

# THE SUNBEAM

"The Light Shinet in Darkness; and the Darkness Comprehended it not:" St. John, 1, 5.

C. D. Griswold, M. D. Editor.

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## Selections,

### "Supernatural" Experiences

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

In certain conditions of the body, the mind seems to become possessed of a new and unsuspected power, independent of volition; delusive and unmanageable as the plot of a dream—to which we faintly would give an agreeable solution, yet are helplessly carried on through a series of accumulated difficulties. Perhaps the term 'natural clairvoyance' will best describe this power; since the eye of the mind looks straight through all material hindrances, and not only preserves that which is beyond the horizon of the bodily eye, but foresees what has not yet come to pass.

Many persons live out their allotted term of years, without ever experiencing its operation; others are so rarely and so dimly conscious of it, that they class it among the ordinary delusions produced by fear, anxiety, or excitement of any kind; while a few receive such distinct and palpable evidences, that they are forced to admit the insufficiency of all other explanations than the 'supernatural.' I see no difficulty in recognizing this half-acknowledged faculty. When we understand the awful capacity of the mind to receive impressions—every word of the thousands we hear during the day, every form of the million objects we behold, though forgotten as soon as heard and seen, being indelibly stamped upon tablets which are stored away in some chamber of the brain, whereto we have no key—when we ponder upon this fact, with its infinite suggestions, we find it easy to believe that those operations of the mind of which we are conscious, are far from being the full measure of its powers.

### MYSTERIOUS GUIDES,

But an ounce of illustration is better than a pound of theory. Let me relate a few instances, taken from my own personal experience, and that of some of my friends. The bee-like instinct of direction, is not unusual among men accustomed to the wild life of the woods and mountains. More than one of my Rocky-Mountain acquaintances possesses it in an eminent degree. A noted explorer, whose blanket I have often shared as we slept under the stars, assured me that frequently while threading the interlocking folds of a mountain-pass, he has had a sudden vision of the landscape beyond, even to its minutest details. The same thing occurred to me in Mexico, between Tepic and Guadalajara. He has also, after searching all day for grass and water for his animals, in an unexplored wilderness, been sized with a blind instinct, which led him against all reason, to the only spot where they were to be found.

### A CURIOUS INCIDENT,

During a visit to Boston, four or five years ago, I accepted an invitation to take tea with a distinguished author. A gentleman who had often visited him, offered to accompany me, as his residence was in a part of the city with which I was then unacquainted. We were walking along the street, conversing very earnestly upon some subjects of mutual interest, when all at once I was seized with the idea that we were passing the author's house.

'Stop!' I said; 'Mr. — lives here.' My friend halted, surprised, and surveyed the house.

'No,' said he, 'that is not his residence; it is in the next block. But I thought you had never visited him.'

'Nor have I,' I replied, 'I never was in this street before, but I am positive he lives there.'

'And I am positive he does not,' my friend rejoined, 'there is a large brass plate upon his door, with the name upon it, and, you see, here is no name whatever. Besides it is not in this block.'

'I will go further with you,' was my stubborn answer; 'but we shall have to return again.'

The presumption of his certain knowledge did not in the least, shake my confidence. We searched the next block, but did not find the author's name on any door. With some difficulty, I persuaded my friend to return, and try the house I had pointed out; it was the

right one! I can explain this curious incident in no other way, than by assuming the existence of a natural clairvoyant faculty in the mind.

### THE SPIRITUAL ALARM CLOCK.

Of course such experiences are very rare; and as they generally occur at the most unexpected moments, it is next to impossible to go back, and ascertain how the impression first made itself felt. Once, only, have I been conscious of the operation of the faculty.—This took place in Racine, Wisconsin, on the morning of the first of March, 1855. My bedroom at the hotel was an inner chamber, lighted only by a door opening into a private parlor. Consequently, when I awoke in the morning it was difficult to tell, from the imperfect light received through the outer room, whether the hour was early or late. A lecturer—especially after his hundredth performance—is not inclined to get up at daylight; and yet, if you sleep too long, in many of the Western towns, you run the risk of losing your breakfast. I was lying upon my back, with closed eyes, lazily trying to solve the question, when all at once, my vision seemed to be reversed—or rather, a clearer spiritual vision awoke, independent of the physical sense. My head, the pillow on which it rested, and the hunting-case of my watch, became transparent as air; and I saw distinctly, the hands of the dial pointing to eleven minutes before six. I can only compare the sensation to a flash of lightning on a dark night, which for the thousandth part of a second, shows you a landscape as bright as day. I sprang up instantly, jerked forth my watch, opened it, and there were the hands, pointing to eleven minutes before six—lacking only the few seconds which had elapsed between the vision and its proof!

Is this, after all, any more singular than the fact that a man can awaken any hour that he chooses? What is the spiritual alarm clock which calls us at four though we usually sleep until six? How is it that the web of dreams is broken, the helpless slumber of the senses overcome, at the desired moment, by the simple passage of a thought through the mind, hours before? I was once, of necessity, obliged to cultivate this power; and brought it finally to such perfection that the profoundest sleep ceased as suddenly, at the pre-appointed minute, as if I had been struck on the head with a mallet. Let any one tell me clearly and satisfactorily, how this is done, before asking me to account for the other marvel.

### PREVISION.

But, in certain conditions, the mind also foresees. This may either take place in dreams or in those vague and uncertain impressions which are termed presentiments. I will only relate a single instance, since it is useless to adduce anything which is not beyond the range of accident or coincidence. I spent the winter of 1844—5 at Frankfort-on-the-Main, living with Mr. Richard Storrs Willis, in the family of a German merchant there. At that time there was only a mail once a month between Europe and America; and if we failed to receive letters by one steamer we were obliged to wait four weeks for the next chance. One day the letters came as usual for Mr. Willis, but none for me. I gave up all hope for that month, and went to bed in a state of great disappointment and dejection; but in the night I dreamed it was morning, and I was dressing myself, when Mr. Willis burst into the room, saying:

'The postman is below—perhaps he has letters for you. Come up into the dining-room, and you can see him from the window.'

We thereupon went up to the dining-room on the third story, looked down into the street, and there stood the postman—who, as he saw us, held up a letter at arm's length, holding it by the lower right hand corner. Though he was in the street, and I in the third story, I read my name upon it.

I arose in the morning, with my head full of the dream. When I was about half-dressed, Mr. Willis came into my room repeating the very words I had heard in my sleep. We went into the dining-room together, looked down and there stood the postman, holding up the letter by the lower right-hand corner! Of course, I could not read the address at that distance; but my name was upon it. In this case, the

circumstances were altogether beyond my control; and the literal manner in which the dream was fulfilled, in every particular, is its most astonishing feature. Nothing was added or omitted; the reality was a daguerreotype of the vision. Never before had my friend entered my room at so early an hour—never before had the postman held up a letter in that manner. If a coincidence, the occurrence is therefore all the more marvelous.

### POWERS' STORY SECOND SIGHT.

When I was last in Rome, the sculptor, Powers, related to me all more remarkable story, which had come to pass only a few days before my arrival. A young English lady of his acquaintance, who was living with her brother in the city, was terms of great intimacy and affection with a lady of her own age, who was spending summer with her father in a villa among the Appenines, near Pistoja. This friend invited her to visit her during the summer the middle of August was fixed upon the time. Three weeks before however, the young lady had a remarkable dream. It led her to her that the day of her departure for villa near Pistoja, had arrived. Her trunks packed, and early in the morning, a verrious old carriage drove to the door to receive her. The vetturino slung her trunk to axletree with ropes—a disposition of baggage which she had never before seen. She took her seat, and for several hours journeyed down the vale of the Arno, noticing the scene which was entirely new to her. Several incidents occurred on the way, and there was a delay occasioned by the giving of the harness; but towards evening she reached the Appenine villa.

As she approached the villa she perceived the father of her friend standing in the door, with a very troubled countenance. He came forward, as she was paring to alight, laid his hand on the carriage door, and said:

'My daughter is well, and no one is allowed to see her. To-night is the crisis of her fever, which will decide whether she will recover. I have made arrangements for you to-night at the villa of Smith yonder; and pray Heaven that mightier's condition will permit you to return to-morrow!' Thereupon he gave directions to the vetturino, who drove to Mr. Smith's. The host received her kindly, ushered into a broad entrance-hall, and said:

'I will endeavor to make you comfortable for the night. That be your room,' pointing to a glass door, where green curtains, at the end of the hall. Her dream suddenly stopped.

The next morning related the whole story to her brother, or a few days afterwards, they occasionally referred to it; but as she received information that her friend was in excellent health, she gradually banished from her mind the anxiety it had caused her. The day fixed upon for her journey at length arrived. What was her astonishment, when the identical queer old carriage of her dream drove up to the door, and her trunk was slung by ropes to the axletree! It was the commencement; and during the whole day everything occurred precisely as she had already seen it. Towards evening she arrived at the villa near Pistoja; and the father of her friend stood in the door, with a troubled countenance. He came forward repeating the intelligence of his daughter's illness in the same words, and ordered the vetturino to drive to the villa of Mr. Smith. The excitement and alarm of the young lady had been continually on the increase; so that, when she finally reached the broad entrance-hall; and Mr. Smith said:

'I will endeavor to make you comfortable for the night—that will be your room' (pointing to the glass door with green curtains), her nerves, strung to their most tension, gave way, and she fell upon a floor in a swoon.—Fortunately, there was no ground for superstitious forebodings. The crisis passed over happily; and the very next day she was permitted to nurse her convalescent friend.

Here the dream in all its details, was narrated three weeks before its verification—thus setting aside any question of the imagination having assisted in the latter. It is one of the most satisfactory examples of second sight I

have ever heard of; and this must be my justification for giving it to the world.

### AN AUTHENTIC GHOST STORY.

I cannot close this chapter, without giving one more authentic ghost story. A gentleman (permit me to withhold his name, station, and the date of the occurrence) was once traveling in the interior of Sweden. On a raw evening in October, he arrived at a large country-town, where a fair was being held. All the inns were full, and he found it no easy matter to obtain lodgings for the night. He was weary, from a long day's journey; and, after applying at the third or fourth inn without success, announced to the landlord his determination to remain there, with or without a bed. He procured some supper, smoked his pipe in the guest's room; and finally, feeling inclined to sleep, demanded to be shown some place where he could lie down.

'Have you no sofa, or bench, or bundle of hay vacant?' he asked the landlord.

'No,' said the latter—'not one; but—' here he hesitated—'there is a room with a bed in it in a small house at the back of the court, only—dropping his voice to a whisper—the place is haunted; and nobody dares to spend the night there.'

'Oh! if that is all,' laughed the traveler, 'give me the room at once. I don't believe in ghosts or demon; and besides, I am far too tired to be troubled with anything of the sort.'

The landlord still hesitated, as if doubtful whether he should expose his stubborn guest to such dangers; but finally gave orders to have a fire built in the ill-lit room, and fresh sheets put upon the unused bed. Taking his saddle-bags on his arm, and his sword in his hand, the traveler followed the servant across the court yard and entered the building. The room was low and bare, the windows closed by shutters, whose rusty bolts showed that it was long since they had been opened. A ruddy fire of pine wood was blazing on the raised hearth, in one corner; but there was no furniture except a narrow bed and chairs.—The servant having placed the candle on one of the chairs made haste to leave, but the traveler detained him a moment saying:

'You see my sword—and here are two pistols loaded and capped. If anything disturbs me in the night, man or ghost, I shall immediately fire upon it. Unless you hear a shot, leave me alone.' He did this from a suspicion that the ghost might be some person connected with the inn, who for purposes of his own, was concerned in banishing all nightly visitors from the house.

After the servant left, the traveler heaped more wood on the fire, carefully examined the windows and door; and after locking the latter, suspended the heavy key upon the latch, in such a manner that the least movement would cause it to fall. He then undressed with the exception of his trousers, placed the chair with the candle at the head of the bed, the pistols under the pillow; and lay down with his sword beside him on the bed clothes, within reach of his hand. He then blew out his candle, and composed himself to rest. As he did not feel the slightest fear or trepidation he soon fell into a sound sleep.

About midnight, he was suddenly awakened by a feeling like a rush of cold wind over his face. Opening his eyes he found the room quiet as before; but the candle by his bedside was burning. He distinctly recollected having extinguished it; but nevertheless persuaded himself that he must have been mistaken—got up, threw more wood on the fire, examined the doors and windows; and after having returned to bed, snuffed the candle short, that there might be no mistake this time. Half an hour afterward, he was again awakened by the same rush of cold wind. The candle was burning once more! This inexplicable circumstance made him feel excited and uneasy. He extinguished the candle, and resolved to lie awake, and see whether it would be lighted a third time.

Another half hour had elapsed, and his heavy eyelids had closed, in spite of all his struggles to keep them open, when the rush of wind returned, more violent than before.—The candle was not only relighted, but a tall figure clothed in a long heavy gown, with a

hood falling forward so as to conceal the face, stood in the centre of the room. An icy chill ran through the traveler's frame. He attempted to seize his sword and pistols; but his frame seemed paralyzed, and his arms refused to obey the direction of his will. Step by step the figure advanced toward the bed. It reached the bedside; it slowly lifted its arms, enveloped in the sleeves of the gown—and, with awful deliberateness, bent towards the traveler's body. In the frenzy of terror, he burst the spell which seemed to confine his limbs, seized the snuff-box, which lay nearest his right hand, and stabbed, again and again, at the breast of the figure. This was the last thing he remembered.

He was called to consciousness by a loud knocking at the door, followed by the fall of the key from the latch, and heard the servant's voice calling:

'Open the door, if you please, sir; I have come to make the fire.'

He was lying not in bed, but upon the floor in the middle of the room. The snuff-box was still in his hand; but the long steel point was bent double. The morning light already shone through the crack of the door. By the time he was fully aroused, he had recovered his self-possession, and at once admitted the servant.

'Holy cross!' exclaimed the man—'how pale you are!—What has happened?'

'Nothing whatever,' answered the traveler, 'except that the fire has gone out, and I am almost dead of cold.'

He protested to the landlord that he had passed a very pleasant night, and ridiculed the notion of the house being haunted; but took good care, nevertheless, to leave the town in

A STORY WITH A MORAL.—Door-bell rings.—The Rev. Mr. — is introduced to the family room, where three children are busily engaged of play, snuggled in the corner of the room—and the mother diligently engaged in sewing. She rises to meet the minister, and salutes him, while he, with lofty, cold, repulsive dignity says:

'Good morning, Mrs. —, are you well to-day?'

And dignified takes a seat.

After a moment's pause, he says in the same unbending manner:

'I trust, madam, that you have been well since I last saw you?'

'Thank you, sir, quite well.'

A brief pause.

'I trust that you have found consolation and rejoicing since my last visit,' etc. etc.

And thus passed away some fifteen minutes—the children all the while having suspended their play with a kind of indescribable fear, which children can look glancing wonderingly at the mother.

Rising to depart, with the same unrelaxing dignity; the clergyman said:

'I leave my blessing with you and your family, Mrs. —, and will bid you good morning.'

Hardly had the door closed, when a little boy of four years ran towards his mother, and clinging tightly to her dress, raised his eyes inquiringly, and with the simple earnestness of a child, said:

'Mamma, mamma! Was dat Dod?'—[Auburn (N. Y.) Journal]

RELICS OF A LOST RACE.—In the neighborhood of Kern River, Buena Vista county, Cal., on the rocks opposite the mill of the Messrs. Erskine there are a great many hieroglyphics which have outlasted those who made them. They are painted in indelible ink of various colors, representing almost anything but what could be imagined by the present generation. The oldest Indians in the neighborhood disclaim any knowledge of them, and have no key to the mystery they represent.

A certain deacon, called Higley, used to trade horses at the Berkshire cattle market. Stirred up by the preaching of his minister, he, one Sunday afternoon 'after meetin,' thus communicated to one Brown, a brother of the church and of the craft; 'You don't s'pose, them little stories—sort o' lies—that you and I tell in the way of trade will be reckoned agin' us in the day o' judgement? Sarcumstanced as we are, we can't help it, you know. I don't s'pose it makes no difference in the sight of the Lord, as long as the hearts all right brother Brown.' And the brother went home comforted.



BATAVIA, SATURDAY MAR. 10, 1860.

**A Chance to do Good.**

We claim that the Revelations of Modern Spiritualism are as true and as sacred as the Bible.

If we are wrong in disseminating such a doctrine we are doing much evil. As we have been unable to find evidence that we are wrong, and as the clergy around us venerate the Bible, and not only dispise the teachings of spirits, but proclaim that these works are of the Devil, therefore we offer ourself a sacrifice to the truth, if we have it not, and challenge any man to meet us in public discussion upon this question.

Here is an opportunity for some one to do a very great good, as our strength lies solely in the cause we advocate, therefore if that is without foundation we can easily be disposed of. Let no man shrink from his duty.

**Modern Scribes Pharisees and Hypocrites**

If there is a notoriously bad man in a community, one whose peccadilloes with the sex has become a shame to him, and a matter of common fame, he will generally be the first to raise the cry of free-love against Spiritualism. With virtuous solicitude for the propriety and purity of the community, he hesitates not to raise his voice against, and to shun the Spiritualist from fear that he will become contaminated.

If there is a man entirely without character—that is, character such as makes a man—one who simply floats on the waves of public opinion, and whom every breath is sufficient to jostle; it may be depended upon as a surety that he will become solicitous for the reputation of the community. Such men who have no character whatever to lose, but are perhaps simple minded honest people, go round expressing their serious apprehensions that the town even, will become contaminated by Spiritualism.

Go into the haunts of vice and demoralization, especially into the drinking saloon, where is dealt out that which destroys essentially both soul and body; and here among the very lowest of the poor undeveloped creatures whose senses are so obliterated that they seem to have no consciousness of the noble manhood of life—of a God that gave them being, or of their own ultimate destiny—and here Spiritualism, that which comes equally to them, knowing no distinction in the children of the one God—is the subject of ribaldry and coarsest jests, because it does not believe in a Devil into whose hands they are to be placed by the allwise FATHER and roasted forever in hell. We often hear of these men crying out against Spiritualism, and defaming Spiritualists in the true sense of "satan accusing sin."

These then are the Allies, the co-operators and co-workers with the christian churches, in the "Irrepressible conflict," that they have waged against Spiritualism. The leaders and their cohorts come down "Like the wolf on the fold," and where they cannot destroy, they seek to scatter and to defame—to blight with an evil name.

A few years ago the Rev. T. P. Tyler, Rector of St. James Episcopal church in this village, used the following language with reference to Spiritualism and us, in a communication published in the HERALD:

"It is the old trap new-baited. It is the stale device of 'Satan in the form of an angel of light.' And, though it is too serious a matter for a Christian to smile at, no doubt all hell rings with woe-shaken bursts of laughter at the simple alacrity with which C. D. G. puts his foot in that trap, and is fooled by that device. Warned from above, we, 'not ignorant of his devices,' at once avoid and denounce them, without fear thereby of being 'strikingly paradoxical,' or of 'knocking down under the foundations of the Christian's religion,' whatsoever those dreadful sounding, but obscure expressions may imply."

Years have gone by, and though we have been ready to give Mr. Tyler every opportunity in our power to learn whether Spiritualism is the odious thing he represented it, yet he has withheld himself from the means to conviction of the great wrong he committed, not only on us, but also on the living truth of the God of all truth. Spiritualism, and Spiritualists, have suffered much in this place in consequence of the exercise of his ecclesiastical authority, for we have borne with so much mildness his hard ungenerous words, that many in the community have ever since believed that our doctrines were not backed by truth, or else we should have defended them with more force.

Jesus spared not the Scribes and Pharisees of his day, though they were the expounders of the law of Moses, and stood in relation to Christ and his doctrines the same, that the orthodox clergy stand now in relation to Spiritualism. The Scribes and Pharisees were the religious teachers of that time, and persecuted Jesus and his disciples on the ground that the

doctrines they taught conflicted with the law of Moses. The clergy now persecute Spiritualists, claiming to do so in defence of the doctrines of Jesus, between whose teachings however and Spiritualism there is by no means the discrepancies that exist between them and the church creeds of to-day.

Christianity outgrew Judaism, and now in turn Spiritualism is lifting human conceptions to a still higher knowledge of man's relation to his Creator and to one another, but the same spirit of persecution that existed in the olden time obtains its hold upon human nature still, but less rigid in proportion to the degree of human development since then.

Christianity has not the power that Judaism had, and therefore it works by and through secret means, for it fears Spiritualism, lest after all it be of God. The clergy dare not meet Spiritualism in argument on the basis of reason, or even the bible, and hence deal only in assertions and secret influence, being careful always to remain in ignorance of what Spiritualism truly is. They seek to hold the weak, the timid and the bad with them on the ground of respectability, having given Spiritualism a bad name. They who are afraid of losing their good name through such means are most truly to be pitied. The shade of sorrow that overcast the face of Jesus when on earth was for just such as these, and not from any evil that they could do to him. We have altogether too much of this diluted milk-and-water humanity, and it needs galvanizing into something like independent life. He who is afraid to think, or speak, or do that which is right; or who submissively yields to any one the right of taking away his manhood by putting a restraint upon his free thought, exhibits in the fullest sense his weakness, and his consciousness that there is something wrong with him. It has come to be a proverb that he who fears Spiritualism, is most afraid of himself, and this applies as forcibly to the church as to the individual.

Our defamers cannot much longer escape the responsibility of an open investigation of the truths and claims of Spiritualism. The crisis approaches. A truth once established in the world can never be driven out, and though the great truths of Spiritualism come to the world through weak human nature, and therefore often come mingled with error and evil: yet, God is the Husbandman, and in due season will winnow it from the chaff. The doctrines of Jesus come to the world through suffering sorrow and shame—Spiritualism has passed through the stable and the manger, and is now being taught by the priests, elders, or doctors.

**The Last of the Spiritual Telegraph.**

It is with no ordinary feeling of regret that takes possession of us, as we find we have parted with the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH. When an old friend that week after week has been accustomed to fill up the not otherwise occupied moments with wise counsel, finally takes his leave, the heart is not truly human that does not feel a sorrow akin to that grief that dims the eye. The Telegraph was our first outside adviser in the young spiritual life we have been seeking with; and what volumes of wisdom have been outspoken through its ample columns from year to year—enough to have entirely changed the whole moral aspect of the world, were it that our young humanity had reached an age capable of appreciating it.

On our first page will be found copious extracts from Mr. PARTRIDGE'S Valedictory, and in them will be found beaming the light of an earnest soul, that has been lifting away these several years upon the gross world that has hung back in the darkness of its own ignorance.

Though the spirits that have imparted life and light through the Telegraph, may still come to us through other channels, yet the old familiar form that presented itself in its unmistakable individuality will be seen no more among us. We cannot help feeling to mourn for it as for the friend that took us by the hand to lead, and leading, always pointed upward.

But the Telegraph has lived a noble life, it has performed a great work, and performed it most excellently well. It has established a plane of thought above what the world will reach in many years, and hence it is by no means dead, but above and beyond us still.

We would not be understood as uttering indiscriminate praise of the Telegraph; for we are sensible that it often exhibited faults, and we have sometimes felt keenly the effect of ungenerous words in that paper, but we have the confidence to believe they were not meant to be unjust. In opinion the Telegraph often erred, so we think, but perhaps never more so than in this last number where it advises all Spiritualists to "unite their forces on one spiritual organ." We could not admit this to be good advice, or just, even if the SUN-BEAM were the paper indicated. Spiritualists stand on different planes of development, and all classes cannot be instructed, or will not be, through the same channel. Moreover, give one paper the entire patronage of the Spiritualist

fraternity, and it will soon grow into a habit of abusing its power. We know perfectly well that in our unaided endeavors we reach many minds, but no other organ would reach, and this comes from certain views we have maintained, having upon us the character of being faithful, inexperienced &c.

The paper Mr. Partridge would advise Spiritualists to concentrate upon, would never publish what we have said, the future will show that it was best that there had been a SUN-BEAM.

How widely we differ from Mr. Partridge, yet we honor them that has so honestly and nobly worked for the good cause, and for his last words, his readers, which are—"Beware of pride opinion, of popular but unjust sentiments, of book and word authority, of organizations, of personal ambitions, and lust for power and leadership; but be steadfast in truth. Farewell!"

**The New Dispensation.**

The mystery that had been interwoven with the life, teachings, and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth to be entirely swept away by Modern Spiritualism.

Those who are aware that the Divine character as claimed for him by christian creeds was first established as an authoritative doctrine by the heretic Emperor Constantine—who threaten with a death penalty any who should prove writings maintaining a contrary opinion—we still felt that there must be some truth a doctrine that had gained such power in the world.

The divine nature Jesus, was God, and is the same now, but is no more so than is that of any man of al purity, and he plainly told his disciples. All through the four gospels, this great truth is plainly set forth that the spiritual nature of man is the gift of God the FATHER, and the same in all the children of the earth differing only in degree. The divine nature, spirit, or the soul; or whatever that whiches man his immortality may be called—comom, and is God, becoming an individual in each and every member of the humamity.

In the 82nd Psal read, "I have said ye are gods; and all of you are children of the Most High." Jesus to this in defence of his saying, "I and the Father are one," in John 10: "Is it not ten in your law, I said ye are gods? If heled them gods, unto whom the word of God came, and the scriptures cannot be broken (i. e., you believe the scriptures cannot be broken;) say ye of him whom the Father has sanctified, and sent into the world thou blasphemest; because I said, I am the Son of God? When Jesus prayed for his disciples, John these words are used, "Now they have kn that all things whatsoever thou hast give are of thee." Again referring to his disciples he says: "They are not of the world, I as I am not of the world." If this language proves anything, it substantiates the doe that all are the children of God, and aen may be Christs if they will equal him in ve and purity.

Spiritualism then acts not from the character of Jesus, but ny exalts man in bringing to light the gif of the divine nature within him.

Jesus of Nazareth the most divinely inspired man the world ever known. He was the author of the Clian Dispensation, but not of all its doctrine. He is the great mover in the Spiritual Dispation now dawning, as we believe on evidence that would be satisfactory to most minds could reach them; until it does, these id are merely fanaticism to them. We write m that which we know.

The coming of Spis to the world is not merely to communicate words and wonders, or doctrines; but to turne human mind upward and inquiringly. The simplest and rudest of all the spiritual phenomenon the world has witnessed has had its purpose and its effect.—All is essential to pure the human mind for the reception of truth which will come and ultimately gain a foothold, and cross out every christian creed, and man away from his church to himself fertilization. No man can ever save his brotherman, and the world can never be much bettered if he knows it.

The Spiritual Dispensation of Christ upon the earth will have its beginning in violation of all preconceived ideas. But two or three will be able to see the stand that shall stand over the new Bethlehem, and we will believe, perhaps in ages. It is necessary that it should be so.

T. L. HARRIS IN ENGLAND.—The London Spiritual Magazine, February, puts a very different coloring up the secular report of one of Mr. Harris' sermons on Spiritualism, the same that was published in the New York Tribune. It appear that Mr. Harris animadverted only upon certain phases of what is called Spiritualism, and did not deny in any particular its philosophy, or the belief in spirit communion. Mr. Harris is an erratic man, and is influenced much by the Spirit of Edgar A. Poe, but he will not afford our opponents a very lasting satisfaction as an exposor of Spiritualism.

**The Herald of Progress No. 2.**

The "Herald of Progress" goes forth to the inquiring world from March 3d once a week. We have carefully read the second number, and find the general tone like that of the first, decidedly pretentious. The "Herald of Progress" goes not out to the world for the first time in Mr. Davis' paper.

In reference to Spiritualism, Mr. Davis frankly acknowledges that it has proved certain cardinal doctrines, and we infer that he will be willing to recognize it in the future as one of the means, for the more perfect development of the Harmonial Philosophy, though he does not say so. Mr. Davis owes all that he has done—and perhaps he has done more than any other one man—to Spiritualism; and we are sorry that he is inclined to stand above and superior to it.

The paper is "got up" in good taste with elaborate headings and mottoes, and is very accurate typographically, all of which are excellent features of a popular journal, but subordinate, in a progressive sheet at least, to the matter of which it is made up. The "Herald of Progress" should strike as well as blow, but thus far its blows have been but mild breezes.

We thank our good friend J. G. for his kind words, and for the remittance for himself and others. He is by no means alone in his views of the SUN-BEAM, but as a general thing such appreciation comes from those in humble life. We seek no distinction above their wants, and while we are assured that the SUN-BEAM ministers to their needs it will be published. Our prospects look brighter every day, and we have no doubt but that in time we shall overcome all fears that it will be discontinued. If we had more to co-operate in the spirit of our good friend we should be able to make a better paper, as we hope to in time.

God reveals all needful knowledge to his children of earth, in exact accordance with their capacity to receive with an unerring certainty as he supplies the means by which all natural wants are gratified. Inspiration is as free as the light of the sun, or the air we breathe, and it comes to all men in proportion to their development and desire for it. Every scheme of salvation that is beyond the reach of a single soul must necessarily be false if God is allwise and just. The future revelations to the world will be in exact proportion to the aspirations of the human family.

**Correspondence.**

**Is Misery Indispensable to the Development of Happiness? No. III.**

BY H. CLAY BURCH.

We have listened too long to metaphysical sophists, and need a heart-philosophy, that is comprehensive enough for the wants of man's intitutional nature. A religion that will embody the love of God; and as God's love is boundless shall we still hold to the barbarous dogma that, 'I am holier than thou.' How unreasonable is the idea that the unfoldment of our wisdom will make us hate the conditions through which we have passed, and have a 'stronger aversion' to the undeveloped condition of others. We cannot but cry out against the cold stoical theories of those, who have deemed that because we do not all look and act alike, a portion of us are absolutely wrong. For were there not an endless variety of active beings, each possessing its peculiarity, then mercy, pity, forgiveness, and many of the highest attributes of mind, would not have been in existence. It is the beauty of our new faith that nothing is ultimately perfect, but all things are relatively so. If 'perfect happiness dwells in the heart of an infant,' then why does nature transcend perfection, or labor to produce anything above infantile souls? This idea bears to close a relation to the paradisaal myth of Adam and his consort. 'Woe the offspring of substitution?' Then why are not all things woe? for, is not each succeeding law that operates in our being a substitution for the one that preceded it? We cannot presume that man can 'substitute his sphere for that of the brute,' for his self is ought to indicate its reality. Man's self-will depends upon his internal promptings; and if he possesses a brutish nature, the 'legitimate' action of his soul-powers will produce a consequent manifestation of his nature independent of the brute.—We cannot 'transgress the code of life,' for life depends upon change, and the so-called 'penalties' give new impulse to life's changing action, therefore they are lawful and necessary. If 'development requires action, but pain never then real pain is only where there is eternal death, and the theory of the Stoics that it is a mere chimera of the brain would be correct, for as there is no portion of existence that is totally inanimate, therefore there could be no pain. We talk of 'digressing from nature,' but philosophy has failed to explain the *modus operandi* of natural law; and if we 'hold within us the prerogative of choosing' our future condition, how many a poor soul would leap into the shining garments of its seraph guardian, but it is so fixed that the soul's

gradual growth cannot be immuted. No one for a moment doubts that there is misery, but some contend that it is not indispensable, thereby admitting the 'sorry compliment that nature mars her productions without a cause.' It would be terrible indeed, if the chaotic 'maelstrom' of wrongful life, should have an accidental existence!

If such were the case we might expect the elemental oceans of infinite, will become engulfed, and the burning stars be dashed from their orbits. But the more we become acquainted, with nature's laws, the more shall we find that all of our idiosyncrasies are necessary to mark our individuality, therefore let no one call his brother evil, for this epithet can be bestowed with equal propriety upon all who were born ignorant.

Happiness is confined to that portion of being that contains a specific embodiment of life; for without the sensation, induced by conscious action, there is no capacity to enjoy.—The vital forces that give motion to the physical universe, are not capable of producing any pleasing emotions, until they find an organism upon which to act separate from the great unity of universal nature. The elemental state of life, is a vast ocean of ephemeral forms constantly changing with new action; therefore no permanency of organization can be obtained, until a central focus, of the most subtle matter, is formed around which cluster the germs of animal vitality, governed by the law of progressive unfoldment. Thus commences the first durable entity that receives the united forces of internal life. Here we behold the fruition of organic law, for with the soul-structure commences the blissful enjoyment of happiness. And from birth to angel enfoldment, is that period, during which the soul substance arranges itself in immortal form, preparatory to entering the celestial paradise. It is during this process that we are subject to the painful miseries which are to result in everlasting happiness.

Could we survey with an all-seeing eye the gathered forms of individual soul-growth, marching, in grand array along the starry landscapes of infinitude; beholding, at one glance the vasty realms of the universal mind-empire; then read the history of its progressive march, through the abysmal wrecks of past eternity; then we might withdraw our vision, and hide our sleepy souls in their dismal earth-cells, content to know that there is naught but is governed by immutable law; for all the intelligencies that dwell in their native worlds or their ethereal heavens, have been in the mighty crucible of matter; and during their primitive state, have felt surge succeeding surge of life's vital ocean, break upon the shores of death. If we translate aright the star-whispers of each burning orb they would tell the wondering sage, that without misery there is no happiness.

Put down thine ear to mother nature's breast And list the murmurs of her mighty soul, And never word by mortal lips expressed, Can make the spurn her. For in her controll Behold! she makes God's holy temple rise, And every soul a flower of Paradise.

**Seek after the Truth.**

EAST HAMBURG, Feb. 26, 1860.

EDITOR OF THE SUN-BEAM:—We receive your paper and peruse it with pleasure. Its sunny beams illuminate the channels that lead to our souls, and throw their radiating warmth over every aspiring pulsation of our being.

Every column breaths freedom of thought, loftiness of purpose, and a perfect emancipation from the thraldoms of sectarian superstition, and bigotry. We regret that the public reads and cares so little for the light that such unprejudiced organs diffuse, although the general mind, or minds, are ever reaching after the elements of morality, and there seems to be a just appreciation of its manifestations in the various conditions of life; humanity as a whole, do not know how to make an applicable use of it. Instead of studying themselves and endeavoring to understand the wants, the real demands of their own natures, they go into the past in thought and try to cull from the lives or teachings of others what they now need to make them honest, upright, &c.

This living on the dead letter of the past will ever retard spiritual progression, and mental unfoldment; and when this is understood the clouds of ignorance will disperse in one direction at least. I would that the religious papers that are circulated through the country whose names are legion, would inculcate in their readers, as far as practicable, that moral acts with an active energetic mind making ceaseless efforts to obtain a perfect knowledge of the attributes of their infinite Father God, would be of more importance to their present and future weal, than that the atoning blood of Christ will save them if they only believe it will, let their conduct be ever so derogatory to the just requirements of a well disciplined and Godly unfolded conscience, made such by a free exercise of the reasoning powers.

I can plainly discern not by prophetic power, but by analyzing the effect truth has upon mind, that higher, nobler views will pervade humanities heart relative to God and His re-

quirements, than has ever heretofore blest His children. That a new era of truth has dawned, thousands of happy hearts will respond to, and as happiness cannot be confined, because it is a natural want of the soul, what every human being is reaching after in some way, all that is necessary is to direct them aright, give them a taste of the waters of life, and there will be no stopping place, and as correct ideas of God and truth is the golden goblet from which all must quaff before we can be blest; satisfied, all will reach it, and if we do not drink in this life, on this side of the river, we shall on the other; because time with all its changes must bring us where deep heartfelt pleasure and calm felicity will be ours. Such are God's decrees, such His pleasure.

Accept our sincere wishes for your prosperity in all you may undertake in our cause.

Yours respectfully,

AMELIA A. SMITH.

Discussion in Brockport.

BROTHER GRISWOLD:—On the 19th of last month an advertisement appeared in our village papers signed by P. A. Smith of Rochester, challenging any person of this place to meet him, for the discussion of the following question:

Resolved, "That nature and Divine inspiration prove the final destruction of the wicked."

On the 23d Mr. R. Chickering publicly accepted the challenge, and proposed, with Mr. H. J. Thomas as his assistant, to meet Mr. Smith, and his assistant, Mr. Chapin, at the Village Hall on Saturday evening, the 28th. Saturday night came. The Hall was soon crowded with inquiring men and women. Mr. Smith opened on the affirmative. He compared the wicked to the "fat of lambs" "out of which candles are made," and stated, that as the candle consumes and leaves but a snuff, so would the wicked be consumed, and the smoke of their consuming forever ascend. He occupied his allotted time in quoting passages from the Bible to sustain his arguments, and in delineating a most ridiculous theology.

His 30 minutes having expired, Mr. Chickering followed on the side of the negative, and poured such broadsides of truth and scriptural quotations into the enemies ranks, that the left flank of the aggressive army attempted to retreat from the field. In other words, at the expiration of Mr. Chickering's time, Mr. Chapin, instead of coming up boldly and courageously to the fight sought by various subterfuges, to be excused from occupying the floor. The challenged party not consenting to excuse, the gentleman, he took the floor and started out on the proposition that man holds no pre-eminence over the brute, and held firmly to the doctrine, that after death, man remains an occupant of the grave until the resurrection when all would be raised, judged and rewarded according to their deeds. He at the same time was so ridiculously inconsistent as to utterly repudiate the faith of man's immortality. Mr. Thomas, one of nature's own inspirational speakers, on the part of negative, closed up the evening's discussion in an eloquent dissertation; denying the doctrine of man's free agency and claiming man as but an instrument in the hands of God, wherewith He works out the ends designed by His infinite mind. He reasoned from nature and analogy to prove that nothing had been or ever would be annihilated, and eulogized the mind as a divine emanation, indestructible and immortal.

The discussion is to be continued. These public discussions of questions touching the state of man's future existence, are the means by which God is leavening the whole lump of humanity. They interest and instruct the working classes—the thinkers of society, and serve to develop minds, which by and by will be guiding lights to those groping in darkness.

Would that every village and town in our Union might have its public discussions of vital questions. Then would the structure of old theology soon be shaken to its foundation as by an earthquake, and its adherents be brought quickly into the glorious light of a living faith.

D. S. FRACKER.

Brockport, N. Y., Feb. 1860.

From Libbie Lowe.

DEAR SUNBEAM:—The soft sweet melody from Truth's grand organ, is sometimes broken by a discordant tone from the key-note of error, and though the angels with unwearied care, are sowing thought-seeds in the immortal soil of mind, yet erroneous ideas, like weeds, spring forth in many places, and nothing but the inherent principle of progress can extract them, or prepare the soul for something better.

The Orthodox have been holding meetings in this place for some time past, and though they have not succeeded in "converting" any, they have most decidedly shown their fear of the Reformers power, as well as their repugnance to his principle as the only safeguard against the torments of hell.

One man said that he had tried morality, Universalism, &c., but found that neither gave him happiness. What a pity! that men and

woman of the nineteenth century must believe that two thirds of the human family are miserable in order to be happy! or that they have been the cause of Innocency being crucified to save them from a deserved punishment! I scarce can believe it; and yet the practice of many would tend to confirm their statements. I greatly fear the boasted influence of the Christian faith, when possessed, does not benefit the possessor, but on the contrary crushes the natural goodness, and weakens the energies of the soul to act as a responsible man or woman. Faith in ourselves and each other as children of a common Father, will strengthen our faith in Him, and exert a purer influence over our spiritual natures than faith in the atonement, or belief in our 'total depravity.'

I have been lecturing in different towns in Chautauque and Cattaraugus Co's, and the good attendance, eager faces, and earnest inquiries all prove that the truths of Spiritualism are welcome to every thinking mind as bright sunbeams that are to frighten the death-gloom from immortal souls, and melt the creed-chains from eternal mind! Even in this little bigoted town there seems to be an awakening interest, and I hope the population will become convinced that morality, after all, is the only lamp to guide us in the heavenly way. But I fear I am occupying too much room, and so with a 'God bless you' I sign myself, the grateful acceptor of the light from a Sunbeam.

LIBBIE LOWE.

LEON, Feb. 15th, 1860.

From Ashford, N. Y.

BROTHER GRISWOLD:—The SUNBEAM finds a warm reception in our little home, and its radiant truths feeds our hungry souls with angel utterances, and as I partake of these pearly gems I exclaim, how long; O, how long will a part of mankind drink from the bog of ignorance and superstition.

I noticed in your last issue a letter from brother Howe, refusing the golden prize awarded to him for obtaining the largest number of subscribers contributed to the Sunbeam before January 1st. This benevolent act is but an index to his true character. He has lectured in Eddyville once in four or five weeks for the past seven months, and without a fee at the door, in compelling the poor to pay a pittance for hearing heavenly truths. For this noble generosity which friend Howe possesses, asking no limited fees for his labors, but receives what his audience willingly and gladly gives, may those that are able realize (and I trust they will) our brother has a good supply of spiritual food to bestow on them, and in return supply him with the necessary needful. If a laborer is worthy of his hire, then our brother should be well remunerated for his labors.—Our friend if not rich in this world's goods possesses a brighter and purer treasure; a soul that loves truth and will struggle to alleviate mankind from sin and ignorance. Large audiences greet on every occasion the eloquent and powerful discourses delivered through his organism.

It makes my soul rejoice to meet with the aged there, their sands of earth life nearly exhausted, willing to become as little children in spirit, receiving truths that will unburden fettered souls, and with heaven-born rays illuminate their pathway beyond the tomb. It is unnecessary that my humble self should wish brother Howe God speed in the cause of human progress, for I truly believe that pure sympathizing angels are his protectors, and their love for humanity will silence and confound the creed-bound Pharisees and Hypocrites.

By your generous efforts to promulgate truths, I trust many sorrowful hearts will bask in the soul rays of spiritual philosophy. Dear SUNBEAM, may adversity never eclipse, never obscure, thy heaven sent rays from, the many who smile at thy approach. May the angel world aid and assist you through all the storms of persecution, and may truth illuminate the human hearts through thy efforts, as pure as the rays proceeding from the god of day illuminate our earth,

Yours for Truth,

M. E. BEACHE.

Feb. 13, 1860.

Lyman C. Howe in Buffalo.

A business correspondent in Buffalo incidentally speaks thus of the efficient labors of Lyman C. Howe in that city:

It rejoiceth me greatly to hear of the increasing prosperity of the SUNBEAM. I am sure no one would be better pleased than your humble servant to see it shining out brightly in the midst of the gloom that encompasseth it. Perhaps the darkness beginneth to comprehend?

Your correspondent and friend, L. C. Howe has been lecturing in Buffalo. I heard him last Sunday evening for the first time and was greatly interested and edified. Nothing so original, or that come home to me with such force and conviction have I heard for many months. His subject was the Light side of Spiritualism, and his text the motto of your cherished Sunbeam; "The Light shineth in Darkness and the darkness comprehended it

not." I predict that Mr. Howe will ere long stand in the front rank of our glorious band of Inspired Speakers. His stirring words and soul utterances came home with a magnetic power that could not be understood, and have revived in me fresh zeal and interest in the great progressive movement of the age.

BUFFALO, Feb. 23d, 1860.

Original Poetry.

The Social Circle.

BY D. S. FRACKER

Kind friends to-night with us here  
In social circle me  
To speak with those parted with,  
But never can forg

The wintry storm o'wft'ning wing  
Comes sweeping o'er the moor,  
While sighing winds mournful tones  
Sing dirges at the door.

We drop the curtain on the band  
And stir the drooping fire,  
And soon the cheerful blaze,  
In sparkling eddies,

How sweet it is to get around  
The warm and glowing hearth,  
And hold commune w' spirit ones,  
Who visit us on earth.

How cheering too the saur'd verse  
When chorus'd by throng,  
And gladful hearts w' joyous beat  
Give echo to the song.

'Tis thus with quick hast'ning feet  
The hours unheeded,  
'Till countless stars lend o'er gleam  
Along the arching.

With loving hearts w' hands unite  
We speak the parting word,  
And on the white anointed snow  
Retreating steps ascend.

Oh when we part to go again  
At home on Edenore,  
May angel forms and smiles  
There greet us at the door.

BROCKPORT, N. Y., Feb 10.

New Publications.

THE BOOK OF POP SONGS; being a Compendium of the best sentimental, Comic, Negro, Irish, Scotch, Nna and patletic Ballads and Melodies, sung by the best singers of the day.

This is the most complete collection of Popular Songs we have seen, and in every way is creditable to the publisher, G. G. Evans, of Philadelphia, originator of the Gift Book business.

THE ATLANTIC MOY for March is received, and as usual, full of matter of exciting interest. The Editor's story is growing more and more interesting with each number. For sale by all r dealers.

A NEW BOOK BY AEW JACKSON DAVIS—We insert a short aciemment of the fifth vol. of "The Great Harmonia," just out, which we will send, postage free, as a premium to every person who will send us twelve subscribers to THE SUNBEAM quarterly subscriptions, or 13 numbers facts.

CLARK'S SPIRITUAL REGISTER.—We have received a package of interesting statistical Annual for 1860, full of valuable information for those rested in the cause of Spiritualism. Price cts. Orders solicited.

The revelations of Spirits are in perfect harmony with all known laws through which mind and matter is governed, spiritualism is therefore sustained by the visible revelations God has made in the rolling stars of the Universe, in the rocky records of the world we inhabit, and in the chemistry of all of matter.

A new paper devoted to Spiritualism, has just been started in New Orleans. It is entitled *Le Monde Spirituel*, and printed the octavo form, in English and French, price \$3 per annum.—We have not yet received any, but are much rejoiced to receive the intelligence of such a fact trusting it will give a new impetus to our cause through the South.

Those who make a distinction between religious and morality, always, some extent, separate morality from religion, at is: they expect, by some hocus pocus, to ease the moral consequences of their actions. Such an idea is superstitious, idolatrous, heathenish.

As it is only by the aid might that the astronomer is enabled to look into infinitude, and see the immeasurable glories and harmonies of the universe, so it is only the night of adversity, when the sun of prosperity has set, that the fixed stars of faith and hope and heroic trust and all those twinkling constellations of the spiritual heavens, shine forth for their unfathomable depths, showing us the immeasurable power of our souls. But as cloud of the earth may obscure the stars of heaven, the most powerful lens, so the mists of depressing passions will obscure the mental heavens, what we see not its beauties, and lose their chastening influence.

Mrs. Brown's Advtment.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN,  
Has for sale a general assortment of INFIDEL.

ANTISLAVERY,  
SPIRITUALIST,  
And Other Reformatory Books.

She is also agent for the sale of Mrs. Mettler's CLAIRVOYANT MEDICINES.

and for  
Dr. Bronson's Blood Food.

For Consumption, Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, and all other Chronic Diseases arising from Over-Use, General Debility, or Nervous Prostration.

A Printed Catalogue will be sent to those wishing it. Orders should be sent to

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN,  
51-47] 288 Superior-st., Cleveland, O.

ANOTHER VOLUME OF THE SERIES ENTITLED.

"THE GREAT HARMONIA."

"THE THINKER"

By Andrew Jackson Davis.

PART FIRST  
Entitled "The Truthful Thinker."

PART SECOND  
"The Pantheon of Progress."

PART THIRD  
"The origin of Life, and the Law of Immortality."

A VOICE FROM THE SPIRIT-LAND.  
From James Victor Wilson, a Spirit.

A large edition on good paper, and firmly bound, is now ready. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

HOW TO TRANSFER PICTURES FROM Paper to Wood. This secret has frequently been sold for a great price. I will send it to any address, free of postage, for ten cents.

B. S. CASWELL,  
Orangeville, Barry Co., Mich.

WHAT is more desired than a beautiful head of hair? Which all can have by sending \$1.00 to my address for my recipe for making a Hair Restorative, and Curling Liquid for the Hair. Either one above for 50 cts. [51-24.] H. DANIELS, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Mediums in the Field.

W. L. F. Von Vleck, Clairvoyant Physician, Little Falls, N. Y.—May be consulted through the mail.

Terms:—Full diagnosis of disease, with description \$1.

A lock of the patient's hair and full name and age is required.

Patients had better state their case as they understand it.

Dr. Von V. will also reply to sealed letters addressed to spirits. Fee, \$1, in advance.

J. C. Shearer, Healing medium, and lecturer on bible subjects, Decatur, Mich.

James Shearer M. D., Healing medium, Decatur, Mich.

Miss Elizabeth Lowe, trance speaker, of Leon Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., will answer calls to lecture in Chautauque and Cattaraugus counties.

E. S. Wheeler Lectures upon Natural Spiritualism, and invites calls from all who recognize a rational Spiritualism as the prime motor of Reform. Address Utica N. Y.

D. B. KELLOGG.—Healing Medium, Saline, Washenaw Co., Mich.

Samuel Britain, of South Hardwick, Vermont, will act as agent for THE SUNBEAM, in the northern part of that State.

JAMES B. CUTLER, Inspirational Speaker Bethel, Morgan Co., Illinois.

Peter Johnson, Trance Speaker and Healing Medium, Laphamville, Mich.

Mrs. Alvira P. Thompson, trance-speaker on Bible subjects. Address West Brookfield, Vt.

Miss E. E. Gibson, impressional speaking medium, may be addressed at Augusta, Me.

G. M. Jackson, Trance speaker, Prattsburg, Steuben Co., N. Y., will receive calls to lecture

JOHN S. HARPER, of Dewitt, Clinton Co., Iowa, will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism in Iowa, and adjacent states. Mr. Harper will also receive subscriptions for THE SUNBEAM.

JOHN SOUTHWARD of Pontiac Mich., will write an Acrostic on any name that may be sent to him, whether of a person living, or of a spirit out of the form, or will give an answer in poetry upon almost any subject, by spirit impression. The name for an Acrostic must be sent in full, enclosing a stamp for return letter, and one or more to pay for stationary, with the address.

Mrs. H. M. Miller Inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture in New York, Pa., and Ohio.

TERMS. A fair compensation, or an equivalent for her time and traveling expenses. Address, H. M. Miller Ashtabula, Ohio.

NOTICE!

DR. E. B. WHEELLOCK will open Rooms in the City of Madison, Wis., from and after the First day of April next, for the

Healing of the Sick and Afflicted,

by the aid of Magnetism, Clairvoyant and Spirit Direction; or at his residence in the South-West portion of the city. He will ever be in readiness to speak on funeral occasions, and on each and every Sabbath.

The Spiritual Press will confer a favor upon a Western Pioneer by inserting this notice.

The Dr. has made arrangements with good Healing Mediums to assist him when required.

Terms of The Sunbeam.

THE SUNBEAM WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY C. D. GRISWOLD, M. D., AT BATAVIA, GENEESE COUNTY, N. Y.

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR a year in advance. Clubs of Eight Subscribers, payable quarterly in advance when such terms are preferable, and one copy given to the getter up of the club during its continuance.

Subscribers clubbing as above, are desired to have their papers sent to one address when it is convenient for them to do so.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The circulation of THE SUNBEAM has become so large that it affords a valuable medium for advertising. We do not intend to occupy more space than we now do at any time; but prefer a greater variety and shorter notices.

TERMS.—Five cents per line will be charged for all notices for one insertion. Three cents per line will be charged for each subsequent insertion.

AGENTS FOR THE SUNBEAM.

The following persons are authorized to act as agents for THE SUNBEAM in receiving subscriptions and orders for Books.

Dr. E. B. Wheelock, Spiritual Lecturer, Madison, Wisconsin.

E. S. Caswell, Orangeville, Barry Co. Mich.

E. M. Berk, Gowanda, N. Y.

G. W. Harrington, Utica, Ohio.

F. Goodrich, Auburn, N. Y.

Otto Wilcox, Port William, Ohio.

Ira Denslow, Alexander, N. Y.

James Hutchings, Caledonia Station, Ill.

Wm. H. Paxon, East Hamburg, N. Y.

H. Farnsworth, Crown Point, N. Y.

J. M. Brophy, East Dorset, Vt.

Mary E. Baker, Canandaigua, N. Y.

L. B. Koeler, Bonus, Boone County, Ill.

F. B. Taylor, Mechanicsburgh, Ohio.

Elijah Woodworth, Public Speaker, Patafburg, N. Y.

A standing notice will be given every Medium and Speaker requesting it.

We should be pleased to have Mediums, Public Speakers, and Spiritualists generally, interest themselves in promoting the circulation of THE SUNBEAM.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Spiritual Books.

FOR SALE AT THE SUNBEAM OFFICE.

FOOTFALLS ON THE BOUNDARIES OF ANOTHER WORLD by Robert Dale Owen. This highly interesting volume is one of the most valuable contributions yet offered to the literature of Spiritualism; being a record of facts and experiences carefully gathered by him during his late residence in Europe. Price \$1.25; postage 20 cents.

THE BIBLE; is it of Divine Origin, Authority and Influence? by S. J. Finney. Price, in cloth 40 cents; in paper 25 cts.

THIRTY—TWO WONDERS; or the skill displayed in the Miracles of Jesus by Prof. M. Durais. Price in cloth, 40 cents, in paper, 25 cents.

THE ARCANES OF NATURE, by Hudson Tuttle.

SPIRITUAL TRACTS BY JUDGE EDMONDS.—No. 1. An Appeal to the public on Spiritualism, No. 2. Reply to Bishop Hopkins on Spiritualism, No. 3. The News Boy, No. 4. Uncertainty of Spiritual Intercourse, No. 5. Certainty of Intercourse, No. 6. Speaking in many Tongues, No. 7. Intercourse with Spirits of the living, No. 8. False Prophecy, No. 9. Spiritualism as demonstrated from ancient and modern history. Price of the set complete, 40 cts.

Twelve Messages from the Spirit of John Quincy Adams. Price \$1.50. Postage 33 cts.

The Pentralia. By A. J. Davis, Price \$1.00.

The Great Harmonia By A. J. Davis, 5 Vol. Price each \$1.00. Postage 29 cts.

The Magic Staff. By A. J. Davis. Price \$1.25. Postage 22 cts.

The Boquet of Spiritual Flowers. Price \$1.00.

Natty a Spirit. Price 50 cts.

The Philosophy of Evil, By A. J. Davis. Price 50 cts.

The Harmonial Man, By A. J. Davis.—Price 50 cts.

Celestial Telegraph. Price \$1.00. Postage 19 cts.

The Sacred Circle. Price \$1.50. Postage, 34 cts.

"Thomas Paine," an Address, price 5cts.

For sale at this Office.

Address, C. D. GRISWOLD,  
Batavia, Genesee Co., N. Y.

THE INVENTOR AND PROPRIETOR

Morrill's Patent Evapor Stoves,

Flat Irons, Furnaces, & Nurse Lamps.

Would Respectfully call the attention of a discriminating public to his Inventions for Cooking, &c., feeling satisfied of having taken an important step in that progressive career which so distinguishes our age and race.

In the year eighteen hundred and fifty-four; while conducting some experiments, he discovered that the vapors of Alcohol, Burning-Fluid, Camphene, Naptha, Benzole, &c., when mixed with about eight parts of Atmospheric Air, would burn without the least smoke, light or odor; at the same time producing a heat some five or six times as intense as when the same material is burned in a fluid state, unmixed with air. Impressed with the vast importance of this discovery he has devoted his entire attention for four years to developing his many beautiful styles of Stoves adapted to preparing and burning Air and Vapor, for all kinds of Cooking purposes. How well he has succeeded let a discriminating public judge.

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51-14

Selections.

Charles Partridge's Valedictory.

CLOSE THE BOOK.

This event, the closing of this book, (the Spiritual Telegraph) revives numerous pleasant and a few painful recollections connected with the history of this paper, and the relations into which it has brought us, which thrill our whole being. The few 'painful' recollections are slanders which were inspired by adverse personal interest, and demands upon us which have since been adjudged to have been unjust. We were chiefly pained to find that Spiritualism, even, was at that time incompetent to teach some of its advocates that there is no ratio between adverse business interests and the dignity of a man; that the character and usefulness of a brother man should be held sacred and inviolable amidst the strife of personal ambition and commercial conflicts. But these things occurred several years since, and their animus was apparent to observing men, with whom they found no favor. We have endeavored to live them down, and trust we have succeeded. Let them pass.

But numerous pleasing emotions press for utterance, some of which, we hope, may be of service to mankind. It seems appropriate that we should say something on this occasion respecting the inception, progress, irrepressible conflicts, and the success of the Spiritual Telegraph. First, then, the Spiritual Telegraph was projected out of existing Spirit manifestations, a knowledge of which was deemed important to the happiness of all mankind; and a paper seemed to be the usual and the best method of disseminating the glad tidings from that world from which it was said and sung that 'no traveler returns.' We did not at first expect to issue more than a few numbers, and these were intended to contain merely statements of the facts which should from time to time appear. Accordingly a few tracts were issued in the year 1851 and the early part of 1852, entitled, 'A New Leaf.'

But the manifestations of Spirits so increased, that we found more space and a regular issue would be required to make a record of them. Accordingly, on the 8th of May, 1852 we published the first number of the Spiritual Telegraph, and have since continued it regularly each week to the present number, which is but eight copies short of eight complete yearly volumes. We should have been glad to have completed the present volume, but it seemed to be the interest of the new paper, should stop the Saturday prior to the commencement of the regular issue of that paper. Beside this, other important duties and business of our own require our immediate attention, hence we furnish an index to the present volume, and at once close the book.

In the inception of the Spiritual Telegraph we were by no means blind to the ignorance and superstitions of our people respecting spiritual things, nor were we unaware of having the best basis and the most favorable opportunity ever presented, to build up a more plausible, substantial and powerful ecclesiastical hierarchy than ever existed on the surface of the earth; and we early observed indications that other persons saw this opportunity, and were not lacking in ambition to make incipient movements in that direction. But fortunately the Spiritual Telegraph had already been born [as it were in a manger], and took its place in the whirl of humanity and of business life, and was baptised with the sacrament of spiritual truth, and consecrated to bear these messages in their purity to mankind. In other words, the Telegraph was not established for a display of ambition, neither to build up sects, parties or organizations, or as a censor of the thoughts of Spirits or mortals. \* \* \*

It is hardly to be expected that people in a state of transition from subjection to organizations and the fear of the devil, to the sovereignty of the individual, will at once voluntarily arrange themselves in the support of their independence and of a paper defending the justice of their new positions.

In the last number of Volume Five, we presented a statistical record of the commencement and close of twenty-one spiritual periodicals which had been called into being and passed away up to that time, and of eighteen then struggling for a continued existence. Since then, fifteen papers then being published have been discontinued, leaving three which are still published. Since then, eleven other papers have been born; two of these have died, leaving nine. These, added to the three remaining of those mentioned in our former report, give twelve spiritual periodicals now extant, which, we think, are ten too many.

We have been often surprised and sometimes mortified at the folly of Spiritualists in starting and encouraging new papers, some of which seem to have had no better basis than a supposed 'thus saith the Spirits' to an unfledged aspirant. Some persons seem to suppose that if they can only get out a paper bearing their name, they will be somebody at once, and that everybody and all the sensible Spirits will flock to their standard. Some Spiritualists try to be excessively amiable, and

seemingly think it a virtue to always say 'yes,' even to flatter everybody, and thus to foster illegitimate ambition to multiply papers.—When such men are asked about starting a new paper, their answer is, 'Yes, O yes; you are the very man that is qualified to teach, you cannot fail to succeed,' etc., etc.; when in reality they don't believe a word of all this. These are mere weathercocks, subject to the windy puffs of every man they meet. They do not really mean to deceive, or to be the means of getting their friends into trouble; but one thing they do mean, and that is, to be considered friendly and amiable. Ask no advice of such men; they are quite too clever.

Modern Spiritualism has naturally enough attracted people who delight in wonder—in the mere emotions which are excited by the sight of new things. These want to breakfast and dine on miracles and sleep on beds rocked by Spirits. They equally hanker for new papers. No matter what the paper is, only so that it claims to be devoted to wonder. These epicures of novelty are equally delighted with a new paper as they are with a new fact or idea. Such men do not seek papers to be instructed, but to be excited; and when they have encouraged a new paper into an existence, they abandon it for another that may come into being.

Men who have no knowledge or care for Spiritualism beyond the dollars and cents it will bring them—men who never attempt to unfold its truth or defend its claims—have seen this weakness of the people, and have taken advantage of it. They have established papers through adroit panderings to the lust for new wonders and exciting stories, which wonders and stories are speciously got up to whet the morbid appetite for 'more next week,' and by these and other means, the spiritual forces have been distracted and used for filthy lucre, while the men and the papers earnestly laboring to eliminate truth and elevate mankind are left to languish and die by the side of these vampires which prey upon the vitals of truth, virtue, and of human progress. The result is a slaughter of thirty-eight Spiritual periodicals in nine years. And not only papers but men who have spent their lives and substance in earnest labors for the elimination of truth and for practical reforms have been left, as it were, wounded by the wayside, where the Pharisees pass by jeeringly on the other side.

Not a single publisher of these thirty-eight papers, with the exception of ourselves and one other, have given them up until they were obliged to do so for the want of pecuniary means to carry them on. \* \* \*

Modern Spiritualism has no organization to give unity and efficacy of action, and no Devil to frighten men to their duty. We have felt from the beginning the lack of that co-operation which would pay one dollar to sustain the Telegraph, with a few slight exceptions from abroad amounting perhaps to three dollars, which have been contributed to pay postage on books and papers which we have from time to time been called on to give away.

What, then, are the lessons to be drawn from this? for we have not written this without a motive, and that motive is, to make known fully and fairly the general conduct of Spiritualists in these respects, and the condition of our cause, to the end that they may awaken to a sense of duty, especially in this—to concentrate their forces on one spiritual organ, which shall be as free as has been the 'Telegraph,' so that all spiritual facts and all phases of thought may be presented to the public through its columns. We have ever advocated this; and now that we are out of the field, we shall urge it the more. It is the only way that a truly spiritual paper can be sustained. \* \* \*

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

From the London Spiritual Magazine.

Double Apparitions.

There are such numberless well-attested instances of apparitions seen by one only, of deceased friends and relatives at the moment of death, that we should hardly be justified in taking up our space with them, unless they should be accompanied by some striking collateral proof. The two instances, however, given below, we are glad to place on record, as they are each not only attested, but seen by more than one person, separately, and from different points of view. Indeed, so far as human testimony goes it can hardly be seen to better effect than in these two cases.

In the first, there is this remarkable distinction from the more common vision of the dead or dying friend, that instead of its being the spirit or ghost as the public calls it, of the dying man, the spirits of his wife and mother appear not only to him but to his man-servant.

Such facts are valuable not only in themselves to the persons more immediately concerned in them, but to religion and philosophy, which stand in deep need of their teaching. What can more ennoble our lives, and soothe our last hours than the knowledge that those near and dear to us are, under God's pro-

vidence, allowed to see our ministering angels instead of slumbering in corruption in the cold grave, in abeyance for thousands of years, till some unknown end of the world?

Is that false leap delightful to us, and so consonant with God's love and the reason with which He has endowed us, that we are in favor of it to throw over God's permitted facts to the contrary? Read the following, and ponder on the probabilities and the teachings contained in them.

We vouch for perfect good faith and character of the narrators. If such things are 'impossible' in philosophy, you must either enlarge your knowledge, or deny the similar apparitions of this life.

"SIR,—It will be me great pleasure if any communication mine should be thought worthy of appear in the Spiritual Magazine. I send you extract from a letter I received some time since from a gentleman, himself a disbeliever in spectral appearances—all the first part the letter being an argument against the same time he concludes by the nation of one which occurred to a friend of his own; and which he, singularly enough, burks, 'has one guarantee of its truth more than any I have heard related, namely, an extraneous witness. The relator of the story is a benefice clergyman of the Church of England, a canon of Manchester, a man of superlative sense, and undoubted integrity and truthfulness. I had they from his own mouth at his own table. The relator's father, in his last illness, and when his end, was watched and waited otach night, in alternate watches, (or on alternate nights—I forget which) by an old servant of the family and by his son (relator) himself. One night, during the ant's watch, the narrator of the story was senly aroused from his slumbers by the olomestic, and informed that he (the servant) seen such a sight in the room of the d man, his master, that he could stay no lgr, nor dare return to it. He then hastily rel that he had seen his deceased mistress (wife of the master, and the mother of my fl) standing at the foot of his master's bed, looking on her husband, and apparently sjng to him; that she wore a well-known n; that she was stationed in the center of half-closed curtains of the bed; and that her left hand stood also the grandmother of friend (both in their lives being well kno to the old domestic); and that his fear the apparitions was so great, that he quit the room as speedily as possible, and propd to that of the son, to acquaint him of circumstances. The narrator bethought hlf to enquire of the servant, if he had sp to his father of what he had seen, or if ather had said anything to him. On being tel that not a syllable had been spoken, he peded to the bedside of his father, whom found awake, and apparently very comfide. As soon as the father saw the son, hd, 'O—d, I have just seen your mothers urged me to come, and I shall soon follow to heaven.' The young man enquired who had seen his mother. The father told that 'she stood at the opening of the ains, at the foot of the bed,' and I believe also described the dress she wore, just as servant had described it. The son then ened whether he had seen any one with his her. His father said 'No.' (The narrator thekpained to me, that the grandmother, situ as described by the servant, could not habeen seen by his father, because she stood ind the curtains; but to the servant, who by the side of the bed, the curtains would necessarily have impeded his view.) The sthen enquired of his father if he had said athing of what and whom he had seen to his servant. His father assured him that he d not. This is the tale and you will perel that my informant took unusual precaun to test the truth of the two persons by in these appearances were seen; and that the corroboration of the two versions of the tal, they were told by the dying man and th servant, are unusually satisfactory. I laid thery by in my memory for the future use a benefit of all to whom such revelations m be of any interest, and I have taken the lbr of presenting it to you, without alteration or embellishment, under the impression that you will find it sufficiently interesting to repay a trouble of perusal." I forward to you thixtract from Mr. E—d D—y's letter me, and repeat to you the same wish. It by no means the first instance I have found in which those who have commenced ridiculng all who believe in such things, relate anecdotes which tell so severely against their disbelief.

H. O. S.

REASON, CONSCIENCE, Love of the Beautiful and the True, and all the bright emanations of Divinity set in the constellations of the human mind, are the attributes which characterize us, and from which our chief pleasures should flow. It is not in those nalties which pertain more especially to physical sensation that our greatest glory lies. These are good only when confined within their proper sphere, as "heavers of wood and carriers of water to the temple" of the soul.

From Manford's Monthly Magazine. Importance of the Truth, "God is Love."

There is no conviction, we are confident, so essential to implant in the mind as this: 'God is love.' There is none that is so fruitful and operative, none that touches our conduct at so many points or that supplies so much aid for a Christian life here, or that is so necessary to carry into our future and immortal existence. Preachers and theologians often seem to us to occupy the position of the Egyptian taskmasters, who oblige the children of Israel, their slaves, to make brick without supplying them with straw to make it with. They require us to be good, without suggesting the grand motive that would make us so; God is good, God is love. They tell us to be patient, submissive and contented under the discipline of life, but they do not furnish the greatest of all possible arguments, that God is working out for us in his love the best good of which we are capable. How is it possible to sustain the fabric of a life-long and progressive Christian character without some such enkindling and ever-growing motive to bear it up? They tell us to have faith in God; but how can we trust a being perfectly in whom we suppose such passion as anger, jealousy, vindictiveness and wrath, are active qualities, and apprehend that their scathing effect may alight upon our heads at any moment? They exhort us to love him with all our heart and soul, but fear steps in, and takes such fixed hold, that love cannot win an entrance. How can we love with perfect confidence and fulness of delight and sympathy a Being who is described as holding the key of a place of eternal torment, to which he has consigned his enemies, and over which is written in characters of fire the awful words of Dante: 'No hope for those who enter here.'

THE AID IT GIVES TO A RELIGIOUS LIFE.

If any one cause has thwarted thus far the onward progress and success of Christianity, and broken Christ's sceptre of command and influence over the nations, it is the substitution of a species of heathen divinity in the place of our Heavenly Father. The greatest of all the reforms of theology will be, to drive out the dark pagan creed, and establish in its place the cheering faith of Jesus. If God is force, or fate, or King, or Judge alone, very well, our conduct will take its cast and coloring from such views of God, and by its fruits our belief will speedily be known. Man's inhumanity to man, is, in fact, often caused by a reflex imitation of what is supposed to be God's plan of action. Persecution, torture, the Inquisition, the gallows, despotism, slavery, all harsh and cruel punishment, all unjust, vindictive and retaliatory acts, are but buds, blossoms, and Dead Sea apples upon the upstree of an awful faith.

Against these dark views of God, and consequent cruel treatment of his children, we write the apostolic answer and remonstrance: 'God is love.' Such is the revelation of Jesus, and it gives to the world a brightness above that of the sun. The naturalist takes his microscope, and looks at ten thousand times ten thousand creatures full of life and happiness; but he brings back from the infinite world of the small the glad intelligence that every limb and organ of the minutest animalcule has been exquisitely made for use, beauty and happiness, and not one for evil, pain or wrong. He then directs his telescope to the sky, and traverses the vast fields of space, passing from world to world, and from system to system, and from one 'island universe' to another; but after days and years spent in these sublime investigations, he returns with no message of despair from his circumnavigation of the heavens. Every star and constellation repeats, 'God is love,' as every mote in the sunbeam, or animalcule in a drop of water, has before whispered, 'God is love.' It is the everlasting anthem of Nature. It is the chorus of Providence. Revelation blends all seeming discords in one grand harmony—'God is love.' His will is love, his power is love, his spirit is love, his works are love, his ways are love, his laws are love, his Gospel is love. 'He so loved the world that he sent his Son to seek and save the lost.'

The first of all conditions to a happy and religious life is, have perfect confidence in God. See, feel, know that he is love, and not only love in general, but that he loves you, and will bring you at last to himself in peace. If there are trials sharp as fire and bitter as death, these also are parts of his ways, who is a God of love. Every pang of pain is his love commended to our attention in a new way. Every heart-breaking sorrow throws down some barrier, that we may see farther, enjoy more, taste a dearer, sweeter, more lasting and more satisfying good. 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.' Even they that seemed stripped of their dearest possession find that they have two such great and never-failing blessings left, out of which all the pillars and masonry of heaven can yet be quarried—God and their own immortal spirit.

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