



DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

“THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM.”

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Principles of Nature.

THE SPIRIT'S APPEAL.

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The following communication was received in the presence of a “rapping medium,” by the ordinary method of pointing to the alphabet and writing down the letters designated by “raps.” The medium was Miss L. M. Cady, an innocent, pure-minded girl of nineteen years. Being an invalid, she is stopping in our family for medical treatment. Every word of the communication was written by my own hand, precisely as dictated by the unseen “rapper.” The members of our own family, and many of our neighbors will, if need be, bear witness to the integrity of the parties connected with its production.

M. B. RANDALL.

BY THE SPIRIT.

Misguided Mortals of Benighted Earth:

The spirit of N. P. Rogers desires to address you, through this medium, upon the great and Divine Truths which are gradually being revealed to you—Truths which thousands of centuries have failed to elucidate.

I foresee that many will believe, when they read this; I foresee, also that many will spurn it from them with contempt. Oh! the darkness which blinds the eyes of mankind!

I have gazed from the Heavenly Spheres with heart-felt pity on the bigoted delusions of the whole human race. I have looked down on the desolation which reigns throughout the earth, and, in my despair, I have cried, Oh, God! how long wilt thou suffer the children of men to be thus persecuted! I pray thee, relieve them soon! And my prayer was answered. Then in the heavenly mansions sounded forth the glorious mandate, Descend to Earth and unveil the eyes that have so long been dimmed by Ignorance and Superstition.

Then the Spirits of the heavenly abode clapped their hands, and through the celestial-vault rang anthems of thanksgiving. Then one and all, disrobed of their heavenly garments, descended to Earth to throw off the crushing weight that hourly threatened to sink its inhabitants deep into the yawning gulf of despair.

But Spirits did not foresee their reception by Mortals. In the midst of their supreme happiness, they had supposed that Earth would hail their approach as the harbinger of that glorious morn which was to restore them to Life, Liberty, and Happiness. But no! We were doomed to bitter disappointment. Mortals were closely wrapped in bigotry and ignorance! But did we despair at all this? No. Borne on by the strong and overwhelming current of pity, we faltered not, but endeavored the more to surmount their prejudices—and we have been, in a measure, repaid. And we know that the time will come, when all shall acknowledge that we have achieved a glorious victory. The present generation may resist, yea, scoff at this beautiful Truth; and, even future generations may grope on unenlightened by its divine rays—but Man must know and believe—he can not help it. Even as he shrinks at the touch of fire, and is burned, so will he listen to, and feel, the Truths unfolded, and will quail beneath their scorching influence.

Already has the great work of reformation commenced. Onward moves the Triumphal Car, crushing, beneath its ponderous wheels, all those who intercept its stately progress.

Soon will the fiery star of Sectarianism set in eternal night! Then will religious bigotry and intolerance cease; then will all creeds be thrown to the four winds of heaven, never more to be worshiped by mortal man; then

will man see, eye to eye, and face to face; then will a holy life and a spotless soul be the entrance of man into boundless and immortal happiness, both on earth and in heaven.

Come, glorious day—come quickly!

Spirits derive no little encouragement—that this great and important crisis is fast approaching—from the fact that, the religious belief of thousands is unsettled. Man knows not what to believe; he is unwilling, as formerly, to have his faith pinned to the sleeve of the priest; prejudices are fast giving way, and antiquated errors are tottering at their base. The past year has done more, toward liberalizing mankind, than ages previous have accomplished; and the next ten years will witness a greater moral and religious revolution than all past ages united have ever witnessed. The darkness of the past is fast fleeing before the dawn of Millennial Truth.

Spiritualism asks no favor but Investigation; it yields nothing to the religions that be; its pathway is Truth; its goal is Eternal Right. Strewed behind it, in all its course, are the nauseating carcasses of slaughtered Errors. Its roots run deep into the whole nature of Man; its branches afford delicious fruit for all who may choose to pluck and eat; it is food for the hungry; it forms a cooling beverage for the thirsty soul; it gives sight to the blind, strength to the weak, vitality to the dying, and Life to the Dead.

Could Mortals see the desolation and misery pervading earth as Spirits see, they would gladly embrace this soul-cheering Faith. We have seen the strong man bow, in heart-breaking anguish, over the wreck of all his earthly hopes. His only child—the pride and stay of his declining years—in whom all his hopes were centered, has been called to his Spirit-home, and the dotting parent now mourns with deep and bleeding sorrow. He sees no ray of light in the future, to cheer him on his way. To him the future seems one dark stream of despair, through which the children of misfortune must travel to reach the goal of Eternity. The cool dashing rivulet, which sends up its spray in rainbow circles to the sun, is to him a black, yawning gulf amid whose fiery waves his frail bark is on the eve of foundering. His is misery inconceivable; his brain is on fire; the very fibers that hold his heart in one, are chilled by the touch-stone of sorrow; and where the Being or what the Power, save Heaven and God alone, that can charm reason back to her throne! He lies on the very verge of insanity, calling on those around him to restore his lost child. And where was the spirit of the beloved child? Where but hovering about the distracted father, unwearied in his efforts to cheer and comfort him.

Soon strange accounts reach that father, of new and startling developments, purporting to come from Spirits—and what says that parent? Alas! he turns from them with contempt! Yet, notwithstanding, there is an impression made upon his mind which can not be effaced, and although he asserts that the memory of his child is too sacred to be linked with such sacrilege, still he feels an inward conviction that it may be true; and, aided by the spirit of his child, his interest increases until he is tempted to investigate for himself, and, as a natural consequence, he is convinced. Then is the mourning father made glad; then is the fountain of grief sealed; his eye brightens, his step resumes its wonted elasticity, and, in a word, he is happy. What now of his son? His great aim is accomplished, and he joins in an anthem of thanksgiving that his father is at peace.

Is this a single instance? Nay, thousands, yea, even millions, of similar instances are daily

witnessed by spirits. If, then, such wretchedness does exist on the Earth, and the pure and holy Religion of Spiritualism banishes such misery, is it not, I ask, worth a passing investigation? And is it a small matter that thousands are being daily crushed beneath their weight of sorrow?

Spirits have perceived that those who are possessed of the most pure and elevated minds, are the ones who most prize, who most estimate, this beautiful Truth. Those whose feelings are keenly alive to the sufferings of others; whose sensibilities are intensely touched by the wail of woe; whose spirits are saddened by the grief of others—such are warmed and cheered by this soul-inspiring doctrine. But those, on the other hand, whose minds are made up of sordid aspirings and imaginings; who dream not that they were placed on earth for any other purpose than to “eat, drink, and be merry;” such, I say, are the ones to despise and reject it. What care they for the future life, provided they can have enough here? They say, “time enough to think about the future when we get there.” But they are to be pitied rather than blamed. They can not appreciate truths, high and holy; these are beyond their comprehension—in their own good time they will believe. The pleasing ideal may deceive for a time, but the bright reality will banish it. Truth is ever hovering above, yet ever near the saddened soul, like a stray Seraph from the Spirit-spheres.

Oh, sons of men! heed the spirits of your forefathers, who are calling on you from their celestial abode, to listen to the “still small voice!” Will you not attend to them, or do you require louder and more emphatic persuasion? Must the forked lightnings play, and heavy thunders roll through the angry, threatening clouds? Or, do you require that tremendous earthquakes should rend the mighty dome in twain? Do you ask for strong and crushing whirlwinds, and storms of hail to pour their avenging wrath upon your doubting selves? Shall formidable avalanches bury your towns and villages in their speed? Shall bursting volcanoes spout their burning lava into your eyes—those eyes which must behold all this ere your distrusting minds can believe?

Oh, perverse generation! that can not listen to the mild and beautiful teachings, which flow down in refreshing showers from the celestial realms, but must require the elements to combine, in fierce fury, against each other, ere you can believe!

Spiritualism is not a sealed book to mankind. Like the natural sun, it was made to shine upon every son and daughter of creation—to penetrate the inmost recesses of the mind, and to illuminate the darkest corners of the soul.

It is no excuse for you that you do not believe. Here it is—the Truth—pure and sweet; come quaff at the crystal fount. None need thirst with this bright stream in view; none need stumble upon mountains of Error—be lost in the mists of Superstition, or wrecked on the rocks of bigotry—while this glorious sun of Truth rides majestically above them, dispensing its searching rays upon all things, visible and invisible.

Year after year has the sun traversed the firmament in his diurnal round; century after century has fled; one by one have the inhabitants of earth departed, while their successors are left in doubt and darkness to inquire: “Do they live again?”

This question has agitated millions of minds—minds of the great and mighty men of old—who have gone from earth in doubt and uncertainty, as to the Future; and now, when they would gladly enlighten the remaining wanderers

of the human race, they find themselves repulsed with undisguised contempt. Is this right? Should this be so? Is it gratitude to the great Giver of all your blessings? Do you not fear that He will become angry with you and smite you in his wrath? But, aside from this, are you satisfied to grope on in darkness? And have you no inward desire for the Sun of Truth to shed a portion of his heat into your cold bosoms?

See! The bright Star of Reformation has arisen! Behold it afar in the distance, riding majestically through the heavens—clouds and storms obstruct it not! On—on, thou brilliant Orb! Speed thy way while the night lasts! Soon will dawn that glorious Day in which earth shall know that thou hast been the Beacon Star that has led the true-hearted, and art ever leading them on to things high and holy. Oh! there is a glorious time coming—even nigh at hand!

Persecuted nations, who have groaned for years 'neath their heavy load of iron chains, shall be freed from bondage. No more shall be heard the clanking of their galling fetters.

Say, men of wealth who revel in luxury and ease—whose tables groan, year in and year out, with all the delicacies your warm climate can produce—does it not wring your hearts to behold your helpless minions toiling, day after day, beneath the scorching sun, with naught to cheer them; suffering from the cutting lash and followed by showers of imprecations upon their defenceless heads? Do you never feel the sting of a guilty conscience as you send your slave-ships across the broad Ocean, to poor, helpless, bleeding Africa, to tear from their home and friends, the poor blacks? Do you not feel one pang of remorse when you hear their heart-rending shrieks for mercy! as you see the mother's offspring torn from her arms—husbands torn from their wives, and wives from their husbands? Can you see these helpless wretches on their knees before you; can you hear them in piteous accents imploring you to have mercy on their anguish, and spare them their wives and little ones, and not have one movement of compassion for them? Think of your own happy homes and peaceful families; think how you would feel should some relentless foe come upon you unawares, break your quiet circle and bear off the dear ones in spite of all your entreaties? What, I ask, would be your opinion of such ruthless invaders upon your peace and happiness? Ought they not to be blotted from the face of Mankind? Verily, I say, ye are the men. Think you that the great God of the Universe smiles upon such ignominious proceedings? Think you that he made the poor blacks to be blown about by your arbitrary will? or, that he smiles less benignantly upon them than upon your guilty selves? Verily, I say, He created both black and white for his own good purposes, and not, as you imagine, that one should be trampled upon by the other.

You exult in your ill-gotten store of wealth; but little care you how many bleeding backs have smarted for the rich treasures which you possess. How many showers of tears think you, have watered your luxuriant cotton crops? alas, from the poor negro? Days of toil and sleepless nights are his portion! Dark—dark indeed, is the future to him! And shall it be said that America—land of the noble and brave—Freedom's own sweet resting-place, permits the withering blasts of Slavery within her green, fertile borders? God forbid! Think you old England is justified in her rigorous tyranny over her loyal subjects? Was she justified in persecuting our forefathers until they were driven from their native land and forced

to seek refuge in the barren wilderness? If not, then you, surely, are not justified in your proceedings, for you not only persecute at home but go into foreign lands to carry out your avaricious desires.

Behold the noble banner of Freedom that proudly waves from your towering battlements, and for what purpose is it unfurled? Is it to tell other nations of your rights and privileges? And what, they may ask, are those rights and privileges, which we hear extolled in such high terms? What will be your reply? Will you tell them that they consist in the liberty to trade off poor human beings like dumb beasts? And then, should they inquire: What is your mode of treatment toward these poor creatures? will you say that you drive them naked into the open fields, and there, beneath the scorching sun, compel them to toil, hour after hour, while the scalding perspiration pours in torrents down their unprotected frames, and that they never dare to pause an instant for fear of the strokes of the lash which is held over them by their unmerciful overseer? Go tell them that all this is but a part of the sufferings they are obliged to endure, and will they not turn from you with disgust, and say, Is this your boasted freedom? Can you tell them all this and not feel the blush of shame mantling your brows?

Oh, that this abominable monster, Slavery, should ever have left his foot-prints upon the green-sward of America! Ye Patriots, who fought and bled for your country's Freedom! will you allow the darkness of slavery to obscure the bright Star of Liberty, that has so long gleamed with bright effulgence in your unclouded sky? Arouse! shake off your sloth! Press forward into the field of action! Hear you not the thousands of human beings who are calling upon you for restitution for their wrongs? Can you hear them thus appeal to your humanity and not pause and listen? Can you turn a deaf ear to their entreaties? No longer let it be said that the brave heroes of America will allow the blighting curse of Slavery to exist within her peaceful border. Banish it forever from your territories! Give the poor blacks their freedom, and let the wail of persecution no more be heard. You know not the happiness you will experience; try it, and the spirit of N. P. Rogers promises you that you will become wiser and happier.

I will now proceed to remark concerning another evil which exists among mankind—an evil which spirits have long seen and regretted. This is no other than the withering curse of WAR. Oh! what a heart-rending sight it is to see fathers, husbands and sons, engaged in fierce and fatal conflict with each other! How many thousands of happy hearth-stones have been made desolate by this deadly scourge! How many peaceful villages have been laid low by this destructive ravager! How many wives and children have been made helpless by the loss of kind husbands and fathers, in whom they had placed their whole dependence! And were you, who were actors in these bloody scenes—were you happier after such carnage? Did you press a softer pillow, or were your dreams sweeter at the thought of the many hearts you had made desolate? Did not the mangled and bleeding bodies of fallen victims rise before you to chide you for your blood-thirsty revenge upon your fellow travelers to eternity? Are you happier in the possession of new lands, with the thought that they were purchased with your brother's blood? Had you not better have less added to your already extensive possessions, than imbue your hands in the blood of your fellow mortals? Oh, that man could resist his avaricious longings for more! Spirits pray earnestly that the time may

come soon when the din of war will no more be heard on the earth—when all mankind shall dwell together in peace—when there will be no more strife for the land which God gave equally to all—to the red man as well as to you. Spirits latterly regret the downward course which men are rapidly pursuing. They foresee that all their latent energies must be aroused before they can be reformed. This work spirits have determined to do, and they have already made rapid advances. Other men are like the benighted Hindoo, who prostrates himself beneath the mighty car of Juggernaut. The latter believes he is doing his duty; likewise, the civilized man believes he is right, though fatally wrong. But light—light is breaking in upon the mists of past ages. Ho! All ye who would be delivered from the thrall of your errors, up! and follow the beacon-light of Spiritualism; let strife and dissension cease.

Man now begins to stretch his vision beyond the narrow confines of earth, to that happy state of bliss which reaches down through the endless vista of eternity. Think you it is strange that spirits of the Heavenly Spheres, gazing from their abodes and seeing the desolation and misery that pervades earth, should deign to speak to mankind on the subject? Should you not think it far more strange did we look on in silence, and in the midst of our supreme happiness, see the loved ones of earth suffering in darkness, doubt and oppression, and be content to let them grope on, stumbling here and there in the miry sloughs of ignorance? Be assured that spirits do see and strive to instruct mankind in the great work of Reformation.

What I have briefly stated to you, of the misery which reigns throughout the earth, is but too true. I present you with this communication, and if you are led by it to a knowledge of the truth, then I shall feel that I have not labored in vain. May it pass out upon the broad sea of commotion; may it rule the troubled waves, and bear each sinking mariner into the haven of safety—to the rest that knows no end. I have finished.

N. P. ROGERS.

Those who are best acquainted with the laborious process of obtaining communications from rapping mediums, are best qualified to judge of the labor and time necessary to obtain this, and also the best prepared to be indulgent toward any little errors that may have crept into it from various undeveloped or imperfect conditions.

Since the foregoing was dictated Miss Cady has been developed as a writing medium, and now writes very rapidly, and, I judge, very correctly.

MARENDA B. RANDALL.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTON, EDITOR.

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

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21.

ALL BEING FREE, EACH MUST ANSWER FOR HIMSELF; AND WHERE NO RESTRICTIONS ARE IMPOSED, NO ACCOUNTABILITY WILL BE ACKNOWLEDGED.

S. B. B.

DEFENSE OF MEDIUMS.

We publish below a letter containing strictures on our remarks concerning Apocryphal Spirits, which appeared in the TELEGRAPH of the 7th inst. The circumstances of the case may demand this, though the necessity is not so apparent to us as it is to "A Medium." We entertain the opinion that the mediums for Spiritual Manifestations will, with respect to character, compare very favorably with other people, nor have we ever expressed any thing to the contrary in these columns. Indeed, only last week we wrote and published an article, over two columns in length, in which their claims, as a class, to public confidence, were vindicated against the unprincipled attacks of the Opposition, and their innocence and freedom from any dishonorable intention was most cordially sanctioned and boldly maintained. And yet "A Medium" finds it necessary to write "in their defense"—to 'vindicate their reputation from uncharitable aspersions'; and this seems not to be prompted by the attacks of the opposition, but our observations on Apocryphal Spirits appear to have created the supposed necessity for this defense. We did not so much as conjecture that our remarks could furnish the text or occasion for such a discourse. We certainly did not say that the medium in Worcester who, according to our correspondent, professed to render the unmeaning characters, was guilty of a deliberate fraud, or that he practiced deception at all. Our correspondent claimed a hearing in what was alleged to be a statement of facts; we granted the request—could we do less?—and our columns are now open to a refutation from the medium himself, who will find us ready to listen with patience, and at the same time disposed to be generous, perhaps to a fault.

Our brother who writes the accompanying letter suggests a hypothetical mode of accounting for the mistake of the medium at Worcester, which is certainly within the range of probabilities, and may, for aught we know to the contrary, involve the true solution. We shall be most happy to learn that the facts accord with his conjecture. We did not write to convict the medi-

um, but to caution those friends who, in the warmth and enthusiasm of their first love, expect too much—believing that spiritual communications must be always reliable, and that there can be no deception—and hence are often disappointed and led astray. We have the unpleasant assurance that this caution is not entirely out of place in certain quarters where it may be wholly disregarded. But we will here introduce our friend's letter.

AUGUST 19, 1862.

FRIEND BRITTON: From a perusal of several numbers of the TELEGRAPH, I have seen an evident intention, on the part of some correspondents, to charge "mediums" with much that I am satisfied is wholly unjust; and I propose, with your consent, to write an occasion may require, in their defense, so far as I may be able to vindicate their reputation from the uncharitable aspersions which may be heaped upon them. My experience has taught me, that people who seek communications from spirits, are no more honest and truth-loving than mediums are; and what conceivable motive any medium can have to deceive another, and pretend to be what they are not, is more than I can divine—especially in the present condition of unpopularity and scorn with which the subject of spiritualism is regarded. I will not say but what such persons may be deceived; but I think it is well to prove a medium guilty before rendering judgment against him. To be a medium, and sit for days and months and years, and impart gratuitously what may be communicated, and then receive the reproach and abuse of those who have absorbed your time and labor, is a requital which too often disgraces the character of the present generation. It may be very convenient to find fault with others, who act in a capacity to gratify you, but it is neither courteous nor decent to abuse them for their kind intentions, manifest in their sacrifice of time for others' good.

My attention is drawn to an article on "Apocryphal Spirits," which appeared in the TELEGRAPH of the 7th inst. The parties to the transaction are strangers to me, and hence I shall not be accused of partiality or favoritism. I shall not contend that "every efflux of pot-hooks is the work of spirits," but I shall contend that spirits "can make crooked lines," as well as straight lines. I am well satisfied that neither crooked nor straight lines are any evidence for or against their authorship. If there be "frauds" among the mediums, expose them, and spare the innocent the imputation which such accusations, of persons undistinguished by name, may subject them to.—But to the article.

A lady very secretly scratches on a piece of paper, and gets another to help her—both of whom are not mediums—and takes it to one reputed to be such. The medium supposes it is Hebrew, and goes into a clairvoyant condition to interpret it. He gets a communication, in which not the slightest allusion is made to the scratches or marks, crooked or straight, and is kind enough to give the solicitor the advantage thereof, accompany the same with a note that such was a correct translation. Did the communication say so? No, bet the medium said it. Now, I must confess, this is a new way to elicit truth. The medium supposed what he had no authority for supposing, perhaps, that he had actually got a "translation," when the fact was, he simply received a message of advice. On returning to his normal condition, he assures his deceiving friend, that such was the "unaltered and unamended" translation.

There are hundreds who know that in seeking for tests, they often get something very different from what they expect; and it certainly would not be a very easy thing for me to believe, that any person unacquainted with Hebrew, and not a medium also, would undertake to give a translation. I appeal to the reader of this article, and would ask the question, Would you do it? Would you, knowing yourself not to be a medium, sit and affect to pass into a clairvoyant state for the purpose of rendering a translation of characters which would assuredly expose you to detection? The medium must have known that others, if he could not, would be able to correct his almost certain errors, and I have never yet seen a medium base or foolish enough to submit to such an ordeal merely for the name which is sure to bring reproach and ridicule.

Now, admitting that the spirit had pronounced it Hebrew, or said that the communication was a correct translation, it would not follow that the medium was to blame, or an impostor. I hold that mediums are not responsible for what is said through them. And I further hold that persons seeking to get the truth, should never seek to deceive the medium, nor lead them to believe that "pot-hooks," made with their own hands, were made by spirits. It seems to me that, if the medium was a deceiver, he had other company in this transaction. And further, if persons are really as solicitous for testing the truth of the subject as they profess to be, I see not why so many are unwilling to become mediums themselves. The most satisfactory method I know of, is for every person to test themselves, and when they have done that, to the expulsion of all evil, there will be no necessity which will compel them to seek an investigation or exposure of another's reputation. I will not add more at this time. Yours truly, A MEDIUM.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.—So far as what is written above may relieve the medium from embarrassment, by inducing in others a charitable construction of the whole matter, our correspondent's suggestions are timely and will serve a beneficial purpose. Concerning his strictures on our previous remarks we have a few words yet to offer. He says, "If there be 'frauds' among the mediums, expose them, and spare the innocent the imputation which such accusations, of persons undistinguished by name, may subject them to." Now this is precisely what we have done; we have exposed the fact that frauds do exist, not to injure even those who practice those frauds, but to render our friends cautious in their investigations. But our correspondent complains that the innocent suffer under "the imputation." This is not apparent to us from a careful review of all that we have said. Even if there had been no special exception made in favor of "A Medium," we do not see how our language could have been interpreted to his injury. We are accustomed to think that the claims of the innocent are not likely to be impaired, but are quite sure

to be strengthened, by the exercise of that caution which prompts others to a deliberate investigation of their claims. Did Jesus implicate himself, and impench "all God's holy prophets since the world began," when he declared that "false Christs and false prophets" should 'arise and deceive many'? And who, among the true prophets, objected to this language, on the ground that the speaker did not "spare the innocent" from "the imputation which such accusations, of persons undistinguished by name, might subject them to"? Persons of acknowledged candor are accustomed to speak of pretenders in science, dishonest men in business, and hypocrites in religion; but men of profound erudition, of incorruptible integrity, and exalted virtue, seldom suspect that they are the parties intended.

It is true that the circumstances related by "M. W. T." furnished the occasion which called forth our remarks on Apocryphal Spirits, but the reader is referred to what we then said for the proof that our observations were intended to be general in their application. Moreover, it was not our object to accuse any one—much less the innocent—but to admonish believers against that unquestioning credulity which has subjected many confiding spirits to a most painful experience.

We deem it possible at least to conceive of motives which might prompt unscrupulous persons to set up a false claim to intercourse with spirits. Suppose a person of questionable veracity to be associated in various relations and pursuits with those who believe in Spiritual Manifestations; if he has a lust for wealth, and power, and fame, and is determined to exert a commanding influence among men, he may claim to be a medium for impression, or for involuntary writing or speaking, and how shall a too credulous person infallibly detect the hypocrisy of these pretensions? What if the questioner should ask for a test? the answer may come, "Do you not believe already, and will you grieve and insult the spirit by demanding a 'sign' when you are satisfied?" That would be quite sufficient in many cases. If the investigator possessed more reverence than reason he would yield the point, and accept the pretended medium's impressions as his rule of action. Possibly there may be several persons who are accustomed to receive impressions in this way, which marvelously correspond to their wishes, and the impressions may be obtained with remarkable facility whenever a point is to be achieved.

Again, a wayward child desires to obtain some object that the judgment of the parent may withhold. Knowing that the implicit faith of his earthly guardian, in spiritual impressions, renders him vulnerable at that point, he straightway has an impression; or, he feigns a spiritually-induced sleep and indulges in a rhapsody which has the effect to secure the parent's acquiescence. Have we not reason to apprehend that young persons, claiming to be mediums for Spiritual Manifestations, have thus been impressed that they must have new and costly dresses, neglect their duties to promenade in Broadway, go to the Opera, and, in short, do about as they pleased; and are there not some older people silly enough to sanction the divine origin of all this and much more? Such communications probably originate with those who claim to receive them. They much resemble a revelation that Sidney Rigdon once had. It was revealed to the Mormon apostle that "the faithful should contribute liberally to build a fine house" in which the said Sidney was to "live and translate." It was also written—we quote from memory—"I will, therefore, that my servant Sidney Rigdon live as seemeth to him good;" and of course it seemed good to Sidney to live in pretty good style.

We did intimate under the head of Apocryphal Spirits, very distinctly too, the existence of spurious exhibitions, and of false media who make the most arrogant pretensions. We are sorry that it is so, but our regret does not alter the fact. Beside, if we speak, we must utter our own convictions, and not those of another. In the instance referred to we certainly did not speak unadvisedly. On the contrary, what we did say, was elicited by a personal observation of facts—from what we do know rather than from something that "A Medium" can not conceive. If, in the conscientious discharge of our duty, we are thought to be unfriendly to the media, we ask them to read our leader in the last number of the TELEGRAPH, and, if they please, all that we have ever written concerning their claims. But if any one desires us to acknowledge that there are no false mediums in the country, or that those who are at times favored with the real manifestations can not by a possibility practice a deception, we have only to say that our own observations at once preclude the admission. Nor do we deem it the better way to respect the well-grounded claims of "A Medium" to neglect those distinctions which truth and justice demand, thereby confounding him, in the most certain manner, with persons who have no similar claims to our confidence and esteem.

But we have extended this article far beyond the utmost limit of our first purpose, and will now conclude. Hitherto many Clairvoyants and Spiritual Mediums have been greatly injured by the unwise flattery of their friends, and the au-

thority which the latter are prone to attach to whatever the former may say. In our judgment they are beset by no evil so dangerous, and against which it is so difficult to defend them, as this foolish adulation of admiring friends, which makes each medium the oracular disposer of all things within the circle to which he belongs. That persons who seriously question the spiritual origin of the Manifestations should adopt a course, in their investigations, which does not accord with our ideas of propriety, is very natural, and in a degree excusable; every one will adopt his own mode, and it is a point gained when they will investigate at all.

We are accustomed to consider, in our hours of retirement, what we have done, hoping that we may learn to act more wisely; but here, we have so much to say that we can not afford to stop often to discuss the propriety of what we have said. It should be observed that, the Editor of a public journal who realizes his responsibility, not merely to a class or party, but to society at large, may be impelled, by a paramount sense of duty, to say some things which he would prefer to leave unspoken. If our duties in this respect are not always as pleasant as we could desire, they must nevertheless be discharged, calmly, but fearlessly. We shall strive to act in good faith with all parties, not excepting the public.

Finally, let us not "be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations," lest we require "a thorn in the flesh" to subdue the feverish intensity and restlessness of our self-love. Brethren, think soberly, and "believe not every spirit, but try the spirits."

EXPERIMENTS AND EXPERIENCES.

BY D. J. MANDELL.

Epistle IV.

The "Rappings traced directly to the "Spirits."

DEAR BRO. IN SPIRITUAL FAITH:

Many minds have experienced much difficulty in realizing that "the sounds" are of spiritual origin. They see no apparent external cause for them—the noises are mysteriously produced and are diverse, wonderful, and intelligent in their character; but they have no evidence of the presence and influence of spirits in the matter, and they are still dissatisfied and mistrustful, although they can not, rationally, attribute the sounds to any other source than spirits. I early felt the force of this difficulty, and determined, by a somewhat peculiar experiment, to settle the point definitely in my own mind at least.

You will remember, that, in my last letter, I mentioned a promise which I had through the rappings at Springfield, that the spirits would communicate with me at Athol. The promise entire, was, that they would communicate with me through any clairvoyant.

Now, up to that period, such a thing as rappings through a clairvoyant, had never been known. Indeed, the sounds were then chiefly confined to the Fox family and some few other mediums who had very recently appeared, but who always operated "wide awake," with no other sense of a spiritual presence near them than what the sounds afforded. There was, however, in this place, a lady who had for a long time been magnetized by her husband for her health. This lady had passed through several stages in the development of the interior sight, till finally, she had become spiritually clairvoyant, and not only enjoyed a sense of the actual presence of her departed daughter and other deceased friends, but also saw, and described the features and appearance of those whom she had never known. I was, at the time, a stranger to her, and she was entirely unacquainted with my circle of relatives, dead or alive; she had never had the sounds, and I rightly judged that if the spirits would give me a promise of communicating with me by the rappings through her, and she could witness and describe their presence at the time the sounds were first produced, it would be a satisfactory evidence of the agency of spirits in producing the said sounds. It was with a view to this fact and these results that I proposed the question at Springfield, whether the spirits would communicate with me through any clairvoyant, and was answered in raps, that they would.

You may rest assured that I took an early opportunity, on my return home, to test this thing as I had proposed. The lady, under the influence of her husband's gentle manipulations, went quietly to sleep, and presently her perceptions began to unfold to the beautiful realities of the Spirit-world. I had not divulged my plan of proceeding to any one, and allowed her to go on with her usual description for some little time, without interruption. Then I inquired whether she saw any spirit that seemed interested in me, or related to me. She answered that there was; and, in reply to other queries, intimated that my father and grandfather (on my mother's side), were present. They were subsequently correctly described. I then asked if she could judge, by any token of assent or dissent which they gave, whether they were, or were not, intending to communicate

* Embraced in a Series of Letters on Spiritual Intercourse and Manifestations, addressed to HENRY H. HALL, Esq., of New-York.

with me by the raps. She replied, that such was their intention. I inquired whether those present were arranged as well as they might be, to obtain the sounds. She replied that we were too much disconnected. I then proposed the formation of a circle; and this being done, she informed me that my father was standing near me. "Will he communicate with us by rappings?" I inquired. She replied that he gave a motion indicative of assent. I then asked whether he would communicate with me there and at that time. She replied that she thought he would; so far as she could judge, it was his evident intention to do so. Almost immediately, sounds like the snapping of an electrical spark began to be heard upon the back of her chair; they increased in frequency, and after a few moments she exclaimed, "Oh! how they throng around us!" and almost immediately, the back of her chair was, as it were, covered with those quick electrical tappings. Those present called for responses from their deceased friends, and were invariably answered, though confusedly, the tappings coming thick and fast, as though the spirits were rejoiced at the opportunity of breaking through the barriers of flesh and sense, and holding audible intercourse with their friends.

At this point I proposed having a stand in the center of the circle, which proposition was seconded by the rappings, and as soon as the stand was placed, the sounds were transferred to it. Responses were made upon it to every person present, and obedient to a call from me, there was an evident attempt to rap "Hail Columbia." The sounds were very faint compared with those heard in connection with Miss Fox, but take it all in all, the experiments of the evening in question were the most satisfactory of any in which I had then been engaged. The visible presence of my departed friends, of which the clairvoyant lady was a witness; the signs of attention, which according to her, they evidently gave to my pronunciations of their names and to my questions—the promise they gave, in signs through her, of soon communicating audibly with me and the immediate fulfillment of that promise, all tend to invest the occasion with especial interest. The rappings coming so instantaneously after the promise made, in signs, through the clairvoyant, not only showed the reality of her clairvoyance, but also seemed to prove conclusively the spirituality of the sounds.

Since then, the lady in question, has become somewhat celebrated as a medium, and has proved herself to be one of the most reliable. Within a year she began to have the sounds in the natural or waking state, and they increased in their loudness greatly. She has also become a good tipping and writing medium, and a medium for impressions.

Shortly after I had succeeded in the above interesting experiment with the lady in question, I had an unexpected opportunity to try the same test over again with a lady from South Boston, who had attained spiritual clairvoyance, but never had been a medium for the sounds. She had a strong repugnance to the presence of spirits, but described with great accuracy and beauty the spiritual friends of even those who were strangers to her. It was at a public exhibition that I first experimented with her in reference to "the rappings." I soothed her repugnance to what appeared to be the presence of surrounding spirits, and almost instantaneously the sounds were heard, faintly falling, like pattering rain-drops, on the settee where we were sitting, and on the floor at her feet. Some interesting occasions which were immediately afterward enjoyed with both clairvoyant ladies in the circle, I subjoin, by way of a "finis" to this epistle. The first-mentioned lady, I call Mrs. C., the second, Mrs. N.

On the evening subsequent to my experiment with Mrs. N. as above described, she with Mrs. C. and a small circle of friends, assembled at my house for the purpose of ascertaining what we could do in the way of securing manifestations through both. Mrs. C. and Mrs. N. were accordingly put into the magnetic state, and the vision of both was unusually clear and distinct. Both sympathized in the enjoyment of the occasion, and each seemed to be made happy in the company of the other, and in witnessing the beauty and harmony, and realizing the communications of the Spirit-world. Mrs. N. was perfectly free from the repulsiveness which had previously characterized her, and seemed delighted with the ease and freedom which she felt in the presence of her departed kindred and acquaintances, and of others who introduced themselves to her notice. With her deceased sister, especially, she had a most delightful time; she conversed with her in mental questions and received answers, not only by mental impressions, but also in quick, audible responses, on the table. In the name of her deceased sister she requested us to sing a favorite hymn, sung by that sister just before her death:

"Jesus my all, to Heaven has gone."
This was sung and responded to by the spirit of the departed one, with every mark of satisfaction and applause. On a sudden both the

clairvoyant ladies cried out that the spirits were regaling them with the most delicious music, and they appeared filled with rapture, and exclaimed: "Don't you hear it. O! don't you hear it?" It was heard with more or less distinctness by those in the room. The sounds were as those of a harp, beautifully played, purporting to have been produced by the husband of a lady who was in his lifetime, as we are told, a distinguished musician.

Another sitting of a like character, was held the next evening, at the house of Mrs. C. with similar results. No musical sounds were produced from the spirit-land, but the same sweet hymn which was sung by the circle on the preceding evening, was again called for, and again sung, to the great gratification of the angel-forms which surrounded us, if we may judge from the responses that were made, and the tokens of delight described by the clairvoyants and participated in by them. They seized each others hand, rose from their seats, and seemed as though they could float from very happiness, with the buoyant celestials around them. We inquired of Mrs. N.'s sister whether Jesus was still her "all" in that better world, and received an emphatic affirmative, not only through the lips of Mrs. N., but also in the usual audible responses on the table. At this sitting Mrs. C. exhibited the perfection of her spiritual clairvoyance by giving the name of a spirit whom she introduced and described—the deceased brother of a gentleman present—of whose name she was, in her waking state, perfectly ignorant.

Thus, my friend, the spirits agreed with me to do what had not been done before, to give me the sounds through a clairvoyant. Thus they fulfilled their promise, first presenting themselves to the vision of the clairvoyant, and then giving the sounds. If this does not directly connect the Spirit-world with the mysterious operations which are now so prevalent, what can? At all events, if I am to be your friend, till the knee-joint doctors bring up more satisfactory evidence of their theory, I shall remain ever,
Yours cordially,
Athol, Mass. D. J. MANDELL.

SPIRIT-LAND

"The Spirit giveth life."

OUR DEPARTED FRIENDS.

BY MRS. SUSAN JEWETT.

They're near us when we heed them not—

The loved, the lost, the ever dear;
But not when we are bowed with grief
Are spirits of the blessed most near:
For when they burst their earthly chain,
They soared beyond the reach of pain.

Now, when in agony, we bow,
Or faint and tremble with alarm,
Or closer hug our wretchedness,
Than hopes which have a healing balm;
For groans of sorrow and unrest,
Rack not the spirits of the blessed.

To time, to earth, to sin, belong
The thousand ills that make us weep—
The cankering cares from which we long
To rest in death's unbroken sleep:
Despair and fear can never move
The souls that trust in perfect love.

And would it make the anguish less,
Or help us better to endure,
If souls, enfranchised from distress,
Still wept the ills they could not cure?
No; rather let our solace be,
Though we are fettered, they are free.

In love, in hope, in patient trust,
In aspiration pure and high,
In spirit-worship and in prayers,
That have no language but a sigh;
In earnest seeking after light,
In earnest striving for the right;

In every great and generous thought,
In every throbbing sympathy,
Our hearts are drawn more near to heaven,
Where live the friends we long to see;
And closer bonds our souls entwine,
Of love, renewed by life divine.

Then seek them not 'mid clouds and gloom,
Or tears that dim the feeble light;
But strive, though with a faltering wing,
To follow in their path of light;
Grief is of time, but hope a joy,
Nor time nor death can e'er destroy.

Then faint not in the "march of life,"
Nor hang thy drooping eyelids more,
'Tis hope, 'tis faith, 'tis trust in God,
That will the lost again restore;
Would we with them in union blend,
Our souls must rise, while theirs descend.

Manifestations at Manchester.

We are personally acquainted with some of the parties in whose presence the Manifestations, recorded below, occurred, and their intellectual, moral and social character is such as to give them a high position in the community. The Manifestations at Manchester have generally been of a most convincing and exalted character, which is doubtless attributable to the mutual confidence, and the beautiful harmony, which, like a charmed atmosphere, surrounds the friends in that place.

EDITOR.

To the Editor of the Hartford Times:

I wish to give a brief account of what I recently saw and felt in the presence of one of the media for the transmission of sounds, commonly known as "Spiritual knockings" or communications. As the bare mention of this subject is apt to produce a whiff of

impatience contempt among the majority of people—who apparently prefer derision to investigation—I will only allude, at this time, to a few occurrences which I would like to have explained either on magnetic or "odlic" principles. I say this, because it is now very generally conceded by all parties that many of the most singular of these manifestations are not produced by trickery. If this is the case—and few candid men at this day will deny it—it follows, as a corollary, that they must be explained by one of two things—either they are the strange product of some occult principle of the human organism, with which we have yet to form even the basis of an intelligent acquaintance, or they are what they purport to be—the manifestations of an existence beyond the grave of those we have known and loved on earth. Either they are blind illustrations of a force in the human body, the very existence of which has hitherto been unsuspected, and which we now crudely designate by the several names of "Magnetism," "Biology," (a Yankee provincialism,) or "Odlic force," (Baron Reichenbach's mud-and-water-discovery)—or they are, as they claim to be, spiritual in their nature and origin. If the former, they have deceived and are now humbugging those who are engaged in an investigation of this general subject, by producing the most complete self-deception. The victim himself originates the intelligent answer to his mental question, which is to be forthwith rapped out on the table, in the innermost recesses of his own brain!—and, stranger still, of this self-origin of the responses he is profoundly unconscious! The idea has its secret birth within the mystic convolutions of the human brain—the electric thought is transmitted through the subtle nerves with a celerity of action that far transcends the operations of the magnetic telegraph—and the correct response to his silent question is instantaneously given in the vibrations on the resonant table! He hears the sounds—they spell out the true answer—and he marvels greatly and rejoices exceedingly in the new-born idea that he can still hold converse with the dear ones who have gone before.

All this, say a large and intelligent class of our citizens, is a melancholy illustration of the innate proclivity of mankind to gullibility—a hankering after the marvelous. If those persons, who are so eager to huddle around a table, with the absurd expectation that they are to get communications from the departed "spirits" by the trivial, discreditable and belittling instrumentality of raps, "tippings" of the table, etc., etc., would only look at the subject calmly and rationally, they would see the monstrous and ridiculous character of such a belief; and a closer analysis of the subject would teach them that magnetism alone is the mysterious agent in the premises which produces the results at which they gaze and wonder.

Well—perhaps there is something in this—but it will depend, however, entirely upon the disposition of the question, *How can magnetism (or odlic force) accomplish such things as are everywhere occurring?* How, for instance, can such a physical principle produce such occurrences as I am about to relate? Let us see.

On the 8th instant, in company with three gentlemen from this city, the writer paid a visit to Ward Cheney, Esq., residing in Manchester, Conn., at whose house a good medium—Mr. Daniel D. Hume—was temporarily stopping. After a formal introduction by one of our party, who was acquainted with Mr. C., we entered into social and pleasant conversation, and a proposition was soon made by one of us to try our luck in getting spiritual communications. A circle was accordingly formed, with Mr. Hume as a member, and the well-known vibrations on the table were soon forthcoming—loud and distinct. One of my friends had never seen anything of the kind, and he accordingly looked under the table to make sure that no one touched it. Answers of a personal character were given very freely—such as tests of identity, (the medium being a total stranger to both parties,) messages of a joyful import, &c., &c. The medium was then—apparently—thrown into a spiritually magnetic state, discovering great rigidity of muscle and the ordinary phenomena of the psycho-magnetic condition, including a magnetic locking of the jaws, in which an iron-like hardness of the muscles was apparent. He then spelled out—with his eyes closely bandaged—some remarkable and interesting messages to one or two of the company—the personal nature of which precludes their publication, but which were declared by those interested to be perfect tests. He did this by pointing, with almost incredible rapidity, to the different letters of an alphabet, arranged on a 7-by-9 card, and thus spelling out the necessary words. A rapid writer had difficulty in keeping up with him, and when a word or a sentence was partially finished, a suggestion from any of the company as to what was intended to be spelled, would, if correct, be answered by eager and vehement rappings in various parts of the table. Among others—all remarkable—came a message from two sailors lost at sea, relatives of one of the company—a stranger to most of those present. These spirits announced themselves, somewhat unexpectedly, by canting over the solid and ponderous table, and rolling it in the manner of a vessel in a violent tempest. Accompanying this demonstration came a violent creaking as of the cables of a ship when strained in a gale—then came the loud sound of a prolonged wailing, shrieking blast of wind, precisely such a noise as the wind makes in the rigging of a ship in a storm at sea—and the creaking of the timbers and masts as the vessel surged to one side or the other, was distinctly heard by all. Next came the regular sullen shocks of the waves as they struck the bows of the doomed vessel. All this time the table kept up the rocking motion. And now the large table was capsized on the floor! All this was done with no one touching the table, as a close and constant scrutiny was kept up by two, at least, of our party. These two sailors—whose names and ages were given—it seems lost their lives by the capsizing of a vessel, as represented, although this fact, I have the best of reasons for knowing, was not previously known to the medium or the company!

Demonstrations now increased in force and number, but I am already exceeding my prescribed limits in this letter, and will narrate but a few. What I want is, to have somebody explain these things—if they can—independently of a spiritual agency.

The table was actually lifted up from the floor, without the application of a human hand or foot. A table weighing, I should judge, one hundred pounds, was lifted up a foot from the floor, the legs touching nothing. I jumped upon it, and it came up again! It then commenced rocking without however allowing me to slide off, although it canted at least to an angle of forty-five degrees. Finally, an almost perpendicular

inclination slid me off, and another of the company tried it, with the same results. These things all happened in a room which was light enough to allow of our seeing under and over and all around the table, which was touched by no one except two persons who, respectively, got upon it to keep it down!

We went into a darkened room to see the spiritual flashes of light, said to have been vouchsafed to some investigators. Instead of this, we were greeted with tremendous rappings all about us. Some of the blows on the walls, floor and tables, within three inches of myself, were astounding! I could hardly produce such violent demonstrations with my fist, though I were to strike with all my might. The very walls shook. Answers to questions were given by convulsions of varying force and intonation, according to the character of the spirits communicating. A favorite little daughter of one of the gentlemen present—a stranger from a remote State—who had left the earth in the fourth year of her age, announced her presence by a thick-pattering rain of eager and joyful little raps; and in answer to an inward request of her father, she laid her baby-hand upon his forehead! This was a man who was not a believer in these things—he had never before seen them—but he could not mistake the thrilling feeling of that spirit-touch. I also had a similar manifestation, in the character of which I am not deceived.

Suddenly, and without any expectation on the part of the company, the medium, Mr. Hume, was taken up in the air! I had hold of his hand at the time, and I felt of his feet—they were lifted a foot from the floor! He palpitated from head to foot with the contending emotions of joy and fear which choked his utterance. Again and again he was taken from the floor, and the third time he was carried to the lofty ceiling of the apartment, with which his hands and head came in gentle contact. I felt the distance from the soles of his boots to the floor and it was nearly three feet! Others touched his feet to satisfy themselves.

This statement can be substantiated, if necessary. I omitted to state that these latter demonstrations were made in response to a request of mine that the spirits would give us something that would satisfy every one in the room of their presence. The medium was much astonished, and more alarmed than any of the rest, who, I may add, took the matter calmly, though they were intensely interested.

The company present know there was no trickery employed on this occasion. The question then is—How can magnetism produce these manifestations? To me the idea is more preposterous—and far less pleasant—than the spiritual solution of the matter.

The Spirit of Father Miller.

"Coming events cast their shadows before!"

FRIEND BRITTON: I send you parts of five communications, received, within a few days past, from WILLIAM MILLER, through a medium in this city. How natural, that the wonderful events now taking place, should have impressed themselves upon his spiritual mind, years before they were to burst upon the world, though the dim eye of the prophet could read in them, only a *lateral* purification of the earth, by fire from heaven! It is ever so: each great change is foreshadowed in the soul of some one of God's holy Seers, and though the vision be not distinct enough to his ken that he shall say *what it is*, yet shall he lift up a voice—"Lo, it is coming! I see it, be ye ready!" Revolutions never go backward; but forward, ever, are their thickening shadows flung!

I send the communications, in the same quaint, direct, personal style, in which they were written—how characteristic of the author, I am unable to say, as I never heard, nor even read him. Nor, as will be seen, has the medium ever done either. Much that I copy, is addressed directly to his followers, though he turns from them to the medium or others, at pleasure, and uses either the singular or plural form of speech, indiscriminately. But let him proceed: J. T.

"My Young Friend—You are surprised, as you trace my name on paper, for you have never thought of me as an inhabitant of the Spirit-world, but so it is. I know why I am attracted to you, but you need not know now. When on earth, I was looked upon by many, as a weak, misguided old man, and it was truly so, in part; and yet, in my own soul I had the consciousness that a change, great and lasting, was to take place on the earth you now inhabit. I studied, read, and labored, until reason tottered on its throne; I honestly believed what I preached, for I could not rid myself of the consciousness of a change, such as the world had never witnessed; and, my young friend, that change I predicted when on earth, is coming—it has even now commenced, although not in the manner I thought, nor yet is the Christian millennium, so long predicted; and yet in this new, glorious truth, will both the Prophecies be fulfilled, and God glorified, in his own chosen way. I labored hard for the good of my fellow-men, and God has rewarded me, not according to my weakness and error—for I erred in many things—but according to his own loving-kindness, and for the motive that moved my honest, truthful heart. God looketh on the heart. Would that I could speak to my followers on earth, and lead them in this bright and glorious way—but they will yet come. Yes, those that men look up to in the ministry (not the low and ignorant,)—those that stand on the highest pinnacle of fame; those that men dare not assail—shall, ere long, come forth, firm and unchangeable in this truth and light, and men will look on and wonder, but dare not oppose. For there are those, that being convinced, dare to speak the truth revealed to them, if none stand by to support them. The spirits' silent influence is at work in the hearts of men, and their still small voice must be heard, for truth will overcome error, for the heart of man is not all evil. The love of money, power, and influence, chains many a tongue in silence, that would otherwise gladly speak forth in tones of deep, heartfelt joy of this holy truth; but the chain will soon be broken—link by link is giving way—and then men will dare to speak the words of truth, that well up from an overflowing heart. Even now, in an unguarded moment, the heart will overflow, and words of truth be spoken, against the power and will of man to stay their utterance; they may smooth it over as they will, the words of truth have been spoken, and ye can not stay their power nor kill their mighty influence; and that shall teach the close observer, that the seed of truth is planted in the heart, and in due time will spring forth a living tree. Ye know not how widely this truth is spreading; it is like a smothered fire—the wind of opposition shall blow upon it, and it will burst forth in all its strength and beauty, driving before it preju-

dices, faith, everything—all opposed to it shall it overcome, for God hath spoken it. His will must be obeyed; joy, peace, and harmony shall fill the whole world; then shall man trust in man, and fear no evil, for truth shall reign in the hearts of all. All men shall be as brothers, of one happy, united family, and God their Father. You think it too rich a blessing to be bestowed upon man, to be able to converse with the pure and holy spirits of the other world—is anything that shall elevate you, and make you holier and better, too good for your Heavenly Father to bestow on the children of his love? Would you bring God down to your own estimate of goodness? Then would you make him an imperfect God, and that can never be. You do not yet know the God you think you love so well, you have not the faintest idea of his love to men, his watchful care over them at all times. You have often read—His eye never slumbers nor sleeps; and yet you have never realized its truth. His blessings are showered so freely and constantly upon you, that you receive them coldly, without hardly a thought of the source whence they come, but you rather murmur, if one wished for blessing is denied you. Is not the world filled with selfishness? It is, now, but shall yet be purified, and goodness and truth shall prevail, and harmonize all hearts. In days to come, my friend, I will speak to you again, for truth, and only truth, cometh from the Spirit-land. God's blessing rest on thy head, forevermore!"

Two days after.

I have spoken to you before, and now I come to you again. Various comments have been made on the communication I wrote a few days ago—some have thought it so like the old man—others have turned in silent contempt from it—and you did not think much of it, nor of writing from me; but I tell you, my young friend, if that communication should be given to the world, and those that read it, know that you never listened to my voice when on earth, (for so it is,) they would say in their hearts, although they might not give utterance to these words—That could proceed from no source but the spirit of William Miller; no one that never listened to his earthly voice could imitate him so well, its beauty is its truth! My friend, you feel that you are writing from one that you never respected on earth; if this influence come not from a higher than earthly power, would you thus write? I come to you, and you write, for the influence you can not well resist, and it is well. Many followed my precepts when on earth, and from my Spirit-home, I would speak to them, and tell them of a more glorious truth; and it is not now the weak, imbecile old man that speaks—it is the happy, glorified, redeemed spirit that would now guide them—and I speak not in vain; many shall hear, believe, and rejoice in, this glorious truth. There was much of error in the doctrine I preached when on earth, but from my heart I believed it to be truth; but I have passed the gate of death, and I now speak what I do know; will you not listen? Our Heavenly Father has permitted his holy and pure spirits to come from their bright, glorious home in the Spirit-land, with glad tidings of great joy to the children of earth. The friends they loved and left behind are not forgotten; they come to tell you of their own bright home, and the love of God—to tell you that home is prepared for every creature that God hath made in his own likeness. He will not make one happy, folded in his own loving arms, and another miserable, shut out from his presence and love. God can not be perfect, and yet show anger to his own children. This glorious truth shall shed light and peace abroad over the whole earth, and men shall know the true character of God, and rejoice in his love, and his goodness shall overcome the evil passions of men, and thus shall my prediction be fulfilled, for the evil of the world shall be destroyed, and man purified. I tell you, the truth was revealed to my soul, but in my teachings I erred, for in my weakness I could not read the unfoldings of God's great truth aright—the human mind could not comprehend it, for it was not prepared for it. Many have laughed at my weakness, and as the time passed that I had held up to them, as the time for the earth to be purified, many I had thought firm friends became my bitterest opposers; but I chide them not, I would give them a few words of counsel and advice. Ye have listened to my words in days past; I have passed into the world that you have yet to enter; forget the faults and errors of my life, for they are of earth, and affect me not in what I have spoken to-day. I taught much when on earth that was true, but error clustered thickly around it; let it be valued only as a memento of an erring mortal like yourselves, for such it is: but, my friends, the words I have spoken through this medium, proceed not from human lips, nor any earthly source; they are indeed what they purport to be—the teachings of a spirit, from the Spirit-land! I chose for my medium one that had never listened to my voice on earth—one that followed not after every new thing, but one who was firm and steadfast in the faith taught in her childhood—one who gave her heart to God in the morning of life, and publicly professed that faith before the world—such do the spirits seek as their chosen mediums. Those that love God and their fellow-men, the spirits delight to visit; the pure and good of earth attract the spirits from their bright, glorious home, for we seek to make them holier and better. Listen not, my friends, to those that tell you we draw you from God and all that's good—can God lead any into evil? Then his angels can not. Our presence and influence tend to make all better, holier, and happier. Investigate this truth, and know for yourselves, for only by experience can you know its beauty, harmony, and goodness. Seek and ye shall find, let your hearts be filled with love to God, and love to man."

F.

The next day.

"Thou hast not entered this, to thee, new way, for the sake of ease and pleasure, for more opposition hast thou endured for this truth, than thou hast ever known before, and yet thou canst not give it up—does not that prove to thee its source? Do not its very purity, love, and holiness, prove its heavenly origin? Hast thou, in all thy reading, met aught like the converse of the spirits? No, never. There is not love enough in earth, to fill the heart, as the spirits' love has filled the hearts of those to whom they speak—their love is purer, holier far, than earth can ever know. Many will condemn this truth without investigating it, and say it is all falsehood and deception; that it leads its followers from all that is good and holy—breaks every tie that binds man to man, and takes from them every restraint that should check them in their evil course. Is it so? Can ye associate with the pure, holy spirits, and yet rush into every evil? Rather, does not their presence check, and improve ye all, when ye err—and take from the heart the love of sin, and win you by love stronger than

words can express, to holiness, to God, to Heaven? Would ye trust that man who was kept from sin, only by the fear of hell—eternal punishment? Rather would I trust myself to the spark of mercy I might find in the lion's savage nature! Do not let opposition discourage thee, come in what form it will. In my life, I had to contend with opposition in every form, but, unmoved from my great purpose, I still kept on, until called to the Spirit-land, and though much of error was in my belief, God has ordered it for good, and many will now listen to my voice from the Spirit-land, that no other voice could reach, and thus will good come out of evil. I can now reach the hearts of my earthly followers, and win many of them to this truth, more glorious than my mind could have comprehended when on earth. Will not ye on earth who once listened to my teachings and followed them, listen to me now, and be guided by me, as I come to you from the bright home in the Spirit-land. I err not now, for earthly infirmities leave us, as we leave the frail, perishing body behind. Will ye not, my friends, put thy hand to this glorious work, and help to purify the earth, not by fire, as I have told you in days past, but by love—yes, love to God and thy fellow-men? Have charity for all—draw them to this truth by words and deeds of love, that ye may help on the great day ye have so long looked and waited for. Put thy hand and heart to the work, and God will open the way, and bless thy feeble efforts. Why will ye stand idly waiting for God to work alone? He calls thee, what answer, my brothers and sisters, shall my waiting spirit bear to thy Heavenly Father's mansion? Pause in thy course, and consider thy way; thou art deciding for eternity, thy decision will affect thy progress after thou dost enter the Spirit-land. Think well, again I say, ere thou dost decide. I speak the words of truth to ye all, it is for you to choose. If ye will blindly follow the teachings of a weak, broken-down old man on earth, will ye not follow his directions when he comes to you from the Spirit-land, freed and redeemed from the infirmities of earth? Ye say, when ye listened to my voice on earth, ye knew who uttered the words, but ye know not from whence this cometh. If ye believed me when on earth, will ye for a moment cherish the thought that the redeemed spirit of William Miller would deceive, or lead astray, his loved earthly followers? If so, then ye are not true to the faith I preached to you; ye can not be my true followers, if ye forsake me after I have entered the bright Spirit-land prepared for ye all. I have spoken to you, and ye have heard my voice, and to thy God art thou answerable for the manner in which ye receive my words. Seek for yourselves, and know from whence this voice cometh. Are they words of truth, or falsehood? Judge ye. God hath given thee understanding, use it in searching the truth of God revealed by his ministering spirits. Be not wise in your own conceit. Light and truth shall be given to those that humbly seek. Give pride no place in thy heart, for the spirits seek the humble, pure, and truthful. See to it that ye keep your hearts free from sin and earthly grossness, for that repels the pure spirits that would love to come and hold converse with thee; they can not mingle with the vile and depraved of earth, nor come to the sensual and debased."

And the next day.

"Marvel not, wonder not, that the spirits of departed ones return to earth. Is there not much, think you, to draw them back? We see how erroneous were our ideas of God, Heaven, and all the teachings with regard to the future destiny of the immortal soul, and our Heavenly Father in his wise providence, has permitted the freed, glorified spirits to return, and tell those we left behind, this glorious truth, for, coming from those ye loved on earth, hath it not greater power? God bids us speak to the children of his love on earth; a few loving, faithful, true hearts, listen to our deep, holy messages of truth, and kindly welcome the angels of God to their heart, and find peace and happiness they never knew before. When ye turn to this truth, then have ye found the true religion of the heart—a living faith. Think not, my friends, that I prophesy to ye now; I speak that I do know, for I have passed the gate of death, and my soul has experienced the truth of what I have spoken, and will yet speak; for though ye said, when I passed from earth, my voice was hushed in death—that never more would ye listen to it—that my wisdom and folly together were silenced in the grave, forever—not so shall it be; I speak as I never spake on earth, for then was my wisdom foolishness to what I now speak, for God speaketh through me. When this truth shall fall, then shall God and all that is created come to naught, for this truth can perish only with him who called it into being. So live on earth, that nothing shall retard thee, but may thy course be ever onward and upward, for thus has God directed thee: do thou His holy will in all things, let not the fear of the laugh, ridicule, scorn, nor neglect of the world, keep any back from embracing this truth; investigate it, and know for yourselves—why will ye oppose it—what will avail ye, think ye thus to do? It is God's truth, and think ye a weak, puny mortal can destroy a truth God has established? Ye are but fighting against the wind, and contending with the air ye breathe. The spirits are even now around ye—will ye not, my friends, open your hearts, and receive them with a loving, gentle welcome? They come not to thee bearing tidings of God's wrath, and eternal hate to his own dear children; no, never, never thus will God send his ministering spirits to earth's weak, erring ones—but love, deep, pure, holy, heavenly love, shall breathe in gentle tones in every message that cometh from the Spirit-land, for God is Love, and love shall win thee, my brothers and sisters, to our own bright, happy band. We will draw the cords of our angel love so gently around ye all, that ye can not oppose us, for our love is stronger and purer than earthly love can ever be. We come to win thee to the Spirit-land, not to frighten thee to it by the terrors of future ill; not thus do the spirits come to those that parted with in sorrow—wilt thou receive and welcome the angel-love to thy own pure, loving heart? An angel hand awaits thy answer. What shall I bear to them?"

The remaining communication is unavoidably crowded out for this week.

Conference Meetings in Sixteenth-street.

The friends of Spiritualism have been holding a series of weekly meetings at the Lecture Room, No. 140 West Sixteenth-st., between Seventh and Eighth avenues. The sessions of this Conference, which are open to the public, occur on each succeeding Tuesday evening, and the time is chiefly occupied in narrating the essential facts of Spiritual Manifestations, and the general experience of those engaged in the investigation. The next meeting will occur on the 24th inst.

NINE YEARS OF THE FUTURE.

From the Mirror's (Pa.) Journal. Mr. Elias Schindler, of this place, translates for us the annual singular Prophecy, from the German— he introduces it with the following explanations:

The article below is a translation of a small German pamphlet, several copies of which were in the hands of a number of persons in Pottsville before the Revolution of 1848 broke out in France. No importance was attached to this prediction at the time, and the pamphlet was thrown aside as unworthy of notice; but since it has, in many things, become so remarkably verified, I can withhold its publication no longer. It was made on Christmas, in 1847, by Margaretha Stoffel, of Ehrenthal in Tyrol. The whole is to be fulfilled between 1847 and 1856. It was refused to writing by Edward Braun, physician of the royal imperial Austrian Court of Justice. Its publication was, however, suppressed in Austria, but circulated in Switzerland, where it was read by Dr. Huber's lady, who now lives in this place. Afterward it was published in Philadelphia by L. A. Wolfenweber, who informs me, in answer to a letter addressed to him, that he received a copy of the pamphlet from Germany in the month of February, 1848. This gentleman's evidence, and that of several persons in Pottsville, who declare that they read it before the French revolution was heard of here, is ample proof that the prediction was made just at the very time when all men thought that the thrones of Europe were most strongly fortified, and when no revolution was thought of.

The year 1847 is past—a year which produced many a tear, and in which many a fountain of tears was also dried up, and many an unbelieving heart was taught to look up to Him who turneth the hearts of men as the rivers of the earth.

The barns have been filled, the easks are full of sweet wine, and the heart of man rejoiceth; but repent, for the night cometh when no man can work. In eastern Asia pestilence and epidemic disease will break out again, and sweep away many who have not even any expectation of their coming.

Soon the cholera will rage in Europe, and more destructively than ever. And there will be no want of signs in the heavens at this time, calling, as the Holy Scriptures declare, men to repentance.

The superstitious, in the impotency of their hearts, will lose all courage, and utter cries through fears of the world's approaching end; but the end is not yet. Great changes will take place up to the commencement of the year 1850, and many a mortal will be swept away through war and pestilence, even when he least expects it.

A great revolution will break out in France. The King and his family will be driven out of their country, and a war will commence against the nobles and the wealthy; their palaces will be burned, and their wealth will be sufficient to protect them no more. Many capitalists will leave France, where an attempt will be made to destroy the power of money, by declaring all usury abolished. The Jews shall also suffer much at this time; and the wealthiest one among them will become a victim of the enraged multitude. There will arise a governing power of the working-class; but, after a short continuance it will, however, disappear, and in the midst of war with foreign powers. Then a conservative party will reach the summit of power in the country, under whose direction France will again recover, but only after bloody confusion. From thenceforth there will be no Kings in France, but a certain Prince will, at this time, make yet another attempt to erect for himself a throne; he shall, however, atone bitterly for his foolish undertaking, and will lose his life thereby.

Belgium will unite itself with France, and, in other respects, will share the same fate with it. Spain and Portugal will be rent and distracted by bloody civil wars; one party will succeed another in the government, and each one will act more violently than the preceding. There will remain no traces whatever either of law or order, and sorrowful mourning will prevail throughout the entire land. Then, a man, gifted with intellectual powers, such as are but very rarely bestowed upon one person, will come suddenly upon the arena of life and give again unto these distracted people the blessings of peace; the parties will compose themselves—the names of Portugal and Spain will disappear, and the States, united under the name of "Pyrenean Republic," will become great and powerful, both on land and sea.

In Great Britain the distress of the working classes will increase continually more and more. The raging European wars, causing all commerce to cease, will give a severe blow to English industry, and bring the multitude to the lowest depths of despair. Their rage will turn itself against the manufacturing proprietors, whose establishments they will demolish and burn to the ground. Many thousands of half-starved men will cross over from Ireland, in order to take part in this work of destruction. Through these commotions Great Britain, the world-mistress of commerce, will receive a shock from which she will never recover. Her great possessions in America and Asia she will lose, and which will declare themselves independent; her fleets will be annihilated in a great sea-fight, and after many vicissitudes, foreign wars, and domestic revolutions, she will again become tranquil, but will not be any more powerful than other nations. Royalty will be abolished—later, however, than in the other European States.

In the midst of all these storms and revolutions, Switzerland will rejoice in an undisturbed rest. She will increase powerfully under a new Constitution; and, after a short political agitation, commerce and industry will develop themselves within her more than ever. While all those States surrounding her will be at the mercy of political and social revolutions, she will be an asylum for all exiled refugees. Many of those who were formerly her enemies, and invoked evil upon her, will consider themselves fortunate to have found a refuge there. The cities of Switzerland will swarm with refugees; kings and princes will feel themselves happy to have found, in the bosom of the oldest republic of the world, a place where they can enjoy the repose of sleep without fear and trembling.

A great revolution of affairs will also occur in Italy. An unusual storm will pass over the land, before which the Austrians will disappear like chaff. Then the different States of Italy will unite themselves into one great nation, and Rome will become the capital

of the Italian Republic; for here, also, prisons will exist no more. At this time, the Christian Religion will have to contend much against Atheism; now will pronounce it a warm-as-things, and sink in a Divine Savine will deny, as it were. Finally, however, a new defender of God's honor will appear, and the worldly power of the Pope will be destroyed forever, and the reality Christian Church rise in influence and power. The Pope will be pensioned, and none shall exist after him.

At about the same time, Greece will be greatly pressed by the Turks. Asiatic and African borders will pour themselves over its boundaries, and murder and burning will mark their path. The king will despair of every relief, lay down his crown and leave the people to their fate. But another people, coming in ships from the West, will bring help to the Greeks; and with the assistance of this magnanimous people, the Greeks will triumph over the barbarous Turks. They will then cause the Ottoman dominion to cease in Europe and drive the Turks back into Asia. Constantinople will, however, become the capital of Greece.

Germany will be the scene of the most fearful events. A destructive war will rage from one end of the land to the other, until, at length, the triumph of being inhabitants of a Free German Fatherland will be secured to the long oppressed people of Germany. Nations living far in Asia will be called forth by a German monarch to assist him, and then a great slaughter will commence, in which neither women nor children, young nor old, will be spared. Other nations, from the West and South will then rise up, and draw near to fight these barbarous hordes; and, in a terrible battle on the banks of a large stream, the Asiatic multitude will be vanquished, and only a few of them escape entire destruction. A large German city, like unto the once mighty Babylon, will be burnt to the ground; upon the place where it stood, men will scatter salt, and no living being will live there any more. The thrones of the powerful will break into pieces, their crowns will be achieved into splinters, and their purple robes will be rent to pieces, and after the thundering sounds of war and strife have died away, the sun of peace will shine once more, and all nations of German tongues will be united under one republican constitution, happier and more powerful than ever before. Poland will also rise again, and its growth will be more formidable than that of any other nation. The Vistula, stained with the blood of Poland's oppressors, will flow for many days like a stream of blood towards the Baltic, and east over its banks dead bodies enough to fatten all the ravens of the world during a space of one hundred years.

Similar events will occur in Hungary where the bondman will avenge himself terribly upon his oppressor. A person of humble birth will arise and cry out aloud, saying, "Woe unto him who is against me, for in my hands I carry the sword of justice. Come unto me little ones, ye weak and forsaken ones, for for justice shall be awarded to you." And upon this great fear and trembling shall take place among the wealthy and powerful, the haughty and proud ones, and before the cock shall have crowed the third time, they will disappear, and if it be asked where are they? no one will be able to answer.

The Kings of Denmark, Sweden and Norway will lay down their crowns voluntarily, and thus guard their lands against the storms which will visit all the rest of Europe at that time. These kindred nations will unite themselves into one brotherhood, without any acts of violence, under the title of Scandinavian Republic, they will assist in hastening the overthrow of the Russian Emperor. For, about this time, all nations will rise up against the Czar of Russia. Thousands and thousands of combatants will advance toward the North, where the Czar will have brought together his Asiatic hordes for the purpose of once inundating Europe. Upon a plain, from whose center the eye can see no limit to it, these combatants will rush upon one another, and their bloody slaughter will continue for the space of eight days, when the nations of Europe will, at last, come off victorious. It will be the greatest battle ever fought, and also the last, for then the Kingdom of God will commence upon the earth. But the Kingdom of God is the Kingdom of Love and Justice, and in the name of both these Virtues, all Nations of the Earth will bind themselves in one Brotherhood.

Men will no more ask one another, whom art thou? and whence comest thou? but will love one another as brothers, and none will regard himself better than another, nor wiser nor greater than his neighbor. Many false apostles will arise and disseminate doctrines that are an abomination to the Lord. Then a woman will arise who shall preach the true religion, and all nations will be converted unto the doctrines of this new message of God, for she will proclaim the religion of Love, Liberty, and Justice, which alone can bring salvation, and through which also the kingdom of eternal felicity will be introduced. The favor of heaven will again descend upon men—years of plenty will succeed, and as love will reign upon men, so will nature also shower its bounties upon them. A harvest will take place which has never been like it before. The potatoe will no more suffer from disease, and the grape will be so abundant that the poorest will have plenty thereof.

Great discoveries will be made in the department of Mechanics, through which the slavish burden of labor will be much diminished. Neither will these improvements and inventions bring any calamities and disadvantages to the laborers; and, instead of being the property of a few, their influence will be felt by the mass, and no hatred and misunderstanding will exist among any classes. Being united by love in one faith, they will worship one Lord, who, out of goodness and mercy, will no more withdraw the light of his countenance from men.

Forest Funeral. She was fair, with tresses of long black hair lying over her pillow. Her eye was dark and piercing, and as it met mine she started slightly, but looking up she smiled. I spoke to her father, and then turning to her, asked if she knew her condition.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she, in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest strains of the wolian. You may imagine the answer startled me, and with a few lines of the like import, I turned from her. A half hour passed, and she spoke in the same deep, rich melodious voice.

"Father, I am cold; lie down beside me," and the old man laid down by his dying child, and she twined her arms around his neck, and murmured, in a dreamy voice, "dear father, dear father!"

"My child," said the old man, "doth the flood seem deep to thee?" "Nay, father, my soul is strong."

"Sweet thus the thither shore?" "I see it, father, and its banks are green with immortal verdure."

"Hearst not thou the voice of its inhabitants?" "I hear them, father; the voice of angels calling from afar in the still and solemn night-time, and they call me. Her voice, father—O, I heard it then!" "Does she speak to thee?" "She speaks in tones most heavenly."

"Does she smile?" "An angel—but a cold, calm smile—but I am cold, cold! Father, there is a mist in the room. You'll be lonely. Is this death, father?" "It is death, my Mary."

"Thank God!" Sabbath evening came, and a slow procession wound through the forest to the little school-house. There, with simple rites, the clergyman performed his duty, and went to the grave. The procession was short. There were hardy men and rough, in shooting-jackets, and some with rifles on their shoulders. But their warm hearts gave beauty to their unshaven faces, and they stood in reverent silence by the grave. The river murmured, the birds sang, and so we buried her.

I saw the sun go down from the same spot, and stars were bright before I left, for I always had an idea a graveyard was the nearest to heaven of any place on earth; and with old Thomas Brown, I love to see a church in a graveyard, for even as we pass through the place of God on earth, so we must pass the temple of God on high.—V. O. Picaune.

The Grave of Charlotte Temple.

During an evening walk recently enjoyed in company with one of our "oldest inhabitants," we casually entered Trinity churchyard, beyond whose aristocratic threshold plebeian feet are yet sometimes suffered to intrude, and were shown the spot where repose the remains of the celebrated unfortunate, Charlotte Temple, whose melancholy history was, in our boyhood, the most popular romance of the day. What a lasting impression has that affecting story left upon many a young mind? And, in looking upon her quiet grave, how vividly came before us the trusting confidence of the ardent girl, uneducated in the world's perfidy, when she eloped from the roof and protection of kind and idolizing parents, deluded by the flattery of the false, yet repentant Montraville. How shadowed in the black mantle treachery and sin rise up the evil ghosts of Belcour and Mademoiselle La Rue; and the subdued picture of the heart-broken father, when he arrived from his once happy home in Europe, just in time to perform the last sad ceremonies of his betrayed and murdered offspring—murdered—inch by inch—through cold neglect, in a strange and foreign land, among strangers.

Though the refinement of fashionable vice in our day would teach us to take less to heart the crime of seduction—which custom has rendered of almost every-day occurrence—still, as we stood over the grave of the once beautiful but wretched Charlotte, we could not repress a deep sigh of pity that one so fair and sensitive, should have met a destiny so blasting to all the brighter hopes of her purer instincts. A flat marble slab designates her resting-place, but the large plate of iron which bore the inscription, dictated by her disconsolate father, has been removed by stealth, and doubtless converted by some human hyena into small change at a junk shop—O tempora! O mores!—Ex.

THE SPIRITS IN NEW-ORLEANS.—The New-Orleans correspondent of the New-York Daily Times, under date of July 31, announces the advent of the Spirits in that city, as follows:

"It would appear that the Spiritual Rappers have at last got as far South as New-Orleans. Mr. McLean, a wealthy merchant, who resides on Canal-st., was disturbed, some few weeks ago, by rappings on his bed, which he could not account for. The bed was examined and the room searched everywhere, to discover what might lead to the cause. The rappings continued, however, and supposing, at last, that it might be a rat, the casement was taken up and opened, the only place where a rat could get in the room; but nothing was discovered. The rappings continuing, he had the bed sent away for a time, when they ceased. On bringing back the bed, they commenced again, and as they excited much merriment and wonder, it was determined to address the "spirit." To all direct questions, answers were immediately returned by knocks—one knock for Yes, and two short ones for No. Ages of persons were asked, and answered correctly. The bed was sent away again, and in answer to the question, the "spirit" said he should return again in three weeks! It is certainly most extraordinary. Every resort has been made to discover the trick or cause, but in vain. Were it not for the high respectability and veracity of the parties, I should be inclined to doubt it."

Believers in spiritual rappings are having strong manifestations at Springfield, and in the regions round about. Tables and chairs have followed and preceded the mediums from room to room. One evening the "spirits" were requested to hold the table to the floor, instead of raising it, when the force expended by the two persons in attempting to lift it, separated the top of the table from the legs, which stood as if nailed to the floor. A strong unbeliever, while returning home from one of the meetings was greatly astonished, upon stopping in the road, to witness his wagon, in which he was seated, lifted several times from the ground. He admitted afterward that there was other than visible agency employed on the occasion, and said he was not sure but that he was "going up."

MOMENTS OF MELODY.—I remember once strolling along the margin of a stream, in one of these low, sheltered valleys on Salisbury Plain, where the monks of former ages had planted chapels, and built hermitic cells. There was a little parish church near, but tall elms and quivering alders hid it from the sight, when, all on a sudden, I was startled by the sound of the full organ pealing on the air, accompanied by rustic voices, and the wailing choir of village maids and children. It rose, indeed, "like an exhalation of rich distilled perfumes." The dew from a thousand pastures was gathered in its softness; the silence of a thousand years spoke in it. It came upon the heart like the calm beauty of death; fancy caught the sound

and faith mounted on it to the skies. It filled the valley like a mist, and still poured out its endless chant, and still it swells upon the ear, and wraps me in a golden trance, drowning the noisy tumult of the world.—Ex.

NO COLLUSION.—The Editors of the Morning Signal, at St. Louis, have attended one of the levees of the Misses Fox, for the purpose of investigating the truth of the "spirit-rappings." They say there could be no collusion, and there were no means presented whereby chicanery could have been practised without detection. A large number of questions were written, and propounded mentally. They were principally of a theological, scientific, philosophical and metaphysical character, every one of which was answered in a singularly satisfactory manner.

A BOY SAVED FROM DROWNING BY A DOG.—An interesting scene occurred on Sunday last at Hoboken. A boy about ten years of age while playing on the bank of the river, fell in, and the current being very powerful, he was carried along with great rapidity. Of those who saw him fall in, not one would risk his life in an attempt to save him. When all hope appeared to be lost, a large Newfoundland dog named Rolla, belonging to Mr. Adams, of No. 66 Courtland-street, leaped into the river, and seizing the boy by the collar, held his head above water until he brought him safe to shore. The dog, it is said, had to swim a distance of near two miles before he could get a landing-place, and was then so tired that he sank exhausted on the sand.

SINGULAR ATTACHMENT.—The annals of natural history often disclose singular facts, at variance with the known habits of the animals about which the facts are told. We have a most interesting incident of this nature. At a house, corner of Kneeland and Hudson streets is a cat, which has recently been blessed with an addition of five responsibilities, awakening maternal love in its strongest action. Three of the kittens were doomed to a watery grave before the mother's eyes were familiarized to her treasures. The morning after this ruthless act had been consummated, the family were surprised, on visiting the quarters appropriated to maternal grimalkin, at seeing an infant rat being nursed among the remaining kittens, and the mother appearing to be intensely fond of her new and strange charge, and making it always the object of her most special attention. The fact is true as we have stated it, and can be attested by many who have seen it.—Boston Herald.

JONAH'S PORTION IN THE WHALE.—In the cavity of the whale a safe and practical asylum is afforded—not, indeed, in the stomach, but in another cavity of the whale. The throat is large, and is provided with a bag, so considerable in size that whales frequently take into it one of their young ones when weak, especially during a tempest. In this vessel are two vents which serve for inspiration; and here, in all probability, Jonah was preserved, not indeed without a miracle, but with that economy of miracle so frequently exemplified in the Scriptures.

A RAP AT THE RAPPERS.—Elder Orson Hyde, a Mormon prophet, has issued a manifesto on Spiritual Manifestations, in which he says: "If all people will repent and be baptized in water for the remission of their sins, and be confirmed by the laying on of the hands of the apostles of the Church of God, the rappers will cease their noise, and the Misses Fox will go home, get married, guide their domestic household affairs, rear up families to honor their country and God."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SHEKINAH. VOLUME II.

THIS Magazine is devoted chiefly to an inquiry into the Laws of the Spiritual Universe, and a discussion of those momentous questions which are deemed auxiliary to the Progress of Man. It treats especially of the philosophy of Vital, Mental, and Spiritual Phenomena, and presents, as far as possible, a classification of the various Psychological Conditions and Manifestations, now attracting attention in Europe and America. The following will indicate distinctively the prominent features of the work.

- 1. LIVES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN SEERS. These sketches are from the pen of a Unitarian Clergyman, who is not only eminent for his scholastic attainments, but especially for being a bold and original thinker. These articles are accompanied with ELEGANT PORTRAITS, engraved on steel, expressly for the Shekinah.
2. ELEMENTS OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE. Containing the Editor's Philosophy of the Soul, its relations, susceptibilities, and powers, illustrated by numerous facts and experiments.
3. CLASSIFICATION OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA. Embracing concise statements of the more important facts which belong to the department of modern mystical science.
4. PSYCHOMETRICAL SKETCHES. These sketches of LIVING CHARACTERS are given by a Lady while in the waking state, who derives her impressions by holding a letter from the unknown person against her forehead.
5. ESSAYS ON IMPORTANT QUESTIONS OF SOCIAL AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.
6. ORIGINAL POETRY AND MUSIC.
7. REVIEWS.—especially of such works as illustrate the progress of the world in natural, political, social, and spiritual Science.
CONTRIBUTORS.—Rev. James Richardson, Jr.; O. W. Wight; C. D. Stuart; Horace Greeley; Hon. J. W. Edmonds; V. C. Taylor; T. L. Harris; J. K. Ingalls; D. McMahon, Jr.; Wm. Williams; Francis H. Green; Sarah Helen Whitman; Annette Bishop, and others. Several distinguished minds in Europe are expected to contribute occasionally.
The contents of the Shekinah will be wholly ORIGINAL, and its mechanical and artistic execution will be second to no Quarterly Review in the world. SHALL IT HAVE A PATRONAGE WORTHY OF ITS OBJECTS AND ITS CHARACTER?
TERMS OF THE SHEKINAH, \$2 A YEAR, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE. Six copies will be sent, to one address, for \$10. Hereafter the work will be forwarded to no one until the subscription is paid. A discount of 25 per cent. will be made to Booksellers and Periodical Agents, but the cash must accompany the order.
Address, S. B. BRITTON, BRIDGEPORT, Ct.
New-York, May 8, 1852.

Spiritual Experience, AND the interesting impressions, written while subjected to the influence of spirits; by Mrs. LORIS L. PLATT, of Newtown, Conn. This beautiful pamphlet of 40 pages, was published by Spiritual Direction. For sale by STRINGER & TOWNSEND, 222 Broadway, Also, by Fowlers & Wells, New-York; W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia; and A. Rose, Hartford, Conn. May 15, 1852.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

WE shall endeavor, in this paper, not to force opinions upon any one, but simply to suggest inquiries, that all may investigate, and think for themselves. We shall neither prescribe limits for others, nor erect an arbitrary standard for ourselves. While it will strive to avoid all acrimonious disputations, it will tolerate the most unlimited freedom of thought, inviting no checks except when liberty is made the occasion of offense. It shall be free indeed—free as the utterances of the spirits—subject only to such restraints as are essential to the observation of those friendly relations and reciprocal duties, which, with the very current of our lives, must flow into the great Divine Order and Harmony of the Race.

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