

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

FIRESIDE PREACHER

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

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THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

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THE TEDWORTH DRUMMER.

The following story of remarkable manifestations which never could be traced to any other than a spiritual cause, and which we recognize as that written by Rev. Joseph Glanvil, Chaplain in Ordinary to the then reigning King of England, is here published at the suggestion of an eminent clergyman of this city, who has furnished us a copy of it from his own library.

About the middle of March in the year 1661, Mr. John Mompesson, of Tedworth, in the county of Wilts, being at the bailiff's house at Ludgershall, and hearing that an idle drummer had been troubling the place, demanding money by virtue of a pass, which was thought to be forged, he sent for the fellow, and after some inquiry thought proper to have him imprisoned, and his drum taken away, which was accordingly deposited with the bailiff. By some means, however, the drummer prevailed on the constable to let him escape, and a short time after the bailiff sent the drum to Mr. Mompesson, who was then setting off for London.

On his return from London, Mrs. Mompesson told him that the house had been greatly disturbed in his absence, as if thieves had tried to break in; and a few nights after, he heard the same noise himself. On this he got up, took a brace of pistols, and opened that door where the knocking seemed most violent, but the noise suddenly removed to another door, which he opened also, and so went round the house, but he could discover nothing. When he got into bed the noise seemed like thumping and drumming on the top of the house, and the sound at last went off in the air.

This noise lasted usually for five nights, and then ceased for three; and after a month's continuance (always beginning as they were going to sleep), it began in the room where the drum lay, on which Mr. Mompesson removed into that room, in order to observe it. In the first part of the night the drumming was violent, but in two hours it would stop.

Mrs. Mompesson being brought to bed, there was little or no noise for three weeks, but afterward it returned with much violence, following the children, and beating at their bedstead. No blows, however, could be felt, but it was perceived that the things beat, back exceedingly. After this a scratching was

heard under the bed, and for some time the noises haunted the children wherever they went.

On the 5th of November, the noise was remarkably loud; and a servant observing two boards in the children's room move, he bid the invisible give him one of them, upon which the board came (nothing moving it that he saw) within a yard of him. The man said, Pray let me have it in my hand, and it was accordingly shoved quite home to him, and so up and down, to and fro, at least twenty times together, till Mr. Mompesson forbid his servant such familiarities. This was in the day time, and seen by a whole room full of people; and on its departure it left a very sulphurous smell behind it, which was very offensive.

At night the minister and Mr. Cragg, and divers of the neighbors, came to the house on a visit. The minister went to prayers with them, kneeling at the children's bedside, where it was then very troublesome and loud. During the prayers it withdrew into the cockloft, but returned as soon as they were over, and then, in sight of the company, the chairs walked about the room of themselves, as did also every piece of furniture that was loose; and the children's shoes were hurled backward and forward over their heads; at the same time a bedstaff was thrown at the minister, which struck him on the leg, but in so favorable a manner that a lock of wool could not fall more gently, and it was observed that it stopped just where it lighted, without rolling or moving from the place.

Mr. Mompesson perceiving that it so much pestered the little children, he lodged them out at a neighbor's house, taking his eldest daughter, who was about ten years of age, to his own chamber, which the Spirit had not visited for a month. As soon as the child was in bed the disturbance began there again, and continued drumming and making other noises; and it was observed that it would exactly answer to drumming anything that was beaten or called for. After this, the house where the children lodged out, happening to be very full of visitors, they were brought home, and no disturbance having been in the parlor, they were lodged there; but their persecutor soon found them out, and contented itself with plucking them by the hair and night-clothes, without making any disturbance.

It was observed that when the noise was loudest and came with the most sudden and surprising violence, no dog about the house would move, though the knocking was often heard by the neighbors, and also at a considerable distance. The servants were sometimes lifted up with their beds, and gently let down again without hurt; at other times it would be like a great weight upon their feet.

About the latter end of December, 1661, the drumming was less frequent, and then they heard a noise like jingling of money, occasioned, as it was thought, by Mr. Mompesson's mother having a few days before said that she had often heard of fairies dropping money, and should be very well satisfied if their occasional visitor would leave them something for their trouble.

After this it desisted from making a violent noise, and employed itself in playing little apish tricks. On Christmas Eve, a little before day, one of the little boys, in getting out of his bed, was struck on a sore place upon his heel with the latch of the door. The night after Christmas Day, it threw the old gentlewoman's clothes about the room, and hid her Bible in the ashes, and it played many other pranks too tedious to

mention. It shortly after became very troublesome to a servant of Mr. Mompesson, who was a very stout fellow, and of sober conversation. For several nights the bedclothes were endeavored to be pulled off in so forcible a manner that he was obliged to make use of his whole strength to keep them on; and sometimes, that not being sufficient, he was left almost naked, and his shoes thrown at his head; and then he found himself forcibly held, and, as it were, bound hand and foot; but whenever he could make use of his sword, and struck with it, the Spirit quitted its hold.

About the beginning of January, 1662, singing was heard in Mr. Mompesson's chimney, which announced the coming of the Spirit. And one night, about that time, lights were seen in the house, one of which came to Mr. Mompesson's chamber; it seemed blue, and glimmering, and caused great stiffness in the eyes of the beholders. After the light, something was heard to come up stairs, treading softly, as if it had been a person without shoes.

During the time of knocking, when many persons were present, a gentleman in company said, "Satan, if the drummer set thee to work, give three knocks, and no word," which it did very distinctly, and stopped. The gentleman then knocked to see if it would answer him, as it was wont, but it did not. For farther trial, he bid it, for confirmation, if it were the drummer to give five knocks, and no more that night; which it did, and left the house quiet all the night after. This was done in the presence of Sir Thomas Chamberlain, of Oxfordshire, and divers others.

On Saturday, Jan. 10, an hour before day, a drum was heard to beat on the outside of Mr. Mompesson's chamber, from whence it went to the other end of the house, where some gentlemen visitors lay, playing at their door four or five different tunes, and then went off into the air.

The next night, a smith in the village laying with John the man, they heard a noise in the room as of one shoeing a horse, and something came, as if with a pair of pincers, nipping at the smith's nose most part of the night.

Having one night played some little tricks at Mr. Mompesson's bed's feet, it went into another bed where one of his daughters lay; there it passed from side to side, lifting her up as it passed under, at which time there were three kinds of noise in the bed; they thrust at it with a sword, but it still shifted, and carefully avoided the thrust, getting under the child every time they offered at it.

The night following, it came into the room panting like a large dog; upon which one of the company struck at it with a bed-staff, which was immediately snatched out of his hand, and thrown away, and the room filled with a most noisome stench, and excessively hot, though it was a severe winter's day. After continuing in the bed, panting and scratching for an hour and a half, it went to the next chamber, where it knocked a little, and seemed to rattle a chain. Thus it continued for several nights.

In a few days after, Mr. Mompesson's mother's Bible was found in the ashes, the paper sides being downward. Mr. Mompesson took it up, and observed that it lay open at the third chapter of St. Mark, where there is mention made of the unclean Spirits falling down before our Saviour, and of his giving power to the twelve to cast out devils, and of the scribe's opinion that he cast them out through Beelzebub.

The night following, they strewed ashes over the chamber,

to see what impression the Spirit would leave. In the morning they found in one place the resemblance of a great claw, in another of a less, some letters in another, (which they could make nothing of,) besides many circles and scratches.

What farther happened while I was at Tedworth, is as follows: My friend and I lay in the chamber where the first and chief disturbance had been. We slept well all night, but early, before day, in the morning, I was awakened (and I awakened my bed-fellow,) about a great knocking without our chamber door. I asked who was there several times, but the knocking still continued without answer. At last I said, "In the name of God, who is it, and what would you have?" To which a voice answered, "Nothing with you." We, thinking it had been some servant of the house, went to sleep again; but speaking of it to Mr. Mompesson when we came down, he assured us no one of the house lay that way, or had business thereabouts, and that his servants were not up till he called them, which was after it was day; which they confirmed, and protested that the noise was not made by them.

Another passage was this: my man, coming to me in the morning, told me that the horse on which I rode was all in a sweat, and looked as if he had been rode all night. My friend and I went down and found him so. I inquired how he had been used, and was assured that he had been well fed and ordered, as he used to be; and my servant was always very careful about my horse. The horse I had had a good time, and I never knew but he was very sound. But after I had ridden him a mile or two very gently over a plain, down from Mr. Mompesson's house, he fell lame, and, having made a hard shift to bring me home, died in two or three days, no one being able to imagine what he ailed. This seems something more than mere accident.

But to go on with Mr. Mompesson's own particulars: He says, that another time, being in the day, and seeing some wood move that lay in the chimney of a room as of itself, he discharged a pistol at it, after which they found several drops of blood on the hearth, and in divers places of the stairs.

For two or three nights after the discharge of the pistol, there was a calm in the house, but then it came again, applying itself to a little child, newly taken from the nurse, which it so persecuted, that it would not let the poor infant rest for two nights together, nor suffer a candle in the room, but carried them away lighted up the chimney, or threw them under the bed. It so scared the child by leaping upon it, that for some hours it could not be recovered out of the fright, so that they were forced again to remove the children out of the house; and the following night, about twelve o'clock, something came up-stairs, and knocked at Mr. Mompesson's door; but he, lying still, it went up another pair of stairs to his man's chamber, to whom it appeared standing at his bed's feet; the exact shape and proportion he could not discern, but said, he saw a great body, with two red glaring eyes, which, for some time, were fixed steadily upon him, and at length disappeared.

Another night, strangers being present, it purred in the children's bed like a cat, at which time also the clothes and children were several times lifted up from the bed, and six men could not keep them down. Hereupon, they removed the children, intending to have ripped up the bed; but they were no sooner laid in another, but the second bed was more troubled than the first. It continued thus for four hours, and so beat the children's legs against the bed-posts, that they were forced to rise, and sit up all night. After this it would empty chamber pots into their beds, and strew them with ashes, though they were ever so carefully watched. It put a pike iron into Mr. Mompesson's bed, and into his mother's a naked knife upright. It would fill porringers with ashes, throw everything about, and continue making a noise all day.

About the beginning of April, 1663, a gentleman that lay in the house had all his money turned black in his pocket; and Mr. Mompesson, coming one morning to his stable, found the horse he used to ride with one of his hind legs in his mouth, and so fastened there, that it was difficult for several men to get it out with a lever. After this there were some other remarkable things, but my account goes no farther, only that Mr. Mompesson wrote me word, that afterward the house was several nights beset with seven or eight in the shape of men, who, as soon as a gun was discharged, would shuffle away together into an arbor.

The drummer was tried at the assize at Salisbury on this occasion. He was committed first to Gloucester goal for stealing; and a Wiltshire man coming to see him, he asked him what news in Wiltshire? The visitant said, he knew of none. No! said the drummer, did not you hear of the drumming at a gentleman's house at Tedworth? That I did enough, said the other. Yes, quoth the drummer, I have plagued him, (or to that purpose,) and he shall never be quiet till he has made me satisfaction for taking my drum.

Upon information of this, the fellow was tried for witchcraft at Salisbury, and sentenced for transportation; but he was not long away. Some said, that by raising storms and other strange operations, he so frightened the seamen, that they were glad to set him on shore at the first port they came to; while others are more apt to believe that he escaped from the ship, at her landing, and so got away to this country again. Be this as it may, the house was quiet during his absence, but as

soon as he returned the noise began again, and continued a long time.

All the circumstances that I have here related were sworn in court by the minister of the parish, and divers others of the most intelligent and substantial inhabitants, who had been eye and ear witnesses of them, time after time, for divers years together.

SPIRITUALISM AMONG THE NORSEMEN.

"BRIAN'S BATTLE (BATTLE OF CLONTARF), A. D. 1014.

"As Earl Sigurd, the son of Hlodver, was preparing to leave Orkney, Flosi offered to accompany him; but the Earl declined his proposal, because he was going on a pilgrimage to Rome to obtain absolution for his sins. (Some savage act of incendiarism is frequently alluded to in this part of the 'Niala Saga,' in which Flosi and his companions were engaged, and for which they wished to obtain absolution from the Pope.) Flosi then offered fifteen of his men to accompany the Earl, and he accepted them, and Flosi accompanied Earl Gilli to the Southern Islands, (the Western Islands, or Hebrides—Thorstein Sidubralton, Rafu Raudi, (the *Bed*), and Erling of Stroma, accompanied the Earl. The Earl did not wish Harek to go, but he promised to give him the first tidings respecting the war. The Earl reached Dublin with his whole army on Palm Sunday, and Brodir there joined him with his forces. Brodir inquired by sorcery respecting the war. The response of the oracle was, 'If the battle should be fought on Friday, that Brian would gain the victory, but would be slain; but if they fought before that day, that all who were opposed to him would fall.' Therefore Brodir refused to encounter him before Friday. On Thursday a man with a buckler and spear in his hand, *pointed with iron*, rode to Kormloda and her companions, and held a long conference with them. Kormloda was the divorced wife of King Brian, and the mother, by a second marriage, of King Sigtrig.) Afterward Brian came to Dublin with all his forces, and on Friday led out his army from the town, and the armies were drawn out in order of battle on both sides. Brodir commanded one wing, Sigtrig the other, and the center was commanded by Earl Sigurd. Now it was reported that King Brian was unwilling to fight on Friday, and had surrounded his garrison with an entrenchment, the army being drawn up in front of it. Ulf Hræda commanded the wing opposed to Brodir; Ospac and his sons the other opposed to Sigtrig. Kerthialfad was in the center, and his banners were borne before him. There the lines engaged, and the battle was fiercest."

I hope the reader will indulge me in a short description of Brodir, whose cruel death will be told in the sequel, drawn from another portion of the "Niala Saga."

"Brodir had formerly embraced the Christian religion, and held the office of a deacon, but had become a renegade, and now worshiped his heathen gods. He was greatly skilled in the arts of magic, and well instructed in the art of war, and *resisted all iron*. He was tall and strong, and his hair, which was black, was so long that it fell below his belt." It would be difficult to convey in a few words a more graphic description of a savage renegade and pirate. The black hair was somewhat out of keeping with a northern warrior, but there may have been a slight mixture of *Celtic* blood in his veins, which would by no means tend to dilute his peculiar qualities below the standard of that age. I will now proceed with our history.

"Brodir broke through the ranks of the enemy, and overwhelmed all that stood before him. Nothing injured him, *not even iron*. Ulf Hræda approached and struck him three times with such violence that he fell to the ground each time, and was not able to get on his feet again. But as soon as he was able to stand up, he fled and saved himself in the woods. Earl Sigurd had a hard struggle with Kerthialfad. Kerthialfad attacked him with such vigor that he prostrated all that stood before him, and breaking through the ranks, even to the standard, slew the standard-bearer. He then attacked another, who carried the standard in the place of the one who was slain, and slew him also, and thus one standard-bearer after the other. (*Vide* Motherwell's 'Battle Flag of Sigurd.') Earl Sigurd then ordered Thurstein Sidubralton to take the standard. He was about to take it, when Aumund Hoiti said, 'Do not take the standard, for all that bear it are slain.' 'Then,' said the Earl, addressing Rafu Raudi, 'You

must take the standard.' Rafu answered, 'Bear thou thy own death.' The Earl said it is but just that all should fair alike, the old and young. He then took the flag from its staff, and concealed it under his garments. Not long afterward Aumundi Hoiti was slain, and the Earl was transfixed by a javelin. Ospac ran through the whole army, lost both his sons, and received several wounds before King Sigtrig retreated before him. Then the whole of the army began to fly. Thorstein Sidubralton, while the rest were flying, stopped to tie the latch of his shoe. Kerthialfad asked him *why* he did not fly like the others? 'Because,' he answered, 'I can not reach my home this evening, as I come from Ireland.' (Pretty cool, this.) Kerthialfad immediately gave him quarter. Rafu Raudi was driven into a river by his pursuers, and in the deepest part of it he thought he saw the tortures of hell below, and imagined that the demons were trying to drag him into them. 'Thy dog,' he cried, 'O, Apostle Peter, has run twice to Rome, and verily, if thou wilt grant him the power, he will run there again.' Then the demons left him, and he forded the river in safety. In the mean time, Brodir perceiving that Brian's soldiers were flying, and that but few were left at the royal tent, rushed out of the wood, and throwing the whole camp into confusion, attacked the King with his sword. Brian's son, the boy Tact, stretched out his hand to save his aged father, when Brodir severed the boy's hand and the King's head from his body at one blow. But the *royal blood* being sprinkled on the stump of the maimed arm, *the wound was instantly drawn together*."

This was certainly a decided case of "healing," and it is no matter of surprise when *royal blood* possesses such virtue, that "King's evil" should be healed in modern times by the *royal touch*.

"Brodir then called out, 'It will be told in future times that Brodir killed Brian.' He then ran after the fugitives, and told them that King Brian was slain. Wheeling round all together, Ulf Hræda and Kerthialfad and their followers, forming a circle around Brodir, took him alive. Ulf Hræda cut his belly open, and led him around an oak until all his intestines were drawn out, and he did not die until he was entirely disemboweled. Brodir's men were all slain. They took the body of the King, and laid it on a bier. *The King's head and body had grown together*."

Here was another "miracle" of healing. Had he been a few years younger, King Brian would, no doubt, have come to life again; but it may naturally be supposed, the rough hirsute "mediums" present on this occasion, were, like their descendants, more skilled in taking life than in restoring it again.

"Fifteen of the *incendiarics* fell in Brian's war. There fell also Haldor, son of Godmund the powerful, and Erling of Stroma. On the day of the long fast, a man in Caithness, called Daurud, going out of doors, saw what appeared to be twelve men in number, riding towards a certain hillock, where they suddenly disappeared. Going to the hillock, and looking through a hole, he saw women within who were weaving a web with human entrails for threads, an arrow for a shuttle, and human heads for weights. Addressing Daurud, they sung as follows." I shall not attempt to translate the dreadful song of the "Fatal Sisters," which has been beautifully imitated by the Poet Gray. "As the song ceased, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and each woman taking the portion she held, they all mounted their horses, and galloped six to the South, and six to the North. A similar vision appeared to Brand Gniestason in the Faroe Islands. In Iceland, at Svinafell, so much blood fell on the vestments of the priest during the celebration of the mass, that he was compelled to retire from the altar. At Thunnta also, the same day, the priest saw near the altar many horrible sights in the depths of the sea. He stopped so long that he could not perform his sacred duty. In Orkney, Harek thought he saw Sigurd and certain persons with him. Harek mounted his horse and rode to meet the Earl. The persons present at the time saw them meet, and they rode together behind a certain hillock, where they disappeared, and were never seen again, nor were any remains of Harek ever discovered. In the Western Islands, Earl Gilli dreamed that a man named Herfin came to him, saying he came from Ireland. The Earl asked him what tidings he brought, when he sung this song:

'I was there where warriors maintained the battle,
And the swords clashed in Ireland;
Many met with swords and shields.
[The cries of battle resounded,
The clashing of helmets were heard; §
Sigurd fell 'mid the crash of arms,
And shed his death-blood;
King Brian was slain, but was master of the field.'

Flosi and the Earl talked much of this dream. A week afterwards Hrafu Raudi arrived and told them of the battle of Brian—of the fall of the king, and of Earl Sigurd, and also of the fate of Brodir and all the pirates. Then said Flosi, "What have you to tell me of my companions?" "They all fell in that battle," said Rafu, "but Thorstein, your son-in-law, received quarter from Kerthialfad, and now lives with him." Flosi told the Earl he must depart, for he was now absolved from his pilgrimage to Rome. The Earl told him to go where he chose, and gave him a ship and provisions, and a large sum of money. Flosi and his people then sailed to Wales, where he remained for some time."

From the above samples of the history of our northern ancestors, it is very evident that they received communications, true or false, from the Spirit world, as we do now. They also practiced what the priests call magic, sorcery, or witchcraft, and which they punished or decreed as sinful in laymen, though they themselves, as priests, practiced the same arts under other names. They consulted the "Urim and Thummim," and we know not how many other portable oracles, in order to obtain some knowledge of future events. No reasonable person, now-a-days, can distinguish the difference between the sacred and profane oracles, only that the priesthood then claimed a monopoly of these different modes of divination. It may be said that there was divine authority for all these doings of the ancient prophets and inspired persons. But how do we know this except from the writings of these men themselves; and comparing these more ancient histories with the "Lagu" of the Norsemen, can any reasonable person, in the absence of satisfactory proof on both sides, say that it is his duty to believe the one collection of histories, and reject the other? It is often said that the beautiful simplicity of the narratives in the Old Testament, and the inherent probability of the events, and the candor displayed in the historical portions, are strong evidence of the truthfulness of the writers. I grant this to the fullest extent; but still I maintain that the same argument holds equally good with respect to the simple, ingenuous narratives of the Icelandic historians. Both, however, deal largely in the marvelous, and on these heads they seem both to stand on the same footing. But it will be said, "will you put the superstitious stories of pagans on the same footing with the miracles related by inspired writers?" I answer this question by asking another, after the Scotch fashion: "What do you say to the miracles related by the Roman Catholic churchmen?" "It is absurd to believe the superstitious legends of the Papists." The Orthodox Protestant will answer, "Well, gentlemen, it seems to me you are very hard to please. You will neither believe the marvelous stories of the Pagans, nor of the Christian Roman Catholics, while you expect every one to believe still more marvelous stories of a remote and still more barbarous age. Are we to believe all those wonderful stories, or reject them all?"

Every reasonable man will, I think, believe the purely historical portions of the Old Testament, as he will similar portions of the Norse histories, for the very same reason that they are both natural and probable. As to the miraculous portions, he will believe as much as can be confirmed in kind, if not in degree, by the facts of modern Spiritualism. Little do the jealous and narrow-minded Churchmen, and Christians generally, of the present day, know what a powerful support is afforded to the "miracles" of the Bible by modern "Spiritualism." The proofs derived from the modern miracles are of a kind which can not be gainsaid. They appeal to the senses; and the inference is obvious, that if such things are done now, why may not similar and still more stupendous "miracles" have been performed under the requisite conditions in former times.

J. W. DUNBAR MOODIE.

BELLEVILLE, C. W., April 4, 1859.

A YOKER OF BULLS.—Sir Boyle Roche once said in Parliament: "Why should we do anything for posterity? What has posterity done for us?"

He explained himself by remarking that by posterity he did not mean our ancestors, but those who are to come after us!

WHEN DOES THE SOUL BEGIN ITS IMMORTAL LIFE?

STRATFORD, CONN., April 1, 1859.

MR. EDITOR: The remarks of your Virginia correspondent on the *immortality of the soul* will doubtless serve to elicit much thought; and, with him, I sincerely hope some abler pens than mine will transfer to paper, for the benefit of your readers, those thoughts which, flashing from the depths of the soul immortal, may serve to light the pathway and strengthen the faith of earth's pilgrims. For, with him, I agree that all other subjects sink into insignificance when compared with the soul's nature and destiny. "Light, more light," we ask upon the all-important and vital truths of existence. Let those who have oil in their lamps raise them high, that others may be cheered by their inspiring rays. These are days when the great soul of humanity is turning its eyes heavenward, and "know thyself" is a command which we see written by the Divine hand on all things. While obedient to the Divine behest, the soul sends upward its answering response.

The acorn contains the germ of the oak. Within the little cell is enfolded the properties of elemental life peculiar to the oak—peculiar also to the particular species of oak which produced that particular acorn. Through all the grades of vegetable and animal life, up to man, we find the operation of this principle. "Like produces its like." Now is it not by the use of the external senses that this truth is demonstrated? Does not the external form or representation prove to us the existence of peculiar properties or attributes? Does not the fact that a horse retains its identity (outwardly considered) prove to us that it possesses the peculiar traits and characteristics of that animal, and of no other?

Man is said to possess the "human form divine." It may not be relevant to our purpose to attempt here to state wherein he differs from all grades of life below him, nor will we attempt to prove the *immortality of the soul*, but take it as a conceded fact—a truth admitted by your correspondent. Now, if like begets like, and man is an immortal being, does he not, in the very act of begetting, impart the same immortal principle to his offspring? If "the life principle departs from the body at all stages," as he affirms, and as all will admit, does this fact invalidate the truth of our position? If the external is a representation of the internal, does it not follow that the very form of the embryo child or man is a proof that it partakes of the mental and spiritual nature of the parents? The child is not considered less immortal for passing off from the earth plane in infancy. Is the germ less immortal when buried in its first cradle? Is the acorn less the germ of the oak when buried in the earth previous to its more tangible presence to the outward senses? Does it not as much exist, with all its inherent properties, as the tree which may afterward spring from it? Does the fact that mildew or blight at any stage of its existence may overtake it, and even prevent its germinating on the external plane, prove that it was less the seed of the oak? Can any one prove that any germ in existence possesses other than properties corresponding with the order from which it sprang?

M. J. W.

CAUTION AGAINST PREMATURE BURIAL.

PACWAUKEE, Wis., April 10, 1859.

DEAR EDITOR: The balmy spring breezes, the gentle rays of the king of day, and the inner life of all nature, conspire to produce and reproduce, develop and unfold, in beautiful exactness of proportions, the opening buds and blooming flowers, indicating the sure return of green groves and lovely flowers, all inviting the thoughtful mind to ascend the mountain of contemplation, and survey the works of the Father's hand. Works on works are manifest in a thousandfold variety. Yet none perhaps are more wonderful than the complex and twofold structure of man. While acting in the full exercise of a healthy physical organism, man may feel conscious of strength and power, yet he is often startled by the new developments manifest in his own being. Year after year rolls away, in which he learns more and more of himself, and inwardly desires thus to learn forever. But when this powerful, eternal, immortal mind is, from any cause, forced to live in an unhealthy, incomplete physical structure, then fearful, oftentimes, is the manifestation of that mind. The mind can not change its identity, neither can the body which God has given it,

whether it likes its proportions or not, and no conditions can force it to leave its earthly body in an instant, for such is the unity of parts connecting the spirit with the material form, that the spirit must have time to disengage itself, even though the body be crushed to atoms.

It is evidently a mistaken idea that the more instant the cause that produces death the better for the departing soul. The natural birth of the spirit from the body is marked by its leaving the extremities first, and thus it is that the feet and hands become cold first, and the pulse ceases to beat ere the heart stops. But, on the other hand, if the body be crushed, the spirit is so nearly annihilated that the body is not only dead, according to the common acceptance of the term, but days pass ere the spirit becomes perfectly conscious of an actual existence in its new home, and entirely recovers from the shock which caused its premature departure from the earth life.

The presence of the spirit is sometimes indicated by the appearance of fresh blood in the wounds after the body has been dead (as has been supposed) for days, as in the case which occurred a few days since, some six miles from this place. An insane son murdered his father and mother with an ax, and the bodies were kept nearly five days, that friends might arrive from a distance to attend the funeral, and then, when placed in their coffins, fresh blood issued from some of the wounds, which evidently could not have been the case had it not been for the presence of a portion, at least, of the spirit which had been the life of the form.

The murdered pair to which I refer, was the well known Rev. Mr. Post and lady, whose loss is regretted by thousands who knew them. They were worthy people, and Father Post has labored in the field as a gospel preacher forty-six years.

I am aware that the idea of a slow departure of the spirit, when the body is senseless and apparently lifeless, is somewhat startling to some. Yet, if these things are so, all should know it, that the best means of procedure in such cases may be adopted.

In uncertain cases, it is desirable that a clairvoyant should be obtained to examine the departing spirit, and see if it be entirely disengaged, and if it be not, who would wish to inter the remains?

If the body be so mutilated that restoration to life is rendered impossible, measures to assist the spirit's departure would, in my opinion, be justifiable.

Will other minds, whose opportunities enable them to examine this subject in a clearer light, give us the result of their investigations? Fraternally thine, WALTER HYDE.

TESTS IN PROPHETSTOWN, ILL.

We have only room for the following extract from a letter of a correspondent writing from Prophetstown, Ill.:

"Before closing, I will say a word in regard to my mediumship. From the earliest period of my recollection, I have been subject to spiritual influence, and manifestations have occurred which were termed presentiments, premonitions, etc., etc. About three years since, I was attending a circle as an idle spectator, when, from some cause unknown to me, or the other persons composing the circle, we were all showered with water, and an influence accompanied it which we were unable to resist, much less to account for. From that time until the present, however, I have been gradually, but surely, unfolding into the heaven-born truths of spiritual communion.

"One or two tests, as to the identity of this influence, may not be amiss in closing this note.

"A lady of my acquaintance was presented to my vision three nights in succession, lying dead, with an infant by her side. I was told the particulars of her death by the Spirit in attendance. I informed my friends of my vision, and awaited the issue. The third morning I received intelligence from the attending physician that the vision, as related to my friends, was true in every particular.

"Again, on the morning of February 3, about 3 o'clock, I was aroused by the touch of a Spirit hand upon my face, and the words 'Fire! fire! fire!' were spoken loud and distinct. I immediately arose, and discovered a barrel (containing ashes) in the adjoining yard on fire, and the wind blowing hard. Nothing but this timely admonition could have saved my sister's and my own house, they being but a few feet apart, and but limited advantages to be had from the use of water.

"Many tests of a real and substantial character might be enumerated, and which have been witnessed by many people of truth and veracity, and yet only think how many would not believe, though one should rise from the dead!

"It has been stated that a prophet hath no honor in his own country, yet in my case, in regard to the tests before mentioned, the maxim does not hold good. It is a pleasant reflection to know that you have done some good, and that there are those who can appreciate your good acts and intentions. Yours, for the truth, JULIA A. SUMNER.

SERMON,

BY EDWIN H. CHAPIN, D.D.,

DELIVERED SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 1, 1859.

Reported by Andrew J. Graham, exclusively for this Paper.

TEXT.—“Jesus answered and said unto her, if thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water.”—JOHN 4:10.

On the road from Jerusalem to Galilee there runs a narrow valley which is the most beautiful and one of the most memorable places in that most memorable of all lands. Taking these two elements of interest, the natural and the historical together, we may call it perhaps the most remarkable spot upon the face of the earth. As it bursts upon the vision of the traveler in sudden loveliness, “green with grass, gray with olives,” with its orchards and gardens, and rushing springs, the pleased surprise with which he surveys its luxuriance is soon superseded by the recollections which crowd into his mind. He remembers that from time immemorial it has been a sacred spot, a place of worship, and of national consecration. There Abraham halted under the terebinths of Moreh; there Jacob bought a field and found a home; and there in the beauty and fertility of the land were typified the blessings which the patriarch pronounced upon the son to whom he bequeathed it. There tradition tells us is the tomb of Joseph, and there those brethren are buried who near this place sold him into bondage. There from Mount Ebal on the north, and Gerizim on the south, the tribes of Israel poured forth the blessings and the curses; and there in this enclosure of great events and sacred memories still lingers “the oldest and smallest sect in the world.” The Samaritans still worship there. The slope of Mount Gerizim is worn with their foot-prints, where four times a year they ascended for their solemn service; and at its foot stands their synagogue.

But one incident has made that valley more memorable than all things else, and has combined in suggestive unity its utmost significance of nature and of history—for Jacob’s well was and still is there; and there Jesus on his way to Galilee sat weary at noon-tide, and talked with the woman of Samaria, unfolding for her, for all ages, for all people, for us to-day, the grandest truths of God and of the human soul.

There is much more in this remarkable passage than I shall attempt even to glance at upon the present occasion. I may hereafter from time to time refer to different points in the conversation; but I call your attention this morning to a few thoughts growing out of the particular verse which I have selected for the text.

The general lesson which in the first place I draw from this verse, is the significance and importance of way-side opportunities. Speaking after the ordinary manner, this entire transaction was accidental, apparently unpremeditated on the part of Christ, as it was certainly unexpected on the part of the woman. Yet see the great results that came out of it, for the woman, for the people among whom she lived, for the disciples, and for all the world. My friends, let me ask you by what standard of preparation or of ceremony shall we determine the most important events, the real crises of our individual lives? In how many instances do we really go into transactions which involve our highest good or our greatest loss as unexpectedly as that woman who went to draw water from Jacob’s well! The most momentous issues of our being are not in the circumstances and seasons where we are most deliberately conscious of them; in our closets, in our Sunday worship, in our moments of high resolve and meditation. In these we may become braced and prepared for such issues; but the issues themselves occur in wayside opportunities—in our business, in our pleasure, in the common contacts of daily life. The woman of Samaria was looking for the Messiah, but doubtless she expected him to be announced with some heralding of wonder, in some array of visible glory on Mount Gerizim. She did not expect to find him in the shape of a tired traveler sitting on Jacob’s well and asking for a drink of water. How is it with you, my friends? You expect to find God at church, in the statement of some formal religious truth, or in some gush of sympathetic devotion. Do you ever expect to find Him in the humbleness of common events; in the duties, the cares, the temptations of your intercourse and your toil?

The character of a man—the real strength or weakness of a man—appears in sudden and every-day issues; in momentary jets of speech or action. One of these, as determining the essence of the man, is worth more than hours on occasions of parade and ceremony. It is one of the gravest mistakes in the world to be looking for great opportunities. I suppose that this is one of the most radical sources of evil. People are unconscious of the ordinary opportunities, and they are always waiting to be something good or great, for great opportunities. Why, I believe almost anybody could be a martyr on a grand scale; especially in our day, when it is popular to be a martyr, and there are no red hot coals at the end of the business. In early times, in the times of the primitive Christians, martyrdom meant martyrdom. Then a man had to stand alone, with every friend stripped from him, and the public sentiment and fury dashing against him—martyrdom then was like that of Stephen, when the stones crashed in upon his brain, or of Polycarp, when the bright flame went curving over him. But in our day a good deal of martyrdom comes edged with gold. A bold jour-

nalist speaks out his convictions and receives martyrdom by increase of subscribers. A popular minister gains twenty hearers where he loses one by boldness. It really makes more than it destroys. I repeat that the martyrdom of our day is very clever, a light thing compared with what it was. But suppose there was such martyrdom as in the olden times, I believe there are hundreds and thousands here and everywhere who would be perfectly willing and ready to face it. It would not be martyrdom that would furnish any proof of a man’s moral principle and character. But in quiet scenes of endurance, in obscure places of self-sacrifice, you shall find out what is in human character that is worthy and good. Take the wife tied to a drunken husband for the balance of her days, with no sympathy from friends, without any support from within, who in patient endurance, in night-long watchings maintains her post, discharges the duty of a wife, and with her heart trusting in God bears all the afflictions laid upon her. There is a wayside opportunity for martyrdom that is grand, and Christ sees in it the truest spirit of martyrdom in his service. Take the spirit that bears ingratitude, labors for humanity, labors for those who scorn it, there is the serving of Christ by the wayside that constitutes true martyrdom.

So in doing and speaking the truth, without hope of reward, in shame and loss, not with any loud proclamation of independence, but without thought of anything but the truth—there is presented an opportunity for serving Christ. A man who has what some foolishly call scruples of conscience, but which may be are the holiest words of God in his soul, and who holds on to these in his business affairs, wondered at for it, scorned for it, without making any proclamation of his principles, shows a kind of martyrdom that is never easy at any time. It is never easy for a man to do and speak the simple truth every day. It is a great deal easier for a man to mount the scaffold; it is easier to die at the stake, than it is for a man to do and speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, through all things and under all circumstances. To speak the truth, yet speak it in love, kindly, gently, and firmly, is one of the hardest things to do in this world. It is a great deal to do when we are challenged by our fears, but still more when challenged by our affections. I maintain that the hardest task is always to speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, even when a man knows it wounds those he loves, and when the utterance jars upon his own heart. No where is man so weak, thank God, as through his affections. You can scare a man into courage any day—as the duelist is always a coward; as the man who takes the law into his own hands, when the law protects him, is a coward. And sometimes the weakness of our natures, our affections, our sympathies, our gentle regard; will cause us to warp and bend the truth. To speak the truth, to serve Christ in the simple utterance of the truth every day—that is a great and glorious thing. It is often like martyrdom. In sudden ways come the crises of a man’s being, not when he is prepared. For it is no temptation when he is ready for temptation; and no sin is powerful when he is prepared for it.

You meet Christ by the wayside in every duty that calls you from the wrong to the right. You meet Christ by the wayside in a thousand instances, but you think, perhaps, that these are of no consequence. If you saw Christ in personal presence, or in grand utterance, on some great occasion, you would be ready to serve him, but in common events and circumstances you pass him by. Then come the temptations of our life and the great crises of our being. It is not the machine itself, but the work it does that tests its value. A man may have a glorious mechanism of moral principles; it may be perfect and complete in everything; that is all very well; but how does this machine work in the wear and tear of life? The great crises of a man’s being are in wayside opportunities. Oh, I wish, my friends, you would only realize how much of religion comes to us in this way—comes to us just as Christ came to the woman of Samaria. Now, it cannot be denied that we are looking for grand occasions for religion, and the influence of religion. We are looking for religion in complex ways. We do not look for religion as we should, in common, plain, simple, free utterances. The position of Christ in this transaction illustrates what I may call the accessibility of religion. I speak thus because people think it a hard thing for a man to be religious. It is a hard thing for a man to live religion—it ought to be hard. It would not be worth anything if it was not hard—if it did not require us to be continual in discipline, constantly active.

But religion is not hard to comprehend. Yet we are apt to regard it as a complicated affair. Some men know nothing of religion only in its ecclesiastical form. When they speak of religion, they speak of it as it is exhibited in a sermon, in the prayer—that which is associated with the church, that which is associated with a peculiar round of ceremonies. Religion only comes in an authorized and consecrated way, by priests and ritual, by the inflexible ordinances of time and place. They think there is no consecration except in the visible Church; no true ceremony except that which is according to ecclesiastical form; and so religion to thousands is simply a mass of complicated ceremonies. With others religion is nothing but words, set phrases, words used with a peculiar meaning. You may let a sermon be preached in which all the great truths of the Gospel may be presented, in which the noblest incentives to human action, in which the clearest revelations of God shall be given, in which the truest statements about Jesus Christ shall be given, and yet if certain words and phrases be left out of that discourse, you will be told at once that it is a good moral sermon, but no religion in it.

There are thousands of people who regard the sermon on the Mount as a beautiful specimen of Christ’s teaching, but think that there is little of the Gospel in it. They turn for their religion to the epistles of the Apostle Paul, because there are a great many hard words and sayings difficult to get at, and curious and technical phraseology there. They find their religion there. They think that Christ gave the germs of religion, but that the real Gospel was elaborated by the Apostle Paul. All glory to the Apostle Paul for his noble services to the Church! Thank God for those burning epistles circulating through all ages and through all time! But, my friends, the whole Gospel is in the teaching of Jesus Christ, every word of it, and all Paul, or John, or James ever taught are but suggestions growing out of the teachings of Christ. The entire Gospel is in the Sermon on the Mount; sometimes in a single phrase of it. Yet, I repeat, because religion is associated with certain words and certain ideas, men look upon this as simple, bald moralism. This is really why nature is excluded from religion. Natural religion is looked upon with suspicion. Here is a man who has built up in his mind a structure of natural theology, and believes in God through natural theology, and believes in the immortality of the soul in the same way. I do not think that this is the whole of religion, but it is religion so far as it goes. Yet you will find a good many disposed to call this mere Paganism, and say that there is no religion in it. A man looks out upon a beautiful scene in nature, and experiences an emotion, and praise to God goes up from his soul. Some think that there is no religion in that; that it may die away and it may leave the man as miserable a sensualist as ever. But there is religion in it; the emotion is a breath from God, awakened by the sight of God as manifested in nature; and the tendency of nature is to lead us up to the highest truth and highest religion. When a man, from the study of nature, comes to feel a glow of gratitude to God; when, in this blue canopy that stretches over us, God seems to come near us, do not say that the emotion thus awakened is not religious.

This is not such, perhaps, but the people think there is no religious feeling at all except that got at church by the prayer, the sermon, the peculiar form, the peculiar phraseology. Some people will take a sermon that has the dullest monotony of phrases, and so long as these are special phrases, deem it eminently “religious;” but let the naturalist unfold his experiments or discoveries, glowing with the wonders of divine truth and wisdom, and relate them in his own fresh language, and there is nothing evangelical in this; it is only an exalted kind of Paganism. It may be more than that. You may take the avenues of natural science in our day, and they lead us to some of the grandest religious propositions, and some of the freshest religious thoughts. If we go to nature with our pride, vanity, and cold speculation, we shall get nothing out of nature but pride, vanity, and cold speculation. But I want to know how much better than Paganism, heathenism, Pharisaism, a great many get out of the Bible, when they go to the Bible with the hard, cold theology, with their self-righteousness, with their dark views of God and man. But go to one or the other in the proper spirit, and God’s truths and Christ’s truths are simple and close at hand. It is a great thing, seeing how much God is in nature, how at the present day the human mind is dwelling on the great facts of nature, how, as with the lens of the telescope and the microscope, nature is brought more and more to our apprehension. It is a great thing to see how God is leading us into religious life and religious truth. There are more avenues than one through nature, as well as the Bible. It is a great thing to see the spiritual truth that all nature symbolizes. Take that familiar and grand fact I saw this last week on the verge of Niagara. There were the crystal battlements; there was the rainbow round about the throne; there, ascending and descending, were outlines of spirit-forms, with their sweeping, glorious garments of white; there, in perpetual acclamation, with the voice of many waters, and with the voice of mighty thunders, went up the ascription, “Allelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.”

Who that fully realizes such a day as this can say that the emotion which may be awakened by it is not a religious emotion, and that the truth which comes to him from it is not a religious truth, because it has not come in peculiar phrases and under a peculiar set of words?

“There are two books,” (says Sir Thomas Browne,) “whence I collect my divinity. Besides that written one of God, another of His servant—Nature, that universal and public manuscript that lies expanded to the eyes of all. Those that never saw Him in the one, have discovered him in the other. Surely the heathens knew better how to read and join these mystical letters than we Christians, who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphics, and disdain to suck divinity from the flowers of nature.”

Religious truth, the highest religious truth, lies close by the way, if we will only pluck it. So it is in the Bible; the great truths are there upon the surface. They are not for scholars only. It would be proposterous, would it not, to suppose that God gave a revelation to man and then made it so that only scholars and learned men could comprehend it? The great truths of the Gospel are not below the surface. The great trouble is that the Gospel is too simple for the most of people. We seem to forget that the greatest things are the simplest things. Many a man setting out with the idea that that which is greatest is most massive and bulky, is the

great thing, comes at last to know that the greatest things are the simplest things.

So with the ancients. They had their cycles and epicycles, wheels within wheels, until by and by Newton, Copernicus and Kepler, began to see it all fall into simplest law and beautiful harmony. So it is with the Gospel; it is simple; it has been deemed too simple. It has been interpreted as complex and deep until the great mass of the people have been repelled from it. They have come finally to feel that religion is something very hard to get at. I repeat that religion is the simple truth that Christ uttered by the wayside, and lies upon the surface of our Bible in its divine beauty.

Such then being the significance and importance of wayside opportunities, especially in matters of religion, I ask you, my hearers, in the next place, to consider how Christ used his opportunities. He made them the occasion of a great and effective religious work. How suddenly, how instantly, before the purpose of his spirit the circumstances; around him became the cathedral, pulpit, congregation—everything. Christ did not need outward occasions to consecrate his work, but with his work he consecrated outward occasions.

The freedom and spontaneousness of Christ's teachings ever fill us with fresh wonder. There is no teacher—their never was—so perfectly independent of times and places, so perfectly capable in himself to make all times and places consecrated and effective. Why was it? Because religion in Jesus Christ, if I may so speak, was a real matter, the spirit of religion with him was a real thing, while with men generally it is the most unreal thing in the world. People when they talk about it put on a face and assume a voice which they do not when talking about anything else. People think a religious truth can only be conveyed by a sort of holy whine, a peculiar form of speech. In order to express religion in a different way from any other great interest, a sepulchral voice is assumed. It is properly called a sepulchral voice, for the religion it is used to convey is dead. There is little of it but husk and emptiness; it is an empty and useless idea. You hear a man talk about religion and talk about business, and look at the different influence of the two subjects in his tone and manner. Business is a great fact in his life, but religion is an unreal thing; and he knows so little about it that he endeavors to talk about it in some strange way. Hear a man talk about his God—the holy, infinite Father—and look at the constrained manner he assumes. Then hear him talk about the love to his children or a benefactor, and see how his heart gushes over his whole face, and how his features become illuminated, and his entire expression corresponds to the thing he is talking about. Why this difference? Because God is to him an unreal thing, while the child or the benefactor are real objects. Hear a man speak of a great patriot or philanthropist, a noble man, and see how differently he speaks when he speaks of Jesus Christ. Now this unreal way in which we hold religion makes religion unreal to others. I am willing to give men all the excuse they can have. I think one great reason why religion is not a more prevalent power and spirit, is because those who profess religion make it unreal—make it vague. That evidently is the reason why it has no power over them. Now with Christ it was real; it was in his heart, in his soul; it was the great reality of his whole being; and, consequently, wherever he was that reality transfigured the scene into a proper occasion and condition. True religion is a most pervading, and yet most natural and unexclusive element. The man truly religious never forces his religion upon other people. It is not one thing with him; it is his whole life. His religion goes wherever he goes. If the conversation takes a religious turn, his conversation upon the subject comes spontaneously, just as Christ's did. You feel a religious presence in the man's character and life. That is better preaching than words. We know the truth of that trite proverb that works speak more than words. Such a man has no occasion to force religion upon others; it comes naturally from him; and whether he speaks directly of it or not, there is in him, in his life, in his action, that which has its influence; and he, in some manner or other, manages to convey to you an idea that religion is not one thing, but in a high sense everything. How natural in Christ, then, was this religious truth and spirit. Look how slight the incident. The woman comes to draw water, and asking for a drink Christ goes on touching naturally upon the spiritual gift he had to bestow, the spiritual water which springs up into a well of life; until convincing the woman of his divine authority, he passes to the highest revelations of God. There is nothing forced in that, or constrained; it was all free, spontaneous, and natural, because the religion of Jesus Christ was real. This conversation of Jesus with the woman of Samaria, I think, is a great lesson on preaching, as were all the lessons and teachings of Christ.

I have said that there never was such a teacher. You may put Christ where you please; you may set him up beside Socrates and Plato, and speak of him merely as a good man uttering the truth, strip him of all glory of divinity, and at the same time you cannot deny this: That never a man taught as he. There is a great deal of truth in what the multitude said: "Never man spake like this man." After his sermon on the mount, the multitude drew a long breath and said: "Never man spake like this man," and no one ever did.

Why? Because he saw radical truth everywhere. He took a little mustard seed growing in the summer light, and what a missal of divine glory it became. He saw the bird steering its way through the air, and it became at once an illustration of divine providence. Wherever he turned his eye he found central and radical truth. Now, my friends, this is the power of all effective preaching. It comes home to the heart from realities. Some preaching is simply the preaching of abstract doctrines of mere logical propositions, building up a sharp intellectual theory, and at the mere end of it making an application perhaps to practical life. Two-thirds of people will not follow the subtle, sharp, shrewd, intellectual propositions at all. The real preaching passes from life up into doctrines, not from abstract doctrines down into life. The real preaching is based upon the realities of life.

Preaching has its greatest power when it rests on great realities. If you have to go far off to find a God, your faith must be weak. If a man has not a proof of God in his own soul, in his own conscience, I am afraid you can not convince him of God by any of your logical argument. He is more apt to be convinced of God by the touch of God's light that falls glittering upon the insect's wing.

Do you want proof of immortality? If you do not feel it, if your heart and consciousness do not tell you of it; if some great fact of life has not brought it to you—some great loss, the open grave of some friend—if that does not bring immortality home to you, you will never be convinced of it. You won't be convinced of the truth of Jesus Christ by historical arguments—by evidences like those in the large volumes of Dr. Lardner. If the truth of Christ is spontaneous in your soul, if you have a sense of just as much love as Christ gives you, and no lack of living water to your thirsty spirits, there is proof of Christ. Does not your own consciousness say, O, I need such a manifestation as that glowing love upon the face of Christ! O, I need such love as that to inspire me with the hope of my rising above sense and sin! If you do not feel the need of it in your soul and in your own life, you won't feel it from any theological arguments. Ah, my friends, it is in little wayside realities that we come upon great truths.

Finally, I want you to consider the woman's opportunity in the instance before us. It was a two-fold opportunity. First, the opportunity of ministration. I have already illustrated this in speaking of opportunities in general—that there are occasions for one to do a great deed sometimes, at least, a good deed; but in thousands of instances in life our opportunities are in the common affairs of the world. She had the opportunity of ministering to the necessities of Jesus Christ. She did not know that he was the Messiah she was looking for, who was to tell her all things. She only saw the humble traveler sitting upon Jacob's well. She knew not the great privilege that she had. My friends, how many of you would gladly avail yourselves of a similar opportunity—how many here would be glad of an opportunity to minister to Jesus Christ in person? How many would crowd to do what they could for him for the sake of reputation, if for nothing else.

No, we can not now minister to Jesus Christ. He needs not our human help any more. No more is he incased in the necessities of the flesh; no more does He need anything that human hands and human ministrations can do for Him. But what is that most sublime and wonderful doctrine of Jesus, that inasmuch as ye did it unto the least one of his brethren, ye did it unto him. There is the great law that is laid down for us. The very Christ comes to us again as he did to the woman of Samaria, and asks for our ministrations; and often we help angels by the way. Do you know what you do when you minister in unselfish love? Do you know what good you may awaken, what flagging powers you may restore, what courage inspire? O, manifold, more than men stop to think of, are the occasions in this life for ministration. But remember, whenever they are called for, whenever they are given, it is to Christ, and that you have an opportunity like that which the woman had at Jacob's well. Remember, when humanity is rejected or despised, because it appears in degraded shape, with some contemptible associations—that whenever you desecrate this great humanity for which Christ poured out his blood, you desecrate him. The great platform of the gospel is love for humanity, comfort for humanity, and whichever way your effort or influence is given, you either minister or withhold that ministration.

The second opportunity was for reception. This is the exact point which Jesus urges in the text, "if thou knewest the gift of God," by which I understand the opportunity which this woman had. It is interpreted differently. Some say that it meant the person of Christ; some the gift of the Holy Spirit symbolized by the water. It was all involved in the fact of opportunity. "O how would you improve it, if you knew what opportunity you had." I think that one of the troubles is that we do not know our wants, and therefore we do not know our opportunities. Man thinks he wants this thing and that thing. He thinks he wants wealth, pleasure—some earthly thing. He does not know that he is thirsting for the living water, and the great trouble is that he does not know what he wants. We do not know ourselves as we should. Sin is not only a sin, but it is an error. Sin is a tremendous error. It is a mistake to be a sinner; it is a great mistake to forget God and Christ; it is a mistake to turn away from him as he sits by the way-

side offering us living water. But it is guilty ignorance, not excusable, for a man ought to know himself. He is looking out of himself to other things—looking for some earthly object that perishes in the using. O man, go down into your heart to-day. Look into your soul—look into your own spirit, and know what is within you, and see your real wants; then you will recognize the humblest of opportunities. Then the Sabbath assembly will not be dull to you; then the Sabbath gathering will not be without interest; then you will see Christ by the wayside and gladly open your souls to receive the living water.

Lecture at Dodworth's.

Mr. R. P. Ambler occupied the desk of the Spiritualists at Dodworth's Academy last Sunday; his subject was "Teachers." He maintained that there was the same unevenness in mind as there is upon the surface of the earth, or that may be observed in fields of grass or forests. Some trees stand out above all others, and overshadow them. So with human minds—some occupy a higher altitude than others, and some occupy the very outer edge of physical being, and harken to the divine wisdom of the invisible realms beyond. These are more receptive of truth, and hence can impart advanced ideas to others. As angels teach these, so these, in turn, instruct the masses; and he thought the office of Teacher was entirely legitimate.

He thought the true teacher was always that one who spake with power to the understanding and conviction of souls, and that this power could be exerted only with those who were so filled with truth and righteousness as to properly regulate speech and conduct under all circumstances; that, if a man was not morally pure, he could not move the world with his thought and utterance.

PROSPECTUS OF

THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, AND FIRESIDE PREACHER.

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SERMON,

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

DELIVERED AT PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, SUNDAY EVENING, MAY 1, 1859.

Reported Exclusively for this Paper.

"That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart, that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Rom. 10: 9-10.

That part of the passage to which I shall call your attention chiefly, is the consideration in respect to confession; the expression, the outpouring, of our religious faith and religious feeling. You have often noticed what emphasis Christ and his Apostles put upon openness in religious life, and upon positive expression in religious feeling. There were many reasons special to those times for this, but had there been no special and local necessity, there was a reason in the nature of man, which is universal and enduring, why religious feelings should have an open utterance and expression. God has made the open use and expression of feeling to be a mode of educating the feelings; the confession of Christ and exhibition of religious faith not only acts as a commitment, but places a man in new relations to his fellow men; so that a sense of shame and pride act to keep him true to his profession. The mere act and expression, the proper utterance and manifestation of any feeling, gives strength and resource to that feeling; it is stronger afterward than it was before. So it may be stated, as a principle, that the expression of a feeling strengthens that feeling; not, perhaps, at the moment does it seem to do so, often it seems to allay it, to quiet it; but it prepares the feeling to rise and act quicker the next time, and to find utterance yet easier, and every repetition of expression tends to produce more positive experience and greater facility.

The human body itself acts with multiform instruments of expression; the eye, the mouth, and the whole face; the posture, the gesture, and the whole body in its endless and plastic conditions. What is it but one great instrument of the soul wrought into this complex frame of man, which conveys the mandates of the will, or the tremulous impulses of the affections. The human soul, having no voice, uses the voice of the tongue as its signal; having no features, it fires the physical countenance, and plays along the whole frame; by the eye and every part of the man, by the hand, foot, the whole body, gives itself forth. For this worthy function only the body works, and after having done this, when it ceases to serve the soul, it drops back to dust. The body was not made for expressing our thoughts, but to educate them, as the light burning behind the pictured alabaster shows by its radiance the shapes of loveliness, and gives expression to the forms of beauty. The soul translates itself by various practical experiences through the mediation of the body, and the body receives its impress and expression from the passage through it of all the feelings of the mind; it becomes hideous or beautiful by the molding influence of the hateful or lovely feelings which employ it as instruments of their expression. The soul that leads the great heart, expresses through the machinery of the body, great virtues, noble sentiments, and divine emotions, and gains moral beauty, while both the face and frame that are used to express the passions, assume their unlovely aspects, and seem hastening back to the animal kingdom.

But it is more important to notice the effect of all expressions and emotions upon the mind itself. This expression may take place either by utterance of words, or by actions—such as gestures, looks, postures, or by deeds of charity, acts of labor, works of industry, deeds of every kind. Our feelings often employ all of these modes of expressing themselves; they cry out in the tongue, they glow in the face, they electrify the whole frame, they inspire the foot to speed, and the hand to labor.

Now, every time emotion is awakened, it tends to give itself some declarative form in all circumstances. Thus, expression in itself is, in fact, a training, an education; it re-acts variously on the soul, giving it more life and more power. Before employing this simple principle, however, in its various applications, let me ask you not to confound the relief gained by the expression of violent feeling with its educating effect, for the first expression often is to quiet it, though the secondary effect is to strengthen it. Sorrow is relieved by tears and outcries, so is anger and intense joyfulness. The first effect is relief from this excess of discharged feeling raised from the heart; but let the process go on, let a system of expressing the feelings be entered upon, and it will be found to work a secondary and final effect to produce a tenfold activity; it will make it easier to rouse them than ever before, and make their expression more facile, and, in short, it will strengthen them.

I shall speak first of the culture of the feelings by an expression of them. Secondly, the effect of expressing religious feelings. Thirdly, the effect of expressing social feelings. Fourthly, the effect of expressing evil feelings.

I. There are many who have conceived a radically false idea of right culture; there prevails usually among men of the most culture, an impression that the highest form of manliness is that which restrains and hides all feeling. There are many who suppose it to be necessary, not alone to wisdom, but even to good breeding, that there shall be no exhibition of feeling in any considerable strength. To be surprised is vulgar in their estimation. Anything like enthusiasm, or large and free outpouring of one's feelings, is esteemed to be an evidence of an uncultured condition.

Many of them think that the feelings become better by suppression and silence; like waters that, when confined to their natural channel, work under, and deepen the channels in which they already are. This tendency, which exists in many parts of our own land, is characteristic of many of our religious sects; or many trains of religious thinking that exist in our land. To a very large extent it is concomitant with the best refinement among intellectual men, or those who are made fastidious by their pride.

I remark, in the first place, no man, by silence and seclusion, ever does become larger and stronger. It is false in philosophy and false in fact. The frankness and openness that is in a man's soul, is that which makes a man. You can make a man that looks like a sealed casket, and you can talk of the incalculable value of the jewels that, doubtless lie hid within him; but no jewel is worth anything that has not a single flash to it, and locked up jewels are like so many pebbles. That these qualities, placed in these untalking and undemonstrative men, indicate the deep stores of wisdom they are supposed to carry, because owl-like they have a certain dignity of character to them, is all supposition and all false. Men who are the deepest, are not the most silent, or the most demonstrative; they may not be the most talkative, for that is not the only way in which a man expresses himself. There is as much expression in a man's hand, as in his tongue, in his eye, and his mouth. When there is not so much expression, they may prepare matter for subsequent activity, and may also be preparing material for a working life. A man in seclusion is a deformed man of necessity. Only that man is a true man who knows how to open out, and who has been developed by the expression of himself. The mind shrinks and contracts as the muscles do if unused. The stoical notion of a man, self-contained and self-included man, a man who tramples upon the feelings, neither allowing himself to be under their dominion, though not in ignorance of their possession—that stoical notion was not only deficient, but positively false in philosophy. Nor do I believe that any step can be taken toward the reformation of a man by any system of reformatory government that imposes silence and non-intercourse as a part of its administration. You can not take a man out of those conditions in which God meant he should live, and put him in other conditions that he is entirely unfitted for, and then maintain a curative process. Society should never proceed in that way to effect a moral cure of those men who must be punished. You can never effect any important amelioration in the condition of such men, except by allowing them the means which God gave according to the laws established in those minds. Absolute silence, isolation and separation, these are not according to the design of God.

Those who regard a frank expression of feeling as vulgar, as a sign of uncultivation, I think, can not discriminate between garrulous and unworthy expression, and of sober, fitting, expression of feeling. I do not deny that a man may choose both time and company; he may choose method. There is no choice, I think, to any right-minded man, whether he shall in some fitting way develop that character that God has given to the throbbing life within him. I have small respect for those who dread surprises, who make war against enthusiasm, and who deem it vulgar for a man to be generous, and show it; to be noble minded, and show it; to be full of affection, and show it; full of freshness of life, and show it. I say to those men who put their ideas of manhood in the contrary of these things: "Take your manhood, and give me the succulent leaves and fresh juicy fruit; if you think the dry straw better than the grass, why take the dry straw."

The man who is desiccated, who ceases to feel anything, who makes himself a mere echo, who ceases to pour anything out, degrades himself; he is only a mummy, some less hideous than others, and none of them beautiful.

II. Let us speak of this principle as applied to some of the affections of religious life. Since the world began, God has made religion to depend on the outward expression of itself; the peculiar moral feelings of man act to compose religion. Love, veneration, trust, faith, hope, sorrow, repentance, joy, courage; these and every other feeling which comes under the general category of religion. The moral feelings are made deeper and richer by our keeping them in use, by some outward exposition and development. This is one reason why popular worship is founded, that it may exhibit our means of expressing religious feeling. Religion has two forms, the sentimental and intellectual form, and both of them should be in unity. There is also a wholesome state of culture that is one element of religion. The merely emotive feeling will work and co-work, act and re-act; and hence, when men are gathered together as we are here, from Sabbath to Sabbath, in church, it is not simply that we may receive the thoughts of another's mind, or be played upon by glancing fancies, or by the warm feelings of another; but we come together that we may give some expression to our own feelings; it is to air them, to open them, to express them, that we gather into one assembly.

So far as our own organization is concerned, singing is almost the only mode left for the mass of men. We have very little to do with public worship but to sit and receive the singing; it is almost the only active element in our form of worship, and that we have very nearly lost. We have just saved ourselves; because until recently things have been tending in that direction where everything in the whole service of religion seemed to be abridging and condensing. The church was to be built beautifully, though not too large, but made very comfortable; then a nimble ministry was to preach very short and very sweet sermons; and four men were to sing very short hymns to the most dulcet and sweet tunes; the church was to be, in an enlarged form, a sort of petty music-box, wound up regularly to run through its appointed tunes as sweetly as possible and without feeling; and the whole was set aside—Sunday done and the church gone till another week. Those days, I think, are passing away, and we are coming back to a state and a time in which there is to be some joy in religious life. Men are to come to church not as a duty, not as a propriety, not as a habit, or a necessity of respectability; but they shall go to church because they love to see each other, and to give expression to their Christian feelings, because it is a joy to them to come where they can give some utterance, and find some utterance to all their feelings in respect to the themes and experiences of true piety. I feel as though in our own case, we gain more of our sacred feeling in that than in any other part of our public worship. I really think that Christians properly trained in this way, oftentimes are a great deal more in advance in the Christian life,

and made a great deal more devout than they are by all the wisdom that they may hear from the pulpit, though the popular estimation goes in another direction.

Hence the importance of the social element in religion. Those who make religious life to consist only in offering up stately observances, they who believe that the church is a temple, and the worshippers are to come there only to be filled with a kind of veneration and awe, and with unsmiling propriety are to sit the appointed time, and then with ghostly propriety to walk with stately propriety through the portals of God's temple—it seems to me that such feelings sacrifice every fundamental idea of religious worship. They entirely misconceive the thing. If there be anything that needs more than another the social element for strength, it is this religious life and religious feeling. Because the uneducated man expresses his religious feeling in uncouth and extravagant words, there is no more reason why the cultivated man should not express it in refined and proper words, than there is because the uneducated man expresses the social affections poorly, the refined man should not express his affections at all. In the life and history of the church, therefore, those meetings which give full development to feeling in conversation, are the more important meetings, so far as training is concerned. This may explain how it is that often churches are strong that are deficient in their pulpit exercises. I have known some churches that were the strongest who certainly were not blessed with great strength in the pulpit, because the social meetings developed the religious life of the people. On the other hand, I have known—not to be personal—a great many churches who thrive in the public assembly room, who yet were lean and barren everywhere else, because they sacrificed their social meeting. The true idea of a church includes both the ministration in the pulpit, and also the high ministration of religious feeling in the social meeting.

An application of this subject to the matter of prayer, is worth a moment's consideration, simply from this point of view—whether prayer should be a thought, or whether it should be an utterance; it ought to be both! No man should feel satisfied with simply silent prayer. The habit of expressing your feelings through the medium of words, not only makes them distinct and clear, but it makes them strong. On the other hand, no man should pray so little as he would pray when he only prays by vocalization and utterance. There ought to be in every man's life, every day, appointed periods in which there should be utterance in prayer before God, in which a man should be accustomed to develop his feeling in actual language and words; and over and above that, and after that, there should be prayer and thought ejaculation—the uplifting of unexpressed feelings—both of them should go on together, working and co-working with each other. There are many persons who are deficient in prayer, because they never have cultivated themselves by expressing their prayerful feelings. There seems to be a difficulty in beginning. I suppose that it is always hard to speak in an unknown tongue, and to speak in a tongue we do not understand before people we do not know, brings to every one some feeling of shame. Many Christians shrink from taking up the cross of family prayer, but most unwisely are they dealt with who are dealt with tenderly upon this subject. Any man who has a family round about him, whatever it may cost in the beginning, will do wisely to take up family prayer. As to reading it from a book, every man must have his own liberty; it is better to read than not to pray; but it is still better to read from your own religious experience than from any other volume. I am sure that a man who walks with crutches is better than a man who does not walk at all; but a man who walks well without a crutch is better than a man who walks with either a cane or crutch. The expressing of devout and thankful feelings before God in prayer, is one of the most useful things for Christians.

This seems also to throw some light upon a public profession of religious faith, though I suppose the thing is not left to our choice. The command is to let our light so shine before men that they shall see that you are a true child of God; and you are bound to live not only so that men shall see it, but the obligation rests upon you to make a positive profession of what we are before the world, to show that we belong to the Lord's family. Whether it is necessary always that this should be done in any certain congregation, according to this or that custom, I do not affirm. I think a man may be a Christian and fulfill all the duties of a true servant of Christ, and not have stood up in any formal manner, and have united himself with the church of Jesus Christ. It seems best to take that method most in use in the community where you live; yet it is not indispensable or obligatory.

I think, however, that some form of showing before the world, and showing repeatedly, that we are of the family of the Lord Jesus Christ. I think this is very important, to say nothing of its being the fulfilling of the supposed command of Christ. It is the giving forth of an outward expression to our religious feelings that tends powerfully to strengthen them, and corroborates our religious determination and feelings.

This principle contains also the secret augmenting of any religious feeling which is weak. Many of the religious feelings which are commended, we possess with the extreme difficulty. We may find it difficult to experience the emotion of veneration; with others it is extremely difficult to have the emotion of love; and others of faith. When any one has a feeling which is slender and feeble, let him give that feeling expression in various ways, in every way that he can, and he will find the using of it will strengthen it. A man may pray every day that the Lord will cure him of selfishness and endow him with the spirit of benevolence; and I would not say one word against the efficacy of prayer, but I do say, though that man prays morning and night, and though he should live to the age of Methuselah, he will not get one single refreshing drop of that grace upon his soul, unless he acts. Let a man say, benevolence is the feeling in which I am deficient; I have some small emotion, and I will express that feeling! Let him then go and pray for grace, and also act with a view to develop that feeling, in some form of action or expression, some

kindly feeling expressed, or some kind deed done, or some charitable effort made, something done for another man; then pray to God, and you will find that from your expressing the feeling by a prayer, you will receive divine help that will strengthen and induce a divine life; the praying for which alone without endeavoring to cultivate it by practice, will never help you. And so it is with every other feeling. The habit of giving daily expression to our religious emotions and feelings, although liable to abuse, in the main is wise.

Thus the habit of expressing thanksgiving for God's mercies, tends to make us more and more thankful; the habit of expressing trust in God, in all the exigencies of life, tends to make us more and more trustful; the habit of expressing the joy we feel in religious life, tends to make us more joyful. Therefore, the Word of God recommends that we express our joy and our sorrow, only it exhorts us to do it in psalms and hymns, as well as in edifying conversation, instructing one another, speaking to one another, and reviving one another's faith and hope.

I think there has grown to be, especially in young minds, a tendency to hold our feelings in such a kind of restrictiveness, that it is very hard to speak to any one of our religious feeling. I contrast in my own experience the habit which I had when I went out from boyhood life, with that which I found among our Methodist brethren. In the training of the Calvinistic churches, there seems to be a want of that deep earnestness, conscientiousness and positiveness of the expression of religious feeling, for fear that there might be boasting and selfish deception, and that there will be a superficial zeal. I think there has been a kind of discountenancing of the outflow of religious conversation, making it very difficult. Indeed, I think there are many Christian persons to whom it is like making their soul naked to speak of their religious experiences; it is one of the hardest things they are called upon to do, to speak of their religious life. This is not creditable, it is not natural, it is not right. I think our work should be day by day, and any expression of what God is doing for us gives us a new expression of divine teachings and grace. If we were accustomed to make more of our religious life in ordinary conversation, and to express the peculiar religious feeling we have, our difficulties and trials, we should find our feelings become more and more mighty.

I like to copy anything good from everybody; and I thank our Methodist brethren for this expression of feeling. God raised them up to show forth this power of the expression, and I hope he raised us up for some good work, that we may pay back something of the debt of gratitude we owe to them.

III. We were to speak of the application of this feeling to social life. In the Christian family, all those usages should obtain which teach us to express our better feelings; and all those things should be restrained which incline us to express our worst feelings. It is a matter simply of conventionality; there is reason in the habit of expressing kindness, well-wishing and genial sympathy in the social circle. The family is higher than all things in this world; it is more than laws and constitutions, more than all schools and academies, and more than the Church itself, for it is the first church historically. No priest is like a father; the Virgin Mary to the most adoring Catholic is not like his mother; no preaching is like parental instruction, and no audience is like those that have come from our own loins. All other institutions may perish, and society would survive, if the family remain holy and pure; but the family being gone, all other institutions are feeble and liable to destruction. A community made up of virtuous families is the only complete power to aid free institutions.

Therefore, while it is important to take care of the religion of the Church, it is more important that the Church teaches the father and mother how to administer the religion of the family. The habit of expressing yourself, the habit of testifying respect, the habit of mutual politeness, the habit of constant kindness, are important not merely in the promoting of exterior politeness; they are more important on account of restricting influence. We are cultivating our children's feelings when we teach them to act with politeness and kindness, though outwardly expressed. This is not to be regarded as the mere accomplishment of what is due to good society, but it is in the nature of moral culture. Passion not expressed, is so far repressed. A habit of caring for what our children do, and what they say, is a great step toward religious culture. If it be not religion itself, it is preparatory to it, and certainly auxiliary to it. The habits and feelings which prevail in the repose of the household, are indicative of the strongest and most active dispositions in us. Those feelings we use most at home, will be the feelings that are strongest. Let me know how a man lives at home, and I know how that man lives when in the street. If a man at home is obliging, genial, unselfish, kind and loving, the street can not blow that away from him. If a man at home is hard, peevish, disobliging and ugly, all the sympathies of the street will not make that man good. Let me know what are the habitual feelings of a man dwelling at home, and I know what that man is, whatever pretences he may put on elsewhere.

Therefore, in general, all forms of goodness and kindness, any expression of attachment among the members of a family, are to be encouraged. I think love grows between husband and wife by expression of affection. I know there is a stately dignity in vogue. Husband and wife set over against each other like those great statues of Memnon in Egypt—then they are vast, stony, and hard. This blessed ministry of dignity—I do not know what it does, but I know it does not minister to love. Love wants some flame and warmth, more than mere dignity. There is nothing about which we should be more careful, than the augmenting of love between husband and wife. Life is full of a great many temptations to selfishness. There are so many liabilities to selfishness, that one of the wisest things any Christian man or woman can do, who have begun to live a married life, is to see to it by every means in their power that they augment respect, and love based on respect; and the habit of showing it, makes the thing itself stronger and deeper.

All the habits between parent and child of expressing kindly the more generous and noble feelings, all the little customs and habits that tend to make children show more and higher respect toward the parents, and the parent toward the child, are to be encouraged.

I do not mean to say that there may not be serene, undemonstrative people, who are very loving and very good, but as they are the exceptions, so let them remain exceptions; there may be some compensation in their case. The rule undoubtedly is, that if you do not exhibit feeling, it will not grow gradually; but if you do, it will tend to increase it.

Children should be carefully taught to exercise these little "etiquettes," as they are called, though they are not etiquettes. I hate French words—there is no depth in them—they are all skin and polish; yet we have no phrase or word that is equivalent to it—but all these ten thousand little customs of respect and kindness, should be cherished in all well-regulated families; I love to see them. I love to have the birthdays of children kept, though I do not do it myself; I love to have these little anniversaries introduced into the family; I love all those modes and methods of expressing, if you please, the romantic feelings, the imaginative feelings, and whatever may tend to make more and nobler sentiments and finer feelings, and to bring them out in children as well as in parents. God speed all such effort! It is not merely an exterior thing; it is an exterior thing that has its roots interior.

The same principle may be extended also to social and public life. The familiar greetings and meetings of men may do good or injury to our moral culture. I don't love to see men go past each other without some expression of kindly interest. I think our society, though less stately and stiff than that farther East of us, is still deficient; and I think as we go South and West, we may take some good lessons from their easy and facile intercourse. One of the noblest men I ever saw on earth, and now I believe in Heaven—a man standing as high as any State could put her sons in places of honor and trust—I have noticed that he never met an acquaintance that he did not stop and shake hands with him. Though I have met him as often as ten or twelve times a day, I never passed him without his taking me by the hand. At first it seemed strange, but I soon came to see the power which it awakened in me; the sense of his interest and kindly feeling causes a reciprocation of it, and I came at last to shake hands with him almost as a means of grace.

I think the cultivation among men of those kindly expressions, and any such mode of expressing those feelings and observances of those thousand little things of life—all have a deep significance, a great deal deeper than we are wont to think. Many people seem to think that a kind of blunt honesty, a sort of square way of doing things is right; they nod the head and pass by, saying "it is no matter; he knows I feel well enough?" this is all sufficient. It is supposed to be an evidence of manliness; it becomes him not in any way to pour out any such emotion, or to give any refined expression of feeling. I think we ought to look at these things in a higher point of view. The various tokens of recognition and respect which exist, and which ought to exist, these are not the expressions of mere custom; they are parts of some other agencies; they are kindnesses that become at last important parts in the education of society. They should be sedulously observed, and we should seek to multiply the practice of them, and to originate new modes of expression.

Thus, for instance, the growth between employers and employed of more kindly methods of address, of speaking and receiving speech, I think, is one of the modes of cultivating a Christian state of feeling. In this relation, although the world has gained by the change that has taken place, and is taking place, between these two classes, it has also lost in one way. The doctrines of equality and independence, while they uplift and educate the masses, derange the amicable relations which used to exist between the higher and the lower. To cure this, we need not go back to Egypt, and to the old methods, but introduce between the employer and employed the law of love, and all the expressions that spring out of this law, and which tend to facilitate intercourse, to soften it and refine it, to fill it with expressions of feeling which, though feeble in any single instance, in the whole, amount to a great deal. I never like to see a man walk among his inferiors, stiff, and cold, and hard, hatted and gloved. I think there is a symmetry in sympathy upon our whole life, and if I see a man, under certain circumstances, giving out his love, I know that man anywhere; if I see a man beloved and respected by those about him, I know they prize that man. There is no man so low or so wicked but there are some things in him that demand respect from every man, and so it ought to be with every one of us; we ought from our heart to pay a tribute of respect to every man in his sphere and place. You may mark the gentleman and the Christian in these little things; although little, like drops of rain they make a flood in the aggregate.

In this light we may form a better judgment of the customs of social life. It is of very little importance whether we eat with a silver fork, or employ a napkin properly; it is enough, in regard to such things, that we follow the rule of that circle in which we move. But those customs which are employed to signify respect between man and man, stand on a very different ground. All those incidental matters of custom which teach us to defer to age; which teach us to pay respect to meritorious station; which teach us to defer to those who are weaker than we, or that merit chivalrous conduct at our hands; these are all of importance, second only to religious importance. They express feelings which are noble feelings, and which grow by their expression.

Hence, nothing is deserving of more censure than the conduct of many young persons, who, by the force of wealth, it may be, are projected into society, and who pride themselves on a knowledge of minute etiquette in things not essential, but who make it a sign of manliness to be impertinent to woman, rude to age, and disrespectful to everybody; who regard ease of manner to consist not in an expression of refined and kindly sentiments, but in coldness and indifference of spirit. True politeness can rest only in a kind disposition; though its signs and names may be counterfeited, yet they are never so good as those that are uncounterfeited. The man who is only selfish and indifferent at heart, can not be a gentleman. As to those gentlemanly bears that infest society; those bipedal brutes that walk about, flinging their unsavory manners in our midst, they are beneath our notice.

Neither am I of the number of those who believe that an expression of a thousand little kind things is beneath a man. When they are general, they are meant to be an expression of general good will; when they are special, they should not be insincere. Let them be increased in number; only remember the divine injunction, "Let love be without dissimulation;" let every expression of love be without dissimulation.

IV. Lastly, I pass to speak of the fact, that the expression of feeling strengthens it in relation to evil feeling. The expression of evil feelings, by word or deed, gives strength to them. Let our observation be turned upon pride: if one has this feeling in excess, and is prone to the expres-

sion of a feeling of pride, and he represses it, the tendency will be greatly to check and greatly to ameliorate it, and it will cease finally to be offensive; but by its exercise it grows more and more offensive and intolerable. So with regard to anger; with this disposition to restrain it, you may go through one's whole life without increase or diminution, like fire raked up under prudent ashes; though it may keep, it will not blaze any more. But if one gives way to it, it grows and becomes uncontrollable, so that oftentimes a man has been justly called insane. Thus men who are vehemently tempted become almost brutes. I think all the brutes of the world are not in the Fijee Islands. Take, for instance, the cases reported in our papers, of the trials of shipmasters for the most barbarous cruelty. Take them who are placed in positions where they can tyrannize; take the superintendents in factories; take the overseers on plantations—in all these circumstances, where they have unrestrained power, where they are irritable, and of course often enough provoked—under these circumstances you see what they are, and you see what horrible forms human passion put on.

In the same way it runs through the various forms of bad temper, fretfulness and peevishness; those things increase by indulgence. I think silence is the most effectual cure for fretfulness. I think a man who is fretful is like a cloudy day that can not rain; in a little while it will clear off, for it can not rain. So a man that is fretful and peevish may look ugly; but if he holds his mouth tight and gives no expression to it, after a while it will clear up—the mind will get in another quarter. There can be no doubt but the indulgence and expression of these feelings cultivates them, while with a disposition to restrain them they would grow weaker and weaker.

There are those who by giving way to disappointment have become more and more full of the emotion of fretfulness. Such persons are said to have been "soured;" and there is no more expressive proverb in the English language. Every single feeling is acid and soured; every thought is tinged and acidified. Now, under all circumstances, give no expression to unhappiness; whatever thing troubles you, let it be interior; give it no opportunity of going forth, if it be of the nature of a malign or fretful feeling. Do not give the advantage of this culture to any wrong feeling, and do not fail to give it to every right one.

This leads me to speak of the use of profane language, which certainly comes under the same category. Whenever profane oaths are employed to enforce earnestness or express passion, you may be sure it will not linger long in growth in evil dispositions. It is not merely irreverence; a man unconsciously becomes profane in every sense. When he swears with his heart, and with a strong draft, it will be always burning hot.

I was going to speak of swearing among women. The only reason why I will not, is that I do not wish the young people to know that such a thing ever took place. I have written something upon this subject, which I shall withhold, but I will show it to those who wish to see it, if they will call upon me.

There is yet another thing to which it may, perhaps, be profitable to make an application of this subject; namely, obscene conversation. The same essential truth obtains in the matter of conversation. We are cautioned in Scripture against evil communications in passing conversation, and no pastor can have much acquaintance with human life who supposes his flock to be without need of warning and instruction on this point.

One of the first fruits of youthful evil companionship is a disposition to employ vulgar language. Now, vulgar language is a sign of vulgar feeling; if it be not in the first instance, it will in the end come to that. No man ever used vulgar language but his soul also became vulgar, and once indulged in, this habit grows as rankly as weeds on a dung-hill; and when a person carries this habit into manhood, he runs the risk of carrying it to his grave with him. When it is fixed, it is a most difficult habit to cure. Far worse is that state when vice becomes the staple of wit; and men beguile the way with shameless stories, and interline the conversation with abominations. This is the gangrene of the soul, and no man can be pure who finds a relishful pleasure in such stories as these. The growth of this is most rapid, and like a poisonous vine it spreads its roots; it climbs the trunk and interlaces itself with all the branches of the tree, until, in the man who cherishes this, the whole life and conversation are harnessed, woven and netted with lustfulness, and utterly tainted by it. I am sorry to say that men who have the name of Christ upon them, are also to be found in this iniquity.

There is another most serious development of this evil, more subtle and more penetrating. I allude to what is generally supposed to be refined, and to depend on the imagery of wit; evil suggestions which spring forth, subtle intimations which vibrate like a serpent's tongue, and play back and forth with a double meaning, which grows only the more piquant if between the sexes. In some persons, this seems to be an evil genius, existing by covert suggestions at the very lowest things of life. This is that which eats like a canker, and grows by indulgence, and loaded with suggestions that seem to come from the pit itself.

The beginnings of this evil in the young are very insidious; there is no pure-lipped boy, who goes from home into life, but hears this—from his employers, perhaps, and from men of good repute as Christians—in violation of that delicacy to which he had been carefully bred. I had rather see an ox put his foot upon the fair flower, and crush it to the ground, than to see the foul fiend of example crush out the purity and beauty of youth in the heart. If, therefore, there come to the city a pure-lipped boy, whose cheeks know how nobly to crimson; if you have learned to view these things without repugnance, and occasionally venture some slight sallies of this evil, you are under the pilotage of the devil, in the channels of salacious pleasure. I say there is nothing more vulgar and detestable than this mode of expressing the very lowest feelings in conversation. I don't love to see the finest language made to serve the foulest demons of all.

How noble, on the other hand, how noble the example, to lead on the maiden or youth, and show them the evil of such expressions which will pain the ear of all pure beings, as the most hideous discords do the musician's ear.

One other thing is certain: this is not merely an external vice; the feelings you give utterance to are the feelings growing within you. By as much as you express them, by so much you are cultivating them. If you are void of offence hitherto, maintain your integrity. If you have begun to tamper with this evil, be warned in time and draw back.

You can not use these forms of corruption and be incorrupt yourself. Blessed are the pure in spirit; blessed are the pure in lip; blessed are they who think purity, who imagine purity, who love purity—who live purity—they shall see God.

Now, my dear young friend, let me take you by the hand, no matter where you are, if you dwell in some vulgar family, or are employed by some licentious patron; no matter where you are, the more need you have of the counsels of a pastor to sustain you in the right way. Avoid passion, and any expression of passion! Avoid irreverence and profanity, and any expression of irreverence! Avoid all corrupt feelings, avoid that especially which cultivates them immeasurably fast. God help you if you have gone out from your father and mother. Who have you to look after you? Where can you go at night except to that very circle that will contaminate you? O young man, look after young men! O, young woman, take care of your sisters who have not your advantages. Band yourselves together, young men and maidens, and help each other; and God help you all!

THE CAUSE IN WISCONSIN.

MONROE, GREEN COUNTY, Wis., April 18, 1859.

The cause of liberal sentiment and free inquiry in this place is steadily onward. Without any striking demonstrations or unusual effort, there is a perceptible and constant advance toward free and independent thought.

This village contains over two thousand people, consisting of the usual variety of religious sects—Methodists, Universalists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Catholics, Christians, Campbellites, and Adventists. The Methodists are the most numerous and popular, but somewhat torn by dissensions arising from the extremes of liberality and of bigotry among their members.

The Universalists are doing a good work. Discarding intolerance and sectarianism, as such, and a blind deference to authority, they seem to be cultivating a genial humanity and practical religion. Would that like liberal and enlightened sentiments could find utterance in every pulpit in our land!

The number who openly profess Spiritualism is not large. Yet such is the favor with which our views are received, or such is the courtesy and tolerance of others, that I can not now call to mind the instance in which I have been treated less courteously on account of my belief.

A few weeks since, we had three lectures by Miss Scougall, of Rockford, Ill., a very fine trance speaker, and the hall was not sufficient to hold the audience. Many went away for lack of room.

There is good reason to believe that the ideas which she advanced are taking a strong hold of the public mind—that they are advancing as fast as the laws of the human mind will ever permit the truth to advance; and our Spiritualist friends may well have confidence in the vitality and living energy of their principles.

To me, those ideas, which I have derived from the spiritual philosophy, are daily growing brighter and clearer, and assuming a wider and deeper significance. And all things seem to conspire to urge every lover of truth and human progress to greater faithfulness to his principles, and a more perfect realization of them in practice.

J. T. DODGE.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dodworth's next Sunday.

Mr. R. P. Amber will lecture at Dodworth's Academy next Sunday, morning and evening, and Mrs. Spence the two Sundays following.

Lamartine Hall, cor. 8th Avenue and 29th-street.

Regular meetings every Sunday. Morning, preaching by Rev. Mr. Jones; afternoon, conference or lecture; evening, circle for trance speakers.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton

Will lecture in Baltimore, Md., the five Sundays of May. Friends in the vicinity of Baltimore, wishing to engage her services for week evenings, during her stay in that place, will address Willard Barnes Felton, box 944, Baltimore, Md.

W. C. Hussey, Healing Medium,

Has returned from his four months' tour through Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and other States, and reports many wonderful Spirit-manifestations he has seen. Mr. H. will be located, after the first of May, at 155 Green-street, two doors from Houston-street, where he intends to heal by the apostolic method of laying on of hands, all persons who call on him for that purpose.

Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends.

The seventh Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends will assemble at Longwood (near Hamorton), Chester county, on first day, the 29th of fifth month, 1859, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and continue its sessions three or four days.

The friends of truth, purity, and progress, of every shade of theological opinion, are earnestly invited to participate in the proceedings. The object of our assemblies is not to build up a sect, or to afford opportunity for the discussion of abstract points of doctrine, but to edify one another in love, to devise and execute measures of practical reform, and to cultivate those religious faculties and aspirations through which we are consciously allied to the beneficent Author of our being, and by which we receive the blessed assurance of immortal life.

Communications for the meeting may be addressed to Joseph A. Dugdale, Hamorton, Chester county, Pa., or to Oliver Johnson, Anti-Slavery Office, New York.

Longwood meeting-house is one mile west of Hamorton, on the road leading to Kennett Square. Strangers are informed that a daily mail coach runs to the latter place from Wilmington, Del., passing directly by the meeting-house. The distance from Wilmington to Longwood is thirteen miles. Between Philadelphia and Wilmington there is daily communication both by railroad and steamboat.

Prof. Payton Spence and Amanda M. Spence will respond to invitations to lectures, addressed to Jamestown, N. Y., or to New York city, care of G. W. Westbrook.

THE MOVING MENTAL WORLD—THE NEWS.

THE BROOKLYN WATER CELEBRATION.—The celebration of the introduction of the Nassau water into Brooklyn was postponed from Wednesday last to the following day (28th) in consequence of the storm. The military, firemen, benevolent societies, ice companies, various private business concerns, etc., turned out and formed a procession from seven to eight miles long, carrying banners, devices, and inscriptions, the workmen in various arts and mechanical employments exhibiting their operations, and making, on the whole, one of the most splendid displays of the kind we ever witnessed.

SICKLES ACQUITTED.—The trial of Daniel E. Sickles, for the murder of Philip Barton Key, was ended on Tuesday by the acquittal of the prisoner. The testimony on both sides was closed on Saturday, and counsel summed up on Monday and Tuesday. On Tuesday the Judge charged the Jury, instructing them on the several points raised by the counsel, and with a strong leaning toward the prisoner. At a little before two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon the Jury retired, and remained out a little more than an hour. When they returned, the usual formalities of confronting the Jury and the prisoner, and putting the ordinary questions, were gone through with, and the verdict of NOT GUILTY was then pronounced.

DEATH OF BISHOP DOANE.—On Wednesday of last week, the Right Rev. Geo. W. Doane, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New Jersey, departed this life at Burlington, N. J., after an illness of several weeks. He was born, says the New York Tribune, in Trenton, May 27, 1799, and was of humble origin; was graduated at Union College in 1818; was ordained as deacon by Bishop Hobart 1821, and priest in 1823; officiated in Trinity Church in this city for three years; in 1824 became professor of belles lettres in Washington College, Conn.; resigned that office in 1828, and became rector of Trinity Church, Boston, where he married a widow of large fortune. He became Bishop of New Jersey Oct. 31, 1832, and has since been engaged in various prominent educational establishments in that State.

CASE OF MRS. HARTUNG.—This unhappy woman, who was to have been hung at Troy, on Wednesday of last week, has had a postponement of her punishment, and possibly will not be executed at all. On the Monday previous, Justice Wright, on application of Mr. Hadley, granted a writ of error, which throws this matter before the General Term, and stopped the execution of her sentence on Wednesday. There is much feeling on the subject in Albany, and it is thought best by every one to have Rhineman tried before she is executed.

GALE AT DETROIT.—On Thursday there was a heavy gale of wind at Detroit. The temporary roof of the tower of the brick church on Monroe Avenue, was carried through the air a distance of 150 feet. Mr. Beghein, of the Lake Survey, was knocked down by it in falling, and covered in the ruins. He was rescued, but so badly injured that he died at seven o'clock in the evening. A lady, passing at the time, had a narrow escape. A frame building on the corner of the Grand River and Chicago roads, was blown down. The workmen were fortunately absent. Chimneys were blown down, and the spire of the First Presbyterian Church was blown out of the perpendicular, and caused much alarm. A lady, crossing with an infant in a baby's wagon, the latter was taken up by the wind, and deposited upside down in the gutter. The child was unhurt.

ANTI-RENT CASES DECIDED.—The several cases involving the Van Rensselaer claims to rents from lands conveyed in fee in Albany county, N. Y., have been decided by the Court of Appeals. The decision is adverse to the tenants. All the Judges concur in the opinion that the rents and arrears must be paid. This action of the Court of last resort is necessarily final.

THE DEATH OF DE TOCQUEVILLE.—One of the most illustrious writers of France, whose name is familiar to American readers, has passed away. Alexis Clere de Tocqueville died recently at his residence, near Lannes. He was a great-grandson of the famous philosopher Maleherbes, and was born on the 29th of July, 1805.

A SLAVEHOLDERS' CONVENTION.—A Slaveholders' Convention is to be held at Baltimore on the second Wednesday of June, "for the purpose of devising some system to be presented to the Legislature of Maryland at its next session, having for its object the better regulation of the free negro population of this State."

PRESCOTT.—Mr. George Ticknor is preparing a Life of William H. Prescott, and will have the assistance of the eldest son of the historian, Mr. William G. Prescott, in preparing the work. Mr. Prescott dedicated his volume of "Biographical and Critical Miscellanies" to his friend Ticknor, who is now to be his biographer.

MR. DICKENS will receive, it is said, five thousand dollars cash for his serial story for the Ledger. The tale will be finished in six or eight weeks from the time of its commencement, and the offer is as liberal as any of the previous ones with which the Star Spangled Banner has astonished the literary world. The Harpers, also, will begin next week a "Story of Two Cities," by Dickens, in their Weekly.

CHARLES SUMNER.—The friends of the Hon. Charles Sumner will regret to learn that a note from Paris, dated April 4, states that Senator Sumner has left Montpelier for Rome. He was, at last accounts, in a very bad condition of health.

NARROW ESCAPE.—A CHILD NEARLY BURIED IN A TRANCE.—One of those extraordinary accidents, of which we hear now and then, occurred recently at Wheeling, Va., where on Sunday a little orphan child, an inmate of the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity, to all appearance expired, and the necessary arrangements were made for her interment on Monday. By the fortunate occurrence of inclement weather, the funeral was postponed until Tuesday. In the mean while, however, while one of the sisterhood was arranging some matter connected with the coffin, the child arose, and demanded some water. Without doubt, the girl had been in a trance, or cataleptic fit, and had it not been for the providential occurrence of wet weather on Monday, she would, in all probability, have been buried alive. Having frequent examples of catalepsy before our eyes (and doubtless others occur which are not seen), some precaution should be taken to obviate the occurrence of such a fearful event.—Frank Leslie's Illustrated News.

paper.

WHOLESALE PRICE CURRENT OF PRODUCE & MERCHANDISE.

Table listing various commodities and their prices, including Ashes, Bread, Bristles, Candles, Cocoa, Coffee, Flax, Fruit, Flour, Grain, Hemp, Hides, Hops, Iron, Honey, Leather, Lime, Molasses, Nails, Oils, Provisions, Rice, Salt, Seeds, Sugars, Tallow, Teas, and Wool.

WHINING.

There is a class of persons in this world, by no means small, whose prominent peculiarity is WHINING. They whine because they have not health to enjoy their riches; they whine because it is too shiny; they whine because it is too rainy; they whine because they have "no luck" and others' prosperity exceeds theirs; they whine because some friend has died and they are still living; they whine because they have aches and pains, and have aches and pains because they whine, and they whine no one can tell why. Now, I would like to say a word to these whining persons.

First. *STOP WHINING!* It is of no use—this everlasting complaining, fretting, scolding, fault-finding and whining. Why, you are the most deluded set of creatures that ever lived. Do you not know that it is a well-settled principle of physiology and common sense, that these habits are more exhaustive of nervous vitality than almost any other violation of physiological law? And do you not know, too, that life is pretty much as you take it and make it? You can make it *bright, sunshiny*, or you can make it *dark, shadowy*. This life is meant only to be disciplinary—to fit us for a higher and purer state of being. Then stop whining and fretting, and "go on your way rejoicing."

Second. *Sing the song of life cheerily.* Hark! Do you hear yonder bird singing joyously its merry carols, as it hops from bough to bough in its native forest-home? *Imitate it!* Take up your song of life, using it joyously and bravely. *Sing on*, though you feel it not.

You are miserable, nervous dyspeptics, in wrong relations to your selves and all God's universe, and that's all ails you. Then stop short, take up the song of life, and leave off forever that *whine of death!*

A BATTLE INCIDENT.

At the battle of the Thames, a laughable incident occurred, which is thus related by one who was in the engagement:

The British General had formed his men in open order, with their cannon pointing down the road by which the Americans were advancing. Gen. Harrison immediately took advantage of this, and ordered Col. Johnson's mounted regiment to charge at full speed by heads of companies (so as to expose the least possible front), pass through the open intervals, and form in the rear of the British force. The movement was brilliantly executed by the battalion, under the command of Lieut. Col. James Johnson, at the same time having the Indians with the other battalion.

It happened that in one of the companies under James Johnson's command, there was a huge, brawny fellow, named Lamb—he weighed about 210 pounds—was a brave man, and as good humored as big—brave men proverbially are. Lamb had broken down his Kentucky horse by his great weight, and was mounted instead upon a short, stout, wild Canadian pony, from whose sides his long limbs suspended almost on the ground, while his burly frame rose high above the beast, not unlike an overgrown boy astride of a rough sheep.

When the charge was made, Lamb's pony took fright and broke into a trot, and Lamb pulled until the bit broke in the animal's mouth, and all command of him was lost. The little pony stretched himself to the work, dashed out of the ranks, soon outstripped all the file leaders, and pushed on in advance of the company. Lamb was no longer master of his horse or himself. If he jumped off, he would be trampled to death by his friends; if the horse rushed upon the British lines with him, so far ahead of the rest, he must be killed. Either way death seemed inevitable, and, to use his own expression, he thought he'd just say something they could tell his friends in Kentucky, when they went home.

He struck both feet into the pony's flanks and urged him to his utmost speed. On they drove some fifty yards in front of the leading file, Lamb's gigantic person swaying from side to side, and his legs swinging in a most protentious fashion, the little Canadian "pulling foot" all he knew how, his tail straight, and his nostrils distended, his ears pinned back, and his eyes flashing from under their shaggy foretop with all the spite and spleen of a born devil. Just as he got within a stride or two of the British, Lamb flourished his rifle, and roared out in a voice of thunder:

"Clear the way, for I'm a coming!"

To his surprise the lines opened right and left, and he passed through unhurt. So great was their astonishment at the strange apparition of such a rider, and such a horse moving upon them with fearful velocity, that they opened mechanically at his word of command, and let him pass.

CHINESE DELICACIES.

"I was making a short call upon a young lady friend of mine; the old lady sat by the fire, knitting; and another young lady, (who had spent many years in China, but who now boarded at this place,) was busy overhauling an old trunk, which had never been thoroughly examined since her arrival.

"Suddenly, with an exclamation of delight, she drew forth an old jar.

"O, Carry! now we'll have a treat;—here are some preserves all the way from China!"

"What are they?" eagerly inquired Carry.

"I don't know; but I rather think by the appearance, that they are tamarinds, they look stringy!"

"With these words, she inserted her fork, and tasting the contents, with a horrible grimace, declared them dreadful.

"I don't care," said Carry, "I am going to have a taste of some genuine Chinese preserves, for once in my life, even if it makes me sick."

"And using her fingers, she drew forth a long, lumpy substance, and holding it out temptingly, said:

"Don't you wish you had a tamarind?"

"And then, as if afraid some one would steal it from her, she put it all into her mouth, and drew it through her teeth, to tear every morsel of meat from the stone. The next instant, she dashed it upon the table with a yell, and started for the next room.

"Why, what on earth is the matter with you, girls?" exclaimed the old lady; and picking up the supposed tamarind, she looked at it a moment through her specs, then turning to me, she said:

"Well, now, if I shan't give up—all that fuss about a mouse."

"Query: Do they preserve mice in China?"—*Exchange.*

HAD HIS MATCH.

A young attorney, with a huge bundle of papers in hand, appeared for the first time in Judge J.'s court in St. Louis, to make the annual settlement of some estate. Handing the papers to the judge, he very modestly explained his business to him. His honor examined the papers, and then shoving them angrily aside, and looking the young hopeful almost through, exclaimed,

"Sir, do you take me for a fool?"

"Well," replied the lawyer, "this is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing your honor, and therefore I can not say from my own knowledge whether you are a fool or not."

His honor was somewhat taken aback by being thus bearded, and so said, in a milder tone, "Do you take the Legislature of the State of Missouri for fools then, Sir?"

"Well, as to that," was the rejoinder, "I know nothing personally about any of them, your honor; but, from what I can see and hear, I am disposed to believe them not a whit wiser than they ought to be, and perhaps, your honor, that is your case too." The old judge had met his match, was vanquished, and yielded meekly as a lamb to his victor.

BREAKING NEWS GENTLY.—Here is a specimen of breaking news gently. During the summer of 1849 a Mr. James Wilson, of West Jersey, died with cholera while some fifty miles from home. John Rogers was employed to convey the dead body in a wagon to his friends and home. By inquiry he learned the precise house of the deceased. On driving to the door he called to a respectably-appearing lady, who was in fact the newly-made widow, and asked:

"Does Mr. Wilson live here?"

"Yes," was her reply, "but he is not at home to-day."

"I know he's not at home now, but he will be very soon, for I've got him here dead in the wagon!"

THE BENICIA BOY AND PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.—Says a recent writer, "I rejoice in a brace of nephews of eight and six years, in whom the Young American element occasionally protrudes, uncommon. The parents of the aforesaid, with a view of a proper bending of the twig in a moral direction, had put into the hands of the youngsters an illustrated copy of the Pilgrim's Progress. They had arrived at the 'affair' of CHRISTIAN and APOLLYON, reading and re-reading the dreamer's account of it with intense interest; but were unable to understand how CHRISTIAN, with the little training he had and appearances so decidedly against him, could vanquish his formidable adversary. The paternal explanation of the causes leading to the triumph and success of the saint, appeared to be satisfactory to Charley, the elder, but the six-year-old, 'Winty,' after grave reflection, and a fresh look at the picture, remarked: 'Well, father, I should like to see him try the BENICIA BOY.'"

PROPOSITION TO SUBSCRIBERS.

CHAPIN AND BEECHER'S SERMONS.

We have commenced the regular publication of the yearly series of Discourses by these eloquent and progressive representatives of the Church, who are generally regarded as the most revolutionary, spirit-stirring and popular speakers in our country.

We call special attention to these Sermons, and to the criticisms which may, from time to time, be made upon them, and to the great central truths which may be thus eliminated.

We suggest to the admirers of these men, or of their Discourses, that they take early measures to secure the present entire volume of this paper, and thus secure, in convenient form for binding, the Sermons of these eminent preachers, during the year. We farther suggest to the friends of moral, mental, and spiritual culture, living in remote sections of our country, or isolated sections of the world, to institute meetings on Sundays, and read these Sermons, and such other articles published in this paper as may be deemed advisable; and thus let Beecher and Chapin preach every Sunday, in every town and village, and by every fireside throughout the land.

TO THE PRESS, POSTMASTERS, CLERGY AND PATRONS.—To our contemporaries of the Press, to postmasters, the clergy, and our patrons and friends everywhere, we respectfully appeal for help in making the publication of these Sermons known to the people.

To such of the Press as will publish this, or other notice of our endeavors, and send us their paper with such notice marked, or will send us four subscribers (\$8), we will mail one copy of each issue during the year, free.

To such of the Clergy as will notify their people of this publication, or will forward to us four subscribers (\$8), we will mail one copy free during the year.

Postmasters who will serve as agents, and send us subscription clubs of ten or more subscribers, are allowed to retain twenty-five per cent.; that is, we will send ten copies for \$15. Address Charles Partridge, New York.

Whoever receives this paper, and is not a subscriber, may be assured that some kind friend is desirous of his or her becoming one of its regular patrons.

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Where a pleasant home is furnished, and the best discipline for the development of all the faculties in pupils of all ages and both sexes. Each is led to think for himself and express his own idea, and no tasks are assigned to be committed to memory. The next year commences Monday, May 2, but pupils will be received at any time. Terms, \$4 per week, \$3 per term for books and stationery, use of library and periodicals. O. H. WELLINGTON, M. D., Principal. 363 136

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

New York Tribune says: "We must give it (the TELEGRAPH) at least this praise—that it seems to us the best periodical of its school, and in candor and temper a model which many of the organs of our various religious denominations might copy with profit."

Mount Joy Herald: "It is devoted to Spiritualism, earnest, straightforward in its course, open for free discussion, and neither sectarian nor bigoted."

Syracuse Republican: "The SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH is always candid, impartial and able."

Herald and Era: "The TELEGRAPH is one of the oldest, and among the best of the spiritual papers, and no doubt it will be sustained."

Belvidere Standard: "Mr. Partridge is widely known as a man of honest and liberal sentiments, and although he gives his means toward the dissemination of Spiritualism, it does not follow that he is speculating on the credulity of deluded people, as certain persons are wont to believe. For the exposition of this subject, the TELEGRAPH has no superior."

Daily Gazette and Comet: "It is mainly devoted to the illustration of Spiritual Intercourse, though entitled to a high place as a literary and scientific journal."

Ottawa Republican: "Those who feel an interest in knowing what developments the Spiritualists are making in different parts of the country, will find the TELEGRAPH much ahead of the common run of that class of papers."

Jefferson Union: "The TELEGRAPH, under its present management, is ably conducted, discusses and examines the various phenomena of the new doctrine, with great candor and marked ability."

The TELEGRAPH is the leading organ of the independent, anti-free-love Spiritualists of the country, and it is edited with marked ability. It is a candid, fair dealing advocate of the doctrines of modern Spiritualism, and as such, entitled to the support of those who are believers or inquirers.—*Freeport (Ill.) Journal.*

Charles Partridge, Esq., Editor and Publisher of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, New York, has our thanks for an exchange. The paper is filled with the most extraordinary spiritual revelations, and cannot fail to astonish the uninitiated like ourself. There is much ability displayed in its editorials.—*Upshur Democrat.*

Partridge's SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH is a weekly quarto of twelve pages, devoted to the illustration of Spiritual Intercourse, in such courteous style that the paper ought to be unobjectionable to all seekers after truth. The publishers say "its columns are open to even sectarians—to everybody who has an earnest thought to utter.—*Conn. Bank Note List, (Hartford.)*

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