



## DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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### Principles of Nature.

For the Spiritual Telegraph.

#### IMMORTALITY.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.

If it be a fact that the spirit of man is immortal, not every one can explain why he is left so much in the dark in regard to it. If it be a prime fact of his existence, why, in the Divine Wisdom, is it not as self-evident as his existence? If his existence involves so great an end—so important a fact—why is his vision so obscured or extinct in that direction? Why is his natural life and reason so enshrouded in ignorance of it? One would suppose that the Divine Wisdom, in a matter that so vitally concerned the happiness of man, would have enlightened him on this point—would have made the great fact a daily and hourly intuition and experience—would have implanted in his being a palpable intuition of it that would have shed undoubted and infallible knowledge hourly on it. Surely God did not design that man, imbued with the elements of immortality, and endowed for a life of trans-sepulchral glory and happiness, should be studiously kept in the dark about it, through the whole course of an earthly existence, that he might be surprised with it on the opposite shores of the Jordan of death. Surely Infinite Wisdom and Goodness did not intend His creatures to be deluded with regard to his destiny, for seventy or eighty years on the earth, merely that the delusion should be dissipated satisfactorily at its close. Why is the race of man left in midnight darkness in relation to its greatest prerogative? Why is immortality not a daily and hourly demonstration? Why is not man's very nature and constitution made to attest the world to come as unequivocally as they are made to attest this world? Why does his constitution not attest the world to come more clearly than it attests this world, as it is infinitely more important that he should know it? He needs no deeply cogitated arguments, no fine-spun ratiocinations, nor chemical resolutions, and no hearsay evidence and traditional stories to convince him of this world and his existence, here. It is self-evidently attested by his existence. Why should he, therefore, with regard to the more important world beyond, have to rely upon the doubtful and fallacious evidence of tradition, logical deduction, chemical analysis, and clerical dicta? Why is one self-evident, and the other only to be grasped at? Is such the order of the Divine government in relation to man? I don't think so. I think that the divine has insinuated an *instinct*, or *intuition*, into the soul of man at the creation, which, when left free and unperturbed by unrighteous social order, false religions and erring philosophies, will, and does, infallibly, teach him immortality. Vouchsafe man his *integrity* and he will not, can not, doubt it. Let us examine this point briefly:

The natural world, in which we now live, is attested by the *natural side* of man. It is the world of sense, of gross matter, and of times and spaces, and of course only commends itself to the corresponding natural life of man. It is attested by his senses, by his natural passions and appetites, and deals only with his physical sciences and philosophies, which are peculiar to this sphere. Astronomy, geography, geology, natural history, chemistry, mensuration, anatomy, physiology, &c., &c., have alone to do with, and only relate to, natural things. Mankind have, hitherto, been natural, and have cultivated almost exclusively the natural or physical sciences, and their kindred branches, in which they have obtained great skill and excellence; even their theology and religion have been natural, and buried in natural conceptions and sensuous

ideas. Hence all these sciences which now cover the world with so much *natural* light, tend only to confirm the natural mind in natural things, and profoundly immerse it in them. No wonder, therefore, that man's instinct of immortality should be smothered amid the accumulated masses of natural science and philosophy.

But the Spiritual World, in which we are to live beyond the tomb, is attested by the *spiritual side* of man. It is the world of ideas and emotions, of *states* of the soul and their changes, and, of course, only commends itself to the corresponding *spiritual* life of man. The Spiritual World is, therefore, attested alone by the spiritual constitution of man. The physical sciences do not apply here, they deal only with the outward manifestation, or effects—only with natural things—and stop, forever, where they stop. What has chemistry, for instance, to do with ideas and affections? They can't be resolved in its crucibles. The instant the finger of chemistry touches them, they are gone. So what has mensuration to do with them? It can't measure or weigh them, divide, square or cube them. And herein has been the grand mistake that we have all along made, namely, in supposing that the spirit of man could be reached and demonstrated by physical research—by some subtle anatomy, physiology, or chemistry, the sublimated results of which are as far off spirit as ever. Spiritual science alone applies to spiritual things, as natural science alone applies to natural things. They are perfectly *distinct*, though not *disjoined*, and they are severally regulated each by its own economy of law.

Now, if we regard the present condition of the race, in the most enlightened countries, we will see that almost *all* science and philosophy have centered in nature and natural things. The transcendent acquisitions to human knowledge and well-being, by the discoveries and inventions of these latter times, relate almost wholly to the natural man. They have had, for their end, man's physical and social comfort, and the development and advancement of his natural condition. The natural life, in consequence of unfriendly and false social relations, inhuman creeds, and mistaken philosophies, and in consequence of the importunities of the natural passions and appetites, has absorbed all the care and thought of the race. Their thinkings and doings have hitherto all been bent to this end, and hence they have grown subtle in the science of good eating and drinking, and perfected all the appliances of physical well-being. Almost all the sciences now known on earth radiate from, or relate to, the natural life of man, which is their object and aim. Is not the world immersed in sense and selfishness? Is not each and every man busied with the means of natural life and the gratification of his appetites? Are not the natural passions rampant over every spiritual thing? Now this is that part of man's nature that identifies him with the animal kingdom; for the animals pursue no higher end than the gratification of their natural passions and appetites, and they are quick to devise the means, and prompt to carry them out. Their ends of life center in the natural plane, and their “spirit goeth downward to the earth.” They are incapable of any spiritual end, or end beyond the natural life—have no instinct of immortality—but terminate all their energies in sense, appetite and passion. So, likewise, is it with man, when he pursues the things of his natural life as an *end*, and not as only the *means* to a higher life. Is it any wonder, therefore, that his spiritual life should become so suffocated in the natural, as to be unable to express itself? Is it any wonder that his instinct of immortality

should be overruled by his natural passions and appetites? That all his spiritual intuitions, which would furnish him daily and hourly evidence of his immortality, should become obscure traditions, and he have to betake himself to philosophical deductions and monkish revelations to ground his faith upon?

But man is “first natural, then spiritual,” and the age in which his spiritual nature will find full and free expression, is now close at hand. Soon he will rise above the sphere of the senses, and sensuous philosophy and religion, on to the spiritual plane. The innate faculties of his soul, which will constantly teach him its immortality, and which have laid comparatively dormant for such immemorial periods, are soon to be disenthralled from the dominion of the physical sciences, and disclose their mission to mankind. They have been long waiting a brighter era in our history, in order to reveal themselves fully—gleaming out only occasionally through surrounding darkness. The conditions of their development is the unity, peace and harmony of the race. There is scarcely a point in the history of man—a condition of his existence on this earth—when, and where, his spiritual instincts, or intuitions, will render his immortality as self-evident as is now his earthly life. We are moving forward to that point, and coming under these conditions. Infidelity and skepticism, with regard to the spirit's immortality, are the offspring of *imperfect* humanity, and are authenticated alone by the natural side of man. All the sciences that radiate from this side of him, but tend to confirm and demonstrate his skepticism. But the spiritual nature of man, when fully enfranchised, will give birth to a series or system of sciences, totally distinct from them, that will confirm and demonstrate the Spiritual World, and the continued existence of the spirit therein. Right relations and a *true* life on earth—the ascendancy of the Spiritual over the Natural, and the latter's subserviency in all things to the former, will bring about this era. Bring man into harmony with himself, with his fellow-men, and with nature—lift him out of the multifarious antagonisms into which he is plunged—and remove from his soul all the frightful night-mares which oppress it, and his immortality will be a daily and hourly intuition and experience.

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 5, 1852.

#### SPEAKING MEDIA IN GERMANY.

An unknown correspondent has sent us a copy of the *Western Christian Advocate*, containing the following interesting account of recent occurrences in Germany. The writer is a missionary of the Methodist Church. It will be readily apprehended that the children are subject to the agents which are giving such remarkable illustrations of their presence and power in this country:

For a long time past we have heard, through the newspapers and verbal report, of a remarkable phenomenon at Niedereggenen, in the jurisdiction of Mullheim, in the upper country of the Grand Duchy of Baden; namely, of children who deliver speeches while under the influence of magnetic sleep, and who thereby attract the curious from all sides. But it was not well known whether the affair was only common somnambulism, or of a particularly religious character. As this extraordinary appearance is deserving of more particular attention, an analogy to which was frequently sought in the “reading children” in Sweden, of whom we have heard much of late, and may contribute something to a more particular knowledge and judgment of such like states of mind, I will communicate here what I myself have observed as an eye and auricular witness during two

evenings at Niedereggenen. I refrain from giving a decided opinion upon the matter myself, as I am not sufficiently qualified to compare this appearance with others of a similar nature, and leave it to the reader to explicate the matter founded on the facts which are here communicated.

Half a year ago several girls at Niedereggenen, from eight to thirteen years of age, were seized with St. Vitus' dance, which manifested itself as usual in spasms, convulsions, etc., and differed in nothing from similar appearances. It is known that chiefly superstitious remedies are applied for such diseases; and so they were here actively employed, beside physicians of education, as it was said, the miller from Schalsing—a village in Baden—who is known in this part of the country, and the executioner from Vagisheim; also an evangelist of the Irvingites, from Basel, has tried his strength. After some time these states of mind ceased, and everything remained quiet, till about Whitsuntide, when the children, who had been formerly seized with a fit of St. Vitus' dance, declared that on Whitsunday the Holy Ghost would be given them. In consequence of this they were separated from each other, whereas previously they had been much together; some were sent, indeed, into the neighboring places. But from that time forward they began to speak in the magnetic sleep, generally at a certain hour in the evening, which they know previously; but often they are attacked suddenly, nay, even twice in one day. Of real spasms there is now almost nothing more to be seen; they lay themselves down upon their bed, or go undressed to bed, lie for some minutes quietly, then their breasts heave convulsively, their arms move, and the speech begins with a salutation of peace: “Peace be now among you all.”

In a very loud, penetrating voice, which is to be heard several houses distant, they now speak from one to two hours; sometimes, but not always, interrupted by short pauses, with the same power of voice. Of the seven girls who speak I have heard five; some speak very fluently, their thoughts were connected, their expressions had often something poetical; but I have also heard unconnected speeches, in which, after every sentence, there was a kind of stop. Very frequently the language moves in a rhythm, and when, as often happens, verses of hymns are mixed, both spoken and sung, an endeavor is manifest to continue in the rhythm, and even to find the rhythm, which, however, does not often succeed. As the mixed up verses of hymns were such as they could have learned at school, it did not appear strange to me that they sometimes could not go on with a stanza they had begun; but they always tried in this case, without long hesitation, to supply the defect with words of their own. The language was, though not pure high German, yet much purer than the dialect in which the people of this part of the country speak; moreover, I also found in the language, which the children spoke in their true conscious state, much resemblance to the language they used in their sleep.

The contents of their speeches is very different; but always much interwoven with appropriate passages from the Bible and verses from hymns; but also often without internal connection, and used only on account of an external resemblance in sound. With the exception of the visions of somnambulism, which occur in some children, but not in all, I found in the contents of the speeches nothing which might not be explained from what they might have heard or learned at church, at school, from education, etc. Salvation is praised; people are warned of sin, called to repentance; the

coming of the Lord is announced; baptism and the Lord's supper are spoken of; and, in addition to these, are many exhortations to the hearers—who meet both in the room and in the street—which are so very penetrating and good, that I could not but feel greatly surprised; as, for instance, an exhortation not to go to the Lord's supper with the heart of Judas, as many did: that it was better to stay at home than to partake of the Lord's supper without repentance and prayer, if their only object was to pass for doing so, and to be seen. When they describe salvation, or even speak of the Savior, whom they see in their visions, their speech is of an elevated and soaring nature. Their speech is raised even to actual enthusiasm, when, for instance, one of the girls asked those present to kneel down, and now prayed for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost over all present. But many repetitions occurred in all the speeches. The single sentences contained nothing contrary to Scripture; but I could not recognize a testimony of the Holy Ghost in the speeches, although the children, sleeping and waking, maintained that it was the Holy Ghost who spoke through them.

It is particularly worthy of remark, that, in the midst of these speeches, the bystanders are asked to put questions, generally three, to the children. As it often happens, in such cases, the people at first wish to know all manner of things from the children, as, for instance, the remedy against prevailing diseases, or the place where lost money might be again found; often, also, other trifling and silly things. The children, however, show, on such occasions, a proper tact, and enter not on such questions, but rather decidedly reject them. They desire that the questions should have reference to that world to which their spirit in this condition belongs, or that they be, in general, of a religious nature. But here, also, it happened that they did not answer questions which pre-suppose a real knowledge, as they did not possess it; for instance, a more profound knowledge of Scripture. In such a case, they were perfectly silent. One of the children, a girl thirteen years of age, who enjoys a high reputation among the others, and who is generally in advance of them in the different developing stages of this condition, gives, in her speeches, a description of the heavenly places to which she will be brought by her guides—the glorious abodes of heaven, in which the blessed, and particularly deceased children, dwell; and the most of these exhortations are put into her mouth by those guides. The question was put to her, Whether she knew her guides? To which she answered, “Yes, I know them; there are two of them. The one is my deceased grandfather, the other is a nobleman. He lies in a grave. At first I did not know him; but now I know who he is. He is the late Grand Duke.” The children, in general, speak very often of him. Another question ran thus: Whether she knew any among those whom she saw in the other world? To which the answer given was, “Yes, I know many more; Dr. Martin Luther, and the other three with him, who assisted him in the translation of the Bible, the King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus,” etc. And now came a string of names which I did not know; but which, on my particular inquiry of the bystanders, were those of children and grown-up persons who had lately died at Niedereggenen.

A third question referred to the girl having previously said she saw the Savior sitting with his disciples at the table, where he had, with them, partaken of the Lord's supper—that she should now say how the Savior looked. She gave now a description which was, indeed, extremely pleasant and lovely, such as no child of



this age could have given of itself; but this answer I am sorry I could not write down exactly word for word; the chief thoughts were these: "His appearance is inexpressible, and my eyes can scarcely bear his brightness. His garments are white as the purest snow; his face shines brighter than the sun; he is not a body, but a spirit. His looks are mercy. If you could see him you would say, 'Is it possible that here can be such a splendor?' He is wholly filled with love for us."

There was not the slightest impression on my mind that dissimulation and intention were concealed under these speeches; it is wholly an ecstatic religious state of mind, but one which is joined with the existing religious feeling and knowledge of the children; and only that which is really visionary is something quite strange to their waking condition. It is remarkable that they, after they have awoke, have a very lively recollection of every thing they have seen and spoken in sleep, and can repeat much of what they have already said, partly in the same expression. They always awake after they have concluded their speeches, with the Lord's prayer and the blessing. After the sentence "Amen!" so let it be!" they raise their eyes and erect themselves up, but do not feel at all exhausted or fatigued from the great exertion they have previously undergone. Also, during the speech, their pulse beats as usual, their skin remains dry, their eyes are generally shut, but their eyelids move, when they make gesticulations with their hands or turn their heads. The children stand one with another in a very strict rapport, even when they are not together. They speak of one and the same spirit being in them, which goes from the one to the other; nay, even during the speech a pause can intervene, which is thus explained by the child itself, that the spirit is at present too strong in one of the others. It often happens that when a child has fallen into the magnetic sleep, it does not speak; they then say the spirit was not in the body, and while they can not be awakened by any other, these girls can sometimes awaken each other. A crowd of indifferent and unbelieving people standing around damps their spirit: the presence of a believer gives them new strength. Even temptations of the devil occur, in which the child wrestles in its speech with Satan. It gave me joy to hear that these children, also, in their waking state pray to the Savior, and know well the danger of vanity and pride. The Lord protect them from every danger which might happen to their souls! This is the result of a strict and sober observation. I can not explain the matter perfectly to my own satisfaction, but still less reject it.

L. S. J.

BREMEN, Germany, Sept. 3, 1852.

For the Spiritual Telegraph.

#### Spirits and Proscription.

Several instances of the intolerance and persecution of religious sects, toward the believers in the new Spiritual philosophy, have come under my observation since the commencement of the new Manifestations. Mrs. Tamlin, of Auburn, was most unceremoniously, and without regard to discipline, thrust out of the Methodist church, because she was a medium, after being told by the committee, that she would be retained if she would renounce clairvoyance (which she practiced for the cure of diseases) and never have anything to do with the "rapping" spirits. She chose to be true to that which she knew to be true, and to be a benefit to mankind, and which had relieved her of sickness and pain, rather than cling to that which was, at least, of doubtful utility, and which was a tax upon her hard earnings, without bringing a corresponding benefit, either spiritual or temporal.

The Society of Friends have been noted for their claims to special spiritual communion and direct inspiration. They pretend to "speak as the spirits give utterance," and have special Spiritual revelations; yet they, like other sects, object to its coming through any channel but their's. In proof of this, I send you a copy of a complaint recently brought before the Spruce-st. Monthly Meeting of Friends, in the city of Philadelphia.

(COPY OF THE COMPLAINT.)

The (Spruce-st.) Preparative Meeting informs that Aron Comfort is in the violation of our testimonies, in keeping a piano-forte in his house, and teaching his daughters music. Also, that he has embraced the mystical doctrine of Spiritual communion with the dead, through personal mediums, and gives his countenance and encouragement to a company of people who have meetings at his house for the professed purpose of receiving communications from departed spirits; thereby setting up a medium of revelations other than the one professed by us.

What the "medium professed by us," is, may not be known to all your readers. The profession is this: immediate and direct revelations; but then, they have ministers who are the media for handing down this revelation to the less inspired congregations. The great body of the society are not supposed to be so entirely inspired. Notwithstanding this high claim, there are "elders" who see to these ministers, and

inform them the "inspiration" did not come right; and when they get too reformatory, they silence them altogether. Thus all their "inspiration" is, after all, a man-made and man-governed affair. The new Manifestations, although they call them "mystical," were too much a matter of fact for them, and so they cast out Aaron from among them because he believed in spirits (which they also pretend) and taught his daughters music!

"He that hath no music in his soul"  
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils."

J. W. C.

SOUTH SHAFTSBURY, Oct. 8, 1852.

BRO. BRITTON: The following communication was written by the spirit of Bro. J. R. Fulmer, through the hand of Arletta Dond, member of a circle which meets regularly at my house every week. Miss Dond is a clairvoyant, speaking, writing, and rapping medium. When writing, she is always first magnetized by the spirit who wishes to communicate; and whatever is said through her, while in the clairvoyant state, is confirmed by the "sounds," so far as inquiry has been made, after she is restored to the normal condition.

Bro. Fulmer and myself entered the ministry about the same time. We were warmly attached to each other, and spent much time together. It is beautiful to believe, as I do, without the shade of a doubt, that he is with me still, sometimes writing through my own hand, and at other times communicating to me words of hope and comfort through the "sounds" and "alphabet." He died in the town of Hampden, Maine, about sixteen years ago.

G. SMITH.

#### THE FORMATION OF CIRCLES.

Let us now proceed to consider how circles may be so formed as to avoid misapprehension and discord. We are taught, that, in order to obtain good and lofty communications, it is positively essential that our thoughts and intentions be also good and elevated. A child-like simple-heartedness, a manly, open and free-mindedness, combined with an honest love of truth, are indispensable pre-requisites. Moreover, it is essential that the circles be always organized and internally constructed upon positive and negative principles. As there are twelve elements and attributes in every human soul, abstractly considered, so should there be twelve persons constituting a circle; the twelve consisting of six males and six females. This distinction of male and female is not so essential to be observed with regard to sex; but six of the members should possess the feminine attributes of character which are negative and affectionate, the other should be decidedly masculine, having the positive and intellectual temperament. Male and female are positive and negative principles; and the terms should not be applied and confined exclusively to mere organizations; for some individuals who wear the physical vesture of the male are, in their characters, female; and vice versa.

And first, in forming a circle for individual improvement and Spiritual communion, the "medium," through whom "sounds" are made, and the clairvoyant who can discern spirits, should be situated at the head of the table. Then let the person whose electrical temperament is usually indicated by cold hands, and who possesses a mild and loving disposition, take his or her place on the immediate right of the medium or clairvoyant—upon whose immediate left should be seated one of a magnetic or warm physical temperament; being a positive and intellectual individual;—and so let all the six female principles be situated on the right, and all the six male principles having their places fixed on the left of the particular "mediums," not exceeding two in number at a circle; which mediums do not count among the number of twelve specified above.

It is necessary that each person of the reunion be temperate in all his habits, free from intoxicating or stimulating beverages; not suffering from aches or pains, and passive as to the results of the meeting. These circles should not make their sessions more frequent than twice a week; because those things which become too familiar are thereby deprived of their sanctity, and hence also of their power to benefit the assembled individuals. The masses know not how to always associate respect with familiarity. For this reason it is good for most people that "angel's visits are few and far between;" because, were they as sunlight, or the possession of all our senses, many minds, I regret to say, would not only fall into a state of ingratitude, but they would neglect to properly appreciate the perpetual blessings flowing therefrom. Therefore it is necessary to be careful that a too great intimacy with these things does not occasion an inappreciation of them. Let the sessions of these circles of love and wisdom be conducted with a religious dignity and harmony; which high conditions do not at all prohibit cheerfulness, intelligent mirth, or conversation. Let music, diverting and gladdening, also enliven and lift up your hearts, to the end that spirits may participate in the melody of your souls, and echo in Heaven the harmony of earth! Let your assemblages be indeed harmonious circles, where discord may not enter; carry not there any unkind feelings; take not there, to mar the beauty of those meetings, any emotions of envy or jealousy; let no feelings of unforgiveness against a brother or a sister, be found by the angels in your souls, darkening the light within; and remember that not for these occasions only can you divest yourselves of selfishness, envy, jealousy, unkindness, and unforgiveness. There is no occasional dress for the soul. If you would substitute, for these deformities, a beautiful Spiritual vesture of love and gentleness, and purity, then you must make such your familiar attire. The mind has no particular Sunday habiliments; therefore as you clothe it for everyday-life, thus must it go adorned to the sanctuary. I am impressed to further direct that the rooms where the circles meet should, as much as possible, be retired from noise and interruption; that they should also be darkened, so that the persons present, not having their minds attracted and diverted by external things, may the more easily concentrate their thoughts upon the object for which they have met together. Moreover, it would be well for the members of these circles of Love and Wisdom to provide themselves with a fine magnetic cord. This will entertain and amuse, and at last, perhaps, develop their mental powers.

J. R. FULMER.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING THE MAGNETIC CORD.  
Get about five yards of three-quarter inch rope; cover this rope with silk or cotton velvet; and wind around it, parallel with each other, two wires—one of steel, and the other of silver or copper. Have the spaces between the wires about one inch and a half, and let them be wound about a quarter of an inch apart.

J. R. FULMER.

#### RICHMOND AND BRITTON'S DISCUSSION.

QUESTIONS—Can the Mysterious Phenomena, now occurring in various parts of the United States and elsewhere, and known as the Spiritual Manifestations, be properly accounted for without admitting the agency of Spirits in their production?

#### SPIRIT-IMITATIONS.

##### LETTER IV.

DEAR SIR: I have received the second letter sent you for the TELEGRAPH. You express an unwillingness to follow me 'in erratic excursions, and leave the reader to infer the necessity which prompts the abandonment of the question.'

I first offered you a discussion. You declined, and offered me "two columns a week" in the TELEGRAPH, to present such facts as might throw light on these mysterious occurrences. I accepted the offer and sent you a letter touching the "Spirit-declaration," as published in number nine of the TELEGRAPH. I had seen but one copy, and that but an hour. It struck me as the work of a medium or somnambule. My second letter followed, in a few days, after which, you proposed a discussion. While that was being settled, I wrote a third. Your readers will see at once that neither of the numbers sent could have particular reference to the particular form of the question, subsequently presented, being written before it was agreed on. But those facts most clearly bear upon a peculiar manifestation of mind, into which you might inquire, instead of lecturing me on my course. Of necessity great latitude must be allowed both parties, and I would beg the forbearance of your readers, in getting this difficult subject before them. All the friends of the new theory, aided by numberless spirits, are my opponents. I ask you to be gentle, and not press me too hard, for I am turned back on the study of Mind and Matter, while you can, if you choose, consult daily the countless hosts of sympathizing spirits, whose intellects have been expanding in the celestial spheres for years and ages—and now offer their evidence that they are knocking at our doors.

But to return: My first impression was that a medium wrote the names on the parchment, and as I was a little mistaken about the cause of the spirits ordering Edward to burn the first autographs, I will call attention to a disagreement in the two accounts. In the ninth number of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, you say, after the spirits had ordered Edward to put a paper on the table, "in accordance with the above directions, Edward placed a paper on the table, in his sleeping-room, which was duly written on in the course of the night, by forty-three spirits." In TELEGRAPH number twenty-two, E. P. Fowler says, "The original paper containing the autographs I found upon my table, about three o'clock, one afternoon, on my return from business—the paper used being a sheet of drawing paper, which was incidentally left on my table, and which I am sure was blank when I left my room in the forenoon." In the ninth number of the Sp. Tel. you say, "The subject of Kossuth's mission having been incidentally mentioned," the spirits ordered E. to put a paper on his table, after they had subscribed—then "all might sign it." In the twenty-second number of the Sp. Tel., R. T. Hallock and others say that, on the eleventh of December, while specimens in Hebrew and Sanscrit were under examination, the spirits told Edward to put "that paper on his table and they would subscribe; then you (E.) may sign it too." This committee say it was written on in the day time, while the account in the ninth number of the Sp. Tel. says it was "duly written on in the course of the night."

The account in number nine of the Sp. Tel. says the paper was left on the table by direction—the committee, R. T. Hallock and others, agree—while Edward declares, in the twenty-second number of the Sp. Tel., that it was incidentally left. Men in a normal state certainly ought to agree in so palpable a matter. The point at issue is, whether fifty-six different hands, or wills, wrote those autographs, or one hand.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH number nine: "When Dr. Hull asked whether each spirit executed his or her name on the parchment," they answered, emphatically, "Yes!"

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH number twenty-two, it is said, when asked if each spirit executed his own signature, or one operated for the whole? the answer was, "Each for himself, by the aid of the battery." What battery? Do the spirits have to connect their will, or hand, to the pen by a battery? Will you explain? I hold that those signatures are clearly the work of a single hand. I have shown the autographs to many good writers—it strikes all as the work of a trembling and cautious hand. The ink spreads in some names—but mark:

1. The difference in the name of J. Q. Adams and Step. Hopkins.
2. The wave in the hair-line in Hancock's J, and also in the quirk under Franklin's, Fulton's and Hull's name.
3. The name of Piteh, Green, Maylor, Jackson, and J. Q. Adams—all show a cautious, waving motion, or the autographs belie themselves.
4. At the left of Daniel's Hebrew a set of marks occur—and also at the left of his name—which can be nothing else than trembling hair marks.

I have seen mediums write in this subsultus method—but that spirits have such a tremor is doubtful, as the names of John Adams, S. Hopkins and Daniel's show. Daniel's name written at the bottom, from the right, ends with a tremulous movement of the pen, which most incontestably shows that Daniel was excited, or he had palsy, or possibly thought of the lion's den.

1. With the exception of Penn, Jefferson, Coles, Hancock, and Jones, the entire names on the autographic scroll show the writer to be accustomed to a rolling or circular movement of the hand.

2. The names were executed in groups, and the first that arrested my attention were, Roger Sherman, John Adams, Step. Hopkins, Rob. Morris, Lewis Morris, J. Otis, P. Henry. The second, B. Franklin, Benj. West, Sam. Adams, D. P. Madison, James Madison, James Monroe, John Penn, and Richard Henry Lee. The third, Phil. Livingston, John Paulding, J. Fenimore Cooper, and James K. Polk. The fourth, Francis Lightfoot Lee, Jas. Hull, \* \* \* (can't read it), and S. Skinner. The fifth, G. Whitefield, M. Koscusko, and Charles Carroll. The sixth, Geo. Washington, J. Marshall, Martha Washington, Rob. Fulton W. H. Harrison, Jno. Trumbull, and Andrew Jackson. The seventh, T. Knox, Nath. Green, Alex. Hamilton, John Fitch, and John Maylor. The eighth, Rowland Ellis, H. Bell, Joseph C. Neal, and Edgar A. Poe. The ninth, Y. Q. Sanford, Jas. N. Fowler, R. Partridge, and J. Harris. The tenth, B. Gray, C. Gray, Abby Fowler, and J. Q. Adams. They resemble the Madison and Koscusko group. Jefferson and John Dickinson have a resemblance. Wm. Penn, G. Coles and Paul Jones are similar. Hancock is distinctive and alone. Among the "immortal" signers, who attended the immortal meeting in Edward's room and affixed their names on the parchment, only fourteen appear, to notify America and the world that they were back and seeking to make known that they still existed. Where were the rest? Echo answers, where?—for it would seem that

all should, if possible, be on hand, and "hang together," as Franklin said on a certain occasion: a baker's dozen, and one over—and those happen to be the men whose names are most easily counterfeited.

Let us notice the exactness with which they have written their old names—attempts, as they did, to imitate, they would be likely to get them as near as possible:

Hancock used to raise his hand before making his H, and carry his loop over; in this case he puts them together; and his flourish used to end at the left, but in this case it ends to the right of the center. B. Franklin, on the old Declaration, wrote his name Benja., with a curious F; in this case, he imitates his name signed to a letter to Mr. Strahan, but boggled in his small r, and partly imitated the one in Poe's name.—(See Sparks' Life of Franklin, page 392.) Phil. Livingston, in the old Declaration, wrote a sharp hand; in this paper his hand is round, and he was in such a hurry he forgot to dot his i's, as usual. Roger Sherman used to connect his o and g; in this they separate. Step. Hopkins—having got cured of his palsy—improves on his hand; he carries the stem of his first p up higher than usual, and slips in Franklin's k, with a loop—he used a plain stem formerly—a compliment to the Doctor, probably. John Adams used to begin his A at the top; but, as it is convenient, he begins it at the bottom—in imitation of every other A of the kind on the scroll.—Large love of approbation. Rob. Morris forgot how to begin his R, and squats his name more than usual; he used to write better, but now, don't write as well as father Hopkins. Lewis Morris has a roll on the right of his M, and forgot also to make his quirk right—writes badly. The chivalrous Carroll bungled his racy old hand, and left off the proud affix "of Carrollton." Sam. Adams missmade his m, and left off the semicolon; begun his A, too, at the bottom—he once begun it at the top. John Penn looped his h—instead of his old stem—and moved his hand less free in making his P. Jefferson did well—has lost his art and his old way of looping his last f—has progressed the loop to the right. Richard Henry Lee has looped both his h and his y, and writes badly on parchment. Francis Lightfoot Lee made sad work: looped his h, and dotted his first i—formerly he dotted the last one.

This may be the work of an "overshot-wheel," "superfluous breath," or "diving at stars and sticking in the mud;" but, lest I be again charged with "abrupt conclusions," I call attention to the capitals:

Take J, in the four James', in John Adams and J. Q.—all begin at the top, and look related. Four others are varied, but have the same movement. See the L's, in Lewis and the two Lees. The A, in Abby, in the three Adams' and in Alex.—all begin at the bottom, and are cast in the same mold. The S, in Sam., Sherman, and Skinner. The H, in P. Henry, H. Bell, Hamilton, Harrison and Hopkins—the two in Henry Lee and Hull, are also identities. See the W, in West and the Washingtons: Geo. used to loop his W, and dot between G. and W. Notice, also, the T, in Jefferson and Koscusko. Look at E, in Ellis and Edgar. The crossing of the t, in but, not, without, Fitch, Lightfoot, and Hamilton; and, also, the horizontal marks under the sentiment—all executed by the same motion. The dotting of i is characteristic of a single hand. The o, in Koscusko, G. Washington, Roger, Joseph C. Neal, Carroll, &c. The finish of the H, in Harrison, is not characteristic, and the W is nearer like that in Wm. Paea, than Harrison's hand. The m, in Freedom and Sherman; the r, in Freedom, Edgar, and Franklin, are alike. See the d's in the two Madisons, Paulding, Richard, Sam. and J. Q. Adams. Note the finish of the R, in Rob. and Richard. The G, in Coles, is but little varied from the G in Geo. Ross—old Declaration. The R, in Rowland, is modified from R in Rutledge, and the E, in Ellis, is suggested by the E in Edward. The B, in Braxton, suggested the B in Bradford. The small t, in West, Martha, and Nath., all indicate one movement.

To you, this may all appear critical—over-much—and while I see evidence immeasurable in the grand system with which God has garnished the heavens—that man is not made to waste his life in a few short years, and go out forever—and also, that the laws of the Moral and Physical Universe utterly forbid the return of his liberated spirit—you, and many men of sound minds, find the evidence of his future life, and return to earth in a few names scrolled upon parchment, under very peculiar circumstances.

Now, why "burn up" that first autograph? Was it because it might show that the "spirits, aided by the battery," could not execute their names twice alike? Why not keep it to show that fact, and to transmit, as a heavenly memento, to future races?

Why send Edward from the room, when about to write Hebrew? It appears his sphere was not incompatible; they had visited him at other times. The ink, too, that was undried. Just write in characters as large as those and let them dry, and re-wet them with ink, and you will gain the two minutes' time he makes in the two cases. Once they wrote when he was gone in the day time, and once they wrote while asleep. Yes, they of old "stole the body of Jesus while we slept." Edward, I observe, is accustomed to drawing, by the reference to paper used for that purpose—and of course used to forms, sizes, similars and resemblances in lines and curves and circles. He gets communications in a variety of strange tongues—and we find in his possession books in "Greek, Latin, French, German and Syriac"—after a certain time. Now, Mr. Fowler is, doubtless, what you all suggest—but the "opinions" and "beliefs" of a thousand persons, that this or that person don't think another capable of such deception, and that they did not see him or her do such and such acts, amounts to less than nothing. There is a "looseness" in the whole affair, into which tricks, that would make angels weep, may be woven. In that autographic scroll lives the evidence, to my mind—internal—unevadable—unalterable—unmistakable, that a single hand wrote every name; design, clear as light, is stamped on it:

1. The trembling movements.
2. The round circular movement of the writer.
3. The groups, as indicated above.
4. The resemblance of each name in the group, and all the groups, in a general motion, and a slow and cautious action of the hand.
5. The identity in capitals and small letters; crossing of t, and dots of i, showing a close identity in those minor motions.
6. The great departure from the original.
7. Edward was there "asleep." Why not make sure your test, and lock the room, leaving him out—they had wrote before when he was gone—and "guard the door by a band of soldiers," to see that no one stole the parchment?

The facts, on which such momentous questions hang, must be more firmly knit—more iron-linked.

I have taken measures to bring this autograph to the test of the best penman in the land. Will you do the same, and republish the cut of the autographs, that new subscribers may have it to study, as I have suggested?

Yours truly,

B. W. RICHMOND.

JEFFERSON, Ohio, Oct 13, 1852.



# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTON, EDITOR.

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

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1852.

## REPLY TO DR. RICHMOND.

NUMBER IV.

MY DEAR SIR: It is true that the original proposal for a discussion came from you, and when, in my answer, I offered the columns of the TELEGRAPH, as the vehicle through which the public mind might be addressed, it was most distinctly understood that I should reply.

In attempting to excuse what seems irrelevant, in your three letters on SPIRIT-IMITATIONS, I can not think you are extremely fortunate. You assume that the question was not understood at the time those letters were written. In this, your memory is as much at fault as your facts and logical consistency. It was understood from the beginning that we were to discuss the origin of the so-called *Spiritual Manifestations*. The specific form, or verbal imbodiment, of the proposition, could scarcely render any class of facts relevant or irrelevant, and when the real import of the question was mutually comprehended from the first, what more was required? Moreover, that the first form of the question was to be such as to give you the affirmative, must have been clear enough to your mind; otherwise you surely would not have led off with so much freedom. To suppose that Dr. Richmond would rush to the conflict, like a blind war-horse to the battle, without knowing what he is contending for, or whether indeed there is anything to be achieved, is to withhold the credit due to his reputed sagacity. Is it not sufficiently evident, in view of these considerations, that my correspondent, at least, *did understand* the question—its verbal construction as well as its general import? If other evidence be wanting, to settle this point, it is contained in a brief note—the first received from your hand after the letters on "Spirit-imitations" were written. I had previously observed, in a private communication, that you had omitted a formal acceptance of the proposition, to which you responded thus: "I supposed I had accepted of your proposition, with barely explanation enough to guard against misapprehension."

If I fully comprehend your meaning in the remark that, "great latitude must be allowed both parties," it seems proper to say that, it does not express any necessity of which I am personally conscious. The real ground of the controversy is sufficiently extensive—is far more than I can even hope to occupy—and when I get so far 'out of my latitude' as to lose sight of the question altogether, a timely 'observation', on your part, will set me right. I trust I shall not be so unfortunate as to infringe, in any manner, the rules of friendly discussion. Allow me to assure you, dear sir, that I shall esteem it a privilege to be as "gentle" as possible, taking care, of course, not to confound gentleness with general debility. The "countless hosts" of which you speak may possibly be spared from actual service, for the present, and until the opposition to Spiritualism shall develop a real emergency. Highly as I esteem their presence and sympathy, it is not because they give me an undue advantage over my neighbor, nor are they capable of doing aught that you are unwilling to attribute to the agents at your command. "Vital Electricity," "Biology," "Abnormal Conditions," "Pantomime," "Vacuum," etc., constitute a host scarcely less numerous and certainly far more mysterious.

The discrepancy, of which you speak, is only apparent. It is confined to one or two unimportant particulars and does not exist, even in appearance, in the complete testimony of the witnesses, as furnished by themselves and published in my first letter. It is frankly conceded that the account, as rendered in number nine of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, contains a slight error, and I am happy to have this opportunity to explain the manner of its occurrence. When we published the autographs, I had recourse to the book containing the minutes of the proceedings of the New-York Circle, and hastily copied such portions of the record as seemed to be necessary to a general understanding of the subject. The mistake occurred in the process of transcription, and your humble servant is, therefore, alone responsible, while the testimony of the witnesses remains unimpaired.

Your letters clearly enough indicate the unsettled state of your own mind, with respect to the origin of the phenomena in question. In your first communication you came to the following conclusion: "THE WHOLE is the result of the imitative mechanic power of the medium, brought out by the abnormal magnetic state, which exists while he is writing." It is true you did not attempt to prove that Mr. Fowler possessed any such power of imitation, or that he was in an abnormal state, either when the autographs were executed, or at any other time in the whole history of his life. Of the Spirit-writings, you "had seen but one copy" of a single specimen, "and that but an hour." And yet, with this superficial investigation, you, in three lines, peremptorily decide the whole controversy, so far as it relates to this class of phenomena—decide, too, in opposition to the evidence, and without the slightest regard to the judgment of learned men who had carefully examined the originals. And after this summary manner you undertake to dispose of the facts and the witnesses together, with as much ease and complacency as a police magistrate commits petty offenders who disturb the peace.

In your second letter, the inference seemed to be in favor of some biological hallucination; but how the state was induced, by whom, and for what purpose, did not appear. Nor did you attempt to show by what mysterious process dead matter was "biologized" with as much facility as the living human being. You were reminded that all the agents, referred to in your letters, were utterly powerless to move disorganized and lifeless matter; while it is clearly demonstrated, by numerous actual occurrences, that the power behind the Manifestations through living media, does produce analogous effects on a variety of inanimate objects. But the biological theory did not afford a satisfactory solution of the mystery—did not appear to satisfy your own mind—and it was, therefore, materially modified in your third letter.

Our credulity was next challenged by the improbable hypothesis that, the whole country was being converted into a theater for certain scenic exhibitions, and that thousands of sensible men, before engaged in a variety of sober pursuits, had all at once turned actors! Or that a singular species of insanity had mysteriously endowed a great number of persons with extraordinary mental powers, such as sane people do not possess. But here the old difficulty reappeared. It was not so easy to determine how insensitible things made such astounding proficiency in the arts and especially in Pantomime. That the theory in question would even apply to the sentient subject was no where made manifest, and certainly no alienation of reason would tolerate its application to inorganic and lifeless forms. But many strange things had transpired. Electricity had learned to converse; the table had become skilled in music and dancing, and would beat time with its foot as accurately as the singing-master. Mental excitement had become an 'inventive mechanic,' and

insanity was proficient in the elegant and useful arts! But how all this came to pass, agreeably to your hypothesis, remained to be explained—and still remains.

From the tenor of your fourth letter, I judge that your theory has been again metamorphosed, and that the last change is sadly retrogressive. I had indulged the hope that my friend would not find it necessary to abandon his very charitable theory for the last resort of skepticism. But so it is, and that you are fairly over-committed to the side of *voluntary fraud*—appears from the following passage in the letter now before me: "The opinions and beliefs of a thousand persons, that this or that person don't think another capable of such deception, and that they did not see him or her do such acts, amounts to less than nothing. There is a looseness in the whole affair, into which *tricks*, that would make angels weep, may be woven." Such is ever the last resort of unbelief—an open denial of the facts, however well authenticated, and the condemnation of the witnesses. Hitherto you have had the candor not to call the integrity of the medium in question; but now, the whole, in your mind, assumes the aspect of deliberate imposture. If the claims of popular skepticism must be sustained at all hazards, let the work be done at the expense of those who worship its material gods. I will retire from no ordeal instituted by Reason and Philosophy. I care not how severe the analysis, or how searching the criticism; but you are bound to respect private character and human testimony. In your indifference to these, you illustrate the following lines of the Poet:

"Critics to plays for the same end resort,  
That Doctors wait on trials in a court:  
For innocence condemn'd they've no respect,  
Provided they've a body to dissect."

All your observations on the microscopic imperfections of the autographs, strike me as pointless and puerile. Suppose they were far less perfect than they really are; would that affect the validity of the direct testimony concerning their origin, and the peculiar mode of their execution? Not in the slightest degree; and I can well afford to let your criticisms go to the public with this passing illustration: I have before me a communication from a gentleman who is reputed to be a scholar. On examination I find that a number of words have been incidentally omitted; others have been abbreviated, sometimes without the use of the apostrophe. No invariable rules are observed in the punctuation. The same letter is variously made, and seldom twice precisely alike, there is no method in these mistakes and omissions; these, and numerous trifling errors, appear to be chiefly the result of accident and a hasty manner of execution. Now while I have direct and positive proof, that this communication is really from my friend, the force of the evidence is in no degree diminished by finding fault with his chirography, or any trifling peculiarities in his style. I have received one letter from my correspondent, which does not bear his name at all. All other letters from Dr. Richmond, which have come under my observation, have his autograph at the bottom. Should I contend that this letter is a forgery, because the autograph is wanting, any one acquainted with the facts, and familiar with the existing evidences of its authenticity, would regard me as a mere cavalier. And yet to matters far less than this, your letter is chiefly devoted.

Your "measures, to bring the autographs to the test of the best penman in the land," may amuse others and furnish yourself with agreeable pastime, but they do nothing to establish your hypothesis. You may prove that the autographs can be counterfeited; but that, no intelligent man ever doubted. Indeed I stated distinctly, in my last letter, that our engraver furnished a very fair imitation of the Spirit-writings; but I insist that, this proves nothing concerning the manner in which the originals were produced. In all such efforts, therefore, you labor as one who beats the air.

I am extremely anxious to consider the more important facts of the Manifestations, without further delay. Will you have the kindness, my dear sir, to introduce them, and to exhibit their alleged relations to physical causes? It is not sufficient to assume that the facts are dependent on any particular cause, material or spiritual; every position must be proved. If it be possible to vindicate any earthly hypothesis, let it be done, at once; but any attempt of this kind must comprehend all the various phases of the manifestations, or it will signify fail. Disclose to us, then, the power that moves 'dead matter.' A subtle influence pervades the fibers of the wood, and they vibrate like the nerves of the living animal body. This fact alone, in the absence of your explanation, appears to be sufficient to explode every material hypothesis, and to force the rational mind back to a faith in some diviner energy. This is a material point, and you are required to show that some one, at least, of the agents to which you ascribe the Manifestations, has power thus to arrest the great laws of matter; to produce a strange semblance of vital action, and of all mental functions—among elements that have no voluntary motion—no thought—no life. Will you tell us how the woody fibers are made to quiver like convulsed muscles? How do creatures that have no life in themselves, no innate power of motion, yet move as if instinct with life, and feeling, and thought? Whence the mystic voices that come to us from the inert and silent elements—the voices that speak of the forgotten Past and of the unopened Future? Mysterious power! that thus realizes, in the most literal manner, the poetic imagery of the Psalmist! Objects, motionless as the hills, now pass before us; cold and voiceless things speak to man, and 'the very trees of the wood leap and rejoice.'

Hoping that you may be able to disclose the grand secret of these curious revelations, I remain, Very cordially Yours,  
S. B. BRITTON.

## To Readers and Correspondents.

SHEKINAH, VOL. II.—Some of our readers labor under a misapprehension in supposing that the first number of the Second Volume was issued on the first of the present month. When we resolved to publish the work in Monthly Parts, it was deemed expedient, in order to enable us to complete our arrangements, to defer the first issue until November. Accordingly, it will be published next Monday, and will be immediately forwarded to all subscribers. The succeeding numbers will be promptly issued on, or before, the beginning of each month.

Will Bro. ELMER pardon our seeming neglect? Number six of the Spiritual Facts was not dead, but it was buried alive and quite forgotten. It has been sleeping thus long, beneath a mass of other elements—matter in every form and stage of refinement. A recent upheaval among the material and spiritual elements in our 'sanctum,' has brought it to light.

HARVEY'S DEFENSE OF SPIRITUALISM.—We have just received a number of copies of Mr. Harvey's pamphlet, the publication of which involved his separation from the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he was an ornament. Mr. H. is, we are informed, eminent for intelligence and piety, and his only offense, so far as we are able to learn, consists in his having a living faith in the existence and influence of spirits. That men who profess a spiritual religion—a religion founded on Manifestations similar to those which are now attracting general attention—should withdraw fellowship from an intelligent and pure-minded man, because he has too much faith in spirits, and spiritual things, is one of the mysteries of human conduct for which Reason has no solution.—For the present, we can supply all orders for the pamphlet.

MARRIED.—In Bridgeport, Conn., on Thursday evening, October 21, 1852, by S. B. Britton, Mr. JAMES SUTTON and Miss SARAH ELIZA, eldest daughter of David R. Gates, all of Worcester, Mass.

## SPIRITUAL FACTS.

NUMBER SIX.

About the 10th of August, Abel Alderson, Esq., of Fayette, Mississippi, having business as far north as Baltimore, was induced to come to New-England, for the express purpose of personally investigating the "Rappings"; for, although he could not be convinced of their being caused by spirits, yet, as he repeatedly stated, it was much more rational to concede that they actually occurred, without apparent human agency, than that a thousand witnesses, in a hundred different places, were deceived, or that they were attempting to deceive others, without a motive.

On his arrival at Hartford, Conn., where he stopped for the purpose of seeing and conversing with Mr. A. J. Davis, he had the pleasure of witnessing Manifestations, which only served to create an intense desire to see more.

Learning that Mr. Davis was at Lynn, Mass., where wonderful Manifestations were occurring, he immediately went to that place, and met Mr. D. at High Rock, where an Irish girl, who had only been in this country some six months, had just been discovered to be an extraordinary medium.

It would require too much space to relate the wonderful occurrences which soon caused rumor to christen the beautiful cottage at High Rock, "The Haunted House." Soon after, the loud noises commenced in the sleeping-room of the medium, and in various parts of the house. The girl was thrown into the spiritual condition; when, lo! the tongue of eloquence was given her, and she poured forth, for more than an hour, a strain of the most instructive, wise and exalted sentiments, which—in the judgment of some eight or ten persons who were listeners—were ever heard by mortal ears. These utterances purported to come from the spirit of our Southern friend's father, mother and sisters, who, he declared, gave him perfectly satisfactory proof [the gentleman is an eminent lawyer] of their identity! They gave him special instruction in regard to his mission to his Southern friends, and especially to his brothers and sisters—and promised to repeat the same things to him through other mediums, as evidence that it came from them. His father also promised that, he would make five distinct sounds, which were repeated a number of times, that he might recognize them by the time, manner, &c., of their repetition, as well as from their number.

Armed with this signal, etc., Mr. A. came to Springfield, to continue his investigations. I had the pleasure of introducing him, on the evening of the 13th inst., to Mr. Gordon, (who never heard of him before), through whom sounds were immediately heard. My friend A. inquired who was rapping? The answer, communicated by the alphabet, was, "Your father." "Well," said Mr. A., "if this is my father, how shall I know the fact?" Before the words were fairly uttered, the five distinct sounds were made, with the same measure as at High Rock! Then the medium became entranced, and gave him the same instructions he received at Lynn, word for word!

This sister, also, gave him such overwhelming proof of her identity as to entirely overcome his feelings, which found expression in a flow of tears. She then earnestly exhorted him to faithfulness in regard to his mission to her friends, in which she gave the following original and beautiful explanation of Scripture text, "Work while the day lasts, for the night cometh in which no man can work":

"The day here spoken of is the Spiritual light which we have been enabled to impart; it is the sympathy you now have with the Spiritual World; it is your faith in our presence; it is that resurrection of your spirit within you; it is the blessed union you now feel with God, with Heaven, with the angels, and with us. But by the influence of this dark, material world, the night cometh! In other words, the doubts and fears which repel our approach. Then you can not work. 'Blessed are they who have part in the first resurrection'; that is, blessed are they whose spirits are developed in the body—who commune with angel-spirits before they leave the outward form—ON SUCH THE SECOND DEATH (which is the death of the body) HATH NO POWER; that is, produces no fear."

I next introduced my friend A. to the family of Johnathan Bangs, Esq., who are mediums, and had not heard of my friend before: where the same signal was again received, by the table being tipped five times, in the same manner as to time, that the raps were made through the other mediums!

The next morning Mr. Henry Foulds—who does not pretend to be a medium, notwithstanding that when he applies his hands to the table, it is very apt to tip, and raps are occasionally heard—called at my house, where my friend Alderson was stopping; we seated ourselves at the stand, which commenced tipping. Mr. A.'s father again appeared, and gave precisely the same signal, in the same way, as on other occasions. Mr. F. knew nothing of such a signal being given before.

Mr. A. next visited Mrs. Johnson, at the house of Mr. Dunbar, who is also a good rapping medium. No one in the family knew of such a signal having been given. Here also Mr. A. received the same signal yet again! He next attended a meeting of Spiritualists, where were two mediums who had not seen him before; one of whom, (Mrs. Eggar,) by the involuntary moving of her hand, wrote some characters, which were interpreted by Mr. Beckwith, and lo, and behold, out came the identical instructions, *verbatim et literatim*, which friend A. had so frequently received through other mediums before, respecting his mission to his Southern friends, with the following quotation added—"The Queen of the South came to see the wisdom of Solomon, and, behold! a greater than Solomon is here."

While Mr. Alderson was at my house, D. D. Hume called to see us, having been absent a long time. Soon after he arrived, he was taken with severe vomiting and sick headache, from which friend A., though an entire stranger to him, attempted his relief by bathing his head. During the process, Mr. H. was thrown into the spiritual condition, and described Mr. A.'s father and sister; spoke their names and that of his mother; and the spirit of the father, while addressing his son, called him correctly by his given name, which the medium had no means whatever of knowing, neither did he know the names of Mr. A.'s parents, which, he assured us, were known only to himself, as he had not mentioned them this side of Baltimore!

For the proof of the above FACTS I would refer to  
\* If any Doctors of a sick and dying Divinity, will give a better comment on the Scriptures quoted, I should delight to sit under the droppings of their sanctuaries. K. E.

the names mentioned, especially to Abel Alderson, Esq., Fayette, Miss., who, I pledge my honor and character for truth, will confirm (under oath if need be) everything material in the above statement. Reader, make your own comments.

RUFUS ELMER.  
SPRINGFIELD, August 29, 1852.

## Communication.

Dictated by raps, in presence of H. E. Randall, medium, purporting to be from the spirit of George C. Slayton, who left Stow last March, in company with his brother Osman, for California, and died in San Francisco, May 22:

"Oh, how I would comfort my dear father and mother, if it were in my power to speak to them; but I rejoice that I can not, while I regret that I can not comfort the dear ones in Stow."

"Dear mother, do not mourn for me, for I am happier than while with you, or ever could have been with you."

"Do, dear mother, strive to believe I am with you often, even oftener than before, for I can travel much easier than in my clay-prison."

"I would that I could tell you of the glories of this beautiful home; but tongue can not express a thousandth part of the brightness of this happy home."

"I wish to speak of my departure from earth. I saw my sister Susan sometime previous to my exit; I was sure my sickness would prove fatal, and believed she had come to conduct me to my Spirit-home. Then I knew I must leave you all and go with my dear sister; and did I grieve at the thought? No, dear friends, Susan's presence was all the assurance I needed. How her sweet face charmed the home-sick one, far, far away from all, save that one dear brother—poor Osman. Weep for him, not for George. He is alone—I am with you."

"Dear father, you little thought your athletic son, George, would enter the land of promised rest before you, but so it is, and here I am to pilot the rest of you. Weep not—although I am not in California, gathering gold, I am in this far brighter land, gathering golden stores for myself and you—wealth which sickness or death can not destroy."

"Father, you have gold enough and to spare; do for your own sake as well as for those around you; strive for the remainder of your mortal life to enrich and adorn that jewel—the Mind. Oh, had I power to impress you with its worth, you would not neglect it one moment longer."

"You are sick, mourning, unhappy, because you are in the dark. Come to me—let me lead you to this bright land; bear upon my strong arm—trust—seek, and you shall find rest. Ponder this well, and believe it is from your spirit son."

"Dear sister, I am happy—is it not enough? If you can, you, mourn for me or call me back? I am still your own dear brother; will you not believe—will you not still listen to me? I shall now be ever with you, ready and anxious to counsel you and lead you upward and onward to this bright, eternal home. Dry your tears for me—give our dear lone brother Osman, all your sympathy; do all in your power to comfort him—me you have always—he is far away from all his friends but Susan and George."

"Soon we shall all meet in this sweet home, never more to part; then look on high for happiness; cultivate and refine the priceless gem within, and leave the casket to its fate, when it can no longer serve the wants of its animating soul, it will burst asunder and let the prisoned bird go free."

"My own dear brothers, how shall I express to you the love I feel for you. Language is weak, and it is a bearer of love's fond dreams. Go on, my noble brothers, win for yourselves that fame you so richly deserve. Make strong the inner man; then, in the hour of trial, you will feel that your life has not been an idle dream, to vanish with the dawning day. Your brother George will watch, guide and cheer you, amid all your mortal conflicts, and welcome you with open arms to this bright home."

GEORGE C. SLAYTON.

## DEATH.

BY A SPIRIT OF THE SIXTH CIRCLE.

J. H. TUTTLE, MEDIUM.

The circle requested the spirit, then communicating, to write by the hand of the medium, its thoughts at death. It manifested its willingness, and wrote the following:

As I now write I can not but exclaim, how wise, in wisdom; how benevolent, in benevolence; how just, in justice; how true, in truthfulness; how incomprehensible, in incomprehensibility! God the creator and upholder, has planned the great whole.

I dwell in an ocean of space, of which boundlessness constitutes its limits, and in which suns, stars, and worlds, are but continents and islands. The few lingering rays of light from heaven, emitted through clairvoyance, had so instructed my mind in the Geography of the the Spirit-world, that, in a measure, I was prepared to pass through the great change.

The bright sun had sunk behind the western hills. The fair-orbed moon threw a halo of light on the night-side of earth. Closing with the day the affairs of the sphere, I retired to rest. The deep studies of that day had so elevated my spirit that the mortal body, would serve it no longer. My death was the death which many will die—all who become so elevated in soul that the body, in its grossness, will not serve the ethereal spirit.

I soon felt the cerebrum gather the life of my form into its folds; I knew that I was undergoing the change called death. Oh! the thanks that the sacred silence of my chamber was not disturbed; that kind friends wept not at my bedside. I felt that I was dying, yet I rejoiced! Soon I awoke from my clairvoyant sleep—for death is the going to sleep in the first sphere and the awakening in the Spirit-world. Spirits came to me and gave the welcome of love; they welcomed me to the Spirit-home.

If I had not received the light from heaven that I did receive, my passage would have been far different. The time, passed while I was in peaceful oblivion, would have seemed dark, and gloomy. My easy passage would have been converted into a passage over a dismal gulf, where spirits would have seemed to wander, they knew not whither, vainly wishing for the boon of nonentity. But as I had received the light, my passage was the going to sleep on earth and the awakening in heaven. From a clime where earth bounded my vision, and seemed a universe, to one in which earth is an atom, and Infinity expresses all things.

While on earth, nature was my study; now I study nature in its loftiest sense. Instead of standing on an atom far off, and gazing at the stars, I can visit them, gathering knowledge, goodness, and happiness, therefrom. By death have I realized its comprehensive philosophy—that death is not death; but that death is change. I now fully realize that nature was not created for man, nor man for nature; but that each is created for the other. That there are as many natures as individuals; that each individual looks upon nature differently; that all things created combine and harmonize to form one great Whole.

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir: I send the foregoing for publication in your World-illuminating paper, if you should think proper to give it a place. It is a copy of a production written, by my hand, by a spirit of the Sixth Circle. Mediums are increasing here.  
You have my good wishes, in your work of progress. J. H. T.



# SPIRITS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY MRS. LAURA WEBB.

The story following is from one of the histories of the Northern. It may be interesting to the antiquarian who can recognize in the piratical navigators of the eleventh century, the free and independent spirit which has, in after ages, solved the problem of man's self-government; but to us, who are looking for laws which regulate the soul, it carries a deeper interest and a conviction of the immutability of the "higher law." We see that man has ever sought to know his destiny through a medium. And while the Sybil and priestess of the more classic countries of Greece and Rome were sought by kings for their oracular answers, the Icelandic nobles sought the humble fortune-teller, and relied on her declaration of the destinies of their race. She, like the Sybil, surrounded herself with a mysticism which placed her at a distance from her devotees, who felt it impossible to trace the source of her inspiration. While the Sybil was attended to as an oracle from heaven, the fortune-teller has been considered as in league with the devil, even while her predictions were many of them fulfilled to the letter.

It is evident the "Little Witch" had practically learned the method of receiving communications, and that the laws of spiritual intercourse were understood by her in her almost barbarian simplicity, better than they have been by the world in general for many ages preceding our own. Perhaps she formed a circle in a manner similar to what the mediums require now, as it was not until the tables were cleared of all remnants of the feast, that she was expected to call the invisibles to her aid. At the first reading of the story, we should say that her delay to answer their inquiries on the first day, was only a ruse to gain time, that she might, in some secret way, inquire into the circumstances of her noble host and his guests, and then her cunning mind could arrange and guess out probabilities that eventually in the course of events would take place.

We now understand why her mystic verses must be sung to attract the good genii. The power of music to soothe the soul, to harmonize the spirit of man, to excite him to mirth, to rouse him to passion, and to accomplish deeds of high import, is well known. And it is now well known, that in a circle assembled in the hope and expectation of receiving spiritual communications, there is often an unexpected delay, probably owing to the distracting cares with which the individuals have been previously occupied, which prevents that concentration of the mind of each, which is necessary to a complete harmony of the circle, and without which communications are never reliable. A strain of music, the singing of a hymn, has been often known to have been succeeded by startling and unexpected revelations.

The frequent repetition of the appearance of spirits, and of the blindness and the opening of the sight, in the writings of Moses, is very conclusive evidence that this method of communication was familiar to man in the first ages of his existence, and no one doubted it was from the Lord. But we have for many ages been so immersed in our own self-sufficiency, we have lost our hold upon the spiritual connection of our being; and instead of investigating the germs of spirituality which gleam forth occasionally in the dark sayings of the visionary and the fortune-teller, we have received them but as a vile deception to subvert their own purposes of obtaining an unwarrantable influence or a precarious support. Unconsciously to themselves they have had more connection with the spiritual than the wisest in the land.

Grimhild's distressing scream, as she saw the spirits of the departed standing in her way, would, by the learned doctors, be considered as the effect of "a very excitable state of the nerves, caused by a fever, which produced derangement."

Dr. Johnson, late an eminent physician in London, said that in the course of a long practice, he had never witnessed anything in a patient which appeared to him to be a vision of the Spiritual World; whatever they thought they saw, he considered but as a hallucination of the brain. And yet the bards of Erin, and the Seers of Scotland, have ever been listened to with conviction of their truth.

There is, undoubtedly, a peculiar state of the nerves which permits us to be under the control of higher spiritual intelligences, but it is a law of order, not disease of the brain; Grimhild's movement and apparent, breathing after she was supposed to be dead, may draw largely on the credulity of the reader. But those who are acquainted with the cholera have often beheld the horrid spectacle of post mortem convulsions, and have felt, with Gudrid, that there was something remarkable when the dead body can not rest.

## STORY OF GUDRID;

FROM HISTORY OF THE NORTHERN.

Vífil was of noble birth, but had been taken prisoner in the west country (neighborhood of Ireland), and was called a slave, until Aud, (the daughter of Ketil, a man of high station in Norway,) wife of the seaking, (arch pirate) Olaf, gave him his freedom. When Aud gave lands to all her followers, Vífil was neglected. The independent spirit of the Northman was roused by the partial distribution of justice, and he boldly demanded of his liege lady, why this exemption was made? With the tact of a woman she soothed him by her flatteries, telling him it mattered little to him. The possession of wealth was a circumstance to which all were liable, but the nobility of nature and birth were his, and wherever he went he would be esteemed noble. Still Vífil was dissatisfied, and the apprehension of disaffection among her people, induced her to give him Vífilslal, Vale of Vífil, (as dal or dale signifies valley). Here he married and resided. His sons, Thorbiorn and Thorgier, were youths of great promise. They resided with their father, and learned the art of hunting and fishing, which were the principal means of acquiring support. Thorbiorn married Halveig, daughter of Einar, who received a farm in Hellisval, bearing the name of Langarbrekk. As his wife's portion was superior in beauty and fertility, he removed thither, and acquired great honor among the neighbors and gentry around, for he was liberal and sumptuous in his entertainments, conciliating and kind to all, in whatever station of life. Here Gudrid was born, the pet of her parents; she was caressed as the heir of wealth and honors. As she grew to woman's estate, she excelled all others in beauty, grace and accomplishments; the hereditary nobleness of mind was conspicuous in the dignity and lofty bearing of her figure, and her intellectuality was clearly developed in her high and polished brow. In the neighborhood, (but what now would be considered somewhat extensive for that term,) lived Orm and his

wife Halldis. Orm was a good friend of Thorbiorn, and it was a great pleasure when Gudrid would consent to visit them, which she often did, and passed much of her time with them.

It happened one autumn, that Einar, a merchant, being in Iceland, brought his mercandize to Arnastap. Orm and Einar had long been friends, and he was received by the family with every demonstration of welcome. Einar exhibited his goods much as a pedlar does now, and begged his host to take what he liked. Orm was gratified with such a return for his hospitality, and with his native feelings of benevolence, thanked him with many compliments. While thus engaged, the lovely Gudrid, who was then the guest of Orm, returning from a ramble along the beach, passed near where the friends stood; her lovely complexion was rendered more brilliant by the exercise, and the fresh air from the water, and the modest grace natural to her, rendered her more interesting. When she saw a handsome young stranger turn to look at her, with evident admiration, she bowed to Orm and passed on to her apartment. "Orm," said Einar, "who is that lovely damsel; I never saw her here before, nor knew I that you had a daughter?" "It is Gudrid," said Orm, "the daughter of my friend Thorbiorn, she condescends to come to my dwelling, and like a sunbeam, she brings light and gladness to the heart of myself and wife." "Ah! Orm, you have said rightly that she was like a sunbeam, for a ray from her eye has pierced my heart. Orm, Orm, I must see her again, for she becomes to me like the light of life. Orm, I must be a suitor for her hand, and you must go and open the matter to her father, he is called Thorbiorn, the good neighbor, and he is a good father, and would like to have his daughter well provided for. I hear his property is rapidly decreasing, and he must perceive that by giving me his daughter it will be an advantageous connection for both. My father and myself possess great wealth, and this alliance I repeat it, while it promotes my happiness, all will acknowledge, will be highly to Thorbiorn's interest. Has she many suitors, Orm, tell me the truth, and yet I would you should tell me what I wish to know, that her heart is free; then will I hope."

"Einar," said Orm, "she has had many suitors, and all unsuccessful, for both her father and herself are hard to satisfy in the choice of a husband. Thorbiorn is my friend—but high-tempered and proud; I would thou would'st not urge me to move in this affair."

"Orm, thou art my friend, as well as Thorbiorn's; and my happiness and his property will be benefited by this connection—and shall not Gudrid be happy when I, as a devoted husband, pledge myself to promote the happiness of her life?"

Orm at length consented to negotiate, when a fitting opportunity arrived.

Thorbiorn made his usual autumnal feast: it was more than ordinarily splendid—for he delighted in magnificence—and he was proud to show to his guests that his daughter was his pride, above all else. Orm of Arnastap was present, and as Gudrid moved among the guests, the spirit and life of the whole, Orm said to Thorbiorn, as they both felt a father's love for Gudrid, "Einar, of Thorgeirsfel, paid me a visit recently, while on one of his mercantile excursions. Einar and his father, Thorgier, are rich. Einar is endowed by nature with all that is most excellent, and is fond of magnificence; he scatters liberally what Heaven has given him in abundance. He is my friend and I know his worth. Gudrid I love, as my child, and he solicits Gudrid's hand."

Thorbiorn's rage was kindled, his face was red with choler. "Base-born Einar! solicit the hand of my daughter!—Thorbiorn, I little expected this from you. I, marry my daughter to the son of a slave!—You imagine, perhaps, that money fails me, and Einar therefore dares, through you, to make such a proposition. Gudrid shall never again visit you, since you think such a mean estate as Einar's worthy of her." Thorbiorn, it appears, had forgotten that his father was made a slave when taken prisoner, and only freed by the clemency of Aud.

Orm returned home, and the youth, Einar, relieved from a state of suspense, by the decided reply of Thorbiorn, consoled himself, as many a hapless lover has since, by taking his merchandise to another part of the country, and making Mammon the god of his idolatry.

Gudrid remained at her father's house all winter, and Thorbiorn made another great feast in the spring. The company was more numerous than ever before, for it was a very great feast. While all were enjoying the banquet, and the wit was racy as the wine, Thorbiorn obtained silence and addressed them:

"Many years have passed since my marriage and removal to the farm of Langarbrekk. I have found all my neighbors very kind. I have lived in peace, and our intercourse has been most happy. I have had wealth, and have spent freely; the rich have been entertained at my table, and the poor have not been sent away empty. This I could have sustained, and yet had a splendid marriage-portion for my daughter, but unexpected failures, and consequent pecuniary difficulties, now threaten me. I prefer to leave the country, rather than lose the station which I hold. I intend to seek a home elsewhere, in preference to reducing my establishment here. Eirek the Red, my early friend, solicited me to go with him to Greenland. Relying on the promises he gave me, when we last parted, I have determined to go to him the ensuing summer."

The guests continued silent—dumb with astonishment. Thorbiorn was much beloved, and they saw it was in vain to expostulate. All wept—and the joyous feast became a scene of sorrow. Thorbiorn presented gifts to all, and they separated, each to his own house, reflecting on the instability of riches.

Thorbiorn sold his lands, and procured a ship in the port of Hraunhafn. Thirty men, with Orm and his wife, and some others, accompanied him, showing, by this attachment, the high estimation which he deservedly maintained.

They sailed from port with a fair wind and good prospects; but the ever-variable wind soon changed, and a dead calm followed. This was succeeded by a storm, which drove them from their course, and the frail barque, with the indifferent knowledge of navigation which they possessed, was tossed on the ocean, and suffered much hardship and many disasters. Disease attacked them, and half the crew died, including Orm and Halldis. Thorbiorn wept for the sufferings and death of his friends, and with every demonstration of respect, consigned them to the deep.

It was late in the autumn, or the beginning of winter, that he arrived in Greenland. Thorkel, a man

of great authority, then lived in Heriulfness, and received Thorbiorn and his companions with the greatest kindness, and hospitably entertained them the whole winter—though there was a great scarcity in Greenland, as those who had gone abroad for supplies had been unsuccessful in procuring many, and some had not returned at all.

Not far from Thorkels, lived a fortune-teller. She was called the "Little Witch." She was one of ten sisters, all fortune-tellers, of whom only Thorbiorn survived. At the winter feasts, Thorbiorn's attendance was requested, especially by those who had adventured much in speculation. Thorkel being one of the principal inhabitants, he was looked to in expectation of being able, through the agency of the "wise-woman," to ascertain when they should be relieved from their present distress—we can bear our miseries with more patience when we see that they will terminate and leave us our lives. He invited her, and treated her with great courtesy—as is customary to do with those who have our fates in their hand, though not at their disposal.

He prepared an elevated seat for her, and placed upon it a cushion stuffed with cock's feathers. I am inclined to think they were put upon it to ornament it, as a feather cushion of that description could not even then have been a soft one. At evening she arrived, accompanied by the messenger who had been sent for her. It appears she walked; for no mention is made of any vehicle or animal having been in requisition. She was clothed in an outer garment, a blue cloak, trimmed all over with ribands and the border ornamented with precious stones; a necklace of glass beads. Her head was covered with a hood of black lamb's skin, lined with white cat's skin. She carried a staff ornamented with precious stones in the head, and copper ornaments; her zone, or belt, was of bark, to which was suspended a leathern pouch, which contained the instruments of her mysterious incantations; her shoes were made of the undressed calf-skin, the hair outside, with long latchets, to which were attached little balls of tin, which probably tinkled as she walked—thus attracting attention to herself. Her hands were covered with cat-skin gloves, the fur inside, and dressed white on the outside.

As she entered all paid their profound respects, and addressed her with great deference. She returned their salutations as she thought proper—without doubt saluting the monied aristocracy with most obsequiousness. Thorkel led her to the seat he had prepared, and requested her to cast her eyes over his household—as if, in the glance of her eye, she cast abroad a blessing. She was exceedingly brief in all her remarks.

When the table was laid for the guests, a separate dish was prepared for the fortune-teller, made of goat's milk, and the hearts of all animals which could be obtained. She used a copper spoon, a brass knife, with a broken point, the handle of which was a twisted tooth.

After the tables were cleared, Thorbiorn asked her when she could give an answer to the inquiries, in which all were so much interested? She could not communicate until next day.

The next evening, all preparations that she required, were ready. She then desired some women should be found to sing her mystic verses, which she called "Vardlokkur"—these would allure the good genii. But they sought in vain. No woman could be found to sing the songs of the fortune-teller.

Gudrid saw the perplexity in which they were placed, and, with some reluctance, she said: "I am not a prophetess, nor a learned woman; but my friend Halldis, worthy woman, taught me a song in Iceland, which she called 'Vardlokkur,' but I am a Christian woman, and can not take part in this matter."

Thorbiorn replied, "You may render great assistance to others, and without any loss to yourself. I expect Thorkel will provide all things necessary."

Thorkel felt the importance of complying with Thorbiorn's demands, and solicited a long time before Gudrid would consent to sing.

The company then collected around Thorbiorn, who was placed on an elevated seat. Gudrid sang the mystic verses, in such a sweet, graceful manner, that all present thought it surpassed any music they ever heard before.

"Now, many thanks, fair lady," said Thorbiorn; for many spirits, who had intended to be adverse to us, have been allured by the sweetness of your song to favor us. And I am informed by them of many things which I did not know before. And I will inform you, Thorkel, that this scarcity will last only until spring; then shall most of your seamen return, and their well-freighted vessels afford you all the relief you may require. The diseases, which have threatened to desolate our places, will leave us soon, for before long the weather will be milder, and the coming spring shall beam upon a healthy, happy and flourishing people." Then, turning to Gudrid, she said, "Your kindness, dear lady, shall have an immediate reward. The spirits which your song has won to favor us, have informed me of your destiny. The Book of Fate is so portentous, that few would ever wish to look beyond the present—if the page of the future were displayed to us, we could not change its import, and the dark cloud would hang over the present and destroy the energy as well as pleasure of life—but a glorious destiny awaits thee. You shall marry here in Greenland, a man of honorable character and exalted station. But thy days of happiness with him shall be few. You will again tempt the waves; you may again suffer as much, even more, than when you came here; but you will reach the shore, and pass most of your life in Iceland, where, surrounded by a numerous offspring, you shall live in peace and honor. Hail! daughter, hail! The destiny of your race is glorious. I can not describe it. It is more than is in my power to express!"

When this rhapsody was finished, all who were interested approached to ask her of what interested themselves. She freely communicated what she thought of their future fortune—and seldom or never erred. Soon after, others sent for her to come to their houses, and she took her leave of Thorkel—probably well rewarded.

Thorbiorn left the place when he found the "Little Witch" had arrived, for he considered all this as a superstition, or the wiles of the evil spirit.

According to the prediction of Thorbiorn, the weather soon did become warmer, and Thorbiorn gladly availed himself of it, got his vessel ready, and pursued his course to find his friend Eirek. Prosperous gales soon conveyed him to the shore of his friend, who received him with all the hospitality he expected,

and entertained him and his crew the whole winter. In the spring, Eirek gave Thorbiorn land in Stockaners, where, with his remaining property, he built a splendid mansion, in which he resided till his death.

Gudrid was left in Greenland, and there fulfilled the prediction of the fortune-teller, by marrying Thorstein Eirekson. He was a man of distinction, and had been a sailor, with his brother Thervald, who had died and was buried on the coast of Vinland. He wished to bring his remains home, to repose in his native earth, and fitted out a vessel, selecting a crew of twenty-five men to accompany himself and wife.

The navigation of 1804-5, was most imperfect in all its detail, and after tossing on the rough Atlantic all summer, they made the west coast of Greenland in October, without knowing where they were, but thankful to make land, as their provisions were growing short, and the weather was threatening cold.

Thorstein procured accommodations for his men, but himself and wife remained on board the ship for some time. Their situation attracted the attention of the neighboring gentry, and Thorstein the Swarthy, came with urgent entreaty for him and his wife to go and remain at his house, "for," said he, "I have everything for myself and friends, and my wife and I are lonely in our dwelling. I will come to-morrow, with my oxen, and bring you to my house. Respect shall be paid to your religion, and, as I reverence my God, so I will respect yours."

Gudrid was still remarkable for her beauty, and prudence, and winning conversation.

During the winter a pestilence broke out, which was probably in consequence of their hardships and suffering, and many of them died.

Thorstein had the same desire to carry them to be buried in Iceland, that had prompted him to undertake the voyage for his brother's remains, and he had coffins prepared for all who died, and placed them on board his vessel, intending to carry them back in the spring to be buried. The disease, like the cholera, attacked all classes, and Thorstein's wife, Grimhild, though of a size and strength which seemed formed to defy both time and disease, was the first victim.

During her sickness she rose and walked out in the air, leaning on Gudrid, who was her constant, kind attendant. No sooner was she at the outer door than a distressing scream from her alarmed Gudrid, and she said, "My friend, you are too weak to bear this exertion; let me aid you to return to your bed."

"But," said Grimhild, "it is not the fatigue which caused the agony—but what mortal shall, with composure, behold the spirits of the departed standing in your way! I saw all those who have recently died of this horrid sickness. I never saw so frightful a sight! my eye-balls ache with the fright! but, as shadows, they have faded now—and I will return. Oh! Gudrid, your husband, Thorstein, was among them, as well as myself, and he held a whip in his hand, which he laid about him among the crowd, indiscriminately."

Before morning Grimhild died. And Thorstein went out to make preparation for laying out the body, leaving Gudrid and her husband alone, in the chamber of the dead. She called after him, "Be not long absent, Thorstein; for there is something remarkable when the dead move, and Gudrid, breathless on her couch, moves her foot as if she would find a place to rest."

Thorstein returned; and, as he entered, the dead woman fell from where she lay, with a jar which made the house tremble to its foundation. Then they placed her in a coffin, and Thorstein Eirekson and Gudrid, his wife, were afflicted.

But new sorrows awaited Gudrid; for before night her beloved husband had breathed his last sigh, and she stood, a lonely widow, by his silent couch.

Thorstein the Swarthy, with kind-hearted manliness, forgot his own affliction in seeing her grief, and used every art in his power to console her; and told her that, in the spring, he would take her and her husband's ship, with the freight of dead bodies, to Eireksfiord; "and," he continued, "I will send for some friends to come here and see you—for sympathy is a comfort to the afflicted."

At this moment, the dead man called, "Where is Gudrid?" Three times he repeated it, and then was silent.

Thorstein the Swarthy now went for Gudrid, and said: "Thy husband calls thee; I know not if it is best to go to him."

"I will go," said she; "he has been to the Spirit-land, and if he now speaks, he may have something of the future to communicate—some advice for me, which he had not time to give before his spirit fled. Trusting in the mercy of God, I shall attend him, for if evil portends, I can not escape it."

As she approached the body, he seemed to weep excessively, and said a few words, so low she alone could hear. Then he spoke so loud that all understood him: "Blessed are they who are Christians; salvation awaits them; and yet, many are false in their professions. Carry me and my men, and bury me in a consecrated church—for here in Greenland they bury without regard to place. Ah! Gudrid, yet thy high destiny awaits thee; but do not, I entreat thee, connect thyself in marriage with any here in Greenland. Build a church with part of the wealth I leave, and forget not the poor." Then he expired.

After the introduction of Christianity into Greenland, it was the custom to bury the dead on the farms where they had lived; being unconsecrated ground, a stake was driven into the earth over the breast. When the priests came, the stake was withdrawn, and holy water poured in, and funeral rites performed.

Thorstein the Swarthy was honorable, and fulfilled his promises to Gudrid. He sold his farm and bought a ship, and carried Gudrid and her property to Eireksfiord. Thorstein and his dead companions were buried with funeral honors, in the holy church—and we don't hear that they ever appeared, to speak again.

Gudrid went to Leifath Brathuklid. Thorstein the Swarthy now sold his ship, and bought a farm in Eireksfiord, and dwelt there as long as he lived, appreciated and respected as an honorable man.

## SPIRITUAL INSTRUCTIONS

RECEIVED at the meeting of one of the Circles formed in Philadelphia for the purpose of investigating the philosophy of SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE—is the title of a small work containing much instruction worthy the source whence it emanated. Published by direction of the Spirits—the profits to be given to the "Harmonical Benevolent Association."

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