



DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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Principles of Nature.

ADVICE FROM A SPIRIT.

WOODSTOCK, Oct. 17, 1852.

S. B. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir: the following communication was given me by spiritual impression during a season of severe physical labor and consequent ill health, therefore I do not feel sure that it is as purely spiritual as it would otherwise have been. I draw this inference, not from any consciousness that such is the case, but simply that it does not seem quite as clearly expressed as would be desirable; still, thinking it may elicit a profitable train of thought from some one, I submit it to your disposal.

Yours, in the cause of Universal Progress,
M. B. RANDALL.

You know what I would write upon, for you have felt my impressions; and yet you are now so unwell that it is doubtful whether I shall be able to tell you all I had designed to, still we will try.

THE TRANSPARENCY OF SPIRITS.

BROTHERS OF EARTH:

Many have caught a vague idea, that spirits, after they have put off the clay bodies, are to be transparent; that is, all are to be able to read, or see through their fellow spirits—that hypocrisy and deception are to disappear, because spirits will have no power to hide thought or action from each other. This idea is so nearly true that we can not well say it is not true, without enstamping a worse thought upon your minds. It is indeed true in words, but is not justly apprehended, and hence occupies an untruthful or unprofitable situation in your minds, leaving you to put off the proper culture necessary to the good development of yourselves, inducing you to neglect to uproot your own errors now, because there is soon to be a time and place where you will be compelled to be good, not by hating evil, but simply because you have no power to practice evil.

This power, of reading the character of our fellows is not confined to either sphere, and is not essentially different in either. There are many still in the flesh who possess this power to a great extent, and there are many in the second sphere who have not yet attained to it. It depends entirely upon development. Those who have entered the intuitive circle of thought, have an intuitive or clairvoyant view of character, which would astonish even themselves, did they fully appreciate their own power. It is very desirable this should become more general, and better understood, for there are comparatively few individuals, so undeveloped as not to prefer the good opinion of others. Therefore, were they sure that their thoughts and feelings were instantly visible to those about them, they would make stronger efforts to be what they wish to seem, and this constant effort would soon raise them to the desired standard; and as this standard is ever rising before all, so would all rise more rapidly to reach it. This is one of the points to be greatly facilitated by proper communications from the second sphere. I have sought for some time to give you instruction upon this point, but the physical labor which this medium has been called to perform, just as I had nearly gained sufficient power over her to tell it to you, has delayed me somewhat.

The subject of guardian spirits is not well appreciated by you, their administrations over you contain very little of that sanctity and divinity which many of you ascribe to them, there are both dark and bright spirits in and out of clay, but every thing in nature is regulated—governed by Attraction and Repulsion. This you abstractly adopt, and yet you do not feel it

as you must soon do. It is to be found everywhere—always—between the minutest particles of matter and between the most complicated masses—bodies—individuals, whether mineral, vegetable, animal or spiritual. In inanimate matter, you call it different degrees of Attraction; in animal, it is Passion; in spirit, Love. Thus, whether you are told that Attraction, Passion or Love, binds all things together, the principle is the same, and it is also of little moment whether we name the surrounding power Repulsion or Hatred, it is the same; it is simply the opposing principle of that which strives to unite all things.

Now let us apply these principles to Guardian Spirits: every one attracts to his sphere of thought and action, or his neighborhood, such other individuals as are congenial with, or like him, both in the flesh and out; but we will here speak more particularly of spirits; these are all, properly speaking, his guardians, which means here nothing more nor less than helpers—assistants—co-operators, and would be better expressed by either of these terms. As no two individuals are in all respects alike, when a man has many attached to him it must be evident to you that each is attracted by some particular feature of that man's mind, with which he harmonizes, and for the possession of which he loves him. For instance, loves him for his active benevolence; another loves him for his strict integrity; a third discovers under these a strong feeling of revenge, and loves him for this alone. These are all alike his guardians, and yet all must see how different will be their counsel. They may each possess traits of character which entirely unfit them for each other's society, and are therefore obliged to enjoy this man's presence, each in turn, as he finds his own peculiar thought predominant. We will now suppose a man in whom sympathy, truthfulness, and revenge are the strong and ruling points in his mind; he sees a brother man in distress—his sympathy is instantly active, his desire—the prayer of his soul—now is to relieve his suffering brother; this desire attracts that spirit who loves him for this particular quality of mind, whose efforts are immediately united with his, their minds are now in harmony, so far as action is concerned, and through their efforts the sufferer is soon relieved, and both the man and guardian are repaid for all their labor, in the joy of seeing the result.

Again: this same man discovers a falsehood, perhaps in the same brother who was, before, the sufferers'. His love of truth, and consequent hatred of falsehood, now take the stand; the whole man is now absorbed in this one idea; his prayer now calls to his assistance the guardian, who loves him for his honesty, and their concentrated action, in blind enthusiasm to eradicate the error, nearly destroys the brother, and causes him ten-fold more distress than he was relieved from on the former occasion; and yet this man feels now no sympathy for his sufferings, simply because he is under the influence of a different attribute of his mind, sustained and strengthened by a different guardian.

Let this man again meet this same brother, who now feeling him to be his enemy, offers what he is pleased to accept as an insult; his attribute of anger is aroused at once, the dark guardian is thereby summoned to his assistance; this adds to his desire for revenge, and the offending brother is stricken to earth—the blow proves fatal—he is a murderer, and the world exclaims, “What an inconsistent wretch! One moment he would lay down his life, if need be, for a suffering brother, and the next, kill him for a petty insult!” But do you not see that this man acted from the force of eternal laws? Then study well these laws; learn to read your-

selves and your fellows by them. Judge by the communications you receive from your guardians what your guardians are, and ask yourselves why they are attracted to you, and learn to know, when you act, by what power you are controlled. You will then know better than you now do what constitutes a desirable guardian, and learn to attract the good—the pure—the exalted—by being yourselves good, pure and wise.

Heed these things, they are Spiritual truth, given you in Spirit and Truth.

THE MANIFESTATIONS.

“God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us.”—BIBLE.

As the question of the originality of Spiritual Manifestations is yet open and undecided, and many consequently “do err therein,” I would propose a few thoughts upon the subject, for the careful cogitation of all determinate skeptics; and, in so doing, I shall make no statements, but that can be authenticated. That such a thing as mysterious Manifestations, by rapping and writing, have been made—produced by some invisible agency—is a proposition that admits of no rational doubt at this late day. These communications have not proceeded from any human agency of, or by, the mediums, but the revelations have been through the agency of the mediums, adverse to their own volition, and are produced (unless we credit the theory of spiritualism,) by some yet unknown cause. Though the presence of a medium is necessary for the production of the sounds, or writings, he or she can not control them. Sounds can not always be produced in the presence of a medium; there are other conditions required, but all the other conditions may be as favorable as possible, yet the sounds or writing can not be obtained without a medium. That it is not explainable upon the thesis of biology, is apparent to the weakest capacity who understands the subject. For those who are familiar with the science know that, in order to biologize a person, the operator must possess a stronger will than the person operated upon, and that the operator can only transmit his own will. In these Manifestations the medium's will does not control the answers, if he or she be fully and perfectly developed and organized.

It is urged, by way of defense, and in proof of its fallaciousness, that if the disclosures which are made were really from the Spirit-world, it might be expected that they would, at least, be consistent with themselves. The reason why contradictory answers are occasionally obtained is, because many of the mediums are not fully developed or organized, and under absolute command of the spirits; and that the spiritual agency has not a full and complete power over the will. In order to have correct and reliable communications, there must be an intelligent communicant and a candid and honest medium, possessing a passive mind, fully developed. There are good and evil spirits, or, rather, more correctly speaking, “developed,” and “undeveloped,” or “high,” and “low” spirits; and it depends entirely upon ourselves whether we will have communications, or get our revelations, from above or below us. If our affinities are with the good, and our desires are for truth, and we are honest in ourselves, we shall not be troubled with communications that can not be relied upon, but our desires will draw pure and holy spirits to communicate with and influence us. The opposite condition of our minds will repulse good, and fit us only to communicate with another class. A medium not fully developed, would have his or her own volition to subdue and command, before he or she could become a perfect and reliable medium. If it is,

as some claim that it is, the will of the inquirer operating upon and controlling the mind of the medium, how are we to account for the fact that mental questions—that is, questions asked in one's own mind—are correctly answered, either by rapping or writing? How is it that questions unknown to the medium can be correctly answered, and communications received entirely different from what was anticipated?

Another objection urged against it is, that the communications are generally of a puerile character. If puerile questions are asked, you can but expect answers in accordance. The *Puritan's* correspondent says, that, if any spirits are concerned, they are undoubtedly infernal spirits, and that it is not likely that the good spirits would have anything to do with it. “They,” he says, “are undoubtedly infernal spirits who, for the trial of our race, are abroad in the earth, ‘going about like roaring lions, seeking whom they may devour.’” Where is the proof that “infernal spirits” have any more such power than the spirits of “just men made perfect?” Has Satan greater power than God? Certainly “There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

There are strong affirmative evidences that, there is a medium of communication between persons in the interior, or Spiritual state, and us, in the outward or primary state of existence. There is no jugglery, biology, or witchcraft in these things. The mediums do not lecture or exhibit for money, and have always refused to receive money from persons coming to hear the sounds or witness the writing. There is a dreadful cry here and elsewhere of “humbug,” “deception,” and “fraud”—which is pretty good evidence of there being something real at the bottom. It is just what might be expected, and I am contented to wait and let the cry go on, for of a surety, if this be truth, it never will blow away, but if it be deception, it devolves upon him who claims to be a philanthropist to show up its fallacy. Let those who investigate the subject do it seriously, candidly, impartially and honestly, with minds free from prejudice and preconceived opinions, and if they can then prove it a base imposition upon human credulity, they will have done a deed worthy of the highest meed.

J. J. M.

MAUMEE CITY, Sept. 1, 1852.

INTERESTING FACTS.

VISITS TO THE OTHER WORLD.

The following communications refer to a palpable case of spiritual transit to the other world, and the prophetic announcements are among the facts which forever remain to puzzle and rebuke the skepticism of unbelieving men. [Ed.]

TO EDITOR OF THE TELEGRAPH: Dear Sir: During the summer of 1849, the city of Bangor, Me., in common with most other cities of the United States, was visited by cholera. On Thursday, Sept. 20, Mrs. Hangley, the wife of a poor Irish laborer, of that city, died of that disease. Two days afterward her daughter, Margaret, a child of seven years old, died (as was supposed) of the same disease. The body was prepared for burial, and the father applied to W. R. Wingate, Esq., one of the city Aldermen, for a coffin. Owing to some cause, not explained, the delivery of the coffin was delayed for some time.

While awaiting its arrival, the child suddenly revived, and stretching forth her hands, exclaimed: “Oh, father! I have been to heaven! It is a beautiful place!” She then told what she had seen, and how glad she was to find her mother alive and well. She saw many children whom she knew and named; among others, seven cousins, four of them the children of her uncle Hangley, and three of her uncle Casey, add-

ing, “Aunt Lynch is not there now, but she will be to-morrow; and on Sunday afternoon, at four o'clock, I shall go back again.” An older sister observed, “You could not have seen three of uncle Casey's children, my dear, for there are but two of them dead,” naming them. “But I saw John there, too,” she replied. “They were with mother. They were all dressed in white. Oh! they looked so happy; and, to-morrow at 4 o'clock, I shall return again.”

The father now informed Alderman Wingate of the circumstances, when that gentleman, accompanied by Dr. S. B. Morison, city physician, called at the house, and she repeated to them what she had before stated.

Shortly after this, a message was received from Mr. Casey, who resided in Carmel—some twelve miles distant—informing them of the death of another child, John, and inviting them to attend the funeral.

At this time, it was not supposed that her “aunt Lynch” was dangerously ill—her disease being dysentery and not cholera—but she died the following day, as stated by the child.

There was still another prediction remaining to be fulfilled: that she would go back again, at a certain time. On Sunday afternoon, Mr. Daniel Warren, a man of active benevolence, called at the house. This gentleman spent most of the time during the prevalence of the cholera in visiting the sick. He engaged her in conversation, and endeavored so to occupy her mind that the time might pass by unperceived. She soon, however, appeared to be sinking. Her pulse gradually failed, and finally stopped, or became imperceptible; no evidence of breathing could be discovered; and she again lay before them, apparently dead. There was no clock in the house, and Mr. Warren immediately threw open the widow to get a view of the town clock, at a distance. It was at that moment striking four. She remained, to all appearance, dead, for the space of half an hour; when she again revived, and finally recovered; and, as late as the following December, was alive and well, though the eldest sister, spoken of above, died and was buried a few days afterward.

These facts were published, some time afterward, in the *Bangor Whig*. After reading the account, I addressed letters to Alderman Wingate, Dr. Morison, and Mr. Warren. I received replies from all of them corroborating the statement, and giving further details, unnecessary to mention.

Yours, &c.,

B. C. M.

TESTIMONY FROM MR. WARREN.

BANGOR, DEC. 20, 1849.

MR. B. C. MACY: Dear Sir: A few days ago I received a line from you, stating that you had seen a statement, taken from the *Bangor Courier*, respecting the Hangley girl, who apparently died twice, and returned to life again, during the dreadful ravages of the cholera, in this city. You wished me to write and inform you if it was true. I was present at the second time of her apparent death and return to life again.

Among others, Margaret Hangley, a little Irish girl, about seven years old, was seized with the cholera, Saturday, Sept. 22, 1849, and apparently died, and remained in that state an hour or two. I was not present when they sent for the coffin, but I was at the house soon after she revived, and remained with her for some time. She was very weak, but appeared very happy; said she had been to heaven, and it was a beautiful place. She saw her mother in heaven. (By the way, her mother died of the cholera, and was buried Thursday, Sept. 20.) She related to me—in substance, respecting her friends in heaven—at what you saw in the paper. Speaking of her aunt Lynch, she said she would be in heaven to-morrow. I was credibly informed that she, (her aunt Lynch,) died the next day and was buried.

The four of her uncle Hangley's children, whom she said she saw in heaven, were dead, as stated in the paper. She said that she saw three of her uncle Casey's children in heaven. Her friends insisted that it

could not be so, for only two of them were dead. "Yes," she said, "I saw three of them in heaven." The same day the news came from Carmel—the distance is about twelve miles—that little John Casey was dead—the child referred to by the entranced as being in heaven. This was Sept. 22. She also told me, as she did others, that she should go to heaven again to-morrow, at 4 o'clock, to see her mother. I asked her how she knew? She said, "God told me so, and mother told me so, too." She said she wanted to go to heaven, to see her mother, and be with God. I think she said nothing about dying, but frequently spoke of going to see her mother.

The next morning I saw her again; she said she was going to heaven to see mother at 4 o'clock that day. I called again in the afternoon; I endeavored to encourage her; I told her she appeared better, and would be out in a day or two. "But I am going to mother again at 4 o'clock." "When, to-morrow?" "No, to-day." Soon after, she seemed to be fast expiring in death; her pulse stopped; she ceased to breathe, and, to all human appearance, she was dead. I instantly raised the window to look at the town clock in the distance; it was striking four that moment. I heard it distinctly. In about half an hour she began to revive, but she was very weak.

The city physician told me, the next day, that he thought she would not recover. But she did recover, and now enjoys good health. I saw her father to-day.

The second time she apparently died, she had similar views of heaven, as she had the day before.

The above statements are the plain, simple facts.

Yours, with respect, DANIEL WARREN.

Union-st., Bangor, Me.

STATEMENT OF DR. MORISON.

BANGOR, DEC. 3, 1849.

B. C. MACY, Esq.: Dear Sir: Yours of the 11th instant, making inquiries as to the child of Mr. Hangle, is received. Both Mr. Wingate and myself were at the father's house, soon after she came out of the "trance." She related to me what she saw while "in the state when she was supposed to be dead."

The account, which was published in the *Waig*, was correct in all the material points, and we know of very few persons, if any, in Bangor, who are disposed to dispute it. Though some treat the affair as simply the result of a dream, while others think it was in accordance with the views of the New Church. Neither of us, however, belong to that Church, nor have any particular sympathy with its doctrines.

The girl is now in her usual health, and recently stated to me, that she recollected what she saw when she had the vision, or trance. She repeated, nearly verbatim, what she told me at first. Though questioned for some time, she was not inclined to say anything about what transpired on the Sabbath afternoon referred to. Most respectfully, yours,

S. B. MORISON, City Physician.

W. P. WINGATE, Alderman.

Miracles of the Nineteenth Century.

MR. BURR: Dear Sir: In this age of ridicule and unbelief, it would seem to be necessary that a great Truth, if it be newly presented to the world, must be heralded by some supernatural event, accompanied by a miracle in fact, in order to be received by the people. A large class of community require evidence of this extraordinary character before they will believe a newly developed Truth, albeit such truth may be intrinsically far more consistent and easier to believe than much that they have been accustomed to receive and accept with the most implicit confidence.

The following certificate is intended for this class of society. It relates to the remarkable healing powers of Mrs. METTLER, whose clairvoyant examinations, in numerous cases of disease, have been attended with unvarying success for the past two years, both in Bridgeport and in this city. Deacon Mosman, a well known citizen of Cabotville, certifies that his daughter was restored to the enjoyment of her speech, sight, and powers of locomotion, after having been long and vainly attended by more than a dozen different physicians. This was done by Mrs. M. merely making a few magnetic passes, or manipulations, over the patient. If the fact of causing the blind to see, the dumb to speak, and the lame to walk, does not sufficiently attest her healing power, a host of similar and different cases equally striking can be seen at any time on application. These things are being accomplished every day among our own citizens, and they indicate with unerring certainty that there is a great NATURAL LAW by which they are effected. The following is Deacon Mosman's certificate:

CABOTVILLE, Jan. 9, 1852.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: BE IT KNOWN that my daughter Mary, now twenty-two years old, has for about three years past, been mostly confined to her bed, and unable to walk alone. About the middle of July last, she lost all power of the organs of speech, and a few days after was deprived of her eyesight—becoming entirely blind, with no power to even open her eyelids. She has remained in that deplorable condition until the present time. All possible means have been used for her relief—she has been attended by twelve or thirteen different physicians—some of them being of the highest order and skill. She continued in about the same condition, changing only for the worse, and was finally told that she could never be any better. By this time we had almost despaired of ever obtaining any relief. But through a kind Providence we noticed a letter in one of the Springfield papers, respecting the claims and powers of Mrs. METTLER, the Clairvoyant, in healing and restoring the sick. We immediately applied to her and after several attempts, succeeded in getting her to make us a visit. On the evening of the above date she called and made a Clairvoyant examination of Mary's case, and prescribed for her. The next day Mrs. M. called, and by Manipulation quieted her a good deal, and on the next Wednesday, she called again to see her, and in about half an hour—with nothing but her own hands—she succeeded, to the joy of all, in opening her eyes, and restoring her sight, and speech. The next day Mrs. M. called again, and to our astonishment she succeeded in making my daughter WALK, entirely alone, which she had not done for three years. Such are the facts in this most remarkable case. She continues to see, talk and walk, and for all we know, she has been restored to her former good health. The above facts have shaken my unbelief in magnetism, and revived my hopes in my daughter's case.

My advice to all the sick and suffering is, to consult Mrs. Mettler. The demonstration of her powers in this case would at least warrant a trial. The above case can be more fully substantiated if it should be deemed necessary.

SILAS MOSMAN.

Per D. P. MOSMAN.

PREMONITION.

Although many are skeptical in regard to premonitions and warnings, and it is regarded as an indication of intellectual weakness, or a perverted intellect, to believe in them, yet, for the sake of the cause of Truth, I am willing to meet all the obloquy arising from the following statement of facts, concerning the truthfulness of which I most solemnly aver, and would seal on the solemnities of an oath, before any legally constituted authority:

In the winter of 1814, I was engaged in teaching a school in a Dutch settlement, nine miles south of Catskill, N. Y. Being a student in College, and under the necessity of educating myself, I prosecuted my studies at night, and, frequently, to a late hour, in my school-room. Hearing that my father was dangerously sick, in Hudson, six miles above Catskill, I hired a horse on Saturday, and spent with him the most of the Sabbath. He was very sick, but rejoicing in the renewed hope of eternal blessedness and glory. He was of the Methodist faith, and on his remarking that he had fallen from grace, but that now, blessed be God, he had gotten it again, I modestly observed that, according to the declaration of an Apostle, and of Jesus Christ, all real believers were born of the Spirit and kept, and trusted that that of which he spoke was merely a coldness—a backsliding. I received a severe rebuke in the expression, "What! do you think that we can have an estate we can neither waste nor alienate? Just before I left him, I proposed to pray for him. I was then timidly modest in engaging openly in prayer, and in consequence of the lowliness of my voice and a partial deafness in him, from disease, he did not hear me. After I had left, he was told of my request, regretted exceedingly that he had not heard me, and, to his death, kept continually inquiring for me.

On the night of his decease, I had the following remarkable warnings: I was sitting in my school-room, on a cold moonlight evening, reviewing Horace. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock. Suddenly, in the adjoining room, there were deep, long, rumbling sounds, as of frozen earth falling upon a coffin. Not in the least alarmed, I arose, took my light, and entered the room. There was nothing there. I returned to my studies, and, in a few minutes, the same sound was made directly behind me, outside of the house. I arose and went round the house, and as it was isolated, and at a distance from any obstacle behind which any person could be concealed, and boarded down to the ground, I was persuaded that no individual had made the noise designedly to frighten me from my studies. Still, no alarm, and no thought of foreboding had entered my mind. I resumed my studies again, and in a few minutes the same deep, heavy rumbling was repeated, directly under my desk and chair. Then came over me a sickening sensation, but no alarm—and, after securing the house, I returned to my home.

The idea of my father's death had not entered my mind. I knew he was very sick, but hoped not dangerously. I retired to rest, and, fatigued, soon fell into a sound sleep. I was, in spirit, in Hudson, at my father's house; saw and heard every thing, as *life*, and saw him *expire*.

The vision made a deep impression on my mind, and with the previous warning, persuaded me—rather convinced me—that my father was dead.

On Saturday, I hired a horse and went to Catskill. I arrived at my brother's house after dark. On meeting me, my brother Charles observed, "Well, James, our father is dead and buried." I replied, "I have seen and know it all—and now listen to me, and I will relate to you the most striking circumstances of his death." I then did so: "There was one thing deeply impressive; my father," said I, "frequently mentioned my name, and desired to see me. When he was dying my uncle, Josiah Olcott, was standing at the foot of the bed, and my oldest brother, John, at his bed-side, near his head. My father apparently died. My uncle said, 'He is dead!' 'No,' replied my brother, 'he will revive again.' He did revive, lived half an hour, and then died. It was unfortunate that neither I nor you were there."

"Why?" replied Charles, "how could you know this?"

"I saw it all in a vision."

Since I have become acquainted with the Electric science, and have been led to believe in the materiality and immortality of the soul at death, I have thus philosophized on the facts I have stated. My father being extremely anxious to see me, gave me a double warning of his death. At the time he apparently died away, his spirit operated upon my brain, and so affected the auditory nerves of the brain that I heard, as a reality, and on the optic nerves, that I saw, as life-time and space being at once blotted out in spirit-vision and in spirit-contact in and through the medium of universal mind—that is, the elements of vitality and intellectuality.

I am well aware that what I have presented is but a few facts, and the first problems of the stupendous revelations now making to mankind, calculated to unite humanity to the Spirit-world, and prepare it for the second sphere, a more glorious future—but, such as it is, you are welcome to it, and to give it an insertion in your Spiritual messenger.

All antipathies and prejudices should yield to science, benevolence, righteousness and truth. You are engaged in a great and good work, and have my heart and hand. The demonstration is now making. Our faith and science rest on the result.

Respectfully, JAMES S. OLCOTT.

LOWELL, Oct. 22, 1852.

Spiritualism in Missouri.

It is with great pleasure that we inform our friends at a distance, that we have cheering accounts of the progress of the manifestations from different portions of our State.

At some points the spirits are performing wonderful things; and in many places men are casting aside the fetters of prejudice, and the guidance of others, determined to test the truth for themselves, and be guided by its holy light. That light, streaming from afar, begins to reveal to them the glorious reality of the spirits' life.

(Light from the Spirit-World.)

From a Spirit.

Turn not, Oh man, away from the approach of spirits, for they come as sweet messengers from the other world, with great comfort. They have heard Earth's inhabitants talk of peace and pleasure, but it is all a delusion. Would you have joy? then list to the voice of spirits, and they will teach you the path that leads to a joy that never dies. Would you know love? then follow the instruction of spirits, and you will see a love as eternal and enduring as the beautiful land that gave it birth.

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?

PHYSICAL FORCE.—FLUIDS.

LETTER V.

DEAR SIR: I must of necessity drop for a time the subject of Spirit-writing, and bring forward the points most deeply mystical in this new set of Spiritual wonders. What I have previously written will take its place, in due time, in the discussion.

In discussing the "physical demonstrations," it is necessary to attend to force and fluids, as force-agents. What is force? Simply matter, put in motion. A mass of matter, at rest, has no force, but is inert. The earth, save the force of attraction, at rest, would have no power to move other bodies; but, in its wild career around the sun, should it come in contact with another globe, its force would be immense.

Two balls, of sixty pounds each, at rest on a marble slab, would have no power to move each other, or other bodies around them; put these balls in motion, and you have a force—equal to their size and velocity.

Water, in a state of rest, has no force to move other masses of water—attraction would serve to keep its particles in contact—but at rest, it moves nothing. Put it in motion, and it becomes a fearful element—shattering the strongest combinations of matter known to man's inventive genius. So of a small mass of water, in the bed of the lake, untouched by heat or air, it is harmless—but open it a path and it rushes with power down the mountain-slope, sweeping away all objects that oppose its course.

Steam—a still lighter fluid—at rest, is harmless, and impotent as a force-agent; but put in motion by heat, its power is increased in proportion to its rarity compared with the surrounding atmosphere. A harmless vapor, pent up and forced into a state of expansion and extreme rarity, it requires the strongest combination of cylinders of iron to hold it in abeyance, and then, at times, it takes open its iron covering, and scatters death and confusion around it. Moved by a regulated action, it seizes the ponderous boat, with its cargo of matter and animals, and glides gaily over the bosom of the placid lake—or rides boldly into the face of the tempest and wild war of waves. In another form, we see it trails the huge locomotive, with a gorgeous retinue of cars, freighted with life and hope, at a frightful speed over the iron track, across streams, through tunnels, and sets the whole down in an hour at twenty or fifty miles from its point of starting.

Electricity—a still lighter fluid—has still more fearful power: it can not be chained; bolts, bars, the tall oak, and the solid rock, are torn by its movements into whistling shreds.

Strange though it may seem, we find fluids increase in strength, as force-agents in proportion as they become more rare—or depart from the solid toward the imponderable. Let us study this element for a short time: All space is evidently filled with this fluid, and in it all other fluids and solids seem to float. Each earth, with its atmosphere—our solar system, the countless orbs rolling around us in space—are suspended in, and revolving in, this imponderable fluid.

Water, when piled up in waves, plays strange freaks with the tiny vessel, floating on her bosom. Steam, when swelled beyond a certain point, tears the vessel in pieces with perfect ease. Electricity, when accumulated into waves—like water—seeks its level, or equilibrium, with such force that all solid physical elements give way before it—the mountain side is rent asunder, and the whole globe trembles under its sturdy strokes. A few examples will illustrate the relative force of air and electricity:

The movement of air at one mile per hour, is hardly perceptible; at fifty miles per hour, it brings a terrible storm; at one hundred miles per hour, it becomes a tornado—revolving, as it does, in a circle—it desolates man's dwelling—prostrates forests, and wrings the sturdy oak from her stump, and leaves a wide track through the forest, swept clean, and its tall oaks torn up by the roots. Electricity, when accumulated among the clouds and vapor, is still more forcible in its demonstrations.

In 1772, in the Island of Java, in the District of Cheribon, reports like those of cannon were heard, while the top of a mountain was covered with dense fog, from which blazed the red flames of lightning. The cloud came down over the mountain, the inhabitants fled before it, while it was tossing and rolling, emitting globes of fire so frequently that night gave way and the surrounding country was lighted up with the glare of the noonday sun. To the inhabitants below, the scene was horrible; but to those who were in the midst of it, it was indescribable. The houses and plantations, for twenty miles round, were demolished, torn up, or buried; the whole stock of cattle, horses, and sheep, were killed, and over two thousand persons lost their lives.

Dr. Hibbert states that, on one of the Shetland Isles, (Fetlar,) about 1750, a rock of mica slate, one hundred and five feet long, ten broad, in places, and four feet thick, in an instant, by a flash of lightning, was torn from its bed and broke into three large and several smaller fragments. The first fragment was twenty-six feet long, twenty broad, and four thick—this was turned over. The second piece was twenty-eight feet long, seventeen broad, and five feet thick—this was hurled one hundred and fifty feet from its bed. The third fragment, about forty feet long, was thrown still farther into the sea.

The first example was caused by the movement of waves of electricity among watery clouds; the second, by a stream of electricity, pouring from the earth into the air, and as this mass of rock was in its way, it disposed of it as above related. Will the reader here mark this fact: The above phenomena, were caused by the movement of an imponderable fluid, so light it can not be weighed.

Previous to 1797, Cumana, South America, was visited by an earthquake; its first motions were "horizontal oscillations. Another occurred in that year, and the earth seemed to rise, and noises like the deep explosion of a mine was heard; then undulations of the earth, a smell of sulphur, near a hill, and subterranean noises; flames burst from the banks of the Manzanares, and in the gulf of Cariaco. These oscillations, undulations, noises, and flames, all indicate the action of a fluid. From 1811 to 1813, a surface—limited by the Azores, the Valley of the Ohio, New-Grenada and Venezuela, and the West Indies—was agitated by a common cause, acting deep in the bowels of the earth. During the 7th and 8th of February, 1812, the basin of the Mississippi was in a state of continual oscillation.

In March, of the same year, after a terrible drouth, Caracacas was disturbed by a shock so hard, "that it made the church bells ring." Another shock followed: the "ground was in a continual state of undulation, and heaved like a fluid under ebullition." Soon a subterranean noise, louder than tropical thunder, was heard, and was followed by a perpendicular motion, and that by an undulatory motion. The shocks passed from North to South, and from East to West. The undulations, crossing each other, hurled Caracacas to the earth, burying thousands of its inhabitants in its ruins.

In 1759, in the Plain of Malpais, covered with rich plantations, vol-

low sounds were heard for two months, and one night, four square miles, the site of a plantation, rose suddenly up, and formed the volcano of Jorullo. Flames poured from an area of soil measuring six square miles. Streams of air also have issued from the earth, and formed volcanoes. Volcanic eruptions are attended with all the physical symptoms of earthquakes: rolling, lifting and whirling of a fluid is apparent, and eruptions occur almost always simultaneous with earthquakes, with deep-toned sounds in the bosom of the earth. Volcanos of smoke, with vivid streams of lightning, pour up into the heavens from the crater; masses of rock, gleaming red with heat, are hurled high into the air; then comes lava and showers of ashes.

Sicily has been literally uprooted. In a single town in Africa, ten thousand inhabitants perished in a single shock. In Lisbon, Portugal, sixty thousand inhabitants perished; in an hour, vast coasts were sunk in the sea, mountains rent open, and their proud summits precipitated to their base. The Sumbawa, in the Molucco Isles, in 1815, in one eruption, buried nearly all the people and covered the Isle with ashes. In 1783, the Jokul, in Iceland, covered a vast area with lava, dammed up rivers and drowned the inhabitants. Humboldt, near the Brigantine Mountains, saw an inky cloud rise high toward the zenith, deep thunder was heard, flashes of lightning, and an earthquake shook the earth.

All animal nature feels the change in the air before a shock, and rushes to some retreat. These mighty convulsions—that buries cities, sinks islands or creates them, splits mountains, and buries nations, are caused by motion in an imponderable fluid.

Having seen the "physical demonstrations" of a fluid on our earth, let us inquire into the sources of motion in matter, or the sources of power. We see, in the preceding examples, three motions: a lifting, caused by the swelling of a fluid from a center; undulations, caused by wave movements, and gyrations, caused by circular motions in the fluid.

What are the sources of motion in fluid? I answer, heat and mind. Internal fire evidently evolves and puts in motion an elastic fluid, that gives us all the phenomena of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. Heat, from the sun, puts in motion the atmosphere, causing tempests, hurricanes and tornadoes. These motions are most commonly gyrations—the air moves in a circle—revolves around a center. Heat puts in motion steam evolved from water; air moving on water creates waves; heat moving among water evolves steam; this fluid moving amid a denser medium—air—seeks an equilibrium with surrounding nature, and with such energy as to bring out a tremendous force. All fluids act and move by waves, and are capable of being accumulated more at one point than another—hence the negative and positive electric clouds. So heat, moving among water, creates steam, and propels the engine and steamboat.

Heat acting on air, in open space, creates the tornado—moving forests before its breath; heat acting on matter, evolves electricity; this fluid seeks an equilibrium, and brings with it the earthquake's ruin. Water moves at a slow pace; poured on a wheel it turns a mill. Air in storms moves one hundred miles an hour; the electric fluid moves two hundred thousand times faster than air. Sound is brought to the ear through air; light is brought to the eye through another medium, and moves nearly two hundred thousand times faster. The lightning's flash and cannon's light reaches the eye long before the sound of either is heard: sound comes through the air—light through the ether; or, to define closer, sound is a sensation produced in the mind by vibrations in air; light is a sensation produced in the mind by vibrations in the electric atmosphere. The more elastic the fluid, the more rapid and powerful its waves or movements. What is heat? A sensation produced in the mind by rapid intense movements, among particles of matter, caused by chemical action. What is chemical action? An uncontrollable fancy, or affinity, which one particle of matter has for another—causing it to drop one and seize another with such force as to create what we call fire.

Here we reach an ultimate, beyond which we can not go only by a broad leap. What is the ultimate source of all force? We can't reason here, but we see that it must be mind. What, then, is mind? Self-moving, thinking matter—the source of all force. To say mind is "immaterial substance," is to say it is something made of nothing; for immaterial conveys to the mind the exact idea of nothing. Mind-matter differs from all other forms of matter, in that it moves of itself—it is a "way it has got"—while all other matter must be moved by a force exterior to itself.

I must close, by saying that, in my next, I will examine Man, and see if an imponderable fluid can be found in his possession, that mind can move against tables and chairs and make them dance "biologically."

Be patient, friends, I will try and get Bro. Britton into hot water—myself, too, perhaps.

Yours truly,

B. W. RICHMOND.

THE SHEKINAH.

VOLUME II.

Number one of the SHEKINAH for November, (Monthly,) is now published, and for sale at our Office, No. 3, Courtland-street, and by all News Agents who choose to order the same agreeably to our terms. This issue contains the following interesting papers:

Art. I—"JESUS AS A SEEK," by a Mystic. This is a highly interesting and instructive sketch, by our Reverend friend who furnished the "Lives of the Seers" in the first volume.

Art. II—"PERSONAL EXPERIENCE," is another interesting chapter from Judge Edmonds.

Art. III—"BEAUTIFUL VISIONS," by J. W. Hurlbut is an instructive allegory in poetic language.

Art. IV—"TO ADALGON." A beautiful Poem, by Sarah Helen Whitman.

Art. V—"THE ACTIVITY OF THE SOUL." By Señor Adadus Calpe, is an able paper, written in a sprightly and forcible style, by a Spanish gentleman of distinguished attainments.

Art. VI—"FREEDOM," (Poetry,) by C. D. Stuart.

Art. VII—"LORD AND POUND." Simple and touching lines on the death of a child, by Fanny Green.

Art. VIII—"ENDURANCE," (Poetry,) by C. D. Stuart.

Art. IX—"CEREBRAL INFLUENCE ON REVELATION." By S. B. Britton.

Art. X—"OUTWARD BEAUTY." Also by the Editor.

Art. XI—"THE MARINER'S PRAYER," a charming piece of Music, by V. C. Taylor.

The subscription price of the SHEKINAH, in its Monthly form, is \$3 per annum, or \$1 50 per volume. How many of the subscribers to the TELEGRAPH shall we have the pleasure of entering on the SHEKINAH list?

Rev. J. B. Wolff.

The following testimony concerning our Southern correspondent, is from the new Spiritual paper published at St. Louis, *Light from the Spirit-world*:

"When but a youth I remember working with this fearless and efficient reformer in the temperance reformation. Mr. Wolff is a pleasant and impressive speaker; and, by the by, he used to preach a glorious old-fashioned Methodist sermon. He is a kind-hearted gentleman, and is now lecturing in Ohio. May success attend him wherever he goes."

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1852.

REPLY TO DR. RICHMOND.

NUMBER V.

DEAR SIR: I find your last letter to consist of introductory observations on the philosophy of physical forces, followed by a disquisition on certain meteorological or aerial phenomena, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, together with general remarks on the agency of imponderable and other fluids in the production of physical effects. That it is only through the more rarified forms of matter that the great forces of Nature are developed, is obvious to my mind, and did not require much effort at elucidation. The reason why active power, or force, is only generated in the more sublimated and less ponderable elements, is also apparent. When matter is expanded by a process of rarefaction, to a state of extreme tenuity, its elements admit of the most rapid mutation, and the molecules, or ultimate particles into which all bodies are presumed to be resolvable, exhibit the phenomena of constantly changing relations and conditions. In this state the elementary atoms are kept in motion by the laws of chemical affinity; and thus, under the Divine Mind, the great forces exhibited in matter are generated. The powers thus elaborated are more or less potent according to the subtlety and imponderability of the agents on which they proximately depend, while the several degrees of material sublimation modify and determine the momenta they communicate to various ponderable objects.

As storms, whether attended by electrical phenomena or otherwise, earthquakes and volcanoes, sustain, to say the least, but a very remote relation to the alleged intercourse of man with departed spirits, I shall not, of course, be expected to consume much time or space in my reply. It is true that a brief inquiry into the nature and origin of the forces of which you speak, might not be altogether inappropriate to the subject, but the heterogeneous facts and observations, which follow in your letter, are so remotely related to the present question that I am unable to perceive the connection. That a large number of persons, inhabitants of the island of Java, lost their lives, in the manner described by you, is not disputed, and the reader, for aught we know to the contrary, may be interested to learn what proportion of the "live stock"—how many "cattle, horses, sheep," &c., were destroyed at the same time; but what that catastrophe has to do with the particular subject of Spiritual Manifestations, it is extremely difficult to infer. I am, moreover, inclined to the opinion that a piece of mica slate "one hundred and five feet long, ten broad, and four feet thick," might have been forced by a thunderbolt, from the scene of its long repose, and scattered in huge fragments over the land and into the sea. The fact itself is scarcely more extraordinary than the circumstance of its citation in this place. But our amazement is in no degree diminished while contemplating the size of the fragments, as stated in your letter. One is said to have been "twenty feet broad," and another "seventeen feet," notwithstanding the whole stone was only "ten feet." These details may be apocryphal, but those who locate such wonderful occurrences in the Shetland Isles should not stumble at Spiritual Manifestations in the United States.

But as your facts do nothing to settle the question under discussion, I need not consider them particularly, or in the order of their narration. While your philosophy may not be so entirely foreign to the chief objects of this correspondence, I can not resist the conviction that it is often erroneous in principle and generally fragmentary, or otherwise defective in statement. Permit me to remind you, my dear sir, that, as you have the affirmative of the present question, you are bound, by all the rules of intelligent discussion, to fortify and establish your position by such facts and reasons as will admit of no other application. This—pardon my frankness for the sake of the truth—you have neglected to do. I have not time to consider in detail the numerous points assumed in your last letter, nor is this necessary, since they have not yet been confirmed by any show of evidence. All that can reasonably be demanded of me, in a case like the present, is to deny what you assume, and patiently wait until you are ready to summon the witnesses on which you chiefly rely. Nevertheless, I will do what the acknowledged rules of polite discussion and scientific research do not require. For a moment I will use "the laboring oar" with a view to disprove what you have merely assumed. The positions asserted by you are so numerous, and withal so various, that I can, perhaps, only accomplish my present purpose by selecting one that appears to be fundamental. It is briefly comprehended in the following literal quotation from your letter: "What are the sources of motion in fluid? I answer, HEAT and MIND."

Leaving mind out of the question, at present, let us consider whether heat is the source of motion in fluids. It is true that certain combinations of matter, existing, if you please, in a fluid form, may be made to exhibit a chemical action. But in such cases heat is not the cause of the chemical action, or motion; on the contrary, heat is evolved by the rapid movement of particles during that process. Thus heat is the effect of motion, or of atomic friction, while the immediate cause of motion must be sought for in the positive and negative relations of the constituent particles of different substances.

But as you have led me to inquire into the origin of the forces, operative in matter, and especially in fluids, I must not omit to consider the subject in its relation to the great fluid mass that covers the larger portion of our earth, and is essential to the existence of all terrestrial beauty and life. From this great chapter in the book of Nature we must read the law. Were we to take our seat in a corner, and confine our observations to the tea kettle or to a steamboat boiler, we might possibly conclude that heat is the chief source of motion in fluids. But then it would be necessary to infer that the first link in the chain of causation, proceeding from visible effects, is the ultimate and only link, when it can be clearly demonstrated that sensible heat is but a mere effect, and that the ultimate cause, or source, of all thermal motion is still ulterior. If the application of heat converts water into an aëri-form state, in which it ascends into the upper air, it is none the less true that cold condenses the aqueous vapors, causing them to descend again to the earth. If the burning simoon has power to pile up the waters under the equator, and to move the very sands of the torrid zone, like the waves of a fiery sea, the cold storms that prevail in these higher latitudes have the same effect on the waters and the drifting snows.

But the most remarkable movement of matter, in a state of fluidity, is found to depend on other causes than heat. I refer to the tides. You are doubtless aware that the attractive forces of the sun and moon are supposed to influence and govern the tides. Indeed, in the judgment of scientific men, this is ascertained to be a fact. The gravitation of the particles of matter, toward the earth's center, is thought to be less on the side of the earth that is presented to the sun or moon, and where matter exists in a fluid form it will, by virtue of this foreign attraction

and the diminished gravitation toward the center, rise above the ordinary level. While I am not fully settled, in my own mind, respecting the philosophy of the tides, the foregoing contains, in brief, the accepted idea of the savans. That heat has little or nothing to do with this stupendous and ceaseless motion of the great fluid mass, is evident from the fact that the sun's action is comparatively small, the alleged lunar influence, in the production of the tides, transcending the solar in the proportion of about five to two.

If further evidence be required, to disprove the assumption that heat is a chief cause of motion in fluid matter, I will undertake to prove that a still greater force, and more violent motion, can be produced by its opposite, cold. While cold contracts almost all things, water and several other forms or conditions of matter, are partial exceptions to the law. At forty degrees Fahrenheit water attains its maximum density, and any increase or diminution in the temperature produces an expansion. The greatest expansion occurs at those degrees of heat and cold, at which water is vaporized or solidified. It is well known that, when water reaches the freezing point innumerable spicules shoot through the liquid element, and the surface speedily assumes the solid form. When congealed it occupies more space than before. Hence, in the solid state, it is specifically lighter, so that ice will float on the surface of water instead of sinking to the bottom. Now the expansive power of water, in the process of congelation, greatly transcends the force of steam, so far as the capacity of the latter has been illustrated by mechanical experiments. To prove this I might refer to several scientific authorities, and instance other facts and observations, but the following brief extract from Blake's Encyclopedia, page 375, will suffice:

"A computation of the force of freezing water was made by the Florentine Academicians, from the bursting of a very strong brass globe or shell by freezing water in it, when from the known thickness and tenacity of the metal, it was found that the expansive power of a spherule of water, only one inch in diameter, was sufficient to overcome a resistance of more than twenty-seven thousand pounds, or thirteen tons and a half. Such a prodigious power of expansion, almost double that of the most powerful steam-engines, was exerted in so small a mass, seemingly by the force of cold."

Thus all that we learn, or know, or can perceive, of the laws of motion in fluids, stands opposed to your assumption. A voice, like the sound of many waters, is heard, and the very elements witness against you. That voice speaks in the silent dew-drop, that is condensed by the cold night air; it is musical as it leaps unbidden from the earth, in unnumbered springs and fountains; it is syllabled in the flow of a thousand rivers, and rises in terrible majesty in the crescendos of the ocean storm!

When you intimate that MIND is a source of motion you are doubtless much nearer the truth. I am happy to entertain the idea that mind is not only a source of motion in ponderable matter, but that it is the source—that all motion and life, as well as sensation and thought, have their origin in mind. The intermediate links, in the chain that connects mind with the lowest elements of material nature, may be numerous and invisible, but that chain is doubtless complete, and the exhaustless life and thought of Deity flow down through all his creations. Next to heat you presume that mind may be the source of motion. If it be mind that thus moves among the elements, producing tempests, rending the solid rocks, kindling subterranean fires, and tossing continents and islands like fragments of a wreck on the tumultuous deep, we are forced to look quite beyond the sphere of Earth to find mental powers adequate to the production of such effects. If, therefore, the facts contained in your last letter, in any way illustrate the general subject, they certainly serve my purpose far better than they can yours, inasmuch as the least of all these stupendous revolutions, in the forms of matter, must require some Supra-mortal energy.

The momentum exhibited in the movements of light, electricity and sound, the vibratory motion of fluids, the philosophy of heat, chemical action and the sensation of animal bodies, are subjects which chiefly belong to the domain of physics, and when discussed by a master they shed but a dim and uncertain light on the realms of the soul.

Wandering thus among 'fluids, ponderable and imponderable;' 'over placid lakes;' through 'storm and steam,' and amid the "wild war of waves;" venturing where 'blaze the red flames of lightning;' exploring the heated chambers of 'the volcano,' and "tossing and rolling among globes of fire," it is easy to perceive that the Doctor is likely to realize the object of his labors by getting us both into "hot water." Hazardous as this business may be, I must not disappoint my friend who trusts in the fidelity of my companionship. Accordingly, I will follow on and abide the ordeal of all these earthly elements, content, for the present, to wander in 'desert places,' cheered with the prospect of the halcyon days when I shall be privileged to introduce my friend to scenes of more peaceful beauty. We may yet ascend some spiritual eminence together, to contemplate the 'promised land' of the spirit, where all is vital and vocal with immortal life and celestial harmonies.

Rejoicing in such a hope, I remain, Yours fraternally,
S. B. BRITTAN.

TO OUR PATRONS.

It will be perceived that our last number accomplished the first six months' publication of the TELEGRAPH, and a familiar word with the reader may not be inappropriate in this place. Our efforts to establish a Weekly Journal, devoted to the Spiritual Reform now in progress, have been nobly seconded by the friends in various directions, and they may be interested to know that, our expectations have thus far been more than realized. Our grateful acknowledgments are due to many who have personally interested themselves in our behalf. Their kind words and generous deeds have contributed to strengthen our hearts, and their labor of love and devotion to the cause, to which our efforts are consecrated, are with us a pleasing and perpetual remembrance. We have endeavored to discharge the duties of a somewhat difficult position, with fidelity to all parties. From the fact that the believers in Spiritualism are from among all Christian sects, and all parties in this unbelieving world, it will be readily apprehended that our patrons entertain exceedingly various views, on many interesting and important topics. With all the existing contrarieties, it will be obvious to the reader that great delicacy and discrimination are necessary to avoid frequent occasions of offense. It is certainly very remarkable that during six months, only two subscribers have stopped the TELEGRAPH on this account. Nor are we disposed to claim the credit of all this. This result, so gratifying to our feelings, is measurably owing to the mutual forbearance and toleration of our friends, which is as honorable to them as it is beautiful to behold.

If our numerous friends but continue their most praiseworthy efforts, during the ensuing six months, we shall be prepared to greatly enlarge, and otherwise materially improve, the TELEGRAPH, at the commencement of the next volume. What our friends have done, and are doing, affords us abundant assurance of what they will do. At this stage of our progress, we think we hazard nothing in saying that, with the Divine benediction on our labors, THE TELEGRAPH IS HENCEFORTH A 'FIXED FACT'; that it will not only be continued, after the close of the current year, but that its size and sphere of usefulness will be greatly extended.

We have several hundred patrons whose subscriptions terminated with our last issue, (No. 26). In this instance, we deviate from our rule so far as to send this number, after which, those who fail to receive the paper will, from this suggestion, apprehend the cause. We trust that all will be moved in spirit to renew their subscriptions.

PROPHETIC IMPULSE.

MR. EDITOR: The reason I send you the following communication, under this caption and over my name, is to throw before the world that which appears to me a remarkable prophecy. In a debating society, during February last, I came out against the Spiritual Rappings. On retiring to rest I willed this formula: "I will that some superior spirit of some distinguished military chieftain, whose spirit is in sympathy with my own, shall reveal through me what shall be the result of the present Hungarian movement upon the nations of Europe, and that I, at the same time, have the ability to test the verity of irresistible prophetic impulse on my own mind." I awoke, after sleeping a few hours, and after becoming convinced that I was perfectly awake, by recognizing the objects around me, the formula took effect under a resistless impulse, and in language slow, clear, solemn and imperative. "Prophecy! prophecy! prophecy! The Emperors of Russia and of Austria shall have an interview with the King of Prussia to destroy Republicanism and Protestantism throughout Europe and the world. To effect this they will subvert the press, impede the commerce of Great Britain, and scatter dissension among her people—and they will make France the fulcrum to upturn Protestant England, and ultimately bring the entire Catholic and Greek hierarchies to bear against her, and millions of innocent women and children shall perish." On hearing the command, "Prophecy!—Prophecy!" I asked, what shall I prophesy? and the command was reiterated, "Prophecy!" The voice came accompanied with an irresistible authority. Whenever I exerted my volition, and entered on a testing the irresistibility of the impulse, I was left a few minutes, perfectly free to speculate in my natural state, and, as soon as done, was at once, with an emphatic repetition of the last word or phrase, carried onward. I exerted my reserved right six or seven times. On my inquiry, who are you? the voice said "Write! Write!" "What shall I write?" "Write!" was authoritatively dictated. My hand was taken hold of, and I made to write, without any effort on my part, "Zachary Taylor," I looked up, and the eidolon of Gen. Taylor was a life before me. "There," said he, in a mild voice, firmly and impressively emphatic, "is the fac simile of my hand writing—now believe." I felt that I had received, in vision, an apocalyptic visitation, coinciding perfectly with my prescribed formula, and, at the next meeting of our society, so stated the fact.

In March, I used the same formula, except that I substituted female spirit. I had the same words passed in the same manner through my mind and organs of articulation, and was addressed evidently by a female. To the question, Why make France the fulcrum to upturn Protestant England? the answer was, "To avenge her for what she suffered during the battle of Agincourt, Cressy, and Poitiers, and where I suffered." "Who are you?" "Joan of Arc." "Wherein is the justice that millions of the tenth or twentieth generation should perish on account of the crimes of their progenitors?" "It is the only way justice can be done—they will feel in spirit through the sufferings of their posterity!" "Who are you?" I again repeated, "Joan of Arc." Her eidolon then stood before me prepared for battle, armed cap a pie, in all except the face and hands, and appeared as life. I told this vision before our society.

In April, I threw myself under the same formula, substituting "the spirit of some splendid poet." I was brought under its power, and made to repeat verbatim the same prophecy. To the question, Who are you? the reply was, "Percy Bysshe Shelley." "Prove it." "Write." "What shall I write?" "Write!" I was now compelled to write half a dozen stanzas of splendid lyrics, in the style of Shelly in his Queen Mab. My test was to circumvent the impulse, and while my hand was writing I rejoiced under the supposition, and expressed it in the most confident manner, that he could not carry out the figurative language, and by regular feet harmoniously and beautifully complete the stanza or verse. This conflict was continued through the entire operation. On the completion of the sixth stanza, a voice said, "Now believe." I looked on the poetry, in the hand writing of Shelly, and then looked up, expecting to see him, but his eidolon was not there. This vision I also related in our society. A few weeks after, I made a statement of the facts, and sent it to the Investigator for publication. It did not appear in its columns. Now, since the communication has been in the hands of the Editor of the Investigator, the interview predicted has been had, and the individuals specified have agreed to make France, in Louis Napoleon, the fulcrum. They fix him and France in statu quo. He is not even the power or agency—not the lever but the bruit in the coming conflict. It is remarkable that I had this vision at the time I was opposing a belief in the Spiritual Rappings, and at a time in which, although I believed in the immortality of the soul, from the demonstrations of scientific facts and principles, I did not believe in the existence of God as a being, either material or immaterial. My faith was, The Universe is infinite and its laws of electric action, itself.

While these revelations were being made I was perfectly awake, so far as natural sleep is concerned, and as perfectly cool and collected in sentiment and in mind, as if solving a mathematical demonstration.

JAMES S. OLCOTT.

LOWELL, Oct., 22, 1852.

Spiritual Facts.

NO. VII.

FRIEND BRITTAN: I have facts enough to fill your paper for two months. Some time since "Katy," the Irish girl from High Rock, was entranced in our meeting, and arose and gave us an eloquent speech, after which one of the City Aldermen (Mr. O. B. Boman) stated that there was a gentleman in the Hall who was born in her native land, and if there was any spirit present who would cause the medium to select that individual from the rest of the audience, it would be a satisfactory test, she being a total stranger to him, and to the individual alluded to.

In a few minutes, she went across the Hall, with her eyes closed, and selected a venerable old gentleman, who would have been the last man one would have supposed to be an Irishman, and took him by the hand and spoke his name, "James Boman." It was the Alderman's father who was born in Ireland!

While at High Rock, "Katy" professed to see the spirit of the wife of Jesse Hutchinson, who left the form before she came to this country. On being shown a number of daguerreotype likenesses, one of which was that of Mrs. H., without any intimation as

to the object, she immediately exclaimed, "O, there's Mrs. Hutchinson," and the company refusing to acknowledge the fact, and apparently denying it, only made her the more earnestly declare that it was the countenance she had seen in the Spirit-world! She never had seen a likeness of Mrs. H. before.

Thine in haste,
RUFUS ELMER.

From the Spirit Messenger.

Song of the Redemption.

WRITTEN BY SPIRITS.

R. P. AMBLER, MEDIUM.

Sweet are the songs which angels sing,
And bright the flowers which angels bring,
To deck the gladdened earth—
For dewy morn has streamed afar,
And glorious sunlight dims the star
Which night had given birth.

A holy calm now sweetly rests
Within the deep of human breasts,
Where heaving sighs are stilled;
There sweeps the golden flood of Day
Whose breath has borne the clouds away,
And Earth with joy is filled.
Oh joyous is the voice of love
Whose echoes thrill the heavens above,
And wake the earthly soul—
The voice in angel-breasts is born,
That through the soul of man forlorn,
The streams of life may roll.

The scenes where angels find their joy—
The truths which endless thought employ,
Gleam from their home on high;
While far and wide the swelling song,
By heavenly zephyrs borne along,
Is chanted in the sky.

E. C. Roger's Book.

EDITOR OF SP. TELEGRAPH:

Dear Sir: I would not occupy a line in your valuable columns, were it not to call the attention of your readers to a late work published by E. C. Rogers, Boston, attempting to show that the Spiritual Manifestations, so-called, are nothing more than the natural product of mundane agencies. I have waited, hoping to see a review of this work, or of this first number (for there is to be four more numbers published); and my object now is merely to advise its being read. The subject is treated with candor and fairness, and all such should meet with the same courteous treatment. The first number contains a statement of the author's method of treating all mysterious occurrences, and some attempts to show that the physical Manifestations bear some analogy to those which have occurred heretofore, both in this and other countries. To give some little idea of his method of accounting for the phenomena in question, he says, of the Seeress of Prevorst, that "this town (Prevorst) is a little village of rather more than four hundred inhabitants, and is located in the mountainous parts of Germany." While the people in these mountains are free from intermittent fevers, to which the Lowlanders are subject, they are strongly predisposed to periodical nervous disorders, ghost-seeing, rhabdomancy, &c. It was here, amid these mountain wilds, that she was born; in those regions where, as her biographer states, "a sort of St. Vitus' dance becomes epidemic, so that all the children of a place are seized with it at the same time; and who, like persons in a magnetic state, are aware of the precise moment that a fit will seize them." &c. "It is also certain," says Dr. Kerner, "that these mountaineers are peculiarly sensible to magnetic influences, among the evidences of which are, their susceptibility to sympathetic remedies, and their power of discovering springs by means of the divining rod." The conclusion to which the author arrives, in this case, is, that the "material agencies," or the geological character of the earth, was such as to render them susceptible to "nervous disorders, ghost-seeing, rhabdomancy," &c. But enough; I hope all will read it.

One word more: The lovers of Truth, everywhere, desire freedom, in its largest sense. The more sacred the subject, the more need of it. But in every cause there are those who are mere partisans—whose aim is to defend their present thought merely. Away with it. We are all fallible; let us learn. I regretted that "two years with the spirits" was not heard through. Truth is safe. Yours truly,

J. CUSHING,

SOUTH HINGHAM, Mass.

Spiritual Phenomena.

I was present one evening last week at a circle formed for the purpose of receiving "Spirit-manifestations," when the following extraordinary phenomena occurred.

The candle being extinguished, the spirits were requested to make what is termed the "electrical lights." In a few moments I saw one very bright light about the center of the table, in the form of a wedge, about four inches long; it remained quite light for a minute of time. During the few succeeding minutes, I felt what I thought to be a human hand touching mine, and I moved it about so as to feel whether any one was in contact, but could find none; then placing my left hand on my right, so that nothing could approach it without my feeling it, I requested the spirits to touch it again, and again I felt the soft touch of a human hand, very distinctly, and for perhaps five seconds of time. I was then fully satisfied that I was not the victim of delusion, or trick as some call it.

Again, the spirits being requested to remove something from one place and put it in another, we sat quiet for several minutes; when the light was brought we found that a hymn book, which had been placed on the mantle piece, had been removed and placed between the hands of a gentleman sitting next to me, who was an invited guest with me. Everything was so quiet that I could have heard the slightest motion of any one present, even had they been disposed to play a trick upon us.

I give you the facts in the case just as they occurred, and leave each reader to draw his own conclusions, as to what agent did these things?

A. M.

[Light from the Spirit World.]

THE INWARD VOICE.—Listen, O man, to the voice of Nature and thy own soul; for in these is a revelation from the Divinity. It is not what is written in books by which thou shalt be saved, but it is the echo of the celestial harmonies in the silence of the inner temple. Learn to refuse no more the lessons which Angels kindly impress; for through the obedience of the soul to the inward voice, shall humanity be redeemed.

R. P. A.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE UNFAILING REWARD.

BY JAMES LUMBARD.

There is a glory which the warrior longs
To win, as to the battle-field he goes,
Where war's red banner floats above the throngs
That meet and perish 'mid convulsive throes.
That glory may be his—but it will die
As lightning's flash along the darkened sky.

There is a fame for which the statesman's soul
Toils earnestly, thro' years of anxious thought,
Until, at length, away the shadows roll,
And all is his for which he long has wrought.
But ah! how soon the hearts that he could thrill
Are gathered to the charnel, cold and still!

The poet sighs for honor and renown,
And vain would find a never-dying name;
And though he live to see the laurel-crown
Placed on his brow, and hear the trump of fame,
Yet, when a few short, changeable years are gone,
Where is the crown that once so brightly shone?

The artist has such bright, angelic dreams
As fill his spirit with a strange delight;
And years of toil may bring a few faint gleams
Of what is real to his longings sight;
But all the brightness of his name shall fade
When time defaces what his hands have made.

There is a glory that shall never die,
A rapture that is not of mortal birth;
Its fountain is beyond the azure sky,
And yet it may be won by us on earth;
And if we taste it while sojourning here,
It gives us glimpses of a higher sphere.

It is for this the Christian nerves his heart,
And meets with calmness every ill and strife;
It is for this he nobly acts the part
Assigned him in the shifting scenes of life;
It sheds a halo round him while he lives,
And when he dies, a holier radiance gives.

And when admitted to that sinless sphere
Which needeth not the brightness of the sun,
He sees with vision all undimmed and clear,
And finds existence has but just begun;
And as the bright eternal ages move,
He grows in wisdom, blessedness, and love.

UTICA, N. Y.

For the Spiritual Telegraph.

THE TWO STREAMS.

AN ALLEGORY.

MR. BRITTON: Having been for several months past a spirit clairvoyant, and almost daily visited by spirits, I have seen and heard many things of interest, which I feel impressed might interest your readers. I will give you one brief, imperfect sketch of a spiritual interview or impression which, if you deem it worthy a place in the columns of the TELEGRAPH, you are at liberty to publish.

After being magnetized by a spirit that has for some time controlled me, he showed me a river whose waters were dark, turbid and muddy. A large number of persons were collected around this river, each in some way busy with the water. Some were bathing their feet in the dark stream; others were pouring water upon their heads, while others were washing themselves; yet it only added filth to their dirty forms. Many were drinking; yet instead of quenching their thirst, it created a desire for something more, and they continued to drink without being satisfied. I looked upon these miserable beings, and wondered if there was no purer water where they might slake their feverish thirst. They were clothed in rags, which they frequently drew more closely about their persons, to cover their nakedness.

My guide directed my attention to the source of this stream. I found that it grew darker and darker, as far as the eye could reach, until it was lost in pitchy darkness.

My spirit-guide then presented to my view another river, in contrast to the one from which I had turned. The beauty of this stream beggars description. Never, in my normal state, had I conceived anything half so beautiful.

Its waters were broad, deep, and clear as crystal, while it contained pearls of untold value, and unsurpassed beauty. At the beginning of the river, where I commenced ascending, were many bubbles and much froth. Here there were persons busy collecting these bubbles, which burst as soon as obtained. Nothing disheartened they continued to seize with great avidity, all the scum which collected upon the surface, seldom raising their eyes to where the pearls were numerous, and the water pure. Farther up the stream, those who drank were delighted, and drank again. Some, standing at a little distance from the river, saw others drinking, but drank not themselves, for they had seen some playing with the bubbles, and feared there was nothing better.

I saw, also, many who had heard of this pure river, approaching it from the muddy stream, and as they drew nearer they dropped their filthy garments and were clothed instead, in becoming apparel.

As I ascended the river, it became broader and broader, and the people less and less selfish. Spirits were assisting them in collecting the pearls, and the most perfect harmony prevailed. Each seemed desirous of helping the other before himself. At length my guardian spirit proposed to take me where no human being had ever been.

Immediately, I was transported into a different atmosphere, where all were spirits. The river had become a boundless ocean, and the pearls accessible to all. The spirits were elevated, and walked on the air with perfect grace and ease. I was also one of their number. They regarded me with much pleasure, and seemed to welcome me to their society. But the sight became too dazzling for me to behold; and though I wished to remain in this region of eternal beauty, I received a shock which brought me again into my normal state.

This was shown me three different times before the vision was completed. To me, all was perfectly explained. The first river, represented the prevailing and past dogmas of the church. Those who drink of its waters are never satisfied, and many of them have heard the gentle murmur of the river of truth, and turned their faces thither determined to drink. Before they reached it, however, they were required to drop their creeds and come untrammelled, ready to receive its glorious elements. Those who play with the foam and bubbles, of the latter stream, are those who

all themselves Spiritualists but are really detrimental to the cause. Instead of being influenced by spirits, they are tampering with biology and animal magnetism, and look for nothing higher. Some hear the river but dare not drink; others drink and gather pearls, and still ascend the river where they can quaff the water from spirits' cups, and gather pearls from the surface of the stream.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Sept. 20, 1852.

Webster on the Morning.

The following letter was written by Mr. WEBSTER to a friend, some years ago. It will be read with interest, not only for its intrinsic beauties, but as a purely literary production from this eminent statesman:

RICHMOND, Va., April 20, 1847.
5 o'clock A. M.

"Whether it be a favor or an annoyance, you owe this letter to my early habits of rising. From the hour marked at the top of the page, you will naturally conclude that my companions are not now engaging my attention, as we have not calculated on being early travelers to-day.

"This city has a 'pleasant seat.' It is high; the James River runs below it, and when I went out, an hour ago, nothing was heard but the roar of the Falls. The air is tranquil and its temperature mild. It is morning, and a morning sweet, and fresh, and delightful. Every body knows the morning in its metaphorical sense, applied to so many objects and on so many occasions. The health, strength and beauty of early years lead us to call that period the 'morning of life.' Of a lovely young woman we say, she is 'bright as the morning,' and no one doubts why Lucifer is called 'son of the morning.'

"But the morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know anything about. Among all our good people, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once a year. They know nothing of the morning. Their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee and a beefsteak, or a piece of toast. With them, morning is not a new issuing of light, a new bursting forth of the sun, a new waking up of all that has life, from a sort of temporary death, to behold again the works of God, the heavens and the earth; it is only a part of the domestic day, belonging to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner. The first streak of light, the earliest purpling of the East, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the 'glorious sun is seen, regent of the day'—this they never enjoy, for they never see it.

"King David speaks of taking to himself the 'wings of the morning.' This is highly poetical and beautiful. The wings of the morning are the beams of the rising sun. Rays of light are wings. It is thus said that the sun of righteousness shall arise 'with healing in his wings'—a rising sun that shall scatter life, health, and joy throughout the Universe.

"Milton has fine descriptions of morning, but not so many as Shakespeare, from whose writings pages of the most beautiful imagery, all founded on the glory of morning, might be filled.

"I never thought that Adam had much the advantage of us, from having seen the world while it was new.

"We see as fine risings of the sun as ever Adam saw, and its risings are as much a miracle now as they were in his day, and I think a good deal more, because it is now a part of the miracle that for thousands and thousands of years he has come to his appointed time without the variation of a millionth part of a second. Adam could not tell how this might be. I know the morning—I am acquainted with it, and I love it. I love it, fresh and sweet as it is—a daily new creation, breaking forth and calling all that have life and breath and being to new adoration, new enjoyment, and new gratitude.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Curious Dream about Aristocrats.

We once had, in the circle of our acquaintance, five persons of professedly aristocratic taste, who prided themselves upon their birth, their money, and their station. Old portraits lined their walls, of personages so stiff and demure, that we feel sure none of them would ever have displaced their ruffs under any penalty but that—of hanging by the neck until they were dead.

We had been listening one evening for the six hundred and sixty-seventh time, to the hum-drum of a young lady (since spinster, now deceased) who made it a point to go over the list of her ancestors and their exploits invariably, after other topics of conversation were exhausted; and when we state that the extent of her knowledge was limited to the fashions and—her ancestors, the reader may judge how often we bore the infliction during the course of twenty-four hours.

As we were seated in a peculiarly luxurious arm-chair that evening, and the numerous astrals threw a beautiful, yet subdued brilliancy over the aristocratic splendor of the apartment, we first grew reconciled to, and perfectly contented with; the tympanum accompaniment, then losing all consciousness, fell asleep, by which exploit we were favored with the following dream.

We appeared to be sitting in another mansion, that of aristocrat No. 1, whose family tree began with a Saxon earl, and ended with a pompous specimen of humanity, four feet six, worth a million, and who wasn't a lord because he couldn't be. As we looked attentively at a yellow faded picture, representing a meeting of grandees in some starchy old court, the canvas suddenly darkened, and opened, when behold! beyond was dimly shadowed the figure of what looked like a man. He was covered with a hairy cloth, and with his fingers was digging for roots which his children were voraciously eating. They were so unlike human beings that at first we took them for animals, and should still have considered them so, had we not have read underneath, 'the ancestors of A—B—, Esq.' Well, well, thought we, A. B. could never survive this sight; nor would he dare to be told that his fortieth grandaunt back, lived on acorns like a pig, and scratched them up like a monkey.

Again the scene changed. Two old men were bandying words together. One of them wrinkled, decrepit, and with filthy garments hanging from his limbs, an old battered hook over his shoulder, stooped over a gutter—it seemed in some narrow English street. Every moment or two he would pick over with the hook, and lift the matted rags swept from the refuse of house and shop.

The other, tattered, barefoot and sooty, a worn out

faded red handkerchief folded about his head, a bag over his shoulder, his long fingers clutching a miserable portion of bread, his shrivelled cheeks hanging over a ludicrously high coat-collar that had once evidently fitted some other neck, was a veritable chimney sweep. How did my nerves shrink when a voice said, '—these are the grandfathers four generations back, of C—D—, Esq., the prince merchant, and E—F—, the great financier. Both of them accumulated enough to set their sons up in the same business in a more stylish way. In consequence the family have steadily acquired wealth and reputation; but tell them not to boast over others, of their ancestors.'

Slowly and steadily view No. 2 faded from our sight and a rude sort of butcher stall, or shamble, took its place, behind which stood a coarse burly man cutting meat and talking familiarly with a stout red-faced woman, who wore shoes, but no stockings. It was curious, but the very thing he was saying was, 'them aristocrats ain't no better nor you or I, Betty, vat sells meat and takes in washing.'

"The great, great, great paternal ancestry of G—H—, the richest man on 'change, whose great grandfather was made a lord for catching at the runaway horses of Her Majesty," murmured the silvery voice, and before I could think the canvas was again occupied by a man scooping out great ladles of fat from a primitive boiling boiler. All around on long shelves were rows of soap-bars, and the material in every process of making was displayed to my astonished vision. At that moment a young lady passed by, attired elaborately, but turning her head in an opposite direction to avoid, so we thought, the glance of the soap-maker.

"I—J—, Esq., who feels himself above attending to any plebeian business, might learn a lesson from this scene, methinks," whispered the voice at my side; "here is the first germ of aristocracy. The soap-boiler, an honest, high-minded man, personally superintending the business from which he is realizing a vast fortune, stands before you the ancestor of I—J—, Esq., and his daughter ashamed of his calling, refuses to notice him. This child, whom he idolized, married a beggar lord, and that was the foundation of what he calls greatness."

Suddenly we became conscious of a low monotonous noise; the soap boiler and his haughty daughter melted strangely away, and with a light start we found ourselves in the identical I—J—'s parlor, listening to Miss Almira who was just finishing with, 'it is said—and I suppose is true, that my father's great, great grand-father was distantly related to the Stewarts of England, and that Queen Mary of France was his forty-fifth cousin. If so, then I am distantly related to Queen Victoria, of Europe, and I think if ever I go there, I shall claim cousinship.

M. A. D.

LECTURES

ON THE

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

"FEAR NOT; FOR BEHOLD I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY WHICH SHALL BE TO ALL PEOPLE."—Extract from a Spiritual Communication made in the 1st Century.

Andrew Jackson Davis (known as the Poughkeepsie Seer) hereby announces his intention of devoting several of the ensuing months to the public teaching and explanation of the Facts and Principles of the Harmonial Philosophy. The Philosophy is Positive in all its bearings upon the great social and moral questions of the Age, and proposes to open the way to a new and better state of existence.

The exceeding happiness which the revelations of the Harmonial Philosophy have imparted to hundreds of minds in the United States, is a source of lasting satisfaction to those who labor for its dissemination and application to the interests and pursuits of everyday life. For the edification of those who do not comprehend its nature, scope, teachings, and tendencies, it is here deemed proper to remark that it hath two objects in view—two ends to accomplish, to which all its scientific, theological, and religious teachings are particularly subservient, namely:

1. THE HARMONIZATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL.—To accomplish this, it presents an analysis of the human affections and faculties; it exhibits both the natural and inverted modes of their manifestation; it discovers the various and diversified causes of evil and wrong in the world, and prescribes the infallible remedy; it harmonizes the elements of the human soul, to the end that men, thus united within themselves, may conspire and form a united race. It supposes that man possesses in a finite degree, the attributes of the Infinite; that all Development—Architecture—Commerce—Language—Science—Philosophy—Theology—Government—Authority—Art—Music—Poetry, &c., have their seat, germ, or beginning principle, in the human soul, and that the development of each one is in actual proportion to the soul's growth. This is equally true with reference to the RACE, as it is in respect to the INDIVIDUAL.

2. THE HARMONIZATION OF SOCIETY: To bring all affections, professions, interests and pursuits into unity, as the notes of a musical instrument. Unity as the author is impressed to define it in the Harmonial Philosophy, comprehends every conception and idea of "Elysium"—"Utopia"—"City of the Sun"—"New Atlantis"—"Dream of Perpetual Peace"—"Celestial City"—"New Jerusalem"—"Millennium"—"Home"—"Harmony"—"Happiness"—and "Heaven;" for all the conceptions of which these various terms are expressive, have their origin in the imminent elements of the soul, and are consequently homocentrical. The various sects and systems of faith existing, all evince the conception and impression of a Unity sometime in the future. Each sect, however, entertains but partial, and, in many respects, incorrect conceptions of that period, as each does also of God, of Immortality, and of that future Happiness to which mankind individually aspire; yet the very existence of such a conception of happiness or millennial harmony among all sects and in all periods of human history, proves that the elements and causes of that conception are eternal in man and Nature, and, therefore, homogenous with the constitution and design of the Divine Mind. Unity in Man and in Society, includes the full growth and harmonious action of every Passion, Desire, or Love. This is the ultimate of God's design and of human desire; and when it is accomplished, Man will be in harmony in himself, with his Neighbor, with the Universe, and with THE UNIVERSAL FATHER.

Such are the humanitarian objects and lofty tendencies of the Harmonial Philosophy.

In the midst of much that darkens man's future pathway, there stands a bright and pure Theology which leads the honest searcher after Truth into the

happiest contemplation and realization of Deity, in all the ways and methods of His being. The Harmonial Philosophy opens this new Theology to the human mind, and brings the Present and Future life into the most intimate relationship, by an actual Spiritual intercourse between them.

TERMS: Mr. Davis merely desires his friends to defray his traveling expenses. And in order to tender the lectures free to all, he respectfully suggests to the Friends of Freedom the propriety of making all pecuniary arrangements, if possible, by private contributions, and charging no admission fee, which is so customary with public lecturers. Post Office Address—"Hartford, Conn." Sept. 20, 1852.

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OF THE

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