



DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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The Principles of Nature.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF CRIME.

BY W. S. COURTNEY. NUMBER TWO.

Some weeks since, I had the honor of writing a communication for the TELEGRAPH, which I entitled the "Cause and Cure of Crime," in which I alleged, in opposition to the orthodoxy of Christendom—1st. The inherent purity and uprightness of man. 2d. That the law of harmony and love evermore abides in his soul. 3d. That development, or "Progress," is nothing but the normal and unobstructed outgrowth or unfolding of these inner harmonies, capacities, and loves, into external social life. 4th. That this outgrowth, unfolding, or development requires true and appropriate external conditions and relations. 5th. That it requires a free and untrammelled and unperturbed external growth. 6th. That this free growth, in the midst of those conditions and relations, would bring out the inner or essentially good man into an outer or externally good man. 7th. That the divinest beauties and energies of the human soul would thus be displayed on earth. 8th. That to suppress or pervert this free and normal development, by false or unnecessary moral and civil codes, by religious creeds, by bad conditions and inharmonic relations, is to distort man in his outer growth, and render him externally deformed and hideous. 9th. That thus encumbered, suppressed, or perverted, his development takes an oblique direction, and goes off into vice and crime. 10th. That thus made vicious and criminal, he hereditarily entails the form of his spirit upon successive generations. 11th. That no man seeks nor does evil purely for the love of evil, but only thereby to accomplish an end, which is in itself good, and which he is of right entitled to, but which society, law, custom, creed, or bad relations and conditions have denied him. 12th. That law, creed, or custom is powerless against our natural and spiritual wants, which seek their objects, circumstanced as we now are, illegally, immorally, and unrighteously, in ten thousand subtle and sagacious ways. 13th. That this denial, restriction, perversion, etc., of our natural wants, passions, and appetites, and our spiritual loves and attractions, breed fraud, covin, deceit, over-reaching, theft, burglary, arson, rape, adultery, and murder, in almost every avenue of life. 14th. That man is entitled, in virtue of his origin, birth, and destiny, to "Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness." 15th. That, *sequitur*, he is entitled to all the means of his life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness—namely, feeding, clothing, housing, freedom of his instincts and loves, attractive industry, etc., etc. 16th. That he is entitled to judge of, pursue, and enjoy his life, liberty, and happiness according to his own "private judgment," so long as he makes justice his law, or recognizes and respects the like private judgment and pursuit in others. 17th. That liberty or sovereignty, in its enlarged sense, limited only by its fundamental law of justice, is the indispensable condition of his physical, moral, and spiritual development. 18th. That the inner potencies and excellences of his soul harmoniously unfold themselves in proportion as he is free. 19th. That in the proportion that he is not free, he grows not to his full dimensions, nor straight. 20th. That his complete enfranchisement, naturally and spiritually, would purge away his obliquities and delinquencies, and enable him to recover his integrity—with much more to the same purport.

Since writing that communication, I have received many commendatory letters from friends and strangers, and many requests to write further on the same subject. This I now do.

The subject is one of vast scope, and of the deepest interest, and volumes might be written upon it—volumes have been written upon it. Many able authors have treated of the Rights of Man; Civil, Political, and Religious Liberty; Constitutional Freedom; Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Development; Political Economy; Associative Industry; Social Reform, etc., etc. But few have gone back to the true premises, viewed the subject with a clear eye, and considered it with a mind unobscured by a system or creed. Nevertheless I claim no exemption from error, in treating this or any other subject. It is possible for my judgment to be warped, and my eye obscured by the films of prejudice. I don't pretend to have reached the ultimatum of science and philosophy on this or any other subject or branch of inquiry. I intend to look further and know more, and continue to look and know as long as I possess reason and observation, and can gather experience. If to-morrow I see reason to change my views, I will do so. There is no condition of mind I more deprecate than that of becoming fixed and sunk in a system, and dogmatizing it. Such a state of mind is the cause of all intolerance and illiberality, and fatal to the liberty I inculcate.

Now let us inquire what "sin" is—what crime? We all know what the orthodox definition of sin is; but never mind—we will not concern ourselves about that. I feel "impressed" to consider sin and crime as one and the same thing, being as well that overt act which the law seizes upon, denounces,

and punishes, as the subtler and more covert guile and deceit, fraud and covin, among men. Sin or crime, in its most comprehensive sense, is the workings and doings of what are called the "evil passions," such as hate, jealousy, malice, envy, revenge, covetousness, avarice, suspicion, fraud, lying, over-reaching, theft, burglary, arson, murder, etc.—all manner of mal-pense and mal-feasance; every thing that is anti-social, unchristian, unbrotherly, or unkind. You will perceive that these crimes pertain to our social natures, and that they expressly relate to our fellows. There must be some one to hate, to steal from, to deceive, to murder, etc. But there are said to be sins against God—crimes that grow out of our relations to the Supreme Being, such as are called "irreverence," "blasphemy," etc. I see, however, that the crimes that grow out of our social relations, and which relate to our fellow-beings, include all sin. A crime against our fellow-mortal is a crime against God; and he who loves not man loves not God—does not recognize and acknowledge the Divinity in the Humanity.

"About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!) Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace, And saw within the moonlight in his room, Making it light and like a lily bloom, An angel, writing in a book of gold. Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold, And to the presence in the room he said, "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head, And in a voice made all of sweet accord, Answered: "The names of those who love the Lord." "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so," Replied the angel. Abou spake more low, But cheerily still, and said: "I pray thee, then, Write me as one who loves his fellow-men." The angel wrote and vanished. The next night It came again, with a great wailing light, And showed the names of those whom love of God had blessed, And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

Therefore,

"Let no man call God his father, Who calls not man his brother."

And let no man think that when he sins against his fellow-mortals, he is not at the same time sinning against God. It is irreverence and blasphemy to backbite and slander our neighbor, and to bear false witness against him is to deny God—is practical atheism.

I have said that crimes regard our social natures; that they relate to our fellow-beings. There must be a sinner and one sinned against. Accordingly, a crime is that which hurts somebody—is that which works injury, wrong, or unhappiness to some one or more of our fellow-creatures; which tends to, or does destroy their peace, quiet, and enjoyment. Crime or sin is, therefore, an aggression or trespass upon the life, liberty, and happiness of the fellow-man. It is hurt to others that is the very essence of crime. The aggressive act and its consequences; the injustice or inequity that is wrought toward the neighbor, that makes the sinner or the criminal. A man has a right to do as he pleases, provided he hurts no one—provided he casts not the consequences of his actions upon others against their consent. If you examine the entire class of words in the vocabulary of all languages which express any degree of turpitude or criminality, you will find that they all mean this hurt to the neighbor. Such, for instance, as unkind, inhospitable, tyrannical, intolerant, despoil, violate, treacherous, slander, steal, outrage, insult, indignity, etc., etc.

But has any man an innate love and desire thus to hurt the neighbor? Has he an *inborn* tendency to injure and wrong his brother? Does he innately love to make his fellow-mortals unhappy? Is he "prone to evil as the sparks are to fly upward?" Would he rather do it than not? Surely no. And if no, then is his heart innately upright and pure. Why, even the very spiders do not worry and tear each other, nor the snakes, nor the wolves; and there can not be a greater blasphemy than to say that man innately and instinctively thirsts for the blood of his species! Whence, therefore, does he derive the motive to wrong his brother? What lays him under the necessity—what insemminates the *animus*, and instigates him to injustice? Here is the point. I hesitate not to say, that when he knowingly does wrong—when he willfully injures his fellow, he does so under duress. He is not free to "do justly and love mercy." He is himself the perpetual victim of social inharmonies and aggressions, that suppress his instincts, tyrannize his loves, poison the flow of his affections, destroy his confidence in his fellow-man, and pervert all his spontaneous, humanitarian sentiments. His free and normal physical and spiritual growth is suppressed or perverted, and inflexibly turned into channels of vice and crime; and by ten thousand social inharmonies, obliquities, and wrongs he becomes as subtle in evil thinking and doing as he would be subtle in beneficence and love, if he was properly conditioned and stood in true relations to his fellows. All man's physical wants were intended to be abundantly supplied, and Nature, in her every department, has made bountiful provision for them; and man wants but liberty to go forth and supply them. He will then neither starve nor steal, but will delight to feed, clothe, and house himself. So all his passionate wants were

designed to be fully met, and nature has made ample provision for them. His family instincts, his sexual, conjugal, and parental loves, were intended to be freely and fully satisfied, and he needs but passionate freedom to go forth and enjoy them. In like manner his spiritual wants were intended to be completely supplied, and he needs but spiritual freedom to go forth and supply and enjoy them. It is only when all these demands of his nature are met by a corresponding supply, that he can physically and spiritually grow to the "full stature of a perfect man." And these wants can not be suppressed, without fatal detriment to his integrity, well-being, and happiness. But instead, what have we? Why, even as to the physical alone, for every one man that is comfortably fed, clothed, and housed, and exempt from the incubus of future privation—for every one that is emboldened by this supply, ten thousand are turned, empty and starving, away! The wrong conditions and inharmonic relations in which men are placed toward each other, destroy their trust and confidence. Their interests are everywhere adverse, and their lives antagonize each other at almost every point of contact. Each for himself, and the "devil take the hindmost," and the fear of being the hindmost makes them aggressors upon the rights of others, and monopolizers of all the means of life. No man, in the present order of things, is governed by his attractions, his aptitude for this use or that, his passionate instincts, and spiritual affinities. No man is free to assert himself externally what he is internally. No man is free to act out the "Divinity that stirs within him." There is no *freeman*—no spontaneous man, but all are twisted, and distorted, and dwarfed, and stretched by the racks, the procrustean beds, the thumb-screws, and iron boots of social and religious tyranny! Discordant relations and unnatural restrictions, discounting our physical wants, inhuman laws embargoing and tariffing our passions, and erring and dogmatic creeds blockading our spiritual aspirations, everywhere *motive* us to crime, and begot all the intricacies and subtleties of evil thinking and doing. The man of true spontaneity has not yet appeared, nor can he in this yet too Ismaelitic age. Once upon a time, indeed, there came such a Man, who attempted to live out the divinity that shone within him; but for so doing he met a bloody death upon the cross! I never read the affecting story of Christ without applying his case to those of our time who assert the sovereignty of the human soul, and liking the current orthodoxy to the Judaism of old. His is a "case in point." If he had given in to the Church-and-State orthodoxy of his time, would he not have belied the divinity of his soul and distorted its integrity into hypocrisy and deceit? He pronounced the purest democracy—the sovereignty of man's nature over all external institutes, and his accountability alone to the Father of Spirits. His life was an unremitting rebellion—an incessant protest against the stringent wrongs of civil tyranny, the bigotry of the priest, and the thralldom of a ceremonial religion. He grew up, in his Godlike stature, a *free man*, in the midst of surrounding antagonisms; and it was because he was so "filled with the Holy Ghost"—so inspired with the Divine Spirit, that he yielded not to the ritual observances and overpowering authority of the Jewish orthodox code. He outraged almost every rite, requirement, and dogma the Rabbi held most sacred and dear, and set at naught the civil police. Accordingly, he was charged as a blasphemer, a seditious, an incendiary, and a crazy man, a false prophet, and a teacher of heresies. Either he was right or he was wrong. If his life was right, then the organized system of Jewish restraints put upon that life was wrong, for they stood in direct antagonism to it. Hence he was bound to yield his integrity to them, or give his life a sacrifice for it. He had the courage and bravery to choose the latter alternative. Oh, what an instructive story is this! This instance of great and glorious manhood, unbendingly asserting its purity, integrity, and sovereignty, in the midst of all-overcoming restraints and imperious wrongs, reflects the light of Heaven over all succeeding time; plainly showing the guilt of suppressing the outflow of the Divine Spirit, inherent in the soul of man, by dogmatic orthodoxy in Church and State, by organized aggression upon the rights of man, and by the systematic spoliation of the means of his life, liberty, and happiness. And is there no Judaism here in the nineteenth century? Is not the fearful alternative of the Christ, to some extent, put upon us by the antagonisms in which we live, and the unnatural restraints we are yet under? And how few of us have the courage to "take up the cross and follow Christ!"

But history furnishes another bloody example of this outrage upon humanity. Time was when "the right of private judgment" was dominated, not by public opinion, as it is now, but by physical tortures. I have said that no native instinct, passion, faculty, or capability can be in any way suppressed or restrained without fatal injury to the integral development of the individual; that to do so only distorts or inverts his outer growth, and turns him round to crime. The right of private judgment is an imprescriptible and inalienable prerogative of his nature, and inseparably attached to his being. The private judgment of every individual differs, and this difference is also a law of his existence, and grows out of the

interminable individualities of human character. Hence, to set up a *standard* whereby to govern men's judgments, and to enforce that standard by pains and penalties, is an enormous outrage upon the individual. But such was once done, and enforced by all the physical appliances of pain that orthodox cruelty could devise! How could a man be a freeman, be honest, upright, and sincere, when, perchance, to be so, the rack and the stake would be his fate? We shudder at the memory of these monstrous aggressions. But how stands the case now? Is there no rack and inquisition among us? Very true; the law guarantees the right of private judgment. I may lawfully think, and judge, and believe as I please, in all matters pertaining to my spiritual man. The police comes down on me only when I attempt to do otherwise than it directs in social affairs. But there is an authority more imperious than the law, and which is behind and above it. This authority is Public Opinion. It has the power of crucifying. And old Orthodoxy, which has hitherto manufactured and possessed that public opinion, and does yet to a certain extent, uses it on all occasions to rack the heretic—the man who is guilty of private judgment—upon, and break the bones of his character, or cripple it for life! In former times it was a spiritual despotism *physically* applied, but now it is a spiritual despotism *morally* applied. The theater of its tortures is only changed from the physical sphere of the victim's nature to the moral sphere, yet the *animus* and the act are essentially the same. This mode of applying the rack is, to some minds, more cruel than any body-hurting screws and wrenches. To such persons the terror of orthodox public opinion puts their private judgment under a merciless duress, and effectually suppresses any practical avowal and exercise of it. In the exercise of their private judgments, in scientific, philosophic, and religious inquiries, they are met at every corner by the jealous and dark frowns of black-coated and white-cravated orthodoxy; and turn which they will, in their free inquiry, they find the great red dragons of a soul-distorting creed standing in their path, "ready to devour them." Accordingly, the alternative is put upon them—of stifling this natural growth or outflow of their inner man, or incurring the martyrdom of their "good name, fame, and reputation" at the hands of the orthodox priest. They don't use force to suppress them, but they use public odium, ridicule, vilification, etc., and call hard names, such as Infidel, Atheist, Mormon, "Spirit Rapper," etc., etc. But there are many minds who secretly condemn this inquisitorial tyranny, and laugh in their sleeves at its authority, yet, for the sake of popular respectability, material well-being, and success in life, they pay it an outward, hypocritical respect, and even court and use it for the sake of place, discounts, sales, patronage, gains, etc., etc. Furthermore, the one whose *conscience* is bound by this authority, so as to stifle all free inquiry or private judgment in its inception, is the victim of an incalculable wrong—the very child of deformity, as much as though his eyes had been put out in order that he may not see, and appreciate, and enjoy the light.

But this species of tyranny has lost much of its former authority in these latter times. It has been softened and enfeebled by the comparative enfranchisement of the individual, the birth of the democratic idea, the State nominal guarantees of the right of private judgment and pursuit of happiness, and a pretty good alloy of reform notions and sentiments forced upon it by the discoveries in science, giving birth to new theories and systems, which have broken in upon the "Old Dominion" and driven it to concession after concession until it is much more tolerable and humane. Moreover, we have the cheering assurance that science is not yet done with old orthodoxy. Science is a stubborn thing—a geometrical problem—and yields not to speculative belief. Ever since Private Judgment cut loose from fast anchor in Roman Catholic faith, it has been becoming more and more private and individual. Tenets and sects are becoming more multiplied and various, and the individual more and more free to break off from the faith of his particular church and follow his own private judgment. The tendency to individualism, in the emancipation from religious and civil restraints and authority, evinces the ultimate overthrow of all organized systems of external bondage and the final supremacy of the right of private judgment. The multiplication of sects, churches, schisms, forms of belief, etc., is a phenomenon of Progress, and marks the onward tendency of things to the "sovereignty of the individual." And you may be assured it will continue, until every man is his own Church and his own State—until the very lions and lambs of "private judgment" will feed and lie down in peace together! The authority of a creed over man's private judgment is essentially Papistical and despotic; and the day of Liberty is at hand, when Protestantism becomes consistent enough to practice what it professes.

No outward restraints, no matter how politic and systematic they are, and no mal-development begotten by them, can ever reach and crush the *germ* of good in a man's soul; no outward inharmonies can penetrate and contaminate the indwelling purity and integrity of his central heart. The germ is ever ready to grow into a vigorous symmetry and beauty, when the social atmosphere is subdued into genial warmth and purified

from the pestilential miasms of false conditions and heterogeneous relations; when the sunshine of harmony shall expand its flowers and fruit into beauty and use. The repression of his outward natural growth may distort the Divine Image into a thousand hideous forms, and turn it into the polluted channels of vice and crime, but God's own image remains entire in his inmost soul, to be revealed when the day of his freedom comes. "Inspiration is a perpetual fact," each individual is a "medium," and continually inspired by the Divine Spirit, according to the form of his genius, measure of his powers, attraction, adaptation, and use; and this inspiration is God's direct revelation to him. When, by a system of outward repressions and misdirections—of inharmonies and antagonisms—he can not *respire* outwardly that inspiration, it throws him into a fever-agony and sweat, begets an abnormal condition of his outward being, and develops vice and crime. The truth is, the physical, passionate, and spiritual interests of every human being under the sun, in a true order of life, harmonize. Inharmony, antagonism, and repression, with all their resultant enormities, such as fraud, deceit, passionate excess, gluttony, drunkenness, etc., are not institutions of the Divine Being. They are not the legitimate and normal growth of man's spirit. Harmony, which is but another name for liberty, justice, and love, is the true and God-appointed law of man's being. This harmony is not, however, the effect of a dead and monotonous uniformity of human character, but the result of myriad myriads of separate individualities or distinct identities, as the harmony of the diatonic scale is the result of distinct and individual notes. The greater and more distinct the varieties of human character, and the more *freely and fully* those varieties are expressed, the greater and more perfect the harmony of the whole. It is our neglect of the components of this harmony—the individual, and the perfect and free expression of all his natural, passionate, and spiritual endowments—our neglect of the full outward development of the component individual character, as the element of harmony, that has hitherto so troubled it, and made the discord, the sin, crime, and vice. Some notes have been muffled and suppressed, some too sharp, some too flat, and some so loudly strung that they drown the voice of others. Hence the discordant jars and the inharmony of the whole. There is not a more beautiful law in all the fields of creation than the law of individualism—the distinctive character, nature, and identity of each thing God has made. It is a demonstration of His oneness or identity. On the Human plane it is a rapturous scene of contemplation! Any institution, law, creed, or opinion that suppresses or misdirects the full expression of this individuality of character, is anti-Christ, and diabolical. By the physical, intellectual, passionate, and spiritual sovereignty of the individual, limited only by the law of justice to others, which penetrates every relation and condition of life, can this individuality be fully expressed; and only by this full expression can harmony be attained, and discord, which is vice and crime, be superseded and washed away. God has ineffaceably written *liberty* on the heart of man, and who shall enslave him? He inspires him continually with love and justice, and who shall turn them to hate and iniquity? He walks in robes of light in the inner sanctuary of man's soul, ready to descend into his outer life, and who shall stay his advent? He has, with His own right hand, planted a garden of Eden in his soul, to bloom in his outer life on earth, and who shall overrun and suppress the "true heir's" inheritance? *Allow* the heir to till, dress, and keep it himself, else thorns and thistles shall it bring forth. He has tuned the thousand-stringed harp of man's soul to ever-swelling harmony, and who shall change it to discord? He has decreed that the "wicked servants," who have seized upon the heir's inheritance, and trod down the vineyards, shall be destroyed, and who shall resist His decree? The Lord of the vineyard shall come—is coming in the outflow of the Divine Spirit in man, gradually wasting away and overturning all external obstacles to His coming.

We have no more right to enslave the spirit of man—to suppress his intellectual, passionate, and spiritual powers—than we have to put chains upon his body; and no matter how it is done, whether by social inharmonies and aggressions, by ecclesiastical assumptions, or by the tyranny of public opinion, the result is substantially the same, namely, decrepitude, misdirection, malformation, pusillanimity, duplicity, misanthropy, and all moral and spiritual deformity. To grow to a glorious manhood, and disclose undistorted the Divine Image within him—in one word, to be *good*—he wants his liberty. He wants true and harmonic relations and conditions with his fellows. He was not made to be put in intellectual and passionate strait-jackets—to be nailed to the cross of moral, passionate, and spiritual martyrdom. To extinguish his native instincts, passions, and aspirations by any system of repression whatever, is as atrocious mayhem as lopping off his limbs or putting out his eyes! When there is a crime perpetrated in our midst, it is a dim vision that can't look back beyond the assassination, and beyond the dram-shop, or the bawdy-house, or the starving hovel of a home, to the true origin of the mischief. If we trace it back through all its "pang-demoniac windings," we will find it will "come home to roost,"



Yours, for truth,



## Correspondence of the Telegraph.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER III.

INVERNESS, August 22, 1853.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

In this communication I do not propose to give you a full narrative of my wanderings in the Highlands of Scotland; for, in that case, I should be undertaking the composition of no inconsiderable book, instead of writing a letter. There have been delightful boatings on the Clyde, and charming voyages on the most picturesque lakes in the world; tows have been made to the Western Islands, visits to the wonderful caves of Staffa and the ruins of Iona; mountains, whose lofty heads are covered with perpetual snows, have been climbed; the ruins of numerous castles, that tell the history of by-gone times, have been gazed upon in sadness and silence; glens have been passed, where the wild, brave men of another age met in bloodiest conflict, places consecrated by the genius of illustrious bards and sacred in Scottish history have been visited; but a full description of these things would occupy too much space, and it would be necessary to do over again what has often been done so well.

Not only by the public conveyances have I traveled, but have wandered much among the mountains where a shepherd's path alone marks the way. From the coolness of the atmosphere, and the habit of climbing, one soon acquires a vigor that astonishes himself. One day I walked on a rugged road fifty miles. The highest mountain of Scotland I climbed after a morning walk of twenty miles. My pedestrian excursions through the Highlands have brought me in contact with the peasantry, an account of whose superstitions and habits may not be uninteresting to your readers. The Gaelic (pronounced *gah'-tik*) is the language in common use, but I almost always have found at least one in each household able to speak tolerable English.

The declaration that I was an American has, in almost every instance, unlocked the heart of the brave Highlander. He has heard of America as a land of liberty, and speaks the word with a tone of sadness, referring at the same time to the past history of his own land. But he is himself an incarnation of the wild storm-bills that surround him—bills that he loves—bills that seem to love him—bills that he never can forget. I have seen the Highlander's eye *glow* when talking to him about the greatness and the glory of my own country; but, after a moment's reflection, he would point to the mountains and exclaim, "There is no land so bonnie as this."

(When seated with Highland families by the peat fire in their cottages—but I must compound a word to convey my meaning) at evening, I have heard strange tales and traditions, that were told with an enthusiasm tempered with awe, that perhaps were none the worse for the addition of a touch of poetry and romance. Since hearing these tales and traditions I have searched in various books for a fuller account of them, and from such helps as are at hand, I shall be able to give you, as I hope, some information in regard to the SPIRITUAL element in Highland life. It must be added, however, that the Highland life of a century since, rather than that of to-day, is referred to. Since the rebellion of 1745, which, together with its consequences, broke the feudal power and opened a communication between the mountaineers and the inhabitants of the Lowlands, the characteristics of the race have been gradually disappearing with the decay of the race itself; but in many places—especially in those remote from the generally traveled routes—what was true of the Highlanders a hundred years ago, is also true at present.

In one place an old Highland man told the story of the two famous giant ghosts, "Ben-Baynac and Clashnichd." The story was interpreted for me by a fair-haired boy, who listened with kindling eye to an off-remembered tale of his grandfathers. The boy was little more than a dozen years of age, and spoke English and Gaelic equally well. It is impossible to give the story in the picturesque language of the narrator, therefore I will abbreviate it, at the risk of allowing its spirit to escape.

The giant first mentioned was male, the other female. Like many a "weaker vessel," Clashnichd was sorely treated by her lord. Ben-Baynac beat her out of sheer sport, when other amusements were wanting. The shepherd, James Gray, looking after his sheep one day, fell in with the much abused feminine ghost, who related to him the sad story of her wrongs. Like a true Highlander his heart was touched, and he promised to avenge her miseries. She kindly warned him of the danger of such an undertaking, stating that the cruel monster could not be wounded with an arrow or dirk, nor, withal, be shot with a silver sixpence—the almost infallible ghost-killer. However, on his breast there was a mole, lying next his heart, that *might* be pierced with steel. James Gray was a real Robin Hood of an archer, and promised to engage in the perilous undertaking. One night, after receiving a severe beating, Clashnichd repaired to the cottage of the shepherd and demanded the fulfillment of his promise. Preparing himself with bow and arrow, he mounted the giant's back, and was soon on the field of action. The savage, huge Ben-Baynac cries out to the bold shepherd that he will feed the eagles with him; but, in the language of Ossian, "the gleaming path of the steel winds through the gloomy ghost." A terrific howl shook the mountains around, and "the form fell shapeless into air, like a column of smoke which the staff of the boy disturbs as it rises from the half-extinguished furnace."

Clashnichd still demanded of James Gray the use of his horses to carry back her goods to a favorite place of habitation, from which she had been driven by her oppressor. The shepherd pointed "to the red-deer on the mountains which she yoked and stabled for him."

The people were glad that the great ghost was slain, for they were no longer disturbed by night with the cries of his victim. Clashnichd, however, sorely taxed the hospitality of the neighbors, whose houses she frequented and where she helped herself without ceremony. At length she entered a miller's house, whose wife was roasting a girdiron full of savory fish. The health of the family was courteously inquired after, and the fish unceremoniously swallowed. The Highland ire of the miller's wife was up, and into the bosom of her uncivil guest she overturned a huge caldron of boiling water. The ghost who had connived at the death of her lord, fled with piercing cries up a mountain crag, and has never been heard of since.

It is a belief among the Highlanders, that each one from his birth is attended by his ghost, that completely resembles him in size, form, countenance, and dress. This attendant upon the mortal is invisible to all, save to those who are gifted with *second-sight*. The ghost is far from coming up to the excellence of a "guardian-spirit," for it looks after its own amusement and pleasure quite as much as after the interest of its mortal yoke-fellow. It eats, drinks, disturbs the neighborhood with unearthly yells, gets up a row, fights, and waylays travelers. Quite unconsciously the Gaelic man describes himself in telling a ghost-story.

The ghost, just before the decease of his mortal partner, is seized with the "locked jaw," and becomes the most awful emblem of death. Shroud-clad, accompanied by an azure-colored light, that fades as the mortal's breath grows fainter, it goes with noiseless tread, and slow, its visage covered with the "face-cloth," to the place where the dying shall soon be buried. Soon after, a sound of saw and hammer is heard in the undertaker's house. The undertaker's ghost is making a thifty coffin. There follows the funeral foregoing an exact thifty similitude of that which in a material manner will soon succeed.

The ghost, on its nocturnal journey to the future grave, may be stopped by any one who has the hardihood to reverse, in its presence, the cuff of his own coat. Tradition says, that the sage, Donald Dou, stopped a ghost one night, and found it to be that of the wife of his near neighbor. In her throat and distended mouth was disclosed the lowing death-light, by removing the *face-cloth*. The rash sage was transfixed with terror. The ghost could not move, until it was released at the gloaming, by the crowing of chancier. The wise man was admonished; but, owing to his friendship with her husband, he was dismissed without punishment.

But, after death, the ghost is more devoted to the interests of its partner. The Highlanders believe that a man's condition after leaving the body depends very much upon the deeds done while living among men; but amends can be made, unsettled affairs can be arranged, through the agency of the ghost. The living are often visited by these shadowy ambassadors. It is sometimes very difficult, almost impossible, for them to procure an audience with mortals, for those in the flesh are usually terrified by the approach of such unearthly visitants. Moreover, before the ghost can speak, it must be embraced and lifted from the ground, so that the wind may pass between its feet and the solid earth. Perhaps none but a grimly, courageous Highlander is equal to such a "dead-lift." Luther's throwing the inkstand at "the gentleman that limps," is nothing to it.

The ghosts of the buried also perform the friendly office of watching their burial-place. In the opinion of the mountaineers, no resurrectionist is hardy enough to encounter such wakeful sentinels. It is a belief among the Gaelic people, that certain fell diseases among their cattle can be cured only by the juice of a *DEAD-HEAD* from the kirk-yard. Imagine a Highlander at midnight, beset by such defenders of the bodies of the departed,

digging for a head in "the heaps of ruinous mortality." A solemn business for him it is, too, when the head has been obtained, to brew from it a *DEAD BEER*, with which to rescue his cattle from destruction. Indeed, before such a business is undertaken, all the "forlorn fires and hallowed waters" must fall to produce the desired effect.

But few words of commentary are necessary for your readers. All this is an indirect but a very strong testimony in favor of the idea that the Spirits of the departed may visit the living. Among the Highlanders there are many clairvoyants, who are said to possess "second-sight." Most of these are also mediums, and some seem to possess very high Spiritual power. Of these facts the highest literature of Scotland takes, at least, indirect cognizance. Allan Macaulay, one of the characters in Sir Walter Scott's "Legend of Montrose," has living representatives among the northern mountains at the present time. Some Spiritual influence or agency is recognized in all literature, and, I believe, is denied by none, except by certain small theologians, who are now uttering, in a sort of scran-pipe tone, another variation of the old cry of the image-makers, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

But I am not yet done with the prolific subject upon which I have entered. The "fairies" claim an earlier descent than the "ghosts." Unlike the latter, they are a pre-Adamic race. When the angels rebelled in heaven and were cast forth, the Highlands of Scotland received a plentiful share of the exiles. Of this there can be no doubt; for, in a very "uncanny" place, a Highland clergyman, noted for his piety and learning, has had a nocturnal interview with one of them. The poor fairy was penitent, and inquired whether there was any salvation for a fallen angel. The clergyman explained to the poor creature the Geneva creed, and then requested the penitent to repeat after him the Lord's Prayer, when he found that the fairy could not repeat "art," but always said, "wert" in heaven, he concluded that the fallen spirit was thinking of some other majesty than that of Jehovah, and declared that there could be no hope. A shriek of despair rung out upon the midnight air, and the fairy plunged into one of the Scottish "lochs," where, for aught I know, there may be a *desensus Aeterni*.

The fairies dwell beneath the sea as well as upon the land. They are represented as being surpassingly beautiful. The female, especially, excels in loveliness any conception of imagination. The Highland fairies are democrats. Over them Queen Mab never extended her mad enterprise. Even Auld Nick is set at defiance by the lawless spirits. The fairies, however, are fond of show and display, and occasionally allow his Satanic Majesty a kind of Chobham or Spithed review.

Very intelligent and ingenious are these airy beings. They are expert in using the shuttle, the needle, and theawl. In fact, there is nothing which they can not do with great rapidity and skill. A fairy barber once shaved, with the palm of his hand, a Highlander's face so effectually that beard never grew on it afterward. They are also unrivaled as architects. Some may recollect that they were the laborers employed by the wonder-working Michael Scott. And who has not heard of the festivity and the dancing of the fairies? Notwithstanding their loss of Paradise, they are the merriest creatures in the world. A story that is not very long, the scene of which is in the town where I am writing this, will give some idea of the length of a fairy festival.

"Nearly three hundred years ago," says a chronicler of Highland stories, "there lived in Strathpey two men, greatly celebrated for their performances on the fiddle. It happened upon a certain Christmas time that they had formed the resolution of going to Inverness, to be employed in their musical capacities, during that festive season. Accordingly, having arrived in town and secured lodgings, they sent round the newsmen with his bell, to announce to the inhabitants their arrival in town, and the object of it, their great celebrity in their own country, the number of tunes they played, and their rate of charge per day, per night, or hour. Very soon after, they were called upon by a venerable-looking old man, gray-haired and somewhat wrinkled, of genteel deportment and liberal disposition; for, instead of grudging their charges, as they expected, he only said that he would double the demand. They cheerfully agreed to accompany him, and soon found themselves at the door of a very curious dwelling, the appearance of which they did not at all like. The house resembled no other they had seen on their travels. But the mild, persuasive eloquence of the guide, reinforced by the irresistible argument of a purse of gold, soon removed the scruples they felt at the idea of entering so novel a mansion. They entered the place, and all sensations of fear were soon absorbed in those of admiration of the august assembly which surrounded them. Strings tuned to sweet harmony gave birth to glee in the dwelling. The night passed on harmoniously, while the diversity of the reels and the loveliness of the dancers presented to the fiddlers the most gratifying scenes they ever witnessed. In the morning, when the ball terminated, they took their leave, sorry that the time of their engagement was so short, and highly gratified at the liberal treatment which they experienced. Strange was the scene that awaited them. They had come out of a hill, instead of a castle, they knew not what way. All was changed. What shone in splendor yesterday, was in ruins to-day. The people of the town were arrayed in strange costume. Around them the crowd gathered, wondering at their strange appearance. An old man, at length, thus addressed them: 'You are the two men my great-grandfather lodged, and who, it was supposed, were decoyed to the habitation of the fairies. Sore did your friends lament your loss; but the lapse of time—a hundred years—has now rendered your names extinct.'

"Finding every circumstance conspiring to verify the old man's story, the poor fiddlers were naturally inspired with feelings of reverential awe at the secret wonders of the Deity; and it being the Sabbath day, they naturally wished to indulge those feelings in a place of worship. They, accordingly, proceeded to church, and took their places, to hear public worship, and sat for a while listening to the pealing bells, which, while they summoned the remainder of the congregation to church, summoned them to their long homes. When the ambassador of peace ascended the sacred place to announce to his flock the glad tidings of the gospel, strange to tell, at the first word uttered by his lips, his ancient hearers, the poor, deluded fiddlers, both crumbled into dust."

At the sepulchral voice of "some apostle of despair," many a one crumbles into dust who has not been fiddling for dancing fairies a hundred years.

It may be added, in brief, that the fairies are given to pleasure; that they will pilfer; like gipsies, will carry off children, leaving phantom children in their place, and sometimes will destroy life. They raise the whirlwind and cause conflagrations, yet they are not insensible to kindness, and often generously reciprocate favors. A challenge always stops them, and when a thing is blest it is beyond their reach. When one meets them, and pronounces the significant Gaelic sentence, "Sluis sh' alumnus sheen"—"Mine is yours, and yours is mine," they will immediately give whatever they have for whatever you offer, however unequal the values may be.

I give these particulars, because it is a pleasant method of describing the Gaelic character, in addition to giving a full account of their superstitious beliefs. The character of a people is always revealed in the attributes of their ideal creations.

Another important supernatural personage in the Highlands is the Brownie. It is not so tall and beautiful as the fairy, and has a brown complexion—hence its name. Its origin is unknown. It always works faithfully in some high family, for nothing but a scanty subsistence. Under all circumstances it is devoted to its master, and is, indeed, always an heirloom of some ancient family. It usually quarrels with the servants, and ever looks out for the interest of the master. The Brownie, which is now almost unknown, is a true emblem of the Highlander's faithfulness to the leader of his clan.

Another agent, belonging to the past rather than to the present, is the Water-kelpie, or Water-horse. He is an infernal agent, in the service of the devil. He has the power of assuming any shape to lure the unwary. He usually takes the form of a horse, and is thus sought by the traveler, and mounted. He can touch no one unless he is first sought. When his victim is secured, he springs into a pool or lake, and devours the body, while he delivers the soul to Satan. Burns, in his "Address to the Deil," has the following:

"When thaws dissolve the snowy hoard,  
An' float the jingling, icy board,  
The Water-Kelpies haunt the ford,  
By your direction,  
And nightly travelers are lured  
To their destruction."

From the Highland Kelpie one may learn the important practical lesson, that the agents of evil will not disturb him unless he first seeks them.

Another agent of Satan is, or rather was, the Spunkie, a vigilant "link-boy," corresponding to the Will-o'-the-Wisp.

"An' off your moss-traversing Spunkies  
Decoy some wight that late and drunk is,  
The bleazin' curst, mischievous monkie,  
Delude his eyes,  
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,  
Ne'er more to rise."

This letter has grown to such a length, that I must leave the subject of "witchcraft" and the "Highland festivals" for another communication. These things are curious and interesting in themselves, and afford a true light whereby to read the character of the people.

"There are fairies, and brownies, and shades Amazonian,  
Of hepper, and sharper, and old Carterian;  
Some small as pigmies, some tall as a stoepie;  
The Spunkie are all gone as mad as the people."

VIATOR.

## LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

Friend and brother in the investigation, development, and publication of truth! I have just finished reading the first thirteen numbers of the second volume of your "SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH," with which I have been pleased and gratified; but more especially with the leading article in No. 10, by Mr. W. S. Courtney, of Pittsburg, dated June 16th of this year, and headed, "The Cause and Cure of Crime."

I am particularly gratified with the whole of this article, because it is essentially and immediately practical. It proceeds entirely on the principle for which I have so long contended—"that all the human faculties are good, and that when man shall be surrounded by good conditions, in accordance with his natural qualities of body and mind, he will in every instance, without merit or demerit of the individual, become good, wise, and happy through this life, and be well prepared for all future changes. It is thus that the physical and mental character of each one is formed for him, and through this knowledge that it may be speedily well-formed for every one from birth, as soon as the superior conditions shall be created which are in accordance with human nature."

All the conditions hitherto made by man to surround man from his birth have emanated from the undoubting belief that each one forms his own physical, intellectual, moral, and practical qualities; and for which he should be made responsible to his fellow-men. This supposition, unsupported by one fact, through all time, is the *origin of evil*, and the sole cause of all crime and misery now experienced over the world by the human race. It is the father of all lies, the destroyer of truth and creates the repulsive feelings between man and man. It disowns the human faculties, and makes the race irrational in mind and practice. Man, therefore, never has known, he knows not to-day, what good and superior conditions are, or how to create and combine them.

Should reliable and superior Spirits confirm these truths, then I will send you the conditions which will make, at no distant day, the human race good, wise, united, and happy. I believe this letter has been dictated by the same Spirit from whom all my former publications have emanated.

Yours, faithfully, ROBERT OWEN.  
PARK, SEVENOAKS, KENT, ENGLAND, 18th Aug., 1853.

## LETTER FROM WARREN CHASE.

August 17, 1853.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

I closed my course of nine lectures, and parted with many warm friends who took a deep interest in our new philosophy, in Rockford, on Monday. Accompanied by several friends and a speaking medium I came to Belvidere, and lectured one evening, according to previous notice, but to a small audience; held two short conferences with the Spirits for the benefit of a few friends there; but the light from the Spirit spheres has as yet sent only a few scattering rays into that place. They need some *rapping* to awaken them; some *tipping* to show them they stand on slippery places; and some *writing* to show intelligence that the eye of the body can not see. One or two have had some shaking, which has served to awaken an interest thus far; but the darkness that shades that beautiful town will, I trust, not hide it much longer. Tuesday, the friends returned, and I came to Elgin, where our philosophy is not unknown. This is a manufacturing town of early history, for this section of country, and beautifully situated on Fox River, at the crossing of the Chicago and Galena Railroad. The Spiritual Manifestations commenced early here, and the people have fostered well what they have had, and made good progress. They have made good progress in developing media of various kinds, until the place and vicinity can number more than twenty, several of whom are developed to speak so as to entertain the audiences at the public meetings, which are held regularly in a large hall. The friends here are well advanced in the phenomena and experiments, and have learned much from the Spirits through their media; but they are not as well advanced in the philosophy by reading, by lectures, and correspondence as in many other places I have visited. It is a slow process to gain the philosophy from the Spirits through the imperfect media, and especially when the first work and most of the efforts of the Spirits is to develop the media. They, however, as many observations have proved to me, send teachers adapted to the classes, as our best regulated schools do. And in developing the physical systems they often send Spirits fitted for that work alone, and not for teaching philosophy; and although they are ever ready to communicate as opportunity offers, yet they are often as unfit to teach our philosophy as a blacksmith to repair a shirt. How beautiful this system becomes, and how beautifully it expands and brightens as the mind becomes familiar with its unfoldings! How proper and legitimate every manifestation, and how beautiful and useful every exhibition of Divine power and government becomes to a mind that can embrace cause and effect, and see and feel the hand that moves all and each for universal good, and the endless joy of all creation to the extent of capacity! My mind and pen run off my narrative and into our philosophy.

There have been a few cases here of casting out or taking off diseases, or what is more properly termed, bearing away others' infirmities; but the friends and media are not yet sufficiently advanced to do this part of our work effectually, as in some other places. They would advance much faster if they would use all the means pertaining to this sphere as well as those they can reach from the other. Elgin is one of the light (not dark) places of the West, and our friends traveling this way who can impart instruction, or who honestly seek and can be taught here, will find open doors and open hands, with generous hearts and kind words of comfort and good cheer. Sectarianism withers here, like the accursed fig-tree, wherever, like it, the barren branches are held out to the light of the new philosophy. So it must everywhere. I must here mention a beautiful and appropriate reply of a spirit which I heard yesterday to a question put by a *high-church* man, as follows: "Are prayers essential to us in this life?" Answer: "Prayers and other ceremonies are what crutches and staves are in your sphere: if you are a cripple use them, no others need them." Many others were equally pointedly answered; but this seems so appropriate and truthful I could not pass it by. How can modern theology escape being burned up by this new teaching, except by fleeing and calling upon the rocks and mountains to cover and hide them! and indeed this is what they are doing.

## SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1853.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

AN EXPLANATION.—Our Patrons are respectfully informed that the subscription and mail books of the TELEGRAPH are left entirely to the care of our mailing clerk, and consequently the proprietors themselves do not know at what particular time the subscription of any one of their patrons may terminate. Moreover, the business of the office is so managed that when a subscription expires the name no longer appears before the person who writes the wrappers. The reader is requested to accept this as an explanation for any seeming abruptness which may characterize the discontinuance of the paper.

ADVERTISING.—The Publishers will insert a limited number of advertisements as circumstances will permit, always providing, the subject to which it is proposed to invite public attention is deemed compatible with the spirit and objects of the paper. All advertisements must be paid for in advance, at the rate of 12½ cents per line, for the first insertion, and 8 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

ALL ORDERS FOR BOOKS AND PAPERS.—Except from those wholesale dealers with whom we have open accounts—should be accompanied with the cash. When books are to be sent by mail, the remittance should be sufficient to cover the postage, otherwise the purchaser is required to pay double at the place of delivery.

## HOME AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

LUNATIC ASYLUMS.—A case of shutting up a sane man as a lunatic has come to light in the New Jersey Asylum. The person thus entrapped was a wealthy farmer named Quick, who had made a will favoring certain relatives, and these relatives finding that he intended to change the will to their disadvantage, caused him to be seized and confined in the lunatic asylum. He has since been released. This, with the case of Mr. Eddy, of Chicago, and some cases we have heard of in Maine and Massachusetts, warrant the belief that mad-houses in the United States, like those described by the author of Valentine Vox, in England, have largely to do with helping greedy heirs expectant in putting rich will-makers out of the way.

MRS. COAN, the medium, who has been spending several weeks at Saratoga, will return to this city next Monday (19th inst.), and may then be seen at No. 60 White Street, where her husband, W. B. Coan, has taken rooms for the ensuing autumn and winter. Many friends who have called on Mrs. C. have been highly satisfied and pleased with the results obtained through her mediumship.

THE Poughkeepsie *Daily News* says that a couple of workmen in Finch's ship-yard, while engaged in sawing a locust log, came across a large toad, snugly secreted in the center, which was alive, and weighed *seen and a half pounds*. The log is perfectly sound, and is supposed to be 100 years old.

THE YELLOW FEVER.—This epidemic is abating at New Orleans, the deaths per day being now less than 100. The fever has increased at Mobile, the deaths reaching as high as 20 daily. Several cases have occurred at Pensacola and Vicksburg. The subscriptions in aid of New Orleans have reached nearly \$170,000, of which about \$45,000 is credited to New York.

AN "Umbrella Association" has commenced operations in London, for the purpose of hiring out umbrellas and parasols in wet and sultry weather, the borrower to leave a shilling for the safe return of the article, and to pay one penny an hour for the loan.

GERRIT SMITH, the well-known anti-slavery champion, has contributed \$1,000 for the relief of New Orleans. This does not look like enmity toward the South. Mr. Smith is said to be an eloquent speaker on the great themes of Christian life and progress, but his mightiest sermons are the noble deeds to which his life is consecrated.

J. G. LOCKHART, son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, and Editor of the *Quarterly Review*, has been compelled, by indisposition, to cease from all literary labors. He is about to go to Italy.

REV. THEOPHILUS FISKE, whilom a lecturer on electro-magnetism, is now regularly preaching in the Universalist denomination.

DEBT OF THE UNITED STATES.—The outstanding funded debt of the United States amounts to \$93,434,597. This amount includes the \$5,000,000 promised to Texas, not yet issued, as well as \$5,000,000 of the debt already issued.

The human heart is like a millstone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns, and grinds, and bruises the wheat into flour; if you put no wheat in it still grinds on; but then it is itself it grinds, and slowly wears away.—*Luther*.

HOME AND FOREIGN HEATHEN.—Henry Ward Beecher, in a late missionary discourse, recommended the heathen of New York to the care and sympathy of Christians, as being a worse set than were likely to be found anywhere else. A learned English divine, Dr. Duff, after looking into the vices of London, says:

"I have been comparing notes between the condition of the heathen of London and the heathen of India, and I am compelled to say that contrasted with the outrages and wild orgies of Indian heathenism, there are lamentable proofs that heathenism is actually surpassed in wickedness by the metropolis of England."

The Lexington (Ky) *Observer* says that Henry Clay's estate at Ashland is to be sold at auction on the 20th of September.

ALL DEAD.—The Catholic Brothers in New Orleans, numbering some twelve or fifteen teachers, having in charge the four Catholic schools of that city, have all died of that terrible disease, the yellow fever.

REV. BYRON WALLER, against whom a verdict for \$5,000 has been found in Carroll County, Ky., for the seduction of a young lady, is a preacher of the Reformed Baptist persuasion. He promised marriage, and quoted Scripture to quiet her scruples. He is now married to a South Carolina lady who has property. Rev. B. Waller was a decided anti-Spiritualist.

A MUSICAL composer named Hartung, condemned to death in Prussia, has petitioned for a postponement of his sentence until he can finish an opera on which he is engaged.

The Unitarians of San Francisco have erected a church at the cost of \$50,000; Rev. F. T. Gray pastor.

The eccentric Grant Thorburn, alias "Laurie Todd," known equally as an author and a florist, has been marrying lately, and says, in a letter to a Philadelphia paper:

"My wife is a blooming lass of forty summers; I succeeded in capturing the prize only two weeks ago; my own age is eighty-one, so that my wife just meets me half way. She is two inches taller, and five pounds heavier; so I think, on reflection, I have got the best of the bargain."

MR. HALL, one of the editors of the New Orleans *Crescent*, was shot while in his office, on the 27th ult., by Mr. Houghton, a lawyer.

THERE were three executions for murder, one in this State (N. Y.), one in Pennsylvania, and one in the District of Columbia, during the opening week of the present month.

JEWS IN LONDON.—It is stated that there are twenty thousand Jews in London.

AN ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT.—Mr. Arder, of London, having purchased from an Arab, at the sepulchral diggings about Luxor, Egypt, a roll of papyrus, has been instrumental in the publication of two pleadings at the Greek bar of Hyperides, felicitously deciphered from the reporter's notes, which, from the fact of their being three hundred years older than the Christian era, claims precedence in seniority before all known manuscripts. Longinus had a high opinion of the orator Hyperides.

An eccentric individual in Gloucester, Mass., has built a vessel, but having been informed, as he supposes, by the spirit of his deceased father, that he would not live six months after his vessel was launched, he immediately procured the assistance of several of his neighbors, loaded her on wheels, and with several yoke of oxen she was drawn into the river at low water, and placed upon blocks, where she remained till high water, when she was afloat. She is named the *Lyrantha*, and hails from "The Kingdom of God." She is believed to be the only vessel ever built that was not launched.

MILLERITES.—The Millerites are to meet in Convention at Concord, New Hampshire, on the 19th inst. The Worcester *Examiner* says:

"A Mr. Kendrick Partridge, aged about 35 years, committed suicide at South Roy alton on Thursday night of last week, by jumping into Miller's River and drowning himself. He was of a party that had been up to the Miller camp-meeting at South Vernon, and at the time of making away with himself was doubtless under the influence of the pernicious excitement there awakened."

Yes, and there are a plenty who go mad and commit suicide from hearing the doctrines preached at Millerite, Methodist, and other camp-meetings and revivals, but the press generally say nothing unless they can pin "victim of the rappers" to the persons thus deprived of reason and life. Thus they label thousands of sane men. It is true that religious dogmas, acting on weak intellects, have made thousands of lunatics; but religion may be a good thing for all that.

THE CELTIC EXODUS.—A late number of the Galway (Ireland) *Packet* states that the emigration mania is daily gathering strength in the whole of the western counties, and adds that "it is melancholy to see the bone and sinew of the land thus flying away at a time when it might be supposed sufficient employment could be obtained at home. But not even the certainty of constant employment, and the high wages which agricultural laborers must receive in the gathering in of the approaching harvest, can induce the Irishmen to remain at home."

LONGEVITY OF QUAKERS.—The late census returns in England reveal the singular fact, that the average age attained by this peaceful sect is "fifty-one years, two months, and twenty-one days," while half of the population of this country die before reaching the age of twenty-one, and the average duration of life the world over is but thirty-three years.

GEN. TAYLOR'S FAMILY.—The St. Louis *Republican* says: "In noticing the death of Col. Bliss, several of the papers have fallen into the error of supposing that Mrs. Bliss was the only surviving member of Gen. Taylor's family. This is an error. There is a sister, the wife of Dr. Wood, surgeon U. S. Army, and Col. Taylor, son of General Taylor, both still living."

EXPLODED.—The experiment of making gas from wood, which has been recently tried in Wilmington, N. C., has resulted in a perfect failure. The company erected works, laid down their pipes, and incurred considerable expense, but it would not answer. One cord of wood did not produce gas enough to burn 30 minutes.

On the 6th of June last, a locomotive was run on a railroad, for the first time, in the land of Egypt. The Bedouins undertook a race on their fleet horses, and kept up for some time, but finally yielded the contest to the iron horse.

In the State of New Hampshire, with a population of 315,000, there are but seventy-six persons between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one who are unable to read or write.

The literary executors of Dr. Justin Edwards request those having letters which would throw any light on his life and character, to send the same without delay to Mrs. Edwards, at Andover, Mass., or to Rev. S. Bliss, of the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York.

At Rochester, on Monday the 5th inst., a man named Wilson cut and stabbed James Hines with a bowie knife, so that "his life is despaired of. Cause—rum!"

A COMPANY has been formed in London, called the "Electric Gas Company," to make gas from the decomposition of water by electricity.

ENGLISH papers contain an account of the loss of an India ship on the 21st or 22d of June last, near the mouth of Bombay Harbor. When the vessel struck the rocks, the boats were got out; but so great was the rush that the boats were upset, and about sixty were swept overboard and drowned. When the masts fell, a large number were crushed to death. Over three hundred persons lost their lives by the disaster. They were mostly pilgrims returning from Arabia.

BISHOP DOANE is again on trial, at Camden, New Jersey. Twenty bishops and a larger number of clergy are in attendance at the ecclesiastical court.

A HARMONIAL Convention was held at Farmington, Ill., on the 20th and 21st ult. Spiritualism was its basis of operations.

AN ACTIVE YOUNG LADY.—The present editress of the magazine conducted by the factory girls at Lowell—a Miss Farley—writes to a friend: "I am proprietor of the New England Offering. I do all the publishing, editing, canvassing, and as it is bound at my office, I can, in a hurry, fold, cut, covers, etc., etc. I have a little girl to assist me in the folding, stitching, etc.; the rest, after it comes from the printer's hands, is all my own work. I employ no agents, and depend upon no one for assistance. My edition is four thousand."

SETTLING A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.—We still have a lively recollection of the way in which a South Sea Islander settled a case of conscience. The missionary had rebuked him for the sin of polygamy, and he was much grieved.



## Interesting Miscellany.

### A SONG OF SUMMER.

BY ANNETTE VIRBOR.

The summer sunshine falleth  
O'er mountain, glade, and rill,  
And warm the purple shadows  
Lie round the woodland still.

And from the rock whose borders  
The eddying waters lave,  
The daisy and the blue-bells  
Look down upon the wave.

The berries in the hollows  
Are dropping from their stems,  
And many a glistening cherry  
The lonely hedge begins.

Where art thou, dark-haired sister!  
We miss thee from our home;  
These pleasant haunts are lonely  
Where thou wert wont to roam.

The twilight gently falleth,  
The mountains sleep in heaven,  
And softer, holier beauty  
Unto the sky is given.

And when the moon upriseth  
The weird, dark shadows come  
All trailing down the hillside—  
All weird-like and dumb—

And now, oh, dark-haired Lucy,  
We miss thy singing voice,  
That echoed 'mid the mountains,  
And made the night rejoice.

### NATURE'S VOICES.

BY MRS. LUCY A. MILLINGTON.

Dost thou love the pleasant voices,  
Breathing, whispering on the air,  
Thousand-tongued, yet sweetly blending  
Into music, everywhere?

'Tis the thrill of dreamy harp-strings  
When soft breezes sweep the pine,  
Hushing, slowly, then upswelling  
Into harmonies divine.

When a tempest's regal power  
Sways it with a master hand,  
'Tis the rush, the tramp, the music  
Of a nation's armed band.

O'er the meadow's waves of purple,  
Spreading broad, a flowery sea,  
Floats the mellow, breezy murmur  
Of the sunshine-loving bee.

While the water-drops are ringing,  
With their tiny silver bells,  
Chimes among the moss and flowers,  
Down in summer's greenest dells.

And the ceaseless rush of waters  
Far away in woodland lone,  
Seemeth oftentimes to murmur  
In a weary, plaintive tone.

There the coiling ripples e'er  
Weave their slender veiled chain,  
With a ringing spell of voices,  
Half in pity, half in pain.

In the sunshine, in the shadow,  
O'er the waters fair,  
Still are heard those pleasant voices  
Softly floating on the air.

### ANCIENT SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

C. C. Burr, of the *National Democrat*, who preserves the consistency of sticking to his old opinion, that the Spiritual phenomena are all the result of artifice and ignorance, publishes the following article in a late number of his paper. It may be of interest to some, and as we are in no way apprehensive of the consequences, we transfer it to our columns. Our readers are eminently qualified to judge whether or not this "whole thing"—the "Spiritual rapping"—is more "insufferably stupid and shallow" than Mr. Burr's own pretense that all the mystical phenomena of our time are only a "compound of delusion and jugglery."

After all the noise and excitement about this compound of delusion and jugglery, called Spiritual Rapping, the whole thing is insufferably stupid and shallow compared with the superstitions and impostures of other and more classic times. We will describe a few Spiritual demonstrations which may infinitely improve this shallow craft of the modern rappers, if they are not too stupid to profit by science.

In the island of Andros was a fountain esteemed miraculous, from its discharging wine for seven days, and water only during the rest of the year. An elementary acquaintance with hydrostatics, and the effects of the pressure of fluids, serve to explain this apparent miracle, as well as that connected with another fountain of Rome, when the return of Augustus to the city, after the war in Sicily, flowed with oil during an entire day. Another apparent miracle was performed every year of the feast of Bacchus, in a town of Elis; three urns, that were closed in the presence of the strangers attracted in crowds to this spectacle, on being reopened, were found to have filled themselves with wine.

Formerly, the perspiration or sweating of statues, which arose from the drops of water deposited upon them by the atmosphere saturated with aqueous vapor, which resolved itself into liquid on coming into contact with these cold stone bodies, was superstitiously regarded as really miraculous. Such a metamorphosis in our times, in damp weather and moist climates, is too frequently renewed to be turned to much account. But historians and poets unite in the assertion, that the statues of heroes and images of gods have both perspired and also shed visible tears, the certain presages of calamities about to descend on their fellow-citizens or worshippers. The determination of the Czar Peter the Great put an end to a pretended miracle of this kind at St. Petersburg. An image of the Blessed Virgin, painted on wood, wept abundantly, in order—so it was given out—to testify her abhorrence of the reforms projected by the Czar. Peter himself discovered and exposed to the people the mechanism by which the fraud was managed. A reservoir, filled with oil, was concealed between the two panels of which the picture consisted, from which the oil, thinned by the heat of the multitude of tapers lighted up around the image, was conveyed by conduits, and found its way through small holes at the angles of the eyes, thus representing tears as it filtered. All the miracles of weeping statues, etc., are referable to similar artifices; and to the same source we may trace another of a somewhat different nature related by Gregory of Tours. This historian saw in a monastery at Poitiers, a lamp lighted before a fragment of the true cross, the oil of which miraculously overflowed, and in the space of an hour poured out a quantity equal to that contained in the reservoir. Indeed, the rapidity of the rising increased in proportion to the incredulity at first displayed by the spectator.

The agency of heat, in the expansion of oil, or any other liquid, belongs to another science than hydrostatics; thus, we are naturally led to examine what was the extent, or rather how much, we can trace of those pretended miracles, for which the ancients were indebted to a practical knowledge of chemistry.

Passing to more elevated ideas we may recall the example of Aesclepiodorus, who chemically reproduced the deleterious exhalations of a sacred grove, which proves that a science so prolific of apparent miracles was not unknown in the temples. Other facts tend to confirm this opinion. Marcus, the leader of one of those sects, which, in the early age of the Church, endeavored to amalgamate with Christian doctrines particular dog-

mas and rites of initiation, filled three cups of transparent glass with colorless wine; during his prayer, the fluids in one of those cups became a blood red, in another purple, and in the third, of an azure blue. At a later period, a well might be seen in an Egyptian church, the waters of which, whenever they were placed in a lamp, became of a sanguine color.

In addition to these seeming miracles, probably borrowed from the mysteries of some ancient temple, let us add one of later times. At the court of the Duke of Brunswick, Professor Beyruss promised that, during dinner, his coat should become red; and, to the amazement of the Prince and his other guests, it actually became of that color. M. Vogel, who relates the fact, does not reveal the secret made use of by Beyruss; but he observes that, by pouring lime water on the juice of the beet-root, a coloring liquid is obtained; and that a piece of cloth steeped in this liquid and quickly dried, becomes red in a few hours, simply by contact with the air; and further, that the effect is accelerated in an apartment where champagne and other wines are being plentifully poured out. It has been proved by recent experiments, that wood dyed by archil of a violet color, or stained blue by the acidulated sulphate of indigo, in a bath of hydrosulphuric acid, becomes colorless, yet resumes the blue or the violet on exposure to the free air. Either explanation applies to the modern fact, and indicates the possibility of reviving ancient prodigies; it also discovers the manner in which, amidst flaming torches and smoking incense in the sanctuaries of Polytheism, the veil concealing the sacred things may have been seen to change from white to a deep blood-red hue, and which spectacle was considered as the presage of frightful disasters.

Blood boiling upon the altars, or upon the marbles, or in the vases of the temple, was also indicative of peril and calamity. In Provence, in the sixteenth century, when a consecrated phial, filled with the blood of St. Magdalene, in a solid state, was placed near her pretended head, the blood became liquid, and suddenly boiled. The same phenomenon was exhibited in the Cathedral of Arellino, with the blood of St. Lawrence, and also at Bissegia, with that of St. Panteleon, and of two other martyrs. At a more recent day, at an annual public ceremony at Naples, some of the blood of St. Januarius, collected and dried centuries ago, became spontaneously liquefied, and rose in a boiling state to the top of the phial that incloses it. These phenomena may be produced by reddening sulphuric ether with oracetic, and mixing the tincture with spermaceti. This preparation, at ten degrees above the freezing point, remains condensed, but melts and boils at twenty. To raise it to this temperature, it is only necessary to hold the phial which contains it in the hand for some time. If a little jugglery be combined with this philosophical experiment, the apparent miracle is complete. At Naples, the pretended relics of St. John the Baptist annually shed blood; and blood trickles from the withered bones of St. Thomas Aquinas, thus proving the authenticity of the relics held in veneration by the monks of Fossa Nuova; and the bones of St. Nicholas of Tolentus, exposed on the altar for the adoration of the faithful, soon fills with blood a large silver basin placed below it, by the foresight of the priests.

When our modern Spiritualists will do any thing that comes up to these old "demonstrations," they will be more worthy of investigation.

### MORE TABLE-MOVING FACTS.

We have received a well-written communication on the subject of table moving from a gentleman whom we may describe as one of respectability and veracity, and who describes himself to be a person of an incredulous disposition, "not given to novelties either in religion or science, but remarkably the contrary; of moderate imagination and unimpassioned temperament, occasionally incurring the reproaches of his friends for being so matter-of-fact." This gentleman testifies to the following "facts":

"A lady in New York, and her son, a youth of about thirteen, did repeatedly, during last winter, by merely placing the tips of their fingers on the top of a table, cause it to move across and around the parlor; the table was a common pine table, with four legs, and without rollers. And this motion accompanied in passing near the furnace flue, and also on passing from one parlor into the other, where the carpet was a newer one, and of somewhat different material. This increased motion I consider an important fact, because it was to them entirely unexpected, and therefore could not have been in any wise premeditated. And further, the maid-servant coming in, knowing nothing of what they were about, was requested to sit upon the table, which she did; and being obliged, in consequence of the motion of the table, to put her hands upon it, in order to preserve her seat, suddenly withdrew them, saying that they felt as if pricked by pins. By way of comment, let it be observed, that it would require no little exertion of the muscles, either voluntary or involuntary, for any two persons, still less a lady and a boy, to move a table with a full-grown person upon it; certainly for them to move it unconscious of any muscular exertion, would be quite as incredible as the most extraordinary phenomenon of table moving yet heard of. But further still; the table in question, finally, under the influence of the mysterious power, whatever that may be, fell to pieces, the joints all parting one from another; and being put together again and nailed, it soon went to pieces again, the nails in some places being drawn, and in others, where their hold was stronger, the wood being split off.

"These are the facts in this particular instance among many others which have come under my notice. They were communicated to me by the lady herself, and her son, being interrogated separately, confirmed them in all the particulars. I may mention, although I do not consider it material, that she is of rather a nervous and excitable temperament, and always felt exhausted after making the experiments, so that she was advised by her physician to discontinue them. Her son, a stout, manly boy, with a strong aversion, by the way, to nonsense or humbug, felt no other effects than a peculiar feeling in the hands and arms.

"I have communicated these facts, not because I believe them to be more remarkable than many others that can be equally well attested to, but simply with the desire to promote and advance the discussion, in all fairness, of this very remarkable subject."

Such facts as these, our correspondent thinks, are not accounted for by Vivian or Faraday; nor does he offer an explanation of them himself. He merely submits them to the consideration of those who are interested in the subject.—*Home Journal*.

**SLEEP-WALKING.**—A case is related of an English clergyman who used to get up in the night, light his candle, wear sermons, correct them with intermissions, and retire to bed again, being all the while asleep. The Archbishop of Bordeaux mentions a similar case of a student, who got up to compose a sermon while asleep, wrote it correctly, read it over from one end to the other, or at least appeared to read it, made corrections on it as he scratched out lines, and substituted others, put in its place a word which had been omitted, composed music, wrote it accurately down, and performed other things equally surprising. Dr. Gall notices a nulloer who was in the habit of getting up every night, and attending to his usual avocations at the mill, then returning to bed; on awaking in the morning, he recollected nothing of what passed during the night. Mermet speaks of a saddler, who was accustomed to rise in his sleep, and work at his trade; and Dr. Pritchard of a farmer, who got out of bed, dressed himself, saddled his horse, and rode to the market, being all the while asleep. Dr. Blacklock, on one occasion, rose from bed, to which he had retired at an early hour, came into the room where his family was assembled, conversed with them, and afterward entertained them with a pleasant song, without any of them suspecting he was asleep, and without his retaining, after he was awake, the least recollection of what he had done. It is a singular, yet well-authenticated fact, that in the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore, many of the soldiers fell asleep, yet continued to march with their comrades.

The benediction of a person is considered requisite for any deed of glaring public wickedness, from hanging a single man to butchering the people of a whole city. A minister of the religion of love stands beside the sheriff under the scaffold where a convict is to be executed; and while one chokes the breath out of the culprit's body, the other wastes his own breath in blasphemous palaver intended to sanctify the killing. A general, marching to the battle-field, takes a chaplain along with him, provided with an assortment of Bibles, hymn-books, and tracts, which are safely stowed away in some ammunition wagon or gun-carriage. And when the soldiers are not engaged in the routine of slaughter, the holy man "circulates his documents" among them; but stations himself at a safe distance, and merely "prays for luck," on such days as are devoted to scientific blood-letting, flesh-tearing, and bone-breaking. This is a picture of one branch of the business in our day of the self-styled "ambassadors of Christ." And that they do shockingly pervert their instructions, the most careless reader of the *Sermon on the Mount* can not fail to discover.—*Liberator*.

The health of the soul is as precarious as that of the body; for when we seem the most secure from passions, we are no less in danger of their infection than we are of falling ill, when we appear to be in good health.

**How A MAN FEELS WITH HIS HEAD OFF.**—It is considered on all sides that the body does not feel one instant after decapitation; for the brain being the seat of sensation to the whole frame, through the medium of the spinal marrow, every part of the body, beneath the joint at which the latter may be divided, must be deprived of feeling. But it by no means follows that the head is deprived of sensation immediately after decapitation, nor that it may not retain its consciousness, and like the head of the Irish knight who was killed by Saladin in the Holy War, get up and declare that it was never cut off by so sweet a cineter before—nor like that of the assassin Legare, swear routinely at the executioner for not keeping a keener axe; but it is quite possible that it may be troubled with very serious reflections upon the irrevocability of its fate, and the awfulness of its deprivation. In support of this unpleasant theory, many facts are adduced, with grave vouchers for their authenticity. Among others is the unfortunate Queen of Scots, whose lips continued to move in prayer for at least a quarter of an hour after the executioner had performed his duties. Windt states that having put his mouth to the ear of a decapitated criminal's head, and called him by name, the eyes turned to the side from whence the voice came; and this fact is attested by Pontenello, Mogore, Guillotine, Nauche, and Aldini. On the word murder being called, in the case of a criminal executed for that crime at Coblenz, the half-closed eyes opened with an expression of reproach on those who stood around.

**ANONING WITH OIL.**—Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh, has been the means of bringing to light a curious corroboration of the sanitary value of the ancient practice of anointing with oil. It appears that the learned professor, when recently visiting the manufacturing town of Galashiels, was casually informed that the workers in the wool mill in that place were exempt from the attacks of consumption and scrofula. On inquiring of the medical men in the vicinity, the truth of the statement was confirmed, and it was then deemed expedient to pursue investigations on a broader scale. Communications were accordingly sent to physicians residing in Dumfries, Alloa, Tillicoultry, Inverness, and other districts where the wool mills are in operation, and in the case of all it was ascertained that similar immunity was enjoyed from the fatal disease mentioned. It further mentioned that in some of the localities scarlatina had been added to the list; and also, that employment in the mills not only preserved health, but children of delicate constitutions were sent to wool workers for the express purpose of acquiring strength—a result in almost every instance attained.

**STRANGE NOISES.**—The people out in Dayton, Ohio, are greatly exercised, owing to some "strange noises" heard thereabout. The *Gazette* says:

"Between 9 and 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, a number of our citizens heard a noise resembling the discharge of heavy artillery, followed by lighter artillery. One or two individuals say their houses were very sensibly shaken, though generally no motion was observed in connection with the noise. It was heard at Troy, at the junction of the Western and Greenville roads, and at the Pinnacle, five miles below the city."

A Cincinnati paper of the 23d says:

"At the same hour a similar rumbling noise was heard in this city, windows were shaken, and many persons remarked that there must have been an earthquake in the city. The same noise was heard at Xenia and different points along the railway. Some of the farmers supposed it was the firing of artillery, and some the blowing of a steam-boiler in a foundry or mill. The residents of Xenia thought the powder-mill near that place had again blown up. As yet the cause of this noise remains a mystery."

**SELLING A WIFE.**—An extraordinary instance of selling a wife occurred at Bodmin, in Cornwall, last week. A couple came to the superintendent registrar to be married, their bans having previously been called before the board of guardians. The registrar, having heard that one of the applicants had been married before, cautioned them, and told them that if it was the case they were rendering themselves, by a second marriage, liable to transportation. The man then produced before the registrar a document from another man, who was the husband of the woman, in which she was assigned over to him for a sovereign. The registrar thereupon refused to marry them, and they went away much disappointed.

**REM AND MURDER.**—A man by the name of Gage, in the town of Freedom, Cattaraugus County, while intoxicated, struck a man named Barnes, with a club, a few days ago, killing him instantly.

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