestly but openly expressed his conviction. While other ministers were balancing the truth against their old dogmas and the prospect of a living, and were ready to kick the beam if the former was likely to be too weighty for the latter, he left those venerable dogmas to their appropriate keepers, and trusting to Providence and his own muscles for a subsistence, he declared himself free from all arbitrary authorities and sectarian shackles. And most nobly has he maintained his independence. The force of such an example, combined with the coincidental developments of Spiritualism, has raised up an army of friends who are likewise strong and unyielding in a devotion to the most essential principles and ideas, in manly assertion of natural and inalienable rights, and in their unselfish labor to promote the interests of the common Humanity. The friends in Battle Creek are earnest and intelligent men and women, whose homes are far more attractive to the true Reformer than Baronial Halls, and whose personal dignity and genuine hospitality present a striking contrast to the heartless show and the gilded mockeries of modern fashionable society.

The Spiritualists—judging from what the writer saw and heard—appear to embrace almost the entire Universalist congregation, many progressive members of the Society of Friends and others. The lectures were attended by a numerous class of intelligent people. During my brief stay among them, I was treated with great cordiality. Beside Brother Averill and his esteemed lady, I am likewise indebted to Joseph Merritt, Charles Mason, E. C. Manchester, David Brown, and their families, for personal attentions, which contributed much to the pleasure of our visit.

I left Battle Creek on the 7th instant for Kalamazoo, where I was to speak in the evening of that day. The place is located on the river of the same name, and has a population of about six thousand. A violent storm of mingled rain and snow did not afford a very flattering prospect for the first public experiment in Kalamazoo. On my arrival, Mr. George W. Winslow, the most active friend of our cause in that place, met me at the railroad station and welcomed me to his pleasant home, where I was agreeably entertained. The night being dark and stormy, the audience was small, but several of the most influential citizens were present, and all listened with marked attention to our proclamation of the Gospel of To-day.

In order to reach Elkhart, Ind., in time to meet the appointment on the next evening, it became necessary to continue my journey with but little delay. It was midnight when

"—Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"
shed around my pillow the soft magnetism that bars the senses, and makes the soul oblivious of earthly things. At three o'clock A. M., I abruptly shook off the spirit of slumber, and started for the depot. The storm had not abated. Before four o'clock we were on our way to Niles, where we arrived just as the day-god sent the first faint rays through the dark clouds that obscured his rising. After a few minutes' delay the writer left Niles in an ancient and well-ventilated stage coach. Like some other institutions in the country, it proved to be a very "slow coach." On our way to South Bend, which is on the line of the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad, we had no difficulty in taking things *coolly*, for as the rude winds waltzed through our crazy old vehicle, they uttered many a chilling prophecy of approaching winter.

While on the way to South Bend, no outward object attracted special attention, save the college buildings of Notre Dame, which present a fine appearance, and indicate that, like most Catholic institutions, this one is in a flourishing condition. My fellow-passengers were a German brewer and a Yankee singing-master, who were engaged in an animated discussion respecting the properties and effects of *Lager Beer*. The German was a smooth, vigorous specimen of humanity, who certainly looked as if he might resist the combined power of all

the elements, while, on the other hand, the teacher of Harmonics was a thin, ghastly genius, with red hair and a countenance that reminded me of the parched surface of a warm country in a dry season. The former insisted that Lager Beer was one of the most important institutions of modern times, while the latter contended that all intoxicating drinks serve to kindle consuming fires in the system, which deplete the senses and dissipate the vital fluids, and that they are therefore destructive of health and life. For a while the result of the contest seemed doubtful, but at length the sleek German began to illustrate his subject by a reference to particular examples, in which he instituted a comparison between himself and the singing-master. It was a lucky hit, but fatal to the prospects of our New England friend; for while the German (excuse the figure; I have been among real estate speculators) looked like a wide piece of rich bottom land, the Yankee more nearly resembled a thin strip from a sandy desert, fanned by the scorching breath of the simoon. Just as the stage arrived at the bridge that crosses the St. Joseph river at South Bend, my countryman beat a retreat.

I arrived at Elkhart at an early hour, and went directly to the hotel. I soon found Mr. M. E. Cole, through whose earnest and efficient efforts the arrangements for my lectures were undertaken and consummated. The first lecture was delivered on Saturday evening, 8th instant, and was well attended. On Sunday, the 9th, the audiences were very large for the place, especially in the evening, when the largest hall in the village was so densely crowded that there did not appear to be even a standing-place for a single individual. Several excellent friends came in from the neighboring towns and villages of Goshen, Edwardsburg, Adamsville and Bristol, and the interest manifested far exceeded the writer's expectation. After the lecture on Sunday evening, I accepted the invitation of Mr. B. F. Kenyon and his esteemed lady, to spend the night at their residence, where I also met some devoted friends from Goshen. Mr. Kenyon has one of the most desirable places in all this region. One side of his farm is washed by the clear waters of the Elkhart, while the St. Joseph bounds the other, flowing within a few rods of his dwelling. The banks are skirted with beautiful groves, and in summer this point of land, at the confluence of the two rivers, must be one of the most enchanting spots in all the West.

Spiritualism is treated with respect by the most intellectual citizens of Fond du Lac. The influence of Gov. Tallmadge is quite sufficient to restrain any marked incivility, and to check the flippant speech of those superficial persons who are accustomed to condemn whatever they do not comprehend. Through his personal efforts many excellent minds have been led to undertake a rational investigation, and the happiest results have generally ensued. An example that combines so much genuine courage and unaffected modesty cannot fail to strengthen the weak; at the same time it administers a wholesome rebuke to such as have a peculiar "mission," which leads them to admire themselves as much as they are prone to overlook the righteous claims of the rest of mankind.

In my intercourse with the Governor, one thing has especially attracted my attention. He never stipulates for the suppression of his name. No fear of becoming bankrupt in reputation ever caused him to withhold his signature from any genuine spiritual paper. He has already *indorsed*, for a large amount, and still the outside pressure excites no apprehension. When there are so many timid soldiers, who hide themselves under all kinds of covers, who fire their small arms from a spiritual stubble-field, and then dodge behind the wall, it is most refreshing to find a MAN—one who has a social and political position, and yet dares to contend in an open field, where his adversary may have a fair chance. Such a man is the Ex-Governor of Wisconsin. His own emphatic language, employed in a great political contest, is expressive of his true character. When, by his calm determination and unconquerable energy, he had doubtless prevented the reelection of Mr. Van Buren to the Presidency, leaving the latter no alternative but to retire to private life, he expressed a wish to resign his own seat in the United States Senate, desiring no further participation in public affairs. But those who had been instrumental in elevating him to that high position, thought that the principles and measures with which his political life had been identified, might be jeopardized by his resignation. Accordingly, they entered a remonstrance, and urged their claims to his continued services.

with so much force that he resolved to retain his seat in the Senate. In responding to their earnest solicitation for him to remain, he said :

"I will stand by the guns till the last shot is fired."

The author's unshaken firmness and his fidelity to his friends and his convictions are alike revealed in these memorable words. Without presuming to obtrude an opinion respecting the merits of the controversy in which our distinguished co-worker was then engaged, we are happy to know that he has brought these attributes—tempered by the superior wisdom of his ripened manhood, and illuminated by light from on high—with him to the altar of the LIVING FAITH.

Our friend looks on temporal possessions and worldly honors as altogether beneath the sublime realities of a living, spiritual experience and the soul's great future. In his mind, and in fact, the Angel of the Living Dispensation has dethroned Death and wrought from new-born hopes a chaplet that diffuses immortal fragrance over the tomb. Hence, the perfect complacency with which he views the dissolution of earthly forms, and the undisturbed composure that is observed to characterize every allusion to the universal change. I may be pardoned for recording a single illustration of this kind. One day, a visitor who was viewing the Governor's domain, remarked to him that "the man who has such a place ought to live forever to enjoy it." "O," said the Governor, "I have no idea of remaining here; I am only preparing this for some body else who has no better situation. I understand that up there, where I am going, they have much finer places than this."

I have written thus respecting our noble friend without his knowledge, and I might apprehend the mild displeasure of the head of the Church in Wisconsin, did I not expect to be beyond his jurisdiction before the fact is discovered by the publication of this letter. If the liberty I have taken is such as to require an apology, one is readily suggested. *I would have others who may never meet the Governor on earth, yet feel the force of such an example.*

I delivered five lectures in Fond du Lac, which were attended by a large share of the more intelligent and influential citizens of the place. During the six days that I remained at the "Forest Home," I enjoyed a brief interview with Charles H. Larrabee, Judge of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin. I also met with several other friends whose intelligence and social position invest them with a personal influence that is widely felt in the community. I must not omit to express, ere I close, my indebtedness to Mr. Spencer, for personal favors, and to other friends, whose names are unrecorded, the assurance of my grateful remembrance of their kindness. S. B. B.

SCHISM.

I HAVE gathered up the following fragments of the week and transfer them bodily to these columns, because they seem to belong to the same plane or sphere of schism, and their appeal to the public seems to demand the succeeding remarks :

EXCITING SCENE AT DODWORTH'S HALL.—Yesterday morning while the Rev. T. L. Harris, (who, it seems, had understood he was to lecture twelve Sabbaths, and had been notified by the Committee that his engagement must cease with yesterday evening) was attempting to explain the misunderstanding to the audience, he was interrupted by Dr. Warner protesting against any such explanation to the public, as he said any persons who felt interested might learn the facts of the Committee after the meeting had closed. Dr. Warner then, not following his own advice to Harris, made a statement which Harris pronounced to be false. An exciting scene immediately occurred. A "trance medium," with deathly pale face and turned-up eyes, exclaimed : He must go on, the word of God must be respected."

Mr. Harris at last succeeded in restoring the audience to order ; after which both he and Dr. Warner exchanged apologies—not, however, until Dr. Warner had been informed by some person, that the congregation had assembled to hear Harris, not Warner ; this individual was told to "hold his tongue" by somebody else. After the dismissal a Shaker, laboring evidently under great excitement, and stamping violently on the floor, made a stump speech in Warner's favor, which seemed to excite considerable mirth.

However, the matter having been amicably adjusted, Mr. Harris delivered an eloquent discourse in the evening on "Charity," and gave notice that hereafter he should occupy the desk at Academy Hall, and that Mr. Ambler would hold forth at Dodworth's.

Academy Hall will therefore be filled by Spiritualists in favor of Revelation, the Divinity of Christ, etc., while Dodworth's will hereafter echo to speakers in favor of nothing in particular, and everything in general, especially the "Harmonial Philosophy" of A. J. Davis, Thomas Paine, etc.—*Evening Mirror*, Nov. 17.

DODWORTH'S HALL LAST SUNDAY.

Mr. Spiritualist : As an individual, speaking solely on my individual

responsibility, I wish to say a word in your columns relative to the occurrences at Dodworth's Hall last Sunday, and the results thereof. I wish, in the first place, to express my high admiration of the bold and manly, yet gentle course pursued by Brother Harris, not only on that day but on previous Sundays, in giving expression to his conscientious convictions, notwithstanding the antagonistic and perverting spheres, which I know must have been perfectly torturing to a mediatorial organization so finely strung as his. And now, since, from other causes certainly than Brother Harris' non-acceptance with the throngs who, Sabbath after Sabbath, eagerly congregated to hear him, a few ruling individuals have deemed it proper to cause his labors in Dodworth's Hall to be brought to an abrupt and most unexpected termination, it is hoped that a course will be pursued for the future which will preclude all clashing between the different parties. Those who sympathize with the teachings given through Brother Harris, will, I think, find no difficulty in amicably uniting with the Dodworth Hall folks in the investigation of the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism ; and while they meet together in their own selected place, for those religious and other exercises which may comport with the dictates of their own free consciences, inviting all the world to come and listen to what may be said, it is hoped that they may be much less subject to those painful sneers and scoffs with which their ears have heretofore been too often saluted.

The time, I think, has certainly arrived for a practical solution of the question, Shall Spiritualists have a religion ? or shall we, as Spiritualists, entirely ignore the religious principle, and trample it under foot ? This question each one must be left free to answer for himself, and the conscientious answer of each one should certainly be respected, not scoffed at.

Of course your readers will be duly notified that Brother Harris will continue his course of lectures at Academy Hall, in Broadway, opposite Bond-street, morning and evening at the usual hours, next Sunday, and on the following Sundays.

Yours, etc., WM. FISHBOUGH.
—*Christian Spiritualist* of last week.

The following notice appeared in the *Christian Spiritualist*, and also as an advertisement in the *Tribune* :

SPIRITUALISM.—The congregation of Christian Spiritualists would respectfully inform the friends of Christian Principles, and the public at large, that they have secured Academy Hall, Broadway, opposite Bond-street, for the purpose of holding Sabbath services. The Rev. T. L. Harris, formerly the Pastor of the Independent Christian Congregation in this city, is expected to become their minister, and will preach, as above, every Sabbath morning and evening, at the usual hours. A cordial invitation is extended to all who may desire to attend his ministrations.

It is a part of the business of the secular press to give currency to "exciting scenes," and the chief value of a reporter consists in his capabilities to put into his narrative, the excitement which the scene itself lacked. The last paragraph of the article from the *Mirror*, however, would seem to be entirely gratuitous on the part of a disinterested reporter, which indicates that it is an inspiration from the plane of schisms, and was penned with a view to keep up an excitement. If, however, it should be the means of filling both halls with people who live on the plane of excitement, they will find, I trust, a favorable opportunity to "simmer down" into natural common sense.

Brother Fishbough says he wishes "to express his high admiration of the bold, and manly, yet gentle course pursued by Brother Harris in giving expression to his conscientious convictions, notwithstanding the antagonistic and perverting spheres." I presume Brother F.'s desire thus to single out and to express himself relative to Brother Harris, arises from personal regard, since all who have spoken from that platform have given abundant evidence of the inspirations of "manly boldness" which surround a free platform, and which is the sure prophecy that no "antagonistic or perverting spheres" can prevent the utterance of any legitimate, manly, bold, spiritual, or divine inspiration. Were it otherwise, how could Christ, as Mr. F. believes, go and preach to the devils in hell, or how could Spirits speak to present skeptical investigators, or how could they have spoken to me in the first instance ; for I venture to claim that I was one, if not the chiefest, of skeptics.

The whole spiritual unfoldings show that infidelity to God and nature, and unbelief in the existence or possibility of intercourse between Spirits and mortals, offer no obstacles to Spirits manifesting their presence and pouring out their holy affections and divine inspirations on ignorant, erring mortals. But Mr. F. says :

Since from other causes certainly than Brother Harris' non-acceptance with the throngs who, Sabbath after Sabbath, eagerly congregated to hear him, a few ruling individuals have deemed it proper to cause his labors in Dodworth's Hall to be brought to an abrupt and most unexpected termination.

This paragraph surprises me more for coming from a professed Spiritualist, and one (as he claims) in good standing with advanced Spirits in the other life. To me it savors more of the plane of schism than that of Christian or spiritual charity.

It is known perfectly well to Mr. F., and every other Spiritual-

ist, that Dodworth's Hall was secured, and is occupied on Sundays, for the purpose of interchanging experiences in facts and philosophies, being unfolded under the name or term of modern Spiritualism, and their relation to the more ancient spiritual manifestations, and the duties of life. It is especially understood that no one person is slated to occupy the platform for the morning and evening service ; on the contrary, that every phase of thought, whether pro or con, to modern Spiritualism, is to be represented ; and in changing speakers, the Committee have acted in pursuance of this express agreement.

The throngs who congregate, Sabbath after Sabbath, to hear Mr. Harris or anybody else, form no excuse to the Committee for violating their trust and the agreement between their constituents. The Committee are bound to secure as much variety of experience and thought on modern Spiritualism as possible, and if the speaker is versed in ancient Spiritualism also, so much the better. Nobody pretends—at least publicly—that Brother Harris is the only person inspired in these latter days from the spiritual, celestial, or divine spheres, or that he has all the experience or thoughts on the subject worthy to be uttered. Therefore, after he has discharged his duty, by giving us his experience and legitimate thoughts arising therefrom, he should give place to others, and go elsewhere and do likewise to other Spiritualists. Spiritualists generally, and especially those in the habit of attending the meetings at Dodworth's Academy, seem more disposed to proselytize with facts than with eloquence ; and I am sure that Brother Fishbough ought to rejoice with me for this, else our wisdom might never be heard. It does not appear to me that trifling misunderstandings between parties agreeing, are so rare as to be justly made the occasion of publicity and schism, or at least such does not comport with my experience in business, and my conception of the significance of modern Spiritualism.

The Committee, as I understand it, through their Chairman engaged Brother Harris to speak morning and evening until Brother Ambler's engagement in Portland should terminate, and of the precise time of its termination neither party was fully informed ; but it seems that Brother Harris subsequently got the impression that the engagement at Portland ended sometime in December, whereas it ended on Sunday, the 16th of November. When the Committee learned this, and that Brother Ambler was expecting to come here to speak on the following Sunday, in pursuance of the understanding in September last, the Chairman of the Committee notified Brother Harris of the fact, which terminated his present engagement with them. This is all, I believe ; and it seems to be a straightforward business transaction. Supposing either party were under some misapprehension as to the time of the termination of the engagement at Portland, this is not so rare as to seem to make it worthy of publicity, unless by those on the plane of schism, who are ever ready to magnify molehills into mountains, if by so doing it can be turned to private account.

It is by no means dishonorable or strange that Brother Harris should desire to be permanently settled as pastor of a society, neither that many of his friends should sympathize with his wishes. Several of his friends, Spiritualists identified with, and attached to, the meetings at Dodworth's Academy, who have the cause, the good of mankind at heart—duly sensible of the earnestness of this eloquent exponent of modern Spiritualism, and the great good he is capable of doing, some time previously signified to Brother Harris that, as there were more listeners than could be well accommodated in any one hall, if he and his friends would make a movement toward establishing another place of meeting for Spiritualists on Sunday, they would contribute to its support if they did not attend the meetings ; and, furthermore, that if he or they intended such an enterprise, they wished him to so notify his audiences at Dodworth's Hall. They also offered to give up the Conference any Sunday afternoon to him and his friends, to meet and make arrangements for the same. Now, notwithstanding the unkindness exhibited in Brother Fishbough's communication, and by other over-zealous friends, the Spiritualists who thus promised pecuniary aid to the enterprise, and otherwise to do what they could to sustain it, will redeem their promise, and will in no wise be alienated from Brother Harris, and the laudable enterprise of establishing another separate meeting for Spiritualists, on Sunday, by any indiscretion or seeming unkindness of his friends.

Further remarks as to what is Religion, Christianity, Spiritualism, etc., involved in the foregoing communications, must, for the want of space, be deferred till next week. CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION.

G. A. REDMAN, medium, office 391 Canal-street, called at my house, 26 West Fifteenth-street, by agreement, Thursday evening, November 13, 1856. The medium and myself only being present, the Spirits of several of my near relatives signified their presence, and I finally stated to them that I did not need tests, but instruction or information that would be of some practical utility to myself or others, and that I thought their observations and experience would be interesting. The Spirits replied:

"I will write through him and you may take it down as he utters the words his hand writes."

CHARLOTTE."

CHAPTER FIRST.

THE TRANSITION—THE SIGNAL—THE SIGHT—THE VISIT—THE TIE OF EARTH
BROKEN—THE SPIRIT FREE—THE ASCENSION.

"While I lay unconscious of the presence of friends, sometimes afflicted by severe pains and at other times passing into sweet reveries—beholding all manner of shapes, forms and sights—at times my poor spirit would picture hideous beings rushing toward me as if to trample me beneath their feet; at other times winged dragons, with eyes protruding and claws open, seemingly to catch and tear my frail form. Then wild fires, thundering cataracts, and dark dismal places, cavern-like, would meet my gaze. Contrasting with this, were sweet melodious tones which inspired the spirit with dreams of heaven; then forms would gather from the very air, and golden angels, clothed with pearly robes, each pearl an attribute of God—each attribute a volume, a world in itself. Then birds with plumage bright would hover nigh, and O! my sight would seem bewildered with so many happy beauties. Such were the fancies that gathered before my spirit as nature and disease struggled for the mastery.

"These were not actualities, but were produced by a disordered state of the spirit, and by contending influences which, at that moment, gathered near to witness the separation between the spirit and its friend, the body. Every Spirit, when in this transition, passes through similar ordeals, though to some more vivid than to others, according to the nature of the contending elements. 'Tis not painful or distressing as outward appearances indicate. The nervous system, while in this condition, is insensible to all pain. It is not so much the bodily as the spiritual contention. However, we will proceed, as I said before.

"First came these hideous fancies, then the more beautiful, as if to picture the contrast between misery and joy. While my feeble intelligence was enjoying this beautiful vision, I distinctly heard sounds as of a distant bell, like those you have heard to-night*—so beautiful that the echo has not ceased, but is gradually dying away to this day; and when my spirit rehearses these scenes, that tiny chime can be recognized when all else seems dull for want of interest. I called this the signal for immortality. Then opened before my vision a transparency as of thin gauze. Oh, that some artistic talent might paint for thee just one ray of that heavenly splendor that decorated the room! From all points came hands visible only to the elbows, but so beautiful that even ancient goddesses might have envied them. As I gazed upon them they beckoned simultaneously for me to come nigh unto them. I struggled, struggled hard, but no, I could not yet be free from the cords that bound me to materiality. As if conscious of my dilemma, this angelic cloud came near my bed, and as it approached, a female figure, bright as the choicest ray of the sun, and as beautiful as the loftiest ideal of beauty, came, and stooping gracefully over the bed side, whispered, 'Come, come, come; earth has no want for thee; come, come home, Spirit of eternity.'

"No sooner, dear brother, did the voice repeat the above words, than my spirit seemed to whirl into a hazy mist. All seemed perfect chaos, and in this wonderment of lost identity. I could perceive this guardian like a star accompanying me. I ascertained that as I made these revolutions so rapidly, I was leaving earth and ascending to planes where my freed spirit might gather more strength, and have its organs of identity again perfected, and made to appreciate its development. 'Tis impossible to describe the sensation, as my spirit rose from the earthly tabernacle and sought its higher home. I was never conscious or cognizant of what transpired while I was leaving earth-ties; but

all that seemed to occupy my idea was to obtain the center of gravity that I might become a tangible, local being, not a Spirit influenced like whirlwinds and thrown from the altar of its firmness like a bubble."

Here the communication ended for the evening. At the second session, held Thursday evening, November 20th, the record of the communication at the previous meeting was read, and the Spirit made a very few corrections; then Mr. Partridge asked the following questions, to which the accompanying replies were given through the medium.

Ques. What do you mean by contending influences which at that time gathered near to witness the separation of the spirit from its friend, the body?

The Spirit wrote:

"INFLUENCES BROUGHT ABOUT BY NATURE.

"Every Spirit while leaving the earth-form struggles with nature, and there must necessarily be a contention before the separation. The birth of every Spirit is attended by myriads of departed ones, who gaze with curious wonder at the separation of the vital cord. They being drawn by physical strife, their influence must be chaotic."

Q. Why do they gaze with such wonder if the scene is so common? A. "They labor to understand the cause and effect. Effects are common to men, but causes are hidden. In fact, the former is ideal, while to the Spirit the effect is dormant without a knowledge of the cause."

Q. Did you produce the sounds like the tolling of a bell, but which appeared to be on the globe on the chandelier nearly over our heads, at our last session? If so, how, and for what purpose? A. "We did produce the sounds by concussion, simply to attract your attention, and confine your thoughts to us, that we might draw nearer and gain more strength upon the medium."

Q. How did you seem to struggle? A. "I was conscious of my position, and labored to join the band a short distance from the bed, but my spirit was not sufficiently strong to resist nature."

Q. Were the hands, the female figure, or the whisper, any more real than your former fantasies? A. "The hands, the female, whisper, etc., were produced when my Spirit was less under physical influence, and when the Spirit was quite calm and needed only outward angelic aid to assist its separation. The first was produced by disease of the various organs, as when under the influence of stimulants. I thought the first was real at the time, but when my spiritual perceptions became clear the fantasy was made certain as well as the actual more real."

Q. May you not change to another condition which will disclose the last to be a fantasy also? A. "No."

Q. Why did your Spirit seem to whirl into a hazy mist upon the pronunciation of the words, "come, come, come?" etc. A. "At the moment the words were pronounced, an effort on the part of surrounding Spirits was made, to draw me away from earth, and the mortal connection was broken. The whirling sensation was produced by my Spirit having no developed form or spiritual body. Its body or form is taken after its ascension into its corresponding sphere."

In answer to a further question, the Spirit said it would give a chapter on the origin of the spiritual body, and the Spirit's entrance therein.

Q. If you were in such a hazy mist, and seemingly lost your identity, how can you give this narrative of the occurrences?

A. "The Spirit being without a body, its action was very rapid, which produced unconsciousness of surrounding objects only."

Q. What do you mean by revolution? A. "It is similar to the sensation produced by turning rapidly, which is dizziness of the perceptive organs."

Q. What do you mean by "ascending to planes?" etc. A. "Every freed Spirit has its relative altitude."

Q. Then you agree with the Spirits who communicated to Dr. Hare? A. "No; but I will explain further on."

Q. What do you mean when you say, "To obtain the center of gravity, that I may become a tangible, local being?" etc. A. "I mean, to attain my altitude and have my form developed, my vision clear, and my organization established in consonance with surrounding conditions or principles."

Thus ended the first chapter, which is faithfully reported by the humble servant of Spirits and mortals. CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

LYING is the most consummate form of cowardice. He who uses a lie for a refuge betrays a woful lack of faith in all things substantial, and places a miserable confidence in a shadow of what is not.

Original Communications.

SEVERAL TEST FACTS.

SOUTHINGTON, CONN., November 3, 1856.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

I have noticed repeated calls in the TELEGRAPH for test facts. What I have to relate is at your disposal.

In the summer of 1850, being on a journey west, I fell in company with a lady (strange to me) who, like myself, had a desire to visit the Fox family, and for that purpose we put up for a day or two in Rochester. The next morning we proceeded to the residence of Mrs. Fox, but found the house closed, and the family in New York. I soon remembered of having seen the name of the Rev. Mr. Hammond in a pamphlet, published, I think, by Mr. Capron. After some trouble we found him, and by him was advised to go to Mrs. Draper. We went and found them on East North-street. She consented to go to sleep. Permit me here to say, I had it settled in my mind, that if it were possible for a Spirit to manifest itself to me, my daughter would be the one. Also, that if any other than she purported to come, I should not believe in the possibility of departed Spirits doing so.

After Mrs. Draper's eyes closed, she said, "There is an attraction; a young girl appears." At this my hopes were raised. "She is about fourteen years of age; has blue eyes and brown hair." The description did not answer; my hopes fled; I thought it all a delusion. I replied, "I do not know her." "She says she is your aunt." Worse and worse, thought I. No, I never had such an aunt; my aunts were all elderly women, with families. "She says you are her niece, and that she considers you her child." No, I had no such aunt. "She says she is your mother's sister; she apologizes for intruding; she saw your inquiring mind; she has been permitted to carry messages." But no; all this time (for a long time was consumed in this way) I was positive, and the communicating Spirit equally so. "She says her life was too short to experience many of its ills, and that her death was very sudden and unexpected." Still I had not the remotest idea of her. She then said, "I left no children to mourn my loss." Just at this point it came to me like an electric shock, that I had heard in my childhood, that my mother had a sister drowned at the age of fourteen years, in Farmington River, Conn., several years before I was born! No one can imagine my feelings at this time; hope, joy and gratitude filled my soul. The test, to me, was much greater than if I had been permitted to have it according to my wish; but the *why*, or *how* it should come to me just then, I can not tell. I leave it for others to solve. She says again, "I will relieve you from all embarrassment; I will now take my leave."

Permit me here to digress a moment, and say, my want of recollection was probably owing to the death of my parents in childhood. My mother I do not remember; and I was removed far away from all my relatives, save one sister; and this aunt's death occurred years before I was born.

To resume the subject: Mrs. D. said, "What! a child? Have you lost a child?" Yes. "I saw her go toward you and put her arm around your neck and embrace you. I can not see her distinctly. She says, Let my mother ask me a question; tell her I come as near as I can at this time; I will meet her at another time and explain the obstructions that are now in the way." This promise has been signally fulfilled.

On my return from the West, about a month after this, I thought I would stop in Syracuse, (as I had heard of an excellent clairvoyant there), and not in Rochester, as I intended when I left Mrs. Draper's. I had a desire to see how the two agreed. I put up at a hotel, and after some considerable difficulty I found her, (Miss Anna L. Fish). She was reluctant to go to sleep; said she did not like to go to sleep for strangers, but at length consented. She took her seat. I had already made up my mind to be passive this time, and not dictate who should come. After speaking of three Spirits she saw by me, she said, "Here is another. She is tall, slim, has blue eyes, brown hair, and is very young. She is about fourteen; she loves you, and is with you most of the time." I replied, "I do not know who it is." She turned her face to me and said in a very interesting, expressive manner, "She says you do know who it is; she is your mother's sister; she died suddenly, and very unexpectedly." Of what disease did she die? "She had no disease." What then? "She was drowned."

For brevity's sake, I must omit many things which were told me, and which have been fulfilled in a manner surprising and wonderful. One fact I will mention. I inquired, Does my aunt know Emeline Dwyer? (She was a sister of William Dwyer of the firm of Barbor and Dwyer, proprietors of the Western Hotel in New York). "Yes, she is here." Will she send a message to her mother? "Yes; tell my mother to be of good cheer; be submissive to God's will; she will come here soon." I made a minute of the precise words at the time. I knew Mrs. Dwyer to be in good health four weeks previous to this, as I spent a day there on my way West. Two weeks from this time I arrived in New York. When I arrived at the hotel mentioned, Mr. Barbor met me in the hall and said, "I have bad news for you; Mother Dwyer is very sick; we think she can not recover." The next day I left for home, and in about a week I received a letter from Mr. Barbor, saying that they had been to Hartford the day before to bury their mother. Thus were the words of my dear aunt fulfilled.

This summer I was visiting friends in Buffalo. I called on Rev. Mr. Forster to make inquiry for Miss Brooks. He said she would be at his house on Friday evening. He was intending to have a private circle on that evening, for the benefit of two or three strangers in the city. He invited me to attend. We met at the hour appointed; after some delay, the music commenced, the piano front turned to the wall, the lid

* This refers to sounds, like the tolling of a bell, we distinctly heard in the earlier part of the evening, at two different times, and several sounds at each time, apparently produced on the globes or the chandelier nearly over our heads.

† At this time our table—a heavy marble-top table—moved sidewise and back several times, and was then raised up, whether entirely from the floor I can not say. Beside this, it was rocked to and fro.

half way raised. I will not attempt a description, as you have repeatedly had a better one than I can give, beside having witnessed the manifestation for yourself. I had heard the music described, but on hearing for myself, I felt that "the one-half had not been told me."

A few weeks after this, on my way home, I called on Mrs. Gourlay, in New York, and there, through the dial, I had a communication from my mother, when no human being but myself could by any possible means see the dial face. When the pointers stopped, I wrote a question privately, entirely foreign to the preceding subject. An appropriate reply was immediately given. It appears to me this last mode of communing with our loved ones ought to silence all opposing theories, the votaries of which have spent so much time and talent.

When the weekly precious visitor (the TELEGRAPH) arrives, I am anxious to find test facts. For the benefit of those who may feel as I have felt, I have been induced to write. It came to me with much force, that if all should withhold the facts they have witnessed, as I have done. I should not have had my heart so often made glad, and my pathway lighted up to behold the evidence of my immortality and final destiny. What I witnessed at Mr. Draper's "was a nail in a sure place," and now will you be so kind as to allow me to say to them, that my gratitude to them will be as lasting as my existence.

I have witnessed many test facts—some through Mrs. Laurie, two years ago, in Washington city, and many in Hartford, but it would make this article too lengthy to relate them.

Yours truly in the cause of truth,
LUCY H. PHINNEY.
SOUTHINGTON, CONN.

Our fair correspondent will accept our thanks for the above interesting communication, and will please not put those other test facts, to which she alludes, under a bushel. The relation of them now might have made this letter "too lengthy," but it will make another one just "lengthy" enough to a line. Ed.

SPIRITUALISM IN BOSTON.

BOSTON, MASS., November 12, 1856.

EDITORS, TELEGRAPH:

Much Esteemed Friends—I have been very much gratified with the condition of Spiritualism in this city, and to behold the wonderful progress which it has made since I left here three years ago. They are now favored with a very excellent class of mediums, and there are enough of appreciating minds to keep them well employed. Aside from the various places of public meetings, which are well attended, they have various weekly circles which are holden on different days, so that the mediums are engaged nearly every day in the week.

Last evening we attended a monthly *soirée* at Mrs. Leed's, where we met forty or more ladies and gentlemen whose accomplishments and general intelligence would convince the most obstinate skeptic that Spiritualism is not confined to the middle or lower classes of society. A constant influence going forth from such a class of individuals can not fail of accomplishing the most happy revolutions in the community. This it is rapidly doing; and is now permeating every avenue and department of society, and externally manifesting itself in all the fine arts and the literature of this country. From month to month we see but little of this; but in looking back over the past five years, we are surprised in beholding the wonderful change which has almost imperceptibly crept over us. Heaven is converted from an "airy nothing" into a real and tangible existence, and its dimensions are expanded from a narrowly circumscribed amphitheater into the entire universe of God; and it is shown that the quality of the heaven of each individual is in exact harmony with his own interior nature. Thus life is made practical, and virtue alone is allied to happiness, here as well as hereafter; and we can have only such heaven as the outbirth of our own condition will give us. Then, how important that we seek the good, not selfishly, or for the sake of our own aggrandizement, but for the good's sake.

There is much of that social and fraternal feeling here of which we see so little in New York among this class of persons. In short, I think that they have grown into a more full understanding and appreciation of the spirit of Spiritualism here than in our metropolitan city; that they better understand what it means; that it is not merely an *external fact*, but an interior and harmonizing principle which not only reforms and elevates the individual, but also fraternizes man, and brings him into a more kindred relation. It is not enough to know that we love beyond the tomb, but we wish to know how to love *here*, and what influence this life has upon the next.

If our faith has no renovating effect, it has no soul. If its tendencies are not to harmonize us individually and socially, it has no vitality, and we shall be obliged to look for something yet to be unfolded to accomplish a work so much needed.

One interesting feature to me in Spiritualism here, is a circle, of which Miss Burbank is the medium, for the cultivation and elevation of dark and imbecile Spirits, who need to be brought in contact with the associations of earth to receive that instruction which they failed to obtain while here, and which appears to be necessary for their progress in their present state of existence. They present themselves, or obsess the medium, one after another, giving their own peculiarities or characteristics in such a distinct, individual manner as to make it highly interesting. Some are cross and misanthropic, and appear to have no confidence in any one, or in ever being able to escape their present condition. Others have discovered a few rays of light, and earnestly desire to be instructed in the way to escape the darkness which they are in. An idiotic child, who purports to be the daughter of a wealthy family in New York, appears to be perfectly delighted with the improvement which she is making, and repeats, with great enthusiasm, the lessons which she has learned from her present teachers. Every motion, into-

nation, and the construction of its sentences carry with them the evidence of an imbecile youth. Here is opening up a new field of labor for the philanthropic, and to my mind clearly establishes the fact, that what we call death produces but a very little, if any, change in our moral, social and intellectual nature, and that every improvement we make in any department of our being is so much gained in our endless journey. Thus life is the primary school where we learn our rudimentary lessons to prepare us for deeper researches in the spheres above.

Mrs. Hatch has lectured here two Sabbaths, and is also engaged for next Sunday, November 16; and if I can be allowed to express my opinion, I will say that she has awakened a deep interest among the Spiritualists in this city in her behalf. Some are very desirous that her coming lectures should be taken down by a stenographer, so that they may not be lost to the world. Last Sunday the first discourse was upon the subject of "Man's Relation to God," the second, "What is Life?" Both were very ably and poetically delivered, and created no little sensation.

I regret that we can not longer remain in this vicinity, but our engagements call us to Baltimore, Md., on the twenty-third of this month, where I presume we shall remain for two Sabbaths, and where we are sure of finding very warm hearts. Yours, etc. B. F. HATCH, MD.

INNER COMMUNION.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

How I love to dream—
To wander forth—when it doth seem
As if the night were bending down
On Ocean's brow to place her crown!

Where upon the lake
With moss begirt, and ledgy brake,
With lavish hand the Moon doth fling
Her glory round on ev'rything.

Or when the Morning,
Soft light her brow adorning,
With crimson cheek and throbbing breast,
Comes softly from her dreamy rest.

This inner dreaming—
This lone contrast of the seeming
With the real—and the false and true
Brought out to pass a stern review,

By beating of the heart—
Is sweet to me—and doth impart
Of other, other worlds a lasting bliss,
Alas! too seldom known in this!

Sweet the cloistering!
When all hushed heart's boistering
And its tumult; when Faith with torch
Stands guard upon the outer porch!

And contrite and meek,
Relenting passions come to seek
Forgiveness, and kneel to adore
Where they essayed to blight before!

MOUNT JOY, PA.

A DREAM.

ADRIAN, MICH., October 29, 1856.

Gentlemen—You ask for facts of spiritual phenomena. Does the following claim that origin, or is it a misty exhalation from the land of dreams? While the Kansas bill was pending in the House of Representatives, I dreamed that I was in a large assemblage of persons, and as I passed among the crowd I came to two gentlemen engaged in earnest conversation. One of them had a roll of paper in his hand covered with names, the loose end of which hung nearly to the ground. I stopped near them, and understood by their conversation that the gentleman holding the paper had been to a spiritual convention. I said, "I suppose you have my name; I will pay my dues," which I thought were a dollar. I took the money from my pocket, and while holding it the scene changed. I entered a large room; it was an office; a man was writing at a desk; my attention was directed to three elegant steel engravings in gilt frames, suspended from the wall. I looked at the one nearest the desk, and saw that it was a broad caricature. I turned to examine the next, and saw in the foreground the bust of some eminent man; but before I had time to examine the picture in detail, the gentleman at the desk observed: "The engravings are designs for a vignette to the evidences of public debt. Mr. — prefers the farthest one." I turned to look at that, and saw the man who had the roll of names standing before it. I stepped to his side and examined the picture. In the foreground was the Capitol of the United States; at each wing were cannon, stacks of arms, drums, trumpets, flags of the United States—in short, all the paraphernalia of war. Over and above all was a black cloud which cast a deep shade on all objects below, while a beam of light shone horizontally through an opening in the cloud, and in that light, near the opening, were two drawn swords, crossed.

The gentleman at my side remarked: "This picture indicates war; and as the swords are crossed so as to represent the head of an arrow, it will be a war of races." I awoke, impressed that the contest would be between barbarism and civilization.

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,
W. WHIFFLE.

* I did not remember the name, but thought it was one of the partners.

MANIFESTATIONS IN WINCHESTER, N. H.

WINCHESTER, N. H., October 17, 1856.

BROTHER PARTRIDGE:

Dear Sir—In the TELEGRAPH of the eleventh instant, I see a call for test facts of spiritual manifestations; and believing it to be the duty of all to place the light they may have received in a position that others may see it, I will send you the following tests:

Three years ago this fall, at a circle of the Beacon Light, a Spirit came and gave his name as Elnathan Allen, and said that when in the material form he lived in Brattleboro, Vt., and that it had been twenty-three years since he left that form for the spiritual. He gave his age also, which I do not recollect, and said that some of the older inhabitants of Brattleboro would probably recollect him, and wished us to make inquiry in regard to these facts. I had a friend in Brattleboro by the name of William Shrigley, who was a skeptic. I give the name, so that any one doubting these facts can investigate to their heart's content. I wrote that friend, making the inquiry that was desired. I received a letter in a few days, stating that he sent his son into the graveyard and learned that Elnathan had been dead twenty-three years, and his age corresponded precisely with that we had received at the circle.

Some three months after this test was given, Mrs. Shrigley and another lady from Brattleboro attended our circle. Mr. Allen came, and gave a communication, which was written down. In that communication he said that in the earlier part of his life he was a believer in endless misery, but that a man by the name of Martin converted him to a belief in Universalism. We were entirely ignorant who Martin was, but soon after a gentleman who was an entire stranger to us all, came and asked permission to attend our circle. He declined to give his name, but said he would before he left. In conversation with him on the subject of Spirit manifestations, a member of the circle, speaking of the tests we had got, mentioned that of Elnathan Allen, giving him the particulars in regard to it. Before leaving, this gentleman said he was the son of Elnathan Allen, and that Martin was his grandfather. He said that Mr. Shrigley read to him the communication that his father gave, and he, being a skeptic, came over on purpose to investigate the subject. I have other tests that are at your disposal, if desired.

RUSSELL FOLLETT.

Infidelity to an unbroken continuity of existence beyond the dissolution of the body, is so general and deep-rooted even in the church, that it will take all the *test facts* Spirits can give to root it up or engraft into its scions of immortality. We are always thankful for such facts. C. P.

SPIRIT CURE IN IOWA.

VOLNEY, ALLAMAKEE Co., IOWA, October 16, 1856.

MESSEURS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Dear Sirs—In perusing your paper of October 11, I saw a piece calling for facts. I will state one, and if you see fit to put it into type, you can do so.

One of my nearest neighbors has a child that has had the cholera infantum some three months, and within a short time the erysipelas set in with it, and they all gave it up as lost—the doctor, I think, among the rest. But the same evening there was there a young man from Ohio, a strong Spiritualist, but not a medium until he sat in our circle that night, which was October 10. He proved to be a trance medium, and we had one or two communications from friends through him. About 2 o'clock in the morning, the child was very uneasy, and its eyes looked very glassy, and they thought it would live but a short time. This young man, whose name is Joseph Titus, became entranced in bed at the same time, and called out, "Give that child some salt and water." Soon he says, "Rather weak." Then he says, "About a teaspoonful;" and the mother gave it, and the child commenced growing better, and now is nearly well.

The young man was asked in the morning if he recollected the above occurrence? He said he did not; but he dreamed of seeing Dr. Hopkins, and one of his old acquaintances, now dead, and of having a chat with them.

Yours for truth,
M. S. J. NEWMAN.

A TRUE SPIRIT IMPRESSION.

ABOUT two years ago I was strongly influenced. I felt impressed that there was one present whom I shall call M. She was constantly in my mind, and seemingly had almost the whole control of me. Why I should be so controlled by one whom I supposed was still living on earth, I could not tell. I thought of the Salem witchcraft. I was bewitched, or something else, I could not tell what. With all the efforts that I could use, I felt that I must be overpowered. M. was not within thirteen hundred miles of me, and this made it appear more strange. Sometimes when in bed, with no light in my room, there would appear beautiful clouds hanging over me, and while lying with my eyes shut the room would become light. I would look to see if there was not a light in the room, but all would be dark. After remaining in this state three or four weeks, it occurred to me that M. might be in the Spirit-land. I inquired of M. if she was in the Spirit-land. She told me she was, and had been there two years. I doubted this statement being true. I wrote to my friends, inquiring if M. was living. I received an answer that she left this earth two years ago. This information agreed with my communication with M.

J. WAMOND.

ILLINOIS, LAKE Co., O., October 26, 1856.

To be unable to put up with bad or second rate personages which fill the world, does not betoken a very strong character; in commerce, small change is as necessary as pieces of gold.

Interesting Miscellany.

LIFE IN THE PRARIES.

The following paragraphs we call from a public document entitled, "An Exploration of the Red River of Louisiana in 1852," by Captain Marcy:

CITY TWENTY-FIVE MILES LONG.

"Our road during the whole day has passed through a continuous prairie-dog town (*Spermophilus ludovicianus*), and we were often obliged to turn out of our course to avoid the little mounds around their burrows. In passing along through these villages, the little animals are seen in countless numbers sitting upright at the mouths of their domiciles, presenting much the appearance of stumps of small trees; and so incessant is the clatter of their barking, that it requires but little effort of the imagination to fancy one's-self surrounded by the busy hum of a city. The immense number of animals in some of those towns or warrens, may be conjectured from the large space they sometimes cover. The one at this place is about twenty-five miles in the direction through which we have passed it. Supposing its dimensions in other directions to be the same, it would embrace an area of six hundred and twenty-five square miles, or eight hundred and ninety-six thousand acres. Estimating the holes to be at the usual distances about twenty yards apart, and each burrow occupied by a family of four or five dogs, I fancy that the aggregate population would be greater than any other city in the universe.

"When the prairie-dog first feels the approach of the season (generally about the last days of October,) he closes all the passages to his dormitory to exclude the cold air, and betakes himself to his brumal slumber with the greatest possible care. He remains housed until the warm days of spring, when he removes the obstructions from his door, and again appears above ground as frolicsome as ever. I have been informed by the Indians that a short time before a cold storm in the autumn, all the prairie-dogs may be seen industriously occupied with weeds and earth closing the entrances to their burrows. They are sometimes, however, seen reopening them while the weather is still cold and stormy; but mild and pleasant weather is always certain to follow. It appears that instinct teaches the little quadrupeds when to expect good or bad weather, and to make their arrangements accordingly. A species of small owl is always found in the dog towns, sitting at the mouths of the holes when not occupied by the dogs; whether for the purpose of procuring food, or for some other object, I do not know. They do not, however, as some have asserted, burrow with the dogs; and when approached, instead of entering the holes, they invariably fly away. It has also been said that the rattlesnake is a constant companion of the dog; but this is a mistake, for I have sometimes passed for days through the towns without seeing one. They are, however, often seen in the holes in company with the dogs, and it has been supposed by some that they were welcome guests with the proprietors of the establishments; but we have satisfied ourselves that this is a domestic arrangement entirely at variance with the wishes of the dogs, as the snakes prey upon them, and must be considered as intruders. They are probably attracted to the burrows for the purpose of procuring food, as one snake which we killed was found to have swallowed a full-grown dog."

FACTS ABOUT BEAVERS.]

"A community of beavers has also selected a spot upon the creek near our camp, for their interesting labors and habitations. I know of no animal concerning which the accounts of travelers have been more extraordinary, more marvelous, or contradictory than those given of the beaver. By some he is elevated in point of intellect almost to a level with man. He has been said, for instance, to construct houses, with several floors and rooms; to plaster the rooms with mud in such a manner as to make smooth walls, and to drive stakes of six or eight inches in diameter into the ground, and to perform many other astounding feats, which I am inclined to believe are not supported by credible testimony. Lay aside these questionable statements, there is sufficient in the natural history of the beaver to excite our wonder and admiration. For instance, at this place, upon an examination of the dam they have constructed, I was both astonished and delighted at the wonderful sagacity, skill, and perseverance which they have displayed. In the selection of a suitable site, and in the erection of the structure, they appear to have been guided by something more than mere instinct, and have exhibited as correct a knowledge of hydrostatics, and the action of forces resulting from currents of water, as the most scientific millwright would have done. Having chosen a spot where the banks on each side of the creek were narrow and sufficiently high to raise a head of about five feet, they selected two cotton-wood trees about fifteen inches in diameter, situated above this point, and having an inclination toward the stream; these they cut down with their teeth (as the marks upon the stumps plainly showed,) and, floating them down to the position chosen for the dam, they were placed across the stream with an inclination downward, uniting in the center. This formed the foundation upon which the superstructure of brush and earth was placed, in precisely the same manner as a brush dam is made by our millwrights, with the bushes and earth alternating and packed closely, the butts in some cases turned down the stream. After this is raised to a sufficient height, the top is covered with earth, except in the center, where there is a sluice or waste-weir, which lets off the superfluous water when it raises so high as to endanger the structure."

SAGACITY OF THE BEAR.

"Several anecdotes which were related to me by our guide, concerning the habits of the black bear, would seem to entitle him to a higher position in the scale of animal instinct and sagacity than that of almost

any other quadruped. For instance, he says that before making his bed to lie down, the animal invariably goes several hundred yards with the wind, at a distance from his track. Should an enemy now come upon his track, he must approach him with the wind; and with the bear's keen sense of smell, he is almost certain to be made aware of his presence, and has time to escape before he is himself seen.

"He also states that, when pursued, the bear sometimes takes refuge in caves in the earth or rocks, where the hunter endeavors, by making a smoke at the entrance, to force him out; but it not unfrequently happens that, instead of coming out when the smoke becomes too oppressive, he very deliberately advances to the fire, and with his fore feet beats upon it until it is extinguished; then retreats into the cave. This he assured me he had often seen. Although these statements would seem to endow Bruin with something more than mere animal instinct, and evince a conception of the connection between cause and effect, yet another anecdote which was related to me would go to prove this curious quadruped one of the most stupid fellows in the brute creation.

"My informant says that when the bear can not be driven out of the cave by smoke, it sometimes becomes necessary for the hunter to take his rifle, and with a torch to enter the cavern in search of him. One would suppose this a very hazardous undertaking, and that the animal would eject the presumptuous intruder; but, on the contrary, as soon as he sees the light approaching, he sits upright on his haunches, and with his fore paws covers his face and eyes, and remains in this position until the light is removed. Thus the hunter is enabled to approach as close as he desires without danger, and taking deadly aim with his faithful rifle, poor Bruin is slain. These facts have been stated to me by three different Indians, in whose veracity I have much confidence, and I have no doubt are strictly true."

POOR JOHN FITCH.

In Judge Hall's "Notes on the Western States," is the following account of John Fitch, who in his endeavors to solve the great problem of steamboat navigation, long preceded Fulton, who reaped not only fame but wealth from his labors:

"In 1785, John Fitch, a watchmaker in Philadelphia, conceived the design of propelling a boat by steam. He was both poor and illiterate, and many difficulties occurred to frustrate every attempt which he made, to try the practicability of his invention. He applied to Congress for assistance, but was refused; and then offered his invention to the Spanish government, to be used in the navigation of the Mississippi, but without any better success. At length a company was formed and funds subscribed for the building of a steamboat, and in the year 1788, his vessel was launched on the Delaware. Many crowded to see and ridicule the novel, and as they supposed, the chimerical experiment. It seemed that the idea of wheels had not occurred to Mr. Fitch, but instead of them oars were used, which worked in frames. He was confident of success; and when the boat was ready for the trial, she started off in good style for Burlington. Those who had sneered began to stare, and they who had smiled in derision looked grave.

Away went the boat and the happy inventor triumphed over the skepticism of an unbelieving public. The boat performed her trip to Burlington, a distance of twenty miles; but unfortunately burst her boiler in rounding to the wharf at the place, and the next tide floated her back to the city. Fitch persevered, and with great difficulty procured another boiler.

After some time, the boat performed another trip to Burlington and Trenton, and returned in the same day. She is said to have moved at the rate of eight miles an hour; but something was continually breaking, and the unhappy projector only conquered one difficulty to encounter another. Perhaps this was not owing to any defect on his plans, but the low state of the arts at that time, and the difficulty of getting such complex machinery made with proper exactness. Fitch became embarrassed with debt, and was obliged to abandon the invention, after having satisfied himself of its impracticability. This ingenious man, who was probably the first inventor of the steamboat, wrote three volumes, which he deposited in manuscript, sealed up in the Philadelphia library to be opened thirty years after his death. When, or why, he came to the West, we have not learned; but it is recorded of him that he died and was buried near the Ohio. His three volumes were opened and found to contain his speculations on mechanics. He details his embarrassment and disappointments with a feeling which shows how ardently he desired success and which wins for him the sympathy of those who have heart enough to mourn over the blighted prospects of genius. He confidently predicts the future success of the plan, which in his hands failed only for the want of pecuniary means. He prophesies that in less than a century we shall see our western rivers swarming with steamboats; and expresses a wish to be buried on the shores of the Ohio, where the song of the boatman may enliven the stillness of his resting-place, and the music of the steam-engine soothe his spirit. What an idea! Yet how natural to the mind of an ardent projector, whose whole life had been devoted to one darling object, which it was not his destiny to accomplish! And how touching is the sentiment found in one of his journals: 'The day will come when some more powerful man will get fame and riches from my invention, but nobody will believe that poor John Fitch can do anything worthy of attention.'

FRUITFULNESS OF FISH.—It is well known that the fruitfulness of fish is enormous. As many as a quarter of a million of eggs have been found in a carp, seven millions in a sturgeon, nine millions in a codfish. Of course, what is an egg to-day is not necessarily a fish to-morrow, or, as M. Jourdain reminds us, the ocean would not be able to hold the her-rings.

LIGHTNING.

PROFESSOR LOVERING, of Howard University, has just written a very interesting article on Atmospheric Electricity. We have seldom read a paper containing a greater number of valuable facts. According to Professor L., the extreme height of thunder-clouds has been determined at 26,500 feet, and they sink often to distances not exceeding 1000 feet above the earth's level surface. Lightning is of three kinds, zigzag or chain, sheet lightning, and ball lightning, or thunder-bolts.

Some people imagine that lightning, like good luck, seldom strikes twice in the same place. This is a mistake.

Pliny speaks of a tower so often struck, that its renewal was abandoned. In 1826, the same house in Weathersfield, Conn., was struck twice in an interval of only two or three days. In Boston the steeple (Hollis-street church) has been struck repeatedly. On the 25th April, 1780, the lightning fell three times in twenty minutes on the buildings of Notre Dame de Ham. On the night of the 14th of April, 1718, twenty-four steeples were struck along the coast of Brittany; and on the 11th of January 1815, twelve suffered a similar state in the Rhenish provinces. In 1703, a German meteorologist found that within the period of thirty-three years, 376 steeples had been struck, and 121 ringers killed.

When the Theater of Mantau was struck on the 20th March, 1784, the electricity melted the ear-rings and watch-keys without injuring them who wore them. On the 15th November, 1752, a magazine near Rouen was struck, and two casks of powder scattered without being ignited. At Martinico, an iron bar one inch in thickness, was diminished to the size of a small wire by being struck.

In 1417, the steeple of St. Mark in Venice, was struck by lightning and burned. It was rebuilt, and again reduced to ashes in 1489. It was again struck in 1745. In 1759 it burnt all the wood work of the spire of the Cathedral of Strasburg. It was proposed to place conductors upon it, but there was some objection on account of the expense. In 1833 it was struck three times within a quarter of an hour, and so much damaged as to cost six millions of dollars. There was still some hesitation in regard to lightning-rods, when it was struck once more, July 19, 1835. Rods were placed upon it in 1835, at the expense of only \$3,000. On the 10th of July, 1848, it was struck twice, but the rods saved it. On the 18th of August, 1769, the tower of St. Nazaire, Brescia, was struck, and the subterranean powder magazine, containing 5,075,000 pounds of powder, was exploded. One-sixth of the whole town was laid in ruins. Three thousand persons perished. The property destroyed amounted to two millions of ducats.

The effects of lightning are very dreadful, and yet the chances of being killed by electricity are no greater than the chance of being deprived of life by "the falling of a flower-pot." So says M. Arago, and he should know.—*Albany Times*.

PHYSICAL ASPECT OF MAN.—An examination of 20,000 infants, at the Maternité, in Paris, gives for the weight of the new-born six and a quarter pounds; the same mean value obtains for the city of Brussels. For about a week after birth, this weight undergoes an actual diminution, owing to the tissue destruction which ensues through the establishment of respiration, and which for a time exceeds the gain from nutrition. For the same age, the male infant is heavier than the female; but this difference gradually diminishes, and at twelve years their weight is sensibly the same. Three years later, at the period of puberty, the weight is one half of what it is finally to be, when full development is revealed. The maximum weight eventually attained, is a little more than twenty times that at birth, thus holding good for both sexes; but since the new born female weighs less than the standard, and the new-born male more, the weight of the adult male is 137 lbs., and of the adult female 121 lbs. The mean weight of a man, irrespective of his period of life, is about 107 lbs., and of a woman, nearly 94 lbs. The mean weight of a human being, without reference either to age or sex, is about 99 lbs. M. Quetelet, to whom we are indebted for the above statistics, as the result of his researches, states that communities seem to be under the influence of unchangeable laws as much as the individual. "In communities, man commits the same number of murders each year, and does it with the same weapons. We might enumerate, before-hand, how many individuals will imbue their hands in the blood of their kind, how many will forge, how many poison, very nearly as we enumerate before-hand, how many births and deaths will take place."—*Christian Advocate and Journal*.

AFFAIRS IN CHINA.—The *North China Herald* of August 16 thus sums up the present position in China: "Three points appear to be established by a variety of concurrent testimony: 1. That over a region equal in extent and population to some of the most powerful States of Europe, the people have discarded the Manchu costume, and reverted to that of the Ming dynasty. 2. In a portion, if not the whole, of that extensive territory, the people pay taxes for the support of the Ndukin Government. And 3. That by the establishment of examinations, they have the privilege of competing for literary honors and civil office. Whence it is obvious that the revolutionists are, and have a right to be, regarded as a Government *de facto*."

THE PERFECT PATTERN.—Once, in all human history, we meet a being who never did an injury, and never resented one done to him, never uttered an untruth, never practiced a deception, and never lost an opportunity of doing good; generous in the midst of the selfish, upright in the midst of the dishonest, pure in the midst of the sensual, and wise far above the wisest of sages and prophets, loving and gentle, yet immovably resolute; his illimitable meekness and patience never once forsook him in a vexatious, ungrateful, and cruel world.—*Christ in History*.

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN'S SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

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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 12 1/2 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 113 1/2 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 138 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.

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

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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. 223-1f

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MR. G. A. REDMAN,

The well-known Test Medium of Boston has taken rooms in Canal-street, old No. 188, 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. 236-1f

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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.

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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.

In the name of the Lord and Humanity, Alias, S. M.

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"F. J. B." states that "Dr. Hare alleges that the Pentateuch was forged by Hilkiah." This is incorrectly stated. A document, in order to avail as testimony, must be so presented as to create in us the impression that it is not a forgery.

I urged, that no manuscript alleged by any priest during the dark ages, to be found in any cathedral or in the Vatican, and sent to a fanatical king who could not read, to be read by a clerk, would now be deemed authentic, so as to establish any miraculous facts bearing on religion. No confirmation of Romanism would be credited having no better origin than that thus suggested.

Suppose that a book, giving an account of manifestations like those now attested by Spiritualists, was alleged to have been found by any person, whether in sacerdotal orders or otherwise, of whom no particular knowledge could be obtained, nor of the authorship of the book, would any credit be given to it by those who now consider Hilkiah and his associates trustworthy? Does the finding of a book by a person worthy of confidence prove the authors of it to be worthy of confidence? It is not necessary that a broker should allege a signature to be a forgery; it is enough for him to say, in refusing to take a check: "I do not know the signature; it may be forged." A dealer will not take a bank note of the genuineness of which he is ignorant, nor when he does not know the drawer to be solvent. In a recent communication I have admitted, that conceding certain books to have been found, it was in the power of the parties into whose keeping they fell, to make any changes which suited their views. Under the most favorable aspect which this narrative presents, the Pentateuch can have no higher authority than that of a manuscript so little cared for as to be allowed to be not only lost, but forgotten by those who had a deep interest in its contents.

As I contemplate the whole of the five books in question, they consist of a crude, ill-written history, or annals of a barbarous people, who assumed to themselves great merit for adopting an abstract conception of their God, instead of seeking any assistance from images; nevertheless transferring their worship to tabernacles and temples, sacrifices and ceremonies which were quite as absurd, and upon which our modern Bible-worshippers have passed a practical sentence of condemnation, by their utter neglect of them.

From the self-condemnation thus involved, an escape is sought by ascribing mutability to the commands of God, who is made to enjoin one set of moral precepts by Moses, and another by Jesus.

The Bible is, as I think, of a nature to disprove itself to all who are not incapacitated by the educational prejudice, or intimidated by sectarian intolerance from forming an independent opinion, or from the expression of any verdict which their conscience may dictate.

"F. J. B." asserts, that it was a particular sanctified copy of the Pentateuch which Hilkiah found and read to Josiah; but this is contradicted by the fact, that this king is represented as rending his clothes through grief, and to have used the following words: "Great is the wrath of the Lord that is poured out on us, because our fathers have not kept the word of the Lord, to do after all that is written in this book." Accordingly, Huldah, the prophetess, thus expresses herself to the messengers of the king:

Tell the man who sent you to me, thus saith the Lord: "Behold! I will bring evil upon this place and upon the inhabitants thereof; even all the curses which are written in the book which they have read before the king of Judah, because they have forsaken me and have burned incense unto other gods, that they might provoke me to anger with the work of their hands; therefore my wrath will be poured out upon this place, and shall not be quenched."

Then the king is represented as making a "covenant anew," to perform "the words of the covenant" written in the book thus found. It is represented that there was much exertion required on the part of this pious monarch, "to take away the abominations" which had prevailed in consequence of ignorance of this recovered record of the laws of Moses.

How is all this to be reconciled with the pretence of "F. J. B." that it was only a particular sacred copy that was missing, many others being in the possession of the Judaic community?

The loss of books so important in the eyes of such devotees as Josiah, must demonstrate that they had not been viewed in the same way by those who allowed them to be neglected, mislaid or forgotten. The Jews at that time were better judges of the authenticity of the Pentateuch than anybody can be in modern times, and it appears that they were so feebly impressed with a belief in their divine origin, that they were at various times induced to leave the worship of Jehovah, according to the Mosaic dispensation, for that of idols. Idolatry appears to have prevailed so exclusively during Josiah's reign, anterior to the finding of the book, that as a punishment therefor, the whole nation was condemned to an ignominious captivity.

Even Solomon, the wisest of men, as pretended, was so little impressed with the truth of the Jewish Scripture, that in his old age he became an idolator.

Had Moses presented to the Israelites sufficient evidence of his divine authority, is it creditable that any of them would have worshiped the golden calf?

It is also erroneously mentioned, that the presentation of the book of Josiah "has been admitted by Dr. Hare to have taken place." Far from making this admission, I urged, that according to the respectable authority of Dr. Norton, of Cambridge, Mass., the Old Testament was written after the return of the Jews from captivity.

All that I would effect by reference to the precarious evidence of the origin of this much-adored biblical record, is to show that there is no evidence adequate to prove it to be the word of God, or to have owed its existence to divine inspiration, so that the horrid crimes committed by Abraham, Moses, Jacob, Joshua,

Samuel and David, are to be laid to the account of the God of the universe, and as having his sanction, if not resulting from his immediate instructions.

RELIGION.

RELIGION, etymologically speaking, is derived from the Latin *religare*, to tie. The dogmatists of the old Church have represented the ties between God and man to consist in the observance of the covenants and commands of God to man. Hence necessarily arose the question amongst them, whether good acts or faith are the necessary requisites of true Religion?

Spiritualism is neither Protestant nor Catholic. Spiritualism seeks truth and embraces it, even when issued from the secret conclave of Rome, while on the other hand it rejects merciless falsity, even when it represents itself as an offering of free reason. Spiritualism will therefore be commended to acceptance in so far as it will remove all, or at least most of, the difficulties which have agitated honest minds for by-gone centuries.

Religion, in our meaning, is love, and love is an urgent anxiety, partly conscious, and partly unconscious, for a union of man's soul to God; and this sense of religion is very fitly embodied in the Roman word *religare*; because love is union, and union is a tie. Religion, therefore, is a holy matrimony between man's soul and God.

There exists a universal law in the physical world which some will call the law of impermeability, whereby two bodies can never unite in one, except in a state of solution. A body can not, as long as it has a concrete self-existence—a signification of its own—form a union with any other body, or be assimilated by it; so that it became the adage of the old philosophers, that "Bodies do not act upon each other, but in a fluid state." The chemist in his laboratory—that imitator of God's secrets—breaks and dissolves the bodies whose forms he is desirous to see changed. The morsel which I try to appropriate in my own nourishment must first be crushed by the mechanical force of the teeth, and dissolved by the chemical agency of the poisonous saliva; a swallowed morsel passes through the body without being united or assimilated by it.

The very same law is prevailing in the moral and spiritual world. No soul can perfectly unite with another and congenial one, much less can a soul be united with a Spirit, except in a state of solution. Love is, therefore, the great moral fluid which dissolves and makes unite idea with idea, soul with soul, soul with idea, Spirit with Spirit.

We said above, "Religion is a holy matrimony." This was not intended to serve as a metaphor at all, but as an actual representation of the moral world, typifying that inward, imperious sentiment, which flies around in us angel-like without ever assuming a body in an external act. It is a perfumed flower without seed. We are drawn to it by scent alone. These incorporeal spirits can only be judged by their types in the visible world. Such a visible type of the invisible religious sentiment is matrimony, and it has therefore to be judged by it.



Eng^d by A. H. Ritchie.

George J. De Haven
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Plato said, The beginning of wisdom is astonishment, and truly a man who can never be astonished—a man to whom everything is plain and square—of such a man I should think that his heart is not in the right place. He lacks love, and can therefore never enter the temple of wisdom. It astonishes the inquirer after the truth, when perceiving a truth to which he reached only after long exertions in collating facts of which the ancients were quite ignorant—still to find that humanity in her rise when yet in the cradle, forboded all truth, and symbolized it. So have the eastern people considered the material symbol of love as a covenant between God and man. Hence the law of circumcision. Christ changed this for circumcision of the heart; and there is no doubt in my mind that had Christ with his apostles been fully conscious of the divinity of sexual love and matrimony—had they not considered woman as sin and a necessary evil; and had they understood that woman's love is the only visible type of the invisible love to God, and that the first is related to the later as the flower is related to the fruit—they had then, instead of speaking in such indefinite terms of love and matrimony, proclaimed aloud, *sub hoc signo salve*.

—Or would you have the whole of my thought? Then I will say: The *infantile age* is mainly devoted to the self-hood, and with the same propriety that physiologists called the age of suckling a continuation of gestation, we may call the whole infantile age a continuation of the same. In this age all that which is spiritual in man *is* and *exists* already, but in a foetal state, unconsciously wrapped in membranes of its own. The *age of puberty*, when the body wings and plumes itself, the membranes suddenly break, and fantasy is installed. To our own astonishment a celestial thought drops into our soul, whispering in our ear that we are incomplete; that our soul is *en rapport* with another and congenial soul; that our soul is but the reflex of humanity, as each dew-drop reflects the whole sun; that our soul is *en rapport* with the soul of the Universe; that the soul of humanity is *en rapport* with the Deity itself. This Spirit is the new-born of the age of fantasy, which in a similar manner as the new-born organism, can not be brought in immediate contact with the Universe and its objects, but must be supported and nursed upon the bosom of its mother. So neither can the new-born Spirit come in immediate contact with the soul of the Universe, much less with the Deity; but it needs to be supported and nursed with the purest and most refined milk of our breasts, in love and matrimony. Love and matrimony is, therefore, to the love of God, what the mother's milk is to the development of man. Races and nations who neglect to nurse the new-born Spirit, have an immatured Deity—a Deity of fantasy—for instance, the African tribes with their fetichism.

We try, therefore, to solve this problem, whether true religion consists in good acts or in faith, by transferring the same question to matrimony. Matrimony has the same elements of which religion is composed. *Faith* is a union of one soul with another and congenial one, brought about by the all-melting fluid of love, supported and cherished in hope of the future generation. Faith and good acts are therefore the axis about which revolves matrimony; and if you inquire of materialistic men, which of them consummates matrimony, they will not hesitate to refer you to the cradle from which a positive cry of the new generation satisfies all your senses. But it will not satisfy woman's sense. Women, the mothers of mankind who, with all readiness, would sacrifice ten lives for the sake of their offspring—women's feeling will revolt at such a heartless matrimony. Her uncontrolled feeling will give vent to the emphatic cry of protest: "*Matrimony is no nursery*—matrimony is faith in a union of soul with soul."

Yet is the mere Platonic love, the desire after a union of soul with soul, in itself a mere possibility and no reality—a *sentimentality*, but no *morality*. No soul can perfectly unite with another one, so long as it is encompassed in the shrine of the body; no drop of crystallizing water contained in a piece of ice, can unite in one drop with that contained in another piece of ice, before the crystal is melted, and the crystallizing water freed from its limited planes and edges. And these good acts of matrimony are just the given media of solution by aid of which the body becomes broken and humiliated in self-denial, the conscious mind eclipsed by the moment of unconsciousness. Thus, all individuality is suspended. For the essence of love is abnegation of the body and absorption of individuality.

The same is the case in the matrimony of man with God. To state that good acts alone are sufficient for salvation, is to make

of the holy church a work-shop where hell and paradise are built. It may well satisfy a good many, but men of a developed inner sense will revolt against the desecration of the most holy, just as Luther did against the trade of absolution by Tetzl. And it is a sad experience to perceive that Luther only understood how to abolish the market sale, but not the private ones. The Protestant Church deals constantly with hell and heaven in the name of God; still it is given to no woman-born to make dispensations of God's unbounded blessings.

The salvation of men consists in the realization, as much as possible upon earth, of a union of man's soul with God as the only true worship; and this union can but incompletely be attained by immolations, by offerings of our body and mind, by self-denial and humility, by abnegation and absorption, whose media are the moral acts, whose essence consists in a benevolent self-denial.

All flowers of plants, after the anthera have poured out into the *pistillum* the pollen, wither and die; the largest portion of animals, after the union of one unconscious idea with the opposite one, die and close the summit of their existence in attaining that which Buddhism taught man to be his salvation, viz., *annihilation*.

S. KISFFY, M. D.

TEST COMMUNICATIONS.

THE following communication was made to me through Mr. G. A. Redman, medium, formerly of Boston, but now at 138 Canal-street, New York, on Friday last, November 14th, 1856. I found Mr. Redman alone in his room, and he invited me to take a seat and try for a communication. I hesitated, as I did not stop for that purpose, nor did I expect a communication, having made a good many trials, but uniformly without success. I however concluded to take a seat at his table, and proceeded as follows:

In the first place I took six small pieces of paper and wrote the name of a near deceased relative upon each. I then folded them in as small a compass as I could, and rolled them together until each one was no larger than a common-sized pea. The question was then asked, "Is there a Spirit present who will communicate with me?" Soon the response came, that there was. "Is the name of the Spirit written on either of these pieces of paper?" (pointing to the slips of paper on the table.) "Yes." I then asked, "Is your name on this?" No response. "On this?" No response. "On this?" No response. "On this?" "Yes." "Will the Spirit write its name before I open the paper?" "Yes." At once Mr. Redman wrote the name "Elizabeth;" and upon opening the paper I found the same name written upon it. I then asked if Elizabeth would give me a communication in writing? At once Mr. Redman's hand was influenced, and commenced to write at the top of the page, from right to left, with the letters standing toward me. As I was sitting at the opposite side of the table, and continued to write until he came to the bottom of the page, it could only be read by holding the paper to the glass. It was as follows:

MY DEAR MORTAL BROTHER—Though I do not often come to thee, still I am with thee, and my Spirit is watching over and guiding both the mind and the body from the ways of the world that are wrong. O how I do enjoy this moment! I never have been allowed before where I could come so nigh and see thee, and tell thee of my high love. O how much this world has to learn! And to see thy soul so receptive, it makes us all happy. Thy sister guardian, ELIZABETH.

After reading this communication, and a few moments reflection, I remarked, "It is a long time since you died." The Spirit immediately said, "I passed to life, dear brother." I then inquired, "Is our mother with you?" when Mr. Redman wrote again as before:

I told mother, and we left our duties to spend a few moments with one who is walking the path of spiritual truth, and each moment gaining upon the distance that separates him from the unseen but realized existence. Thou hast lived long on earth compared with me, dear brother, and well thou hast, for now thy pillow of experience can be soothed by angels.

I asked many other questions, all of which were answered promptly and correctly. Amongst them was this, "Have your religious opinions undergone any change since you left the form?" to which she replied that they had. This question was induced from a desire to learn if a change of views take place after we enter the Spirit-world. As this sister was of a religious temperament, and early in life joined herself to the church and applied herself devotedly to her religious duties, believing what the church taught, as it does, that there can be no change after death, "that as death leaves us, so the judgment finds us," and our condition

is irrevocably fixed at the period of death. This doctrine denies in effect, the idea of progression, and fixes our condition in a state of absolute happiness or misery, without a possibility of change. If, therefore, this communication is a true one, it proves that the idea of a fixed condition is false, and admits the doctrine of progression to be true. And why not? Does not all consistent, rational reflection teach, that to be immortal we must retain all our faculties, entire and complete, and exercise them in the Spirit-world as we exercise them here? and if so, how is it possible for us to exist to all eternity without advancing in moral goodness? This is the universal effect here in the form. Age calms our physical energies, and quickens our moral and religious faculties, and must operate the same upon the same minds wherever they are situated. "Like causes produce like effects;" so virtuous deeds elevate and advance our moral and religious nature, whether we exist in the form or in the Spirit-world.

The communication referred to may be true or false. In some respects it is probably not true; but the question after all is, Did it come from the Spirit-world? or did it proceed from my own mind, or from the mind of Mr. Redman? One of the three sources must be the true source whence it came, for there was no living person in the room but Mr. Redman and myself. Mr. Redman is an almost entire stranger to me. He knew nothing of me, nor of my family connections. He could not have known the one who purports to communicate, for she left the form twenty-six years since, which must have been several years before Mr. Redman was born. How, then, could he have written the name, "Elizabeth," to correspond with the name I had written upon the small piece of paper, which he did not see, and had no possible chance of knowing what I had written? If Mr. Redman had known my family connections, and desired to deceive me, it would have been quite natural for him to have written the names of other deceased relatives who have left the form recently, and whose names would have satisfied me quite as well, as to have brought forward the one who had been absent so long as to be, in some degree, lost from my mind. I can not bring myself to believe, for one moment, that the communication came from him.

As to the probability of these communications being a reflex of my own mind, I can speak with certainty; for notwithstanding I wrote the name "Elizabeth," with five other names, I know positively that I was not thinking of her, nor was I expecting to hear from her. My mind was fixed upon two or three deceased relatives who had left the form quite recently, and from whom I desired and expected a communication, if I had one at all. I know I was not thinking of "Elizabeth" at the time; therefore the communication could not be a reflex of my mind, and the conclusion is to me irresistible, that it came from the Spirit-world; and this conclusion is strengthened by the almost numberless communications that come to others under similar or more striking circumstances, bringing conviction to thousands and thousands, of the reality of meeting our departed friends who have preceded us to the Spirit home, and who still come back to us with glad tidings to help us forward in our course.

And why should it not be so? What are the obstacles that forbid our communion? If immortality is a reality, our friends live; death has not destroyed them; and if they continue to live, they must be the same beings they were here. The *mode* of existence may have changed—not the existence itself. They possess all the attributes of mind that characterize them here. Not one "jot or tittle" will be changed; for if change comes over us we lose our identity, and are no longer the same individual beings. To argue a change would be to argue a total annihilation. To live on is an immutable law of our being, and can not be changed. This we see in all the communications that come to us. The same human feelings, the same affections, the same habit of thought—in fact, the same being whom we knew as our father, mother, sister, brother, husband, wife, or friend, and who shared our affections here, and at whose departure from us we shed tears of sorrow, believing the grave separated us, perhaps forever, now return to us, manifesting all the characteristics by which we knew them in the form. Few have realized a rational idea of a future mode of existence; all has been vague and unsatisfactory. But the time now seems to be at hand when we are to be permitted to know something of ourselves, of our destiny, and what are our duties, in order to insure our best good, here as well as hereafter. There are laws that govern us morally and physically; these laws are only to be understood and obeyed, to give us happiness here; and as this state of existence

is a part of the future, or as our whole existence makes up eternity, it only requires us to live in harmony with ourselves here, to ensure that harmony of the soul we desire when the physical nature ceases to be longer of use to us, and when the soul is in the full enjoyment of that condition most congenial to itself. Then will joy and peace flow out from us, and heart will gladden heart, and all will join in one general jubilee of rational enjoyment in progressive life forever.

A. S. GIBBS.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE JEWS.

THE Jewish people fill so large a space in the early history of the world, that we are more familiar with their name and career than that of our forefathers. Up to a certain point, no other nation stood so boldly in the foreground, nor had so much to do with the permanent and formative events which make the history of our race what it is, as the occupants of that obscure, isolated, agricultural kingdom, so small as to be scarcely perceptible upon the map, and the prey of so many conquerors—Palestine. The chosen people of God, the honored depositaries of the only direct revelations ever made to man, heirs of the promises, the countrymen and brethren of the incarnate Lord, and actors in the most tragic and decisive events that have ever taken place in the world, this rude little people have, by an indefeasible right, attracted to themselves a reverent interest and historic importance which no other nation can claim. Losing by their fall and dispersion their central position, their subsequent history is less important, though still crowded with elements of suffering, patience, heroism, to which no other annals present a parallel. Of what they are as a religious community at present, less is generally understood than would seem possible concerning a people once so famous. We have been so much instructed by an article in the current number of the *North American Review* on this subject, that we are induced to digest its facts and statements, in the hope that the information will be interesting to our readers, who must regard the Jews, if only for their fathers' sake, with a peculiar interest.

The Jews are scattered among many nations, and share, to a great extent, the characteristics of the people among whom they dwell. But there is a radical distinction between the Jew of the East and the Jew of the West. The Mediterranean Sea separates the race of Israel into classes as distinct in spirit as are Moslem and Christian; and the Vistula is a boundary between the Judaism which is inert and stationary, and the Judaism which assimilates to itself the elements of progressive civilization. With the Oriental Hebrew, theology is the beginning and end of all knowledge. The Talmud is his Koran. To read it, pore over it, speculate upon it, copy it, are the most cherished joys of life. The Occidental Jew, on the contrary, from early years, has cultivated the arts and sciences. The names of Halevy, Aben Ezra, Maimonides, and Kimchi had once European celebrity, and still keep an eminent place in the history of the poets, philosophers, and rhetoricians of the middle ages. In almost every age and country there have been distinguished Jewish scholars, like Mendelssohn, Hillel, and Neander; and gradually they have been rising to higher social, intellectual, and moral importance, until, in proportion to their numbers, it is undoubtedly true that the Hebrew race have, in culture and influence, an equality with any sect of Christians.

The Oriental division of the Jews, the writer in question estimates at probably five millions. In the Austrian Empire they are reckoned at a million or more, and possess such decided monetary power with the State as bankers, that they have a great degree of freedom and privilege. In Prussia, where they number over half a million, they have a good position, and their relative rank as scholars is very high. The smaller States of Germany have about three hundred thousand Israelites, principally in the cities, especially in the free cities of Frankfort and Hamburg, which they feel to be half their own. In France, they are estimated as high as a hundred thousand, chiefly in the Rhine province of Alsatia. In the British possessions of Europe, the number of Jews is about sixty thousand, of whom one-third are residents of London. A few political rights are still withheld, but socially they are not distinguished from the subjects of the realm. Holland, first to grant them justice, counts in her cities not less than fifty thousand; Sweden, Denmark, and Belgium may have thirty thousand, and the various Italian States as many more. The whole number of Jews in Europe may be reckoned at four and a half millions.

In this country, the writer supposes that no class of immi-

grants has increased more rapidly than the Hebrew. In 1850, a man might count upon his fingers all the synagogues in the land; now there are at least a quarter of a million Jews, from eighty to ninety synagogues, and a multitude of smaller communities where a nucleus exists, which will soon grow into a synagogue. The city of New York alone has twenty synagogues and thirty thousand Jews—about one-twentieth part of the population being such. There are synagogues in all the chief cities of the seaboard—two in Boston, five in Philadelphia, five in Baltimore, three in New Orleans, two in Charleston, and four in Cincinnati.

The Oriental Jews are united, because stagnant. They are all Talmudists, have but few schools, and no periodicals. But the Western Jews are troubled with as many sects as Protestants. There are three principal divisions among them—the Conservatives, Reformers, and Neologists; each of these containing subdivisions made by the degree to which the peculiar notions of the party are carried. The Conservatives hold fast to tradition, and are by profession Talmudists, though differing among themselves as to the stringency and extent to which it should be held. This party is an overwhelming majority in numbers, including nine-tenths of the Israelites in Europe and America. They have four monthly magazines in Germany, one in France, one, a weekly, in Great Britain, two periodicals in Holland, and one in Italy. Of these the best is the *Jeshuran* published at Frankfort. In this country this party have only a monthly, the *Occident*, published at Philadelphia, and a weekly in New York, *The Asmodean*.

The Reformers generally deny the infallibility of tradition, but differ among themselves in the degree to which they discard it. The right wing maintain that tradition has authority, but may be lawfully modified so as to conform to the progress of civilization and the spirit of the age. The left wing are radicals concerning tradition, rejecting it utterly, and denying the resurrection of the dead. They are in fact, the modern Sadducees, though they do not maintain the relative rank of the sect in Herod's day. This party has three monthly periodicals in Germany, one in France, and two weeklies in the United States. The Neologists have also their right and left wing—the former holding to the authority of the Decalogue, but discarding the Levitical law; the latter being outright Deists. This party has but two periodicals, one in Germany, and one in Baltimore. They have but two Synagogues in this country, both in Baltimore. The Reformers have but four—one in each of the cities of Albany, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston.

Of eminent living Jewish scholars and other personages, the article notices among the Conservatives, Rabbi Rapoport, of Prague, the erudite author of the Talmudic dictionary; Dr. Sachs, of Berlin, a poet and preacher; Dr. Manheir, of Vienna; Dr. Hirsch, of Frankfort. Of the Reformers, Dr. Salomon, of Hamburg; Dr. Jost, of Frankfort; Weils, a remarkable Arabic scholar; Dr. Furst, of Leipzig; Berthold Auerbach, author of the most popular work of modern German fiction. Meyerbeer the composer, is a Jew, as also was Mendelssohn. Ernst, the first concert artist of the age; Lessing, the greatest living historical painter; Rachel, the tragedienne; Foul, the French Minister of Finance; Mr. Salvador, the historian—are all Jews, not to mention the Rothschilds, D'Israeli, and other names as familiar as household words.

The change which centuries have made in the ritual and hierarchical order of the Jews is very slight. The visitor in a synagogue sees substantially the same arrangement, and hears substantially the same prayers and chants as the Hebrews of Syria saw and heard in the days of Hillel. But not all the Jews, even of the most rigid sect, live up to their rigid creeds. The younger Israelites, like the younger Quakers, often sadly fall away from that stern obedience which is the praise of the elders. The very numerous fasts—a characteristic feature of Judaism—are kept like the Christian Lent. And as to the once darling hope of a literal return to Palestine, the Jews are said to have lost all belief or interest in it. The reply which one of the Rothschilds is said to have given to an applicant for money for this purpose probably expresses the prevalent sentiment of the Hebrew race: "I would rather be a Jew of the kings, than king of the Jews."

The amelioration of the condition of the Jews has engaged the attention, not only of Christians, but of wealthy Israelites. There are Christian Missions in the Holy Land, and in other places at the East, established for the sole purpose of their conversion. There is a costly English Church built on the highest

part of Mount Zion, but it is empty. Neither the zeal of Bishop Gobat or Mr. Nicholayson, nor the piety of Mr. Schauffler, has as yet produced any striking results. There is a small sect in Virginia, called "Disciples," who have a missionary in Jerusalem. The attempt to mingle agricultural instruction with religious teaching, now in progress at Jaffa, is too recent to permit a sound judgment as to its influence or success. At present it has but little promise, either in the sympathy of Jews or Christians.—*N. Y. Evangelist*.

THE GREAT MYSTERY.

WE are informed by the records of antiquity, that a God manifested in the flesh was a great mystery to the ancient Jews; and this undoubtedly remains a great mystery at the present day, to all those religious sectarians who have been benighted by those traditions. But to the independent mind, enlightened by divine grace, there can be no truth more fully demonstrated.

When mankind reject this divine light within, to follow blind guides, they become the victims of their own stupidity, and of a superstitious education which religious sectarians impose upon them as derived from the traditions of their fathers, and systematized by the craftiness of the priests. But the Son of God is equally beneficent to all, and his light, like the rays of the natural sun, is universally diffused. It is not the dead body, nor the natural blood of Jesus (as we have been taught), that constitute a Savior, but the living and glorified Spirit that once enlightened and animated that body, and which must find a resurrection in the sinner's heart. Christ the Savior is Deity incarnate; he is to the intellectual, what the outward sun is to the natural world, and mankind are as independent of priests and books for his revelations, as they are for the light of day. All that is to be known of God is manifest within, by the light that emanates from one's self; and there is no other medium by which man can recognize his existence or obtain the knowledge of his will.

The history of the Bible is a history of progress; and if I understand the intended moral result of the Gospel, it consisted in an entire emancipation from bondage to former precedents, and in the establishment of individual sovereignty, by the operation of the divine law written upon the heart, or the revelations of the Son of God within. It is not what God revealed to Moses, or what Jesus did eighteen hundred years ago, that materially concerns the present race; but what he reveals to us, and what he is doing now. Shall we, in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, and in this enlightened country, go away back to Mount Sinai to look for God's law, when Christ is so near? Or in view of the opening prospect before us, shall we sit down in the labors of our predecessors, and look for a stopping-place upon the march of intellect? Or shall we ascend the hill of science, which is the hill of Zion, and mount up in expanded vision, when we may see God in all his glory and man in boundless bliss?

Divine communion will constitute a heaven anywhere. With the approbation of the Son of God, or of Christ within, we may find the kingdom of heaven in the recesses of a dungeon; and without this, we may be surrounded outwardly by all the glory of an imperial palace or Trinity Church, and every place in hell, at least in miniature. But the fabled hell and kingdom of heaven of orthodox sectarians, where their Devil and their Deity reside, is a locality that has never been located. They tell us it is somewhere beyond the grave, enveloped in profound mystery; but when the worshippers of an absent and mysterious God shall get out of the dark prison of superstition where they have been fed upon the poison husks of tradition, they will discover that God is light and life, and that light is the revelation of all things in the spiritual as well as in the material world.

A LOVER OF LIGHT.

WHEN on the quiet of my lonely hours
Some softly whispering inspiration steals;
Am I less blest than he whose Spirit feels
The deepest movings of the muse's powers?
Nay. For the sunlight that glids up the towers
Of princes—in the sheltered lane reveals
The beauty of the primrose—and unseals
Phials of fragrance in the violet's bowers.
For poetry can glad, illumine, sustain
And dignify the humblest heart she sways;
And though the world the trifles may disdain,
Still dear unto the poet are his lays.
And whose seeketh shall not seek in vain,
For joys abundant in her pleasant ways.—*Mag.*

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

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

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1856.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

"FOREST HOME" (EMPIRE), NEAR FOND DU LAC, WIS.,
November 15, 1856.

READERS OF THE TELEGRAPH:

Since the date of my second letter—written from Adrian, Mich.—my opportunities for writing have been extremely limited, owing to frequent and rapid changes with respect to locality and other incidental circumstances. At length, however, I am prepared to continue this correspondence under most favorable conditions. Just now I find myself magnificently disposed of—in a commodious apartment, from which I look out on the groves of walnut and burr oak wherewith Nature has adorned the Governor's park. Surrounded by pleasant scenes and agreeable companions, I naturally feel more inspiration than I shall be likely to express. The truth is, on my way hither I found so many good people thirsting for the inspiring waters from the new "well-spring" that I have been *pumped nearly dry*, and some time will be required to fill up this empty spiritual "cistern." The reader must not misjudge respecting the reason why my resources are temporarily exhausted. It is well known that when a cistern is *tapped* on all sides, the contents will run out about as readily as if it were partially demolished. For this reason no one is authorized to infer that we belong to the biblical category of "broken cisterns that can hold no water."

My lectures in Michigan were generally well attended, notwithstanding they occurred on the week of the Presidential election, when the public mind was, to a great extent, preoccupied with subjects involved in the political contest. I was at Ypsilanti, on the Huron river, in Washtenaw county, on the evenings of the third and fourth. The principal hall had been engaged for my lectures by Mr. E. Samson, a true man, and one of the most consistent and devoted Spiritualists in the State. But on the evening of the third instant we had an illustration of political rectitude in the successful attempt to deprive us of the use of the hall. It being the last night before the election, one of the political parties had engaged the services of a prominent stump orator, presuming that the hall was not otherwise engaged. But when the politicians learned the Spiritualists had secured the use of it for that evening, they proposed to give something if our friends would resign the further use of the place after the expiration of the first half hour, to which it was proposed to restrict the introductory lecture on Spiritualism. This seemed like crowding a great subject into very narrow quarters, but under the circumstances it was deemed advisable to acquiesce, that general good feeling might be preserved. Very early in the evening, the Hall was filled with a mixed audience of Spiritualists and those who had come together to "save the country." The hour designated for our lecture was half-past seven o'clock, but before the time arrived the political wire-pullers and scene-painters were in full blast. As the principles of justice and the courtesies of polite society are rarely recognized by excited politicians, our paramount claims to the use of the hall were of course totally disregarded. Those of our friends who had not yet found their way into the *political box-trap*—ingeniously baited with a short spiritual lecture—with such as happened to be seated near the door, repaired to a small hall over Mr. Samson's store, where the first lecture was delivered. On the second evening the political operators being otherwise engaged in counting votes and in estimating the probable results of the contest—we were left in peaceable possession of the large hall. The weather was unfavorable, but in spite of the agitated state of the physical and political elements, a good audience assembled, about two-thirds of the number present being ladies. At the close of the lecture, Rev. Henry H. Powers, of the Episcopal Church, offered some friendly strictures, and the writer made a brief reminder, after which the people retired from the hall, apparently much interested with what they had heard.

The next place in my programme was Battle Creek, also situated on the line of the Michigan Central Railroad, one hundred and seventeen miles west of Detroit. This thriving and beautiful village stands at the point where the stream bearing the same name discharges its waters into the Kalamazoo river. I was met at the dépôt by several friends who anticipated my arrival. Among the number was Rev. J. P. Averill, formerly a clergyman of the Universalist denomination, now a rational and enlightened Spiritualist, and all his life a fearless and honest man. When this brother became satisfied that the Modern Manifestations were spiritual in their origin, he modestly but openly expressed his conviction. While other ministers were balancing the truth against their old dogmas and the prospect of a living, and were ready to kick the beam if the former was likely to be too weighty for the latter, he left these venerable dogmas to their appropriate keepers, and trusting to Providence and his own muscles for a subsistence, he declared himself free from all arbitrary authorities and sectarian shackles. And most nobly has he maintained his independence. The force of such an example, combined with the coincidental developments of Spiritualism, has raised up an army of friends who are likewise strong and unyielding in a devotion to the most essential principles and ideas, in manly assertion of natural and inalienable rights, and in their unselfish labor to promote the interests of the common Humanity. The friends in Battle Creek are earnest and intelligent men and women, whose homes are far more attractive to the true Reformer than Baronial Halls, and whose personal dignity and genuine hospitality present a striking contrast to the heartless show and the gilded mockeries of modern fashionable society.

The Spiritualists—judging from what the writer saw and heard—appear to embrace almost the entire Universalist congregation, many progressive members of the Society of Friends and others. The lectures were attended by a numerous class of intelligent people. During my brief stay among them, I was treated with great cordiality. Beside Brother Averill and his esteemed lady, I am likewise indebted to Joseph Merritt, Charles Mason, E. C. Manchester, David Brown, and their families, for personal attentions, which contributed much to the pleasure of our visit.

I left Battle Creek on the 7th instant for Kalamazoo, where I was to speak in the evening of that day. The place is located on the river of the same name, and has a population of about six thousand. A violent storm of mingled rain and snow did not afford a very flattering prospect for the first public experiment in Kalamazoo. On my arrival, Mr. George W. Winslow, the most active friend of our cause in that place, met me at the railroad station and welcomed me to his pleasant home, where I was agreeably entertained. The night being dark and stormy, the audience was small, but several of the most influential citizens were present, and all listened with marked attention to our proclamation of the Gospel of To-day.

In order to reach Elkhart, Ind., in time to meet the appointment on the next evening, it became necessary to continue my journey with but little delay. It was midnight when

"—Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," shed around my pillow the soft magnetism that bars the senses, and makes the soul oblivious of earthly things. At three o'clock A. M., I abruptly shook off the spirit of slumber, and started for the dépôt. The storm had not abated. Before four o'clock we were on our way to Niles, where we arrived just as the day-god sent the first faint rays through the dark clouds that obscured his rising. After a few minutes' delay the writer left Niles in an ancient and well-ventilated stage coach. Like some other institutions in the country, it proved to be a very "slow coach." On our way to South Bend, which is on the line of the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad, we had no difficulty in taking things *coolly*, for as the rude winds waltzed through our crazy old vehicle, they uttered many a chilling prophecy of approaching winter.

While on the way to South Bend, no outward object attracted special attention, save the college buildings of Notre Dame, which present a fine appearance, and indicate that, like most Catholic institutions, this one is in a flourishing condition. My fellow-passengers were a German brewer and a Yankee singing-master, who were engaged in an animated discussion respecting the properties and effects of *Lager Beer*. The German was a smooth, vigorous specimen of humanity, who certainly looked as if he might resist the combined power of all

the elements, while, on the other hand, the teacher of Harmonics was a thin, ghastly genius, with red hair and a countenance that reminded me of the parched surface of a warm country in a dry season. The former insisted that Lager Beer was one of the most important institutions of modern times, while the latter contended that all intoxicating drinks serve to kindle consuming fires in the system, which deaden the senses and dissipate the vital fluids, and that they are therefore destructive of health and life. For a while the result of the contest seemed doubtful, but at length the sleek German began to illustrate his subject by a reference to particular examples, in which he instituted a *comparison between himself and the singing master*. It was a lucky hit, but fatal to the prospects of our New England friend; for while the German (excuse the figure; I have been among real estate speculators) looked like a wide piece of rich bottom land, the Yankee more nearly resembled a thin strip from a *sandy* desert, fanned by the scorching breath of the simoon. Just as the stage arrived at the bridge that crosses the St. Joseph river at South Bend, my countryman beat a retreat.

I arrived at Elkhart at an early hour, and went directly to the hotel. I soon found Mr. M. E. Cole, through whose earnest and efficient efforts the arrangements for my lectures were undertaken and consummated. The first lecture was delivered on Saturday evening, 8th instant, and was well attended. On Sunday, the 9th, the audiences were very large for the place, especially in the evening, when the largest hall in the village was so densely crowded that there did not appear to be even a standing-place for a single individual. Several excellent friends came in from the neighboring towns and villages of Goshen, Edwardsburg, Adamsville and Bristol, and the interest manifested far exceeded the writer's expectation. After the lecture on Sunday evening, I accepted the invitation of Mr. B. F. Kenyon and his esteemed lady, to spend the night at their residence, where I also met some devoted friends from Goshen. Mr. Kenyon has one of the most desirable places in all this region. One side of his farm is washed by the clear waters of the Elkhart, while the St. Joseph bounds the other, flowing within a few rods of his dwelling. The banks are skirted with beautiful groves, and in summer this point of land, at the confluence of the two rivers, must be one of the most enchanting spots in all the West.

Spiritualism is treated with respect by the most intellectual citizens of Fond du Lac. The influence of Gov. Tallmadge is quite sufficient to restrain any marked incivility, and to check the flippant speech of those superficial persons who are accustomed to condemn whatever they do not comprehend. Through his personal efforts many excellent minds have been led to undertake a rational investigation, and the happiest results have generally ensued. An example that combines so much genuine courage and unaffected modesty cannot fail to strengthen the weak; at the same time it administers a wholesome rebuke to such as have a peculiar "*mission*," which leads them to admire themselves as much as they are prone to overlook the righteous claims of the rest of mankind.

In my intercourse with the Governor, one thing has especially attracted my attention. He never stipulates for the suppression of his name. No fear of becoming bankrupt in reputation ever caused him to withhold his signature from any genuine, spiritual *paper*. He has already *indorsed*, for a large amount, and still the outside pressure excites no apprehension. When there are so many timid soldiers, who hide themselves under all kinds of covers, who fire their small arms from a spiritual stubble-field, and then dodge behind the wall, it is most refreshing to find a *MAN*—one who has a social and political position, and yet dares to contend in an open field, where his adversary may have a fair chance. Such a man is the Ex-Governor of Wisconsin. His own emphatic language, employed in a great political contest, is expressive of his true character. When, by his calm determination and unconquerable energy, he had doubtless prevented the reflection of Mr. Van Buren to the Presidency, leaving the latter no alternative but to retire to private life, he expressed a wish to resign his own seat in the United States Senate, desiring no further participation in public affairs. But those who had been instrumental in elevating him to that high position, thought that the principles and measures with which his political life had been identified, might be jeopardized by his resignation. Accordingly, they entered a remonstrance, and urged their claims to his continued services.

with so much force that he resolved to retain his seat in the Senate. In responding to their earnest solicitation for him to remain, he said:

"I will stand by the guns till the last shot is fired."

The author's unshaken firmness and his fidelity to his friends and his convictions are alike revealed in these memorable words. Without presuming to obtrude an opinion respecting the merits of the controversy in which our distinguished co-worker was then engaged, we are happy to know that he has brought these attributes—tempered by the superior wisdom of his ripened manhood, and illuminated by light from on high—with him to the altar of the LIVING FAITH.

Our friend looks on temporal possessions and worldly honors as altogether beneath the sublime realities of a living, spiritual experience and the soul's great future. In his mind, and in fact, the Angel of the Living Dispensation has dethroned Death and wrought from new-born hopes a chaplet that diffuses immortal fragrance over the tomb. Hence, the perfect complacency with which he views the dissolution of earthly forms, and the undisturbed composure that is observed to characterize every allusion to the universal change. I may be pardoned for recording a single illustration of this kind. One day, a visitor who was viewing the Governor's domain, remarked to him that "the man who has such a place ought to live forever to enjoy it." "O," said the Governor, "I have no idea of remaining here; I am only preparing this for some body else who has no better situation. I understand that up there, where I am going, they have much finer places than this."

I have written thus respecting our noble friend without his knowledge, and I might apprehend the mild displeasure of the head of the Church in Wisconsin, did I not expect to be beyond his jurisdiction before the fact is discovered by the publication of this letter. If the liberty I have taken is such as to require an apology, one is readily suggested. *I would have others who may never meet the Governor on earth, yet feel the force of such an example.*

I delivered five lectures in Fond du Lac, which were attended by a large share of the more intelligent and influential citizens of the place. During the six days that I remained at the "Forest Home," I enjoyed a brief interview with Charles H. Larrabee, Judge of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin. I also met with several other friends whose intelligence and social position invest them with a personal influence that is widely felt in the community. I must not omit to express, ere I close, my indebtedness to Mr. Spencer, for personal favors, and to other friends, whose names are unrecorded, the assurance of my grateful remembrance of their kindness.

S. B. B.

SCHISM.

I HAVE gathered up the following fragments of the week and transfer them bodily to these columns, because they seem to belong to the same plane or sphere of schism, and their appeal to the public seems to demand the succeeding remarks:

EXCITING SCENE AT DODWORTH'S HALL.—Yesterday morning while the Rev. T. L. Harris, (who, it seems, had understood he was to lecture twelve Sabbaths, and had been notified by the Committee that his engagement must cease with yesterday evening) was attempting to explain the misunderstanding to the audience, he was interrupted by Dr. Warner protesting against any such explanation to the public, as he said any persons who felt interested might learn the facts of the Committee after the meeting had closed. Dr. Warner then, not following his own advice to Harris, made a statement which Harris pronounced to be false. An exciting scene immediately occurred. A "trance medium," with deathly pale face and turned-up eyes, exclaimed: He must go on, the word of God must be respected."

Mr. Harris at last succeeded in restoring the audience to order; after which both he and Dr. Warner exchanged apologies—not, however, until Dr. Warner had been informed by some person, that the congregation had assembled to hear Harris, not Warner; this individual was told to "hold his tongue" by somebody else. After the dismissal a Shaker, laboring evidently under great excitement, and stamping violently on the floor, made a stump speech in Warner's favor, which seemed to excite considerable mirth.

However, the matter having been amicably adjusted, Mr. Harris delivered an eloquent discourse in the evening on "Charity," and gave notice that hereafter he should occupy the desk at Academy Hall, and that Mr. Ambler would hold forth at Dodworth's.

Academy Hall will therefore be filled by Spiritualists in favor of Revelation, the Divinity of Christ, etc., while Dodworth's will hereafter echo to speakers in favor of nothing in particular, and everything in general, especially the "Harmonial Philosophy" of A. J. Davis, Thomas Paine, etc.—*Evening Mirror, Nov. 17.*

DODWORTH'S HALL LAST SUNDAY.

Mr. Spiritualist: As an individual, speaking solely on my individual

responsibility, I wish to say a word in your columns relative to the occurrences at Dodworth's Hall last Sunday, and the results thereof. I wish, in the first place, to express my high admiration of the bold and manly, yet gentle course pursued by Brother Harris, not only on that day but on previous Sundays, in giving expression to his conscientious convictions, notwithstanding the antagonistic and perverting spheres, which I know must have been perfectly torturing to a mediatorial organization so finely strung as his. And now, since, from other causes certainly than Brother Harris' non-acceptance with the throngs who, Sabbath after Sabbath, eagerly congregated to hear him, a few ruling individuals have deemed it proper to cause his labors in Dodworth's Hall to be brought to an abrupt and most unexpected termination, it is hoped that a course will be pursued for the future which will preclude all clashing between the different parties. Those who sympathize with the teachings given through Brother Harris, will, I think, find no difficulty in amicably uniting with the Dodworth Hall folks in the investigation of the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism; and while they meet together in their own selected place, for those religious and other exercises which may comport with the dictates of their own free consciences, inviting all the world to come and listen to what may be said, it is hoped that they may be much less subject to those painful sneers and scoffs with which their ears have heretofore been too often saluted.

The time, I think, has certainly arrived for a practical solution of the question, Shall Spiritualists have a religion? or shall we, as Spiritualists, entirely ignore the religious principle, and trample it under foot? This question each one must be left free to answer for himself, and the conscientious answer of each one should certainly be respected, not scoffed at.

Of course your readers will be duly notified that Brother Harris will continue his course of lectures at Academy Hall, in Broadway, opposite Bond-street, morning and evening at the usual hours, next Sunday, and on the following Sundays.

Yours, etc., WM. FISHBOUGH.
—*Christian Spiritualist of last week.*

The following notice appeared in the *Christian Spiritualist*, and also as an advertisement in the *Tribune*:

SPIRITUALISM.—The congregation of Christian Spiritualists would respectfully inform the friends of Christian Principles, and the public at large, that they have secured Academy Hall, Broadway, opposite Bond-street, for the purpose of holding Sabbath services. The Rev. T. L. Harris, formerly the Pastor of the Independent Christian Congregation in this city, is expected to become their minister, and will preach, as above, every Sabbath morning and evening, at the usual hours. A cordial invitation is extended to all who may desire to attend his ministrations.

It is a part of the business of the secular press to give currency to "exciting scenes," and the chief value of a reporter consists in his capabilities to put into his narrative, the excitement which the scene itself lacked. The last paragraph of the article from the *Mirror*, however, would seem to be entirely gratuitous on the part of a disinterested reporter, which indicates that it is an inspiration from the plane of schisms, and was penned with a view to keep up an excitement. If, however, it should be the means of filling both halls with people who live on the plane of excitement, they will find, I trust, a favorable opportunity to "simmer down" into natural common sense.

Brother Fishbough says he wishes "to express his high admiration of the bold, and manly, yet gentle course pursued by Brother Harris in giving expression to his conscientious convictions, notwithstanding the antagonistic and perverting spheres." I presume Brother F.'s desire thus to single out and to express himself relative to Brother Harris, arises from personal regard, since all who have spoken from that platform have given abundant evidence of the inspirations of "manly boldness" which surround a free platform, and which is the sure prophecy that no "antagonistic or perverting spheres" can prevent the utterance of any legitimate, manly, bold, spiritual, or divine inspiration. Were it otherwise, how could Christ, as Mr. F. believes, go and preach to the devils in hell, or how could Spirits speak to present skeptical investigators, or how could they have spoken to me in the first instance; for I venture to claim that I was one, if not the chiefest, of skeptics.

The whole spiritual unfoldings show that infidelity to God and nature, and unbelief in the existence or possibility of intercourse between Spirits and mortals, offer no obstacles to Spirits manifesting their presence and pouring out their holy affections and divine inspirations on ignorant, erring mortals. But Mr. F. says:

Since from other causes certainly than Brother Harris' non-acceptance with the throngs who, Sabbath after Sabbath, eagerly congregated to hear him, a few ruling individuals have deemed it proper to cause his labors in Dodworth's Hall to be brought to an abrupt and most unexpected termination.

This paragraph surprises me more for coming from a professed Spiritualist, and one (as he claims) in good standing with advanced Spirits in the other life. To me it savors more of the plane of schism than that of Christian or spiritual charity.

It is known perfectly well to Mr. F., and every other Spiritual-

ist, that Dodworth's Hall was secured, and is occupied on Sundays, for the purpose of interchanging experiences in facts and philosophies, being unfolded under the name or term of modern Spiritualism, and their relation to the more ancient spiritual manifestations, and the duties of life. It is especially understood that no one person is slated to occupy the platform for the morning and evening service; on the contrary, that every phase of thought, whether pro or con. to modern Spiritualism, is to be represented; and in changing speakers, the Committee have acted in pursuance of this express agreement.

The throngs who congregate, Sabbath after Sabbath, to hear Mr. Harris or anybody else, form no excuse to the Committee for violating their trust and the agreement between their constituents. The Committee are bound to secure as much variety of experience and thought on modern Spiritualism as possible, and if the speaker is versed in ancient Spiritualism also, so much the better. Nobody pretends—at least publicly—that Brother Harris is the only person inspired in these latter days from the spiritual, celestial, or divine spheres, or that he has all the experience or thoughts on the subject worthy to be uttered. Therefore, after he has discharged his duty, by giving us his experience and legitimate thoughts arising therefrom, he should give place to others, and go elsewhere and do likewise to other Spiritualists. Spiritualists generally, and especially those in the habit of attending the meetings at Dodworth's Academy, seem more disposed to proselytize with facts than with eloquence; and I am sure that Brother Fishbough ought to rejoice with me for this, else our wisdom might never be heard. It does not appear to me that trifling misunderstandings between parties agreeing, are so rare as to be justly made the occasion of publicity and schism, or at least such does not comport with my experience in business, and my conception of the significance of modern Spiritualism.

The Committee, as I understand it, through their Chairman engaged Brother Harris to speak morning and evening until Brother Ambler's engagement in Portland should terminate, and of the precise time of its termination neither party was fully informed; but it seems that Brother Harris subsequently got the impression that the engagement at Portland ended sometime in December, whereas it ended on Sunday, the 16th of November. When the Committee learned this, and that Brother Ambler was expecting to come here to speak on the following Sunday, in pursuance of the understanding in September last, the Chairman of the Committee notified Brother Harris of the fact, which terminated his present engagement with them. This is all, I believe; and it seems to be a straightforward business transaction. Supposing either party were under some misapprehension as to the time of the termination of the engagement at Portland, this is not so rare as to seem to make it worthy of publicity, unless by those on the plane of schism, who are ever ready to magnify molehills into mountains, if by so doing it can be turned to private account.

It is by no means dishonorable or strange that Brother Harris should desire to be permanently settled as pastor of a society, neither that many of his friends should sympathize with his wishes. Several of his friends, Spiritualists identified with, and attached to, the meetings at Dodworth's Academy, who have the cause, the good of mankind at heart—duly sensible of the earnestness of this eloquent exponent of modern Spiritualism, and the great good he is capable of doing, some time previously signified to Brother Harris that, as there were more listeners than could be well accommodated in any one hall, if he and his friends would make a movement toward establishing another place of meeting for Spiritualists on Sunday, they would contribute to its support if they did not attend the meetings; and, furthermore, that if he or they intended such an enterprise, they wished him to so notify his audiences at Dodworth's Hall. They also offered to give up the Conference any Sunday afternoon to him and his friends, to meet and make arrangements for the same. Now, notwithstanding the unkindness exhibited in Brother Fishbough's communication, and by other over-zealous friends, the Spiritualists who thus promised pecuniary aid to the enterprise, and otherwise to do what they could to sustain it, will redeem their promise, and will in no wise be alienated from Brother Harris, and the laudable enterprise of establishing another separate meeting for Spiritualists, on Sunday, by any indiscretion or seeming unkindness of his friends.

Further remarks as to what is Religion, Christianity, Spiritualism, etc., involved in the foregoing communications, must, for the want of space, be deferred till next week. CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION.

G. A. REDMAN, medium, office 391 Canal-street, called at my house, 26 West Fifteenth-street, by agreement, Thursday evening, November 13, 1856. The medium and myself only being present, the Spirits of several of my near relatives signified their presence, and I finally stated to them that I did not need tests, but instruction or information that would be of some practical utility to myself or others, and that I thought their observations and experience would be interesting. The Spirits replied:

"I will write through him and you may take it down as he utters the words his hand writes."

CHARLOTTE."

CHAPTER FIRST.

THE TRANSITION—THE SIGNAL—THE SIGHT—THE VISIT—THE TIE OF EARTH
BROKEN—THE SPIRIT FREE—THE ASCENSION.

"While I lay unconscious of the presence of friends, sometimes afflicted by severe pains and at other times passing into sweet reveries—beholding all manner of shapes, forms and sights—at times my poor spirit would picture hideous beings rushing toward me as if to trample me beneath their feet; at other times winged dragons, with eyes protruding and claws open, seemingly to catch and tear my frail form. Then wild fires, thundering cataracts, and dark dismal places, cavern-like, would meet my gaze. Contrasting with this, were sweet melodious tones which inspired the spirit with dreams of heaven; then forms would gather from the very air, and golden angels, clothed with pearly robes, each pearl an attribute of God—each attribute a volume, a world in itself. Then birds with plumage bright would hover nigh, and O! my sight would seem bewildered with so many happy beauties. Such were the fancies that gathered before my spirit as nature and disease struggled for the mastery.

"These were not actualities, but were produced by a disordered state of the spirit, and by contending influences which, at that moment, gathered near to witness the separation between the spirit and its friend, the body. Every Spirit, when in this transition, passes through similar ordeals, though to some more vivid than to others, according to the nature of the contending elements. 'Tis not painful or distressing as outward appearances indicate. The nervous system, while in this condition, is insensible to all pain. It is not so much the bodily as the spiritual contention. However, we will proceed, as I said before.

"First came these hideous fancies, then the more beautiful, as if to picture the contrast between misery and joy. While my feeble intelligence was enjoying this beautiful vision, I distinctly heard sounds as of a distant bell, like those you have heard to-night—so beautiful that the echo has not ceased, but is gradually dying away to this day; and when my spirit rehearses these scenes, that tiny chime can be recognized when all else seems dull for want of interest. I called this the signal for immortality. Then opened before my vision a transparency as of thin gauze. Oh, that some artistic talent might paint for thee just one ray of that heavenly splendor that decorated the room! From all points came hands visible only to the elbows, but so beautiful that even ancient goddesses might have envied them. As I gazed upon them they beckoned simultaneously for me to come nigh unto them. I struggled, struggled hard, but no, I could not yet be free from the cords that bound me to materiality. As if conscious of my dilemma, this angelic cloud came near my bed, and as it approached, a female figure, bright as the choicest ray of the sun, and as beautiful as the loftiest ideal of beauty, came, and stooping gracefully over the bed side, whispered, 'Come, come, come; earth has no want for thee; come, come home, Spirit of eternity.'†

"No sooner, dear brother, did the voice repeat the above words, than my spirit seemed to whirl into a hazy mist. All seemed perfect chaos, and in this wonderment of lost identity. I could perceive this guardian like a star accompanying me. I ascertained that as I made these revolutions so rapidly, I was leaving earth and ascending to planes where my freed spirit might gather more strength, and have its organs of identity again perfected, and made to appreciate its development. 'Tis impossible to describe the sensation, as my spirit rose from the earthly tabernacle and sought its higher home. I was never conscious or cognizant of what transpired while I was leaving earth-ties; but

* This refers to sounds, like the tolling of a bell, we distinctly heard in the earlier part of the evening, at two different times, and several sounds at each time, apparently produced on the globes or the chandelier nearly over our heads.

† At this time our table—a heavy marble-top table—moved sidewise and back several times, and was then raised up, whether entirely from the floor I can not say. Beside this, it was rocked to and fro.

all that seemed to occupy my idea was to obtain the center of gravity that I might become a tangible, local being, not a Spirit influenced like whirlwinds and thrown from the altar of its firmness like a bubble."

Here the communication ended for the evening. At the second session, held Thursday evening, November 20th, the record of the communication at the previous meeting was read, and the Spirit made a very few corrections; then Mr. Partridge asked the following questions, to which the accompanying replies were given through the medium.

Ques. What do you mean by contending influences which at that time gathered near to witness the separation of the spirit from its friend, the body?

The Spirit wrote:

"INFLUENCES BROUGHT ABOUT BY NATURE.

"Every Spirit while leaving the earth-form struggles with nature, and there must necessarily be a contention before the separation. The birth of every Spirit is attended by myriads of departed ones, who gaze with curious wonder at the separation of the vital cord. They being drawn by physical strife, their influence must be chaotic."

Q. Why do they gaze with such wonder if the scene is so common? A. "They labor to understand the cause and effect. Effects are common to men, but causes are hidden. In fact, the former is ideal, while to the Spirit the effect is dormant without a knowledge of the cause."

Q. Did you produce the sounds like the tolling of a bell, but which appeared to be on the globe on the chandelier nearly over our heads, at our last session? If so, how, and for what purpose? A. "We did produce the sounds by concussion, simply to attract your attention, and confine your thoughts to us, that we might draw nearer and gain more strength upon the medium."

Q. How did you seem to struggle? A. "I was conscious of my position, and labored to join the band a short distance from the bed, but my spirit was not sufficiently strong to resist nature."

Q. Were the hands, the female figure, or the whisper, any more real than your former fantasies? A. "The hands, the female, whisper, etc., were produced when my Spirit was less under physical influence, and when the Spirit was quite calm and needed only outward angelic aid to assist its separation. The first was produced by disease of the various organs, as when under the influence of stimulants. I thought the first was real at the time, but when my spiritual perceptions became clear the fantasy was made certain as well as the actual more real."

Q. May you not change to another condition which will disclose the last to be a fantasy also? A. "No."

Q. Why did your Spirit seem to whirl into a hazy mist upon the pronunciation of the words, "come, come, come?" etc. A. "At the moment the words were pronounced, an effort on the part of surrounding Spirits was made, to draw me away from earth, and the mortal connection was broken. The whirling sensation was produced by my Spirit having no developed form or spiritual body. Its body or form is taken after its ascension into its corresponding sphere."

In answer to a further question, the Spirit said it would give a chapter on the origin of the spiritual body, and the Spirit's entrance therein.

Q. If you were in such a hazy mist, and seemingly lost your identity, how can you give this narrative of the occurrences? A. "The Spirit being without a body, its action was very rapid, which produced unconsciousness of surrounding objects only."

Q. What do you mean by revolution? A. "It is similar to the sensation produced by turning rapidly, which is dizziness of the perceptive organs."

Q. What do you mean by "ascending to planes?" etc. A. "Every freed Spirit has its relative altitude."

Q. Then you agree with the Spirits who communicated to Dr. Hare? A. "No; but I will explain further on."

Q. What do you mean when you say, "To obtain the center of gravity, that I may become a tangible, local being?" etc. A. "I mean, to attain my altitude and have my form developed, my vision clear, and my organization established in consonance with surrounding conditions or principles."

Thus ended the first chapter, which is faithfully reported by the humble servant of Spirits and mortals. CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

LYING is the most consummate form of cowardice. He who uses a lie for a refuge betrays a woful lack of faith in all things substantial, and places a miserable confidence in a shadow of what is not.

Original Communications.

SEVERAL TEST FACTS.

SOUTHINGTON, CONN., November 2, 1856.

MESSES. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

I have noticed repeated calls in the TELEGRAPH for test facts. What I have to relate is at your disposal.

In the summer of 1850, being on a journey west, I fell in company with a lady (strange to me) who, like myself, had a desire to visit the Fox family, and for that purpose we put up for a day or two in Rochester. The next morning we proceeded to the residence of Mrs. Fox, but found the house closed, and the family in New York. I soon remembered of having seen the name of the Rev. Mr. Hammond in a pamphlet, published, I think, by Mr. Capron. After some trouble we found him, and by him was advised to go to Mrs. Draper. We went and found them on East North-street. She consented to go to sleep. Permit me here to say, I had it settled in my mind, that if it were possible for a Spirit to manifest itself to me, my daughter would be the one. Also, that if any other than she purported to come, I should not believe in the possibility of departed Spirits doing so.

After Mrs. Draper's eyes closed, she said, "There is an attraction; a young girl appears." At this my hopes were raised. "She is about fourteen years of age; has blue eyes and brown hair." The description did not answer; my hopes fled; I thought it all a delusion. I replied, I do not know her. "She says she is your aunt." Worse and worse, thought I. No, I never had such an aunt; my aunts were all elderly women, with families. "She says you are her niece, and that she considers you her child." No, I had no such aunt. "She says she is your mother's sister; she apologizes for intruding; she saw your inquiring mind; she has been permitted to carry messages." But no; all this time (for a long time was consumed in this way) I was positive, and the communicating Spirit equally so. "She says her life was too short to experience many of its ills, and that her death was very sudden and unexpected." Still I had not the remotest idea of her. She then said, "I left no children to mourn my loss." Just at this point it came to me like an electric shock, that I had heard in my childhood, that my mother had a sister drowned at the age of fourteen years, in Farmington River, Conn., several years before I was born! No one can imagine my feelings at this time; hope, joy and gratitude filled my soul. The test, to me, was much greater than if I had been permitted to have it according to my wish; but the why, or how it should come to me just then, I can not tell. I leave it for others to solve. She says again, "I will relieve you from all embarrassment; I will now take my leave."

Permit me here to digress a moment, and say, my want of recollection was probably owing to the death of my parents in childhood. My mother I do not remember; and I was removed far away from all my relatives, save one sister; and this aunt's death occurred years before I was born.

To resume the subject: Mrs. D. said, "What! a child? Have you lost a child?" Yes. "I saw her go toward you and put her arm around your neck and embrace you. I can not see her distinctly. She says, Let my mother ask me a question; tell her I come as near as I can at this time; I will meet her at another time and explain the obstructions that are now in the way." This promise has been signally fulfilled.

On my return from the West, about a month after this, I thought I would stop in Syracuse, (as I had heard of an excellent clairvoyant there), and not in Rochester, as I intended when I left Mrs. Draper's. I had a desire to see how the two agreed. I put up at a hotel, and after some considerable difficulty I found her, (Miss Anna L. Fish). She was reluctant to go to sleep; said she did not like to go to sleep for strangers, but at length consented. She took her seat. I had already made up my mind to be passive this time, and not dictate who should come. After speaking of three Spirits she saw by me, she said, "Here is another. She is tall, slim, has blue eyes, brown hair, and is very young. She is about fourteen; she loves you, and is with you most of the time." I replied, "I do not know who it is." She turned her face to me and said in a very interesting, expressive manner, "She says you do know who it is; she is your mother's sister; she died suddenly, and very unexpectedly." Of what disease did she die? "She had no disease." What then? "She was drowned."

For brevity's sake, I must omit many things which were told me, and which have been fulfilled in a manner surprising and wonderful. One fact I will mention. I inquired, Does my aunt know Emeline Dwyer? (She was a sister of William Dwyer of the firm of Barbor and Dwyer, proprietors of the Western Hotel in New York). "Yes, she is here." Will she send a message to her mother? "Yes; tell my mother to be of good cheer; be submissive to God's will; she will come here soon." I made a minute of the precise words at the time. I knew Mrs. Dwyer to be in good health four weeks previous to this, as I spent a day there on my way West. Two weeks from this time I arrived in New York. When I arrived at the hotel mentioned, Mr. Barbor met me in the hall and said, "I have bad news for you; Mother Dwyer is very sick; we think she can not recover." The next day I left for home, and in about a week I received a letter from Mr. Barbor, saying that they had been to Hartford the day before to bury their mother. Thus were the words of my dear aunt fulfilled.

This summer I was visiting friends in Buffalo. I called on Rev. Mr. Forster to make inquiry for Miss Brooks. He said she would be at his house on Friday evening. He was intending to have a private circle on that evening, for the benefit of two or three strangers in the city. He invited me to attend. We met at the hour appointed; after some delay, the music commenced, the piano front turned to the wall, the lid

half way raised. I will not attempt a description, as you have repeatedly had a better one than I can give, beside having witnessed the manifestation for yourself. I had heard the words "dead" but on hearing for myself, I felt that "the one-half had not been told me."

A few weeks after this, on my way home, I called on Mrs. Goudley, in New York, and there, through the aid, I had a communication from my mother, when as human being but myself could by my possible means see the dead face. When the pointers stopped, I wrote a question privately, entirely foreign to the preceding subject. An appropriate reply was immediately given. It appears to me this last mode of communicating with our loved ones ought to silence all opposing theories, the retention of which have spent so much time and talent.

When the weekly precious visitor (the *Telegraph*) arrives, I am anxious to find test facts. For the benefit of those who may feel as I have felt, I have been induced to write. It came to me with much force, that if all should withhold the facts they have witnessed, as I have done. I should not have had my heart so often made glad, and my pathway lighted up to behold the evidence of my immortality and final destiny. What I witnessed at Mr. Draper's "was a mail in a sure place," and now will you be so kind as to allow me to say to them, that my gratitude to them will be as lasting as my existence.

I have witnessed many test facts—some through Mrs. Laurie, two years ago, in Washington city, and many in Hartford, but it would make this article too lengthy to relate them.

Yours truly in the cause of truth,
SOUTHERN, Conn.
LUCY E. PERRY.

Our fair correspondent will accept our thanks for the above interesting communication, and will please not put those other test facts, to which she alludes, under a bushel. The relation of them now might have made this letter "too lengthy," but it will make another one just "lengthy" enough to a line. Ho.

SPIRITUALISM IN BOSTON.

Boston, Mass., November 12, 1856.

EDMUND T. PARTRIDGE:

My Dear Friend—I have been very much gratified with the condition of Spiritualism in this city, and to behold the wonderful progress which it has made since I left here three years ago. They are now favored with a very excellent class of mediums, and there are enough of appreciating minds to keep them well employed. Aside from the various places of public meetings, which are well attended, they have various weekly circles which are held on different days, so that the mediums are engaged nearly every day in the week.

Last evening we attended a monthly circle at Mrs. Lee's, where we met forty or more ladies and gentlemen whose accomplishments and general intelligence would convince the most obstinate skeptic that Spiritualism is not confined to the middle or lower classes of society. A constant influence going forth from such a class of individuals can not fail of accomplishing the most happy revolutions in the community. This it is rapidly doing; and is now permeating every avenue and department of society, and externally manifesting itself in all the fine arts and the literature of this country. From month to month we see but little of this; but in looking back over the past five years, we are surprised in beholding the wonderful change which has almost imperceptibly crept over us. Heaven is converted from an "airy nothing" into a real and tangible existence, and its dimensions are expanded from a narrowly circumscribed amphitheater into the entire universe of God; and it is shown that the quality of the heaven of each individual is in exact harmony with his own interior nature. Thus life is made practical, and virtue alone is allied to happiness, here as well as hereafter; and we can have only such heaven as the outbirth of our own condition will give us. Then, how important that we seek the good, not selfishly, or for the sake of our own aggrandizement, but for the good's sake.

There is much of that social and fraternal feeling here of which we see so little in New York among this class of persons. In short, I think that they have grown into a more full understanding and appreciation of the spirit of Spiritualism here than in our metropolitan city; that they better understand what it means; that it is not merely an external fact, but an interior and harmonizing principle which not only reforms and elevates the individual, but also fraternizes man, and brings him into a more kindred relation. It is not enough to know that we love beyond the tomb, but we wish to know how to love here, and what influence this life has upon the next.

If our faith has no renovating effect, it has no soul. If its tendencies are not to harmonize us individually and socially, it has no vitality, and we shall be obliged to look for something yet to be unfolded to accomplish a work so much needed.

One interesting feature to me in Spiritualism here, is a circle, of which Miss Burbank is the medium, for the cultivation and elevation of dark and imbecile spirits, who need to be brought in contact with the associations of earth to receive that instruction which they failed to obtain while here, and which appears to be necessary for their progress in their present state of existence. They present themselves, or obsess the medium, one after another, giving their own peculiarities or characteristics in such a distinct, individual manner as to make it highly interesting. Some are cross and misanthropic, and appear to have no confidence in any one, or in ever being able to escape their present condition. Others have discovered a few rays of light, and earnestly desire to be instructed in the way to escape the darkness which they are in. An idiotic child, who purports to be the daughter of a wealthy family in New York, appears to be perfectly delighted with the improvement which she is making, and repeats, with great enthusiasm, the lessons which she has learned from her present teachers. Every motion, into-

action, and the construction of his sentences carry with them the evidence of an imbecile youth. Here is opening up a new field of labor for the philanthropist, and to my mind clearly establishes the fact, that what we call death produces but a very little, if any, change in our moral, social and intellectual nature, and that every improvement we make in any department of our being is so much gained in our endless journey. Thus life is the primary school where we learn our rudimentary lessons to prepare us for deeper researches in the spheres above.

Mrs. Hatch has lectured here two Sabbath's, and is also engaged for next Sunday, November 16; and if I can be allowed to express my opinion, I will say that she has awakened a deep interest among the Spiritualists in this city in her behalf. Some are very desirous that her coming lectures should be taken down by a stenographer, so that they may not be lost to the world. Last Sunday the first discourse was upon the subject of "Man's Relation to God," the second, "What is Life?" Both were very ably and poetically delivered, and created no little sensation.

I regret that we can not longer remain in this vicinity, but our engagements call us to Baltimore, Md., on the twenty-third of this month, where I presume we shall remain for two Sabbath's, and where we are sure of finding very warm hearts. Yours, etc. A. S. HARRIS, JR.

INNER COMMUNION.

BY F. E. STAFFER.

How I love to dream—
To wander forth—when it doth seem
As if the night were bending down
On Ocean's brow to place her crown!
Where upon the lake
With moon beget, and ledgy brake,
With hush and hush the Moon doth sing
Her glory round on everything.
Or when the Morning
Soft light her brow adorning,
With crimson cheek and throbbing breast,
Comes softly from her dreamy rest.

This inner dreaming—
This lone contrast of the seeming
With the real—and the false and true
Brought out to pass a stern review,

By beating of the heart—
Is sweet to me—and doth impart
Of other, other worlds a hazy blim,
Alas! too seldom known in this!

Sweet the cloistering!
When all hushed heart's bolstering
And its tumult; when Faith with torch
Stands guard upon the outer porch!

And contrite and meek,
Relenting passions come to seek
Forgiveness, and kneel to adore
Where they enayed to blight before!

MORRY JOY, P.A.

A DREAM.

ANIMAX, MICH., October 29, 1856.

Gentlemen—You ask for facts of spiritual phenomena. Does the following claim that origin, or is it a misty exhalation from the land of dreams? While the Kansas bill was pending in the House of Representatives, I dreamed that I was in a large assemblage of persons, and as I passed among the crowd I came to two gentlemen engaged in earnest conversation. One of them had a roll of paper in his hand covered with names, the loose end of which hung nearly to the ground. I stopped near them, and understood by their conversation that the gentleman holding the paper had been to a spiritual convention. I said, "I suppose you have my name; I will pay my dues," which I thought were a dollar. I took the money from my pocket, and while holding it the scene changed. I entered a large room; it was an office; a man was writing at a desk; my attention was directed to three elegant steel engravings in gilt frames, suspended from the wall. I looked at the one nearest the desk, and saw that it was a broad caricature. I turned to examine the next, and saw in the foreground the bust of some eminent man; but before I had time to examine the picture in detail, the gentleman at the desk observed: "The engravings are designs for a vignette to the evidences of public debt. Mr. — prefers the farthest one." I turned to look at that, and saw the man who had the roll of names standing before it. I stepped to his side and examined the picture. In the foreground was the Capitol of the United States; at each wing were cannon, stacks of arms, drums, trumpets, flags of the United States—in short, all the paraphernalia of war. Over and above all was a black cloud which cast a deep shade on all objects below, while a beam of light shone horizontally through an opening in the cloud, and in that light, near the opening, were two drawn swords, crossed. The gentleman at my side remarked: "This picture indicates war; and as the swords are crossed so as to represent the head of an arrow, it will be a war of races." I awoke, impressed that the contest would be between barbarism and civilization.

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,
W. WHIPPLE.

* I did not remember the name, but thought it was one of the partners.

MANIFESTATIONS IN WINCHESTER, N. H.

Winchester, N. H., October 17, 1856.

EDMUND T. PARTRIDGE:

Dear Sir—In the *Telegraph* of the eleventh instant, I see a call for test facts of spiritual manifestations; and believing it to be the duty of all to place the light they may have received in a position that others may see it, I will send you the following tests:

Three years ago this fall, at a circle of the Beacon Light, a Spirit came and gave his name as Elisha Allen, and said that when in the material form he lived in Brattleboro, Vt., and that it had been twenty-three years since he left that form for the spiritual. He gave his age also, which I do not recollect, and said that some of the older inhabitants of Brattleboro would probably recollect him, and wished us to make inquiry in regard to those facts. I had a friend in Brattleboro by the name of William Strigley, who was a skeptic. I gave the name, so that any one doubting these facts can investigate to their heart's content. I wrote that friend, making the inquiry that was desired. I received a letter in a few days, stating that he went his way into the graveyard and learned that Elisha had been dead twenty-three years, and his age corresponded precisely with that we had received at the circle.

Some three months after this test was given, Mrs. Strigley and another lady from Brattleboro attended our circle. Mr. Allen came, and gave a communication, which was written down. In that communication he said that in the earlier part of his life he was a believer in endless misery, but that a man by the name of Martin converted him to a belief in Universalism. We were entirely ignorant who Martin was, but soon after a gentleman who was an entire stranger to us all, came and asked permission to attend our circle. He declined to give his name, but said he would before he left. In conversation with him on the subject of Spirit manifestations, a member of the circle, speaking of the tests we had got, mentioned that of Elisha Allen, giving him the particulars in regard to it. Before leaving, this gentleman said he was the son of Elisha Allen, and that Martin was his grandfather. He said that Mr. Strigley read to him the communication that his father gave, and he, being a skeptic, came over on purpose to investigate the subject. I have other tests that are at your disposal, if desired.

WILLIAM FOLETT.

Infidelity to an unbroken continuity of existence beyond the dissolution of the body, is so general and deep-rooted even in the church, that it will take all the test facts Spirits can give to root it up or engraft into it scions of immortality. We are always thankful for such facts. C. P.

SPIRIT CURE IN IOWA.

VOLNEY, ALLAMAKEE Co., Iowa, October 16, 1856.

EDMUND T. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Dear Sirs—In perusing your paper of October 11, I saw a piece calling for facts. I will state one, and if you see fit to put it into type, you can do so.

One of my nearest neighbors has a child that has had the cholera infantum some three months, and within a short time the erysipelas set in with it, and they all gave it up as lost—the doctor, I think, among the rest. But the same evening there was there a young man from Ohio, a strong Spiritualist, but not a medium until he sat in our circle that night, which was October 10. He proved to be a trance medium, and we had one or two communications from friends through him. About 2 o'clock in the morning, the child was very uneasy, and its eyes looked very glassy, and they thought it would live but a short time. This young man, whose name is Joseph Titus, became entranced in bed at the same time, and called out, "Give that child some salt and water." Soon he says, "Rather weak." Then he says, "About a teaspoonful;" and the mother gave it, and the child commenced growing better, and now is nearly well.

The young man was asked in the morning if he recollected the above occurrence? He said he did not; but he dreamed of seeing Dr. Hopkins, and one of his old acquaintances, now dead, and of having a chat with them.

Yours for truth, M. S. J. NEWMAN.

A TRUE SPIRIT IMPRESSION.

About two years ago I was strongly influenced. I felt impressed that there was one present whom I shall call M. She was constantly in my mind, and seemingly had almost the whole control of me. Why I should be so controlled by one whom I supposed was still living on earth, I could not tell. I thought of the Salem witchcraft. I was bewitched, or something else, I could not tell what. With all the efforts that I could use, I felt that I must be overpowered. M. was not within thirteen hundred miles of me, and this made it appear more strange. Sometimes when in bed, with no light in my room, there would appear beautiful clouds hanging over me, and while lying with my eyes shut the room would become light. I would look to see if there was not a light in the room, but all would be dark. After remaining in this state three or four weeks, it occurred to me that M. might be in the Spirit-land. I inquired of M. if she was in the Spirit-land. She told me she was, and had been there two years. I doubted this statement being true. I wrote to my friends, inquiring if M. was living. I received an answer that she left this earth two years ago. This information agreed with my communication with M.

J. WARDEN.
ILLINOIS, LAKE Co., O., October 26, 1856.

To be unable to put up with bad or second rate personages which fill the world, does not betoken a very strong character; in commerce, small change is as necessary as pieces of gold.

Interesting Miscellany.

LIFE IN THE PRARIES.

The following paragraphs we cull from a public document entitled, "An Exploration of the Red River of Louisiana in 1832," by Captain Marey:

CITY TWENTY-FIVE MILES LONG.

"Our road during the whole day has passed through a continuous prairie-dog town (*Spermophilus ludovicianus*), and we were often obliged to turn out of our course to avoid the little mounds around their burrows. In passing along through these villages, the little animals are seen in countless numbers sitting upright at the mouths of their domiciles, presenting much the appearance of stumps of small trees; and so incessant is the clatter of their barking, that it requires but little effort of the imagination to fancy one's self surrounded by the busy hum of a city. The immense number of animals in some of those towns or warrens, may be conjectured from the large space they sometimes cover. The one at this place is about twenty-five miles in the direction through which we have passed it. Supposing its dimensions in other directions to be the same, it would embrace an area of six hundred and twenty-five square miles, or eight hundred and ninety-six thousand acres. Estimating the holes to be at the usual distances about twenty yards apart, and each burrow occupied by a family of four or five dogs, I fancy that the aggregate population would be greater than any other city in the universe."

"When the prairie-dog first feels the approach of the season (generally about the last days of October,) he closes all the passages to his dormitory to exclude the cold air, and betakes himself to his brumal slumber with the greatest possible care. He remains housed until the warm days of spring, when he removes the obstructions from his door, and again appears above ground as frolicsome as ever. I have been informed by the Indians that a short time before a cold storm in the autumn, all the prairie-dogs may be seen industriously occupied with weeds and earth closing the entrances to their burrows. They are sometimes, however, seen reopening them while the weather is still cold and stormy; but mild and pleasant weather is always certain to follow. It appears that instinct teaches the little quadrupeds when to expect good or bad weather, and to make their arrangements accordingly. A species of small owl is always found in the dog towns, sitting at the mouths of the holes when not occupied by the dogs; whether for the purpose of procuring food, or for some other object, I do not know. They do not, however, as some have asserted, burrow with the dogs; and when approached, instead of entering the holes, they invariably fly away. It has also been said that the rattlesnake is a constant companion of the dog; but this is a mistake, for I have sometimes passed for days through the towns without seeing one. They are, however, often seen in the holes in company with the dogs, and it has been supposed by some that they were welcome guests with the proprietors of the establishments; but we have satisfied ourselves that this is a domestic arrangement entirely at variance with the wishes of the dogs, as the snakes prey upon them, and must be considered as intruders. They are probably attracted to the burrows for the purpose of procuring food, as one snake which we killed was found to have swallowed a full-grown dog."

FACTS ABOUT BEAVERS.]

"A community of beavers has also selected a spot upon the creek near our camp, for their interesting labors and habitations. I know of no animal concerning which the accounts of travelers have been more extraordinary, more marvelous, or contradictory than those given of the beaver. By some he is elevated in point of intellect almost to a level with man. He has been said, for instance, to construct houses, with several floors and rooms; to plaster the rooms with mud in such a manner as to make smooth walls, and to drive stakes of six or eight inches in diameter into the ground, and to perform many other astounding feats, which I am inclined to believe are not supported by credible testimony. Lay aside these questionable statements, there is sufficient in the natural history of the beaver to excite our wonder and admiration. For instance, at this place, upon an examination of the dam they have constructed, I was both astonished and delighted at the wonderful sagacity, skill, and perseverance which they have displayed. In the selection of a suitable site, and in the erection of the structure, they appear to have been guided by something more than mere instinct, and have exhibited as correct a knowledge of hydrostatics, and the action of forces resulting from currents of water, as the most scientific millwright would have done. Having chosen a spot where the banks on each side of the creek were narrow and sufficiently high to raise a head of about five feet, they selected two cotton-wood trees about fifteen inches in diameter, situated above this point, and having an inclination toward the stream; these they cut down with their teeth (as the marks upon the stumps plainly showed,) and, floating them down to the position chosen for the dam, they were placed across the stream with an inclination downward, uniting in the center. This formed the foundation upon which the superstructure of brush and earth was placed, in precisely the same manner as a brush dam is made by our millwrights, with the bushes and earth alternating and packed closely, the butts in some cases turned down the stream. After this is raised to a sufficient height, the top is covered with earth, except in the center, where there is a sluice or waste-weir, which lets off the superfluous water when it raises so high as to endanger the structure."

SAGACITY OF THE BEAR.

"Several anecdotes which were related to me by our guide, concerning the habits of the black bear, would seem to entitle him to a higher position in the scale of animal instinct and sagacity than that of almost

any other quadruped. For instance, he says that before making his bed to lie down, the animal invariably goes several hundred yards with the wind, at a distance from his track. Should an enemy now come upon his track, he must approach him with the wind; and with the bear's keen sense of smell, he is almost certain to be made aware of his presence, and has time to escape before he is himself seen.

"He also states that, when pursued, the bear sometimes takes refuge in caves in the earth or rocks, where the hunter endeavors, by making a smoke at the entrance, to force him out; but it not unfrequently happens that, instead of coming out when the smoke becomes too oppressive, he very deliberately advances to the fire, and with his fore feet beats upon it until it is extinguished; then retreats into the cave. This he assured me he had often seen. Although these statements would seem to endow Bruin with something more than mere animal instinct, and evince a conception of the connection between cause and effect, yet another anecdote which was related to me would go to prove this curious quadruped one of the most stupid fellows in the brute creation.

"My informant says that when the bear can not be driven out of the cave by smoke, it sometimes becomes necessary for the hunter to take his rifle, and with a torch to enter the cavern in search of him. One would suppose this a very hazardous undertaking, and that the animal would eject the presumptuous intruder; but, on the contrary, as soon as he sees the light approaching, he sits upright on his haunches, and with his fore paws covers his face and eyes, and remains in this position until the light is removed. Thus the hunter is enabled to approach as close as he desires without danger, and taking deadly aim with his faithful rifle, poor Bruin is slain. These facts have been stated to me by three different Indians, in whose veracity I have much confidence, and I have no doubt are strictly true."

POOR JOHN FITCH.

In Judge Hall's "Notes on the Western States," is the following account of John Fitch, who in his endeavors to solve the great problem of steamboat navigation, long preceded Fulton, who reaped not only fame but wealth from his labors:

"In 1785, John Fitch, a watchmaker in Philadelphia, conceived the design of propelling a boat by steam. He was both poor and illiterate, and many difficulties occurred to frustrate every attempt which he made, to try the practicability of his invention. He applied to Congress for assistance, but was refused; and then offered his invention to the Spanish government, to be used in the navigation of the Mississippi, but without any better success. At length a company was formed and funds subscribed for the building of a steamboat, and in the year 1788, his vessel was launched on the Delaware. Many crowded to see and ridicule the novel, and as they supposed, the chimerical experiment. It seemed that the idea of wheels had not occurred to Mr. Fitch, but instead of them oars were used, which worked in frames. He was confident of success; and when the boat was ready for the trial, she started off in good style for Burlington. Those who had sneered began to stare, and they who had smiled in derision looked grave.

Away went the boat and the happy inventor triumphed over the skepticism of an unbelieving public. The boat performed her trip to Burlington, a distance of twenty miles; but unfortunately burst her boiler in rounding to the wharf at the place, and the next tide floated her back to the city. Fitch persevered, and with great difficulty procured another boiler.

After some time, the boat performed another trip to Burlington and Trenton, and returned in the same day. She is said to have moved at the rate of eight miles an hour; but something was continually breaking, and the unhappy projector only conquered one difficulty to encounter another. Perhaps this was not owing to any defect on his plans, but the low state of the arts at that time, and the difficulty of getting such complex machinery made with proper exactness. Fitch became embarrassed with debt, and was obliged to abandon the invention, after having satisfied himself of its impracticability. This ingenious man, who was probably the first inventor of the steamboat, wrote three volumes, which he deposited in manuscript, sealed up in the Philadelphia library to be opened thirty years after his death. When, or why, he came to the West, we have not learned; but it is recorded of him that he died and was buried near the Ohio. His three volumes were opened and found to contain his speculations on mechanics. He details his embarrassment and disappointments with a feeling which shows how ardently he desired success and which wins for him the sympathy of those who have heart enough to mourn over the blighted prospects of genius. He confidently predicts the future success of the plan, which in his hands failed only for the want of pecuniary means. He prophesies that in less than a century we shall see our western rivers swarming with steamboats; and expresses a wish to be buried on the shores of the Ohio, where the song of the boatman may enliven the stillness of his resting-place, and the music of the steam-engine soothe his spirit. What an idea! Yet how natural to the mind of an ardent projector, whose whole life had been devoted to one darling object, which it was not his destiny to accomplish! And how touching is the sentiment found in one of his journals: "The day will come when some more powerful man will get fame and riches from my invention, but nobody will believe that poor John Fitch can do anything worthy of attention."

FRUITFULNESS OF FISH.—It is well known that the fruitfulness of fish is enormous. As many as a quarter of a million of eggs have been found in a carp, seven millions in a sturgeon, nine millions in a codfish. Of course, what is an egg to-day is not necessarily a fish to-morrow, or, as M. Jourdain reminds us, the ocean would not be able to hold the her- ringtons.

LIGHTNING.

PROFESSOR LOVERING, of Howard University, has just written a very interesting article on Atmospheric Electricity. We have seldom read a paper containing a greater number of valuable facts. According to Professor L., the extreme height of thunder-clouds has been determined at 26,500 feet, and they sink often to distances not exceeding 1900 feet above the earth's level surface. Lightning is of three kinds, zigzag or chain, sheet lightning, and ball lightning, or thunder-bolts.

Some people imagine that lightning, like good luck, seldom strikes twice in the same place. This is a mistake.

Pliny speaks of a tower so often struck, that its renewal was abandoned. In 1826, the same house in Weathersfield, Conn., was struck twice in an interval of only two or three days. In Boston the steeple (Hollis-street church) has been struck repeatedly. On the 25th April, 1780, the lightning fell three times in twenty minutes on the buildings of Notre Dame de Nam. On the night of the 14th of April, 1718, twenty-four steeples were struck along the coast of Brittany; and on the 11th of January 1815, twelve suffered a similar state in the Rhenish provinces. In 1703, a German meteorologist found that within the period of thirty-three years, 376 steeples had been struck, and 121 ringers killed.

When the Theater of Mantau was struck on the 20th March, 1784, the electricity melted the ear-rings and watch-keys without injuring them who wore them. On the 15th November, 1752, a magazine near Rouen was struck, and two casks of powder scattered without being ignited. At Martinico, an iron bar one inch in thickness, was diminished to the size of a small wire by being struck.

In 1417, the steeple of St. Mark in Venice, was struck by lightning and burned. It was rebuilt, and again reduced to ashes in 1489. It was again struck in 1745. In 1759 it burnt all the wood work of the spire of the Cathedral of Strasburg. It was proposed to place conductors upon it, but there was some objection on account of the expense. In 1833 it was struck three times within a quarter of an hour, and so much damaged as to cost six millions of dollars. There was still some hesitation in regard to lightning-rods, when it was struck once more, July 19, 1835. Rods were placed upon it in 1835, at the expense of only \$3,000. On the 10th of July, 1848, it was struck twice, but the rods saved it. On the 18th of August, 1769, the tower of St. Nazarre, Brescia, was struck, and the subterranean powder magazine, containing 5,075,000 pounds of powder, was exploded. One-sixth of the whole town was laid in ruins. Three thousand persons perished. The property destroyed amounted to two millions of ducats.

The effects of lightning are very dreadful, and yet the chances of being killed by electricity are no greater than the chance of being deprived of life by "the falling of a flower-pot." So says M. Arago, and he should know.—*Albany Times*.

PHYSICAL ASPECT OF MAN.—An examination of 20,000 infants, at the Maternité, in Paris, gives for the weight of the new-born six and a quarter pounds; the same mean value obtains for the city of Brussels. For about a week after birth, this weight undergoes an actual diminution, owing to the tissue destruction which ensues through the establishment of respiration, and which for a time exceeds the gain from nutrition. For the same age, the male infant is heavier than the female; but this difference gradually diminishes, and at twelve years their weight is sensibly the same. Three years later, at the period of puberty, the weight is one half of what it is finally to be, when full development is revealed. The maximum weight eventually attained, is a little more than twenty times that at birth, thus holding good for both sexes; but since the new born female weighs less than the standard, and the new-born male more, the weight of the adult male is 137 lbs., and of the adult female 121 lbs. The mean weight of a man, irrespective of his period of life, is about 107 lbs., and of a woman, nearly 94 lbs. The mean weight of a human being, without reference either to age or sex, is about 99 lbs. M. Quetelet, to whom we are indebted for the above statistics, as the result of his researches, states that communities seem to be under the influence of unchangeable laws as much as the individual. "In communities, man commits the same number of murders each year, and does it with the same weapons. We might enumerate, before-hand, how many individuals will imbue their hands in the blood of their kind, how many will forge, how many poison, very nearly as we enumerate before-hand, how many births and deaths will take place."—*Christian Advocate and Journal*.

AFFAIRS IN CHINA.—The North China Herald of August 16 thus sums up the present position in China: "Three points appear to be established by a variety of concurrent testimony: 1. That over a region equal in extent and population to some of the most powerful States of Europe, the people have discarded the Manchu costume, and reverted to that of the Ming dynasty. 2. In a portion, if not the whole, of that extensive territory, the people pay taxes for the support of the Nukin Government. And 3. That by the establishment of examinations, they have the privilege of competing for literary honors and civil office. Whence it is obvious that the revolutionists are, and have a right to be, regarded as a Government *de facto*."

THE PERFECT PATTERN.—Once, in all human history, we meet a being who never did an injury, and never resented one done to him, never uttered an untruth, never practiced a deception, and never lost an opportunity of doing good; generous in the midst of the selfish, upright in the midst of the dishonest, pure in the midst of the sensual, and wise far above the wisest of sages and prophets, loving and gentle, yet immovably resolute; his illimitable meekness and patience never once forsook him in a vexatious, ungrateful, and cruel world.—*Christ in History*.