

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS, NO. 300 BROADWAY—TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOL. III.—NO. 15.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1854.

WHOLE NO. 119.

The Principles of Nature.

THE CAUSE AND ITS WANTS.

LEICESTER, July 24, 1854.

MR. EDITOR:

The whole history of man is shaded with the dark hues of superstition. The religious sentiment, more than any other, has been played upon by the designing and ignorant. The organs of reverence and marvelousness have been so stimulated and incited by various devices that they have reigned with cruel tyranny over the other faculties. The pages of the book of the past display to the unprejudiced vision the lamentable follies and crimes of religious monomaniacs. Fanaticism has been the bane of societies and sects, nations and people. The attempt to separate rationalism and religion, making them distinct and diametrical things, has been attended in every age of the world with the most unhappy consequences. Unite the two, and a common-sense system of ethics will be the result. The grand mistake with theologians has been, that they have placed Nature and Inspiration in antagonistic relations; that error is still persisted in, as modern sermons demonstrate. It is to be hoped that spiritual believers of the present period will set the generation to come a better example—leave them such calm and rational records that they will be constrained to admit their truthfulness and follow their teachings.

To me, the phenomenal manifestations now attracting general attention are deeply interesting. Conscientiously and earnestly have I entered into the field, resolved to view every thing falling under my observation with philosophical deliberation and unbiased judgment—to weigh evidence in an even balance, whether for or against. I do not look to modern developments for material with which to build up a sect or establish a creed; but I have turned my eyes in that direction for proofs of the immortality of the soul. I have also hoped to receive assistance in elucidating and comprehending some of Nature's divine arcana. If, possibly, I anticipated more in the initiatory stages of my investigations, that good angel, called Experience, has instructed me more wisely. I am by no means an apostate from the faith. I am willing, ready, desirous, eager to receive the opinions and maxims of my fellow-men existing in the other, and, I believe, on the whole, better sphere. When such opinions and maxims tend to exalt my nature and strengthen my soul in virtuous resolution, joyfully I embrace, and with calm satisfaction I remember them. But when a suggestion, sentiment, or message, purporting to emanate from a disembodied being, does not address itself to my reason—is ambiguous, weak, absurd, fanatical, silly, or mystical—I feel myself under no more obligation to respect it than I should had it originated from a misdirected mind in the body—a canter or ranter.

It may be asked, "Are you disappointed because that which is worthless originates, apparently, from the spiritual world?"

Not at all; I only regret that many persons are at this moment looking to their departed friends and relatives for authority as binding and infallible as the "Thus saith the Lord" of the olden dispensation.

Modern manifestations, like many other things of vital interest to mankind, will be misapprehended by the many, and appreciated and properly used by the few. I do not mean to be understood to say that the principles of Spiritualism are not adapted to the wants of the world; but the majority of human beings are not yet sufficiently acquainted with even the rudiments of natural religion to know what constitutes a true revelation. The sectarian portion of community want something exclusive and mystical on which to base their religious beliefs. I doubt whether a Bible written in plain, straightforward, undiluted English would suit religious organizations. There must be "dark passages," hidden wisdom, to be explained in the pulpit by men divinely "called" to that work. I should not object to that if the inspired witnesses agreed and rendered the same interpretation of obscure sayings; unfortunately for the validity of their high claims, they do not. If summoned before a congress of nations, think you, Mr. Editor, that these teachers could prove the genuineness of their divine "call" with the same certainty that we can demonstrate the fact that Spirits communicate?

If spiritual communications are to take a metaphysical and ambiguous form, we shall fall inevitably into the old quagmire of difficulties in our various efforts at interpretation. In such a case, the utterances of the Pythones, the incoherencies of a Shaker visionary, or the extravagances of Oriental tropes might answer a purpose almost identical, as every individual will be left in the same darkness to shape his opinions in regard to the real signification. I regard spiritual philosophy as being yet in its incipient stages. We know but little of the mighty future. A few straggling beams of light have crept in upon our darkness. We begin to have a consciousness of something bright and glorious in reserve. The night has not all passed—the dawn streaks the horizon but faintly. We rejoice at the heralds of the world's morning, but even our joy is tempered with a wholesome fear lest we mistake some wandering meteor for the sun. We are prone to fall into error. The

conflicting opinions of innumerable sects and people continually admonish us of the fact. The bloody religious feuds of the past speak to us, out of the mouth of history, with a voice so loud that we are inexcusable not to hear; it warns us to be careful that we impose no creeds upon the neighbor, nor make our particular dogmas authority to another. How much time has been wasted in dealing hard words and harder blows to decide some abstruse theological question which no one has comprehended, and never will. The Trinity, the incarnation of Jesus, and the mystery of the transubstantiation have caused blood enough to flow to fertilize a continent; and who has been benefited by the awful conflict of human passions? Is it not to be devoutly hoped that Spiritualists will settle upon certain broad principles, so rational, plain, and simple that the commonest capacity can appreciate, see, and feel their adaptability?

Unless modern Spiritualism avoids mysticism and shapes itself into *us*, little will it do for the conservation and renovation of humanity. Heaven knows we need wisdom; but it must be of a plain, practical nature to meet the wants of the world—harmonizing, common-sense truths, that will bless the million whose lives are wearing away in a weary struggle for bread. If we direct our efforts toward the elevation of the toiling masses, no doubt but benevolent and approving angels will fully cooperate with us in that work. It is the high privilege of the good and philanthropic to become noble reformers, real workers in the vineyard of the eternal Lord.

An article in No. 12 of the TELEGRAPH (July 22d), headed "Our Prisons," was a practical one, telling an excellent story for the head and heart of the writer. The world needs a great deal of physical salvation like that referred to by the author of those thoughts. We must not fly into the clouds too much to get crowns of glory that we have not labored for, but go down among the erring and ignorant to earn them. True Spiritualism does not exhaust all its energies in running after rappings and table-tippings; the field of its operations is not confined to movings and "movables." May it never be said of Spiritualists, "I was in prison, and ye visited me not; sick, and ye ministered not to me." Really, my friend, if we break from the cruel dogmatism of the churches, write the laws of God upon our hearts, instead of writing them in ink upon perishable paper, do away with religious organizations, and make our religion speak in *acts*, we shall have accomplished a noble work. With all my heart I wish you and your earnest associates the realization of the purest and happiest emotions that can flow from duties done and blessings conferred in the great work of teaching men their obligation to their fellows and where lies the proper sphere of human action. Go on, *puri passu*, and while you feel your own moral being expanding and strengthening, reap the satisfaction of knowing that others through your labors experience the same mental growth.

There is a marked, though, perhaps, unconscious, tendency among Spiritualists to sectarianism. I have a dread of one-sided organizations—one-sided bodies—who think to play the whole tune of life upon a single string. I saw, not long since, in your paper, a column headed, "Organization of Spiritualism." I will venture to say, *cum bona venia*, that I did not quite like the expression; for it seems to me that *Spiritualism* can no more be organized than the Northern Lights. I think I can conceive, however, that *Spiritualists* may organize for a given purpose. To us at the East, Spiritualism is unchanged—remains the same—a sublime truth, which no hand can seize, fetter, and monopolize. I have faith in charity to the poor—it is Christianity awake and working; but, in my humble opinion, it will take the great "I Am" to organize Spiritualism and control its varied elements. When organizations become powerful and popular they go on in the old way, forget their origin, and dictate law to others, thus creating the necessity for another reform—among reformers.

Does Spiritualism need leaders to shape it, unfold its principles, give it symmetry and order? No. What, then, does it want? Spiritualism, of itself, wants nothing; but we need time, experience, wisdom, patience, calmness, in receiving, studying, and applying it. If these requisites and conditions be accorded, it will shape itself, mold its own body, develop its own head and members.

Shall we leave public meetings to be controlled by media? At the present stage, Heaven forbid! Save us from spasms and "Kentucky jerks." If all media were like a few that I can mention, it would do very well; but, naturally enough, a large proportion are imperfectly fitted to exhibit, in a proper light, the higher truths of our philosophy—illegally prepared to impress favorably a mixed and intelligent audience. Give us sufficient organization to subserve the purposes of decency, dignity, and order, by all means, when we meet to deliberate and discuss matters of interest. The difficulty is, if a society unanimously agree that a certain thing ought to be done, the members almost universally disagree in regard to the *means of doing it*; and each advancing his opinions with zeal, confirms himself, strengthens the opposition, until a general state of in-harmony prevails. However, if there is any object that can excuse a permanent organization it is the one the new society has in view, and I wish them much success in relieving the necessities of the suffering poor.

Apropos, there are quite a number of discriminating believers in spiritual intercourse in this place—a gradual falling off from the churches, and an accession to our faith in the same ratio. Our good orthodox brethren occasionally make a thrust at Spiritualism, but I believe no serious wounds have yet been dealt. Mr. J. S. Adams has written an able letter to the church of which he was formerly a member, but from which he has been summarily ejected for falling into dangerous and heterodox doctrines. It is a very earnest, rational, and talented production, abundantly proving the delinquent's ability to do his own thinking, shape his own sentiments, and defend them. The same friend has also edited a pamphlet, entitled "A Rivulet from the Ocean of Truth," purporting to be a veritable history of a Spirit's progress, through mundane agency, and which, no doubt, will prove highly interesting to such as believe in the ability of mortals to develop the latent germs of goodness in minds inhabiting the lower spheres; although I regard such experiences not as realities, but as psychological effects, illustrative of the influence which good thoughts, good words, and good actions may possibly exert, even upon the dwellers of the world invisible. I doubt whether our duties are not limited entirely to *this* world. If the pure and the virtuous among us act upon the other sphere, I believe it is unconsciously, imperceptibly, continuously, the same as the aroma of the rose impregnates the air. Some noble thoughts on a subject relative to this may be found in the professed writings of Bacon, through the hand of Dr. Dexter; but with the sentiments expressed on this point in other portions of the volume, through other channels, I am not so much edified, because they do not appeal so forcibly to my intuitional and reasoning faculties. It is entirely rational to suppose that all disembodied ones, however sunken in the moral scale, have wise and watchful guardians, ever waiting for sign of sorrow for sin, ever laboring lovingly for their elevation; which supposition would seem to preclude the necessity of aid from us, especially when we consider that we are seldom certain even of the *identity* of those professing to desire instruction. We can not examine their condition, scan their thoughts, or weigh their sincerity; while their appointed celestial attendants labor under no such disadvantages, but take cognizance of their whole estate at a single glance, and can approach them at all times and seasons, according to the dictates of a wisdom loftier, less selfish than ours. Yet this view of the matter does not at all affect the genuineness of such experiences as Spirit-manifestations; and I dare say I may be quite in an error in my estimate of such cases.

Yours, for the truth,

J. H. ROBINSON.

BIBLICAL PHRENOLOGY AGAIN.

In prosecuting the claims of the Bible as being a phrenological work, I will present a few more of the figures of the Revelations and compare them with phrenological facts. It is not my object to try to prove that phrenology is a true science, neither that the Bible is the infallible word of God, or spiritual plenary inspiration, but shall assume the ground that phrenology is a true science, and that the Bible is a faithful record of communications which came from mediums when under spiritual influence.

Revelations 1st chapter 12th verse. I begin with the figure the "seven golden candlesticks," which (20th verse) represent the "seven churches," which "churches" represent the seven departments of mind. Each of these departments of mind have organs or faculties belonging to them which are members of these departments, the same as the sectarians of this age have members of their churches. The "mighty angel" of 10th chapter, which "came down from heaven," represents progression. The "little book opened" represents "Nature's divine revelations;" "the earth," represents the undeveloped mind; the sea, represents the influence which emanated from the commotion of the undeveloped mind. "The angel," progression, "set one foot" on the influence and the other on the undeveloped mind, "and reaches his hand to heaven, in which he holds the open book, which the lion of the tribe of Judah (5th chapter 5th verse), harmony, had prevailed to open and to loose the seven seals thereof." And "the lamb," intellectual harmony, "took the book out of his right hand," and then "became the mighty angel" (10th chapter, 1st verse), progression, "by coming down from heaven." Heaven, a representation of purity of thoughts, love of duty, development of wisdom, and activity of harmony—to develop the mind to an understanding of the book of Nature, the laws of matter and mind. "The seven thunders" of the 3d verse represent the activity of the seven departments of mind developing. Progression—"the mighty angel"—cried with a loud voice, "and there became a rolling of mind, which are represented by the 'seven thunders.'" "The angel swears that there shall be time no longer," *i. e.*, time no longer to the undeveloped mind, or the influence which emanates from it. "But in the days of the voice of the seventh angel, when he shall begin to sound, the mystery of God should be finished," the mind shall be developed to an understanding of the book of Nature in the days of the activity of reason, the seventh department of the mind. John was commanded to "Go and take

the book which is open in the hand of the angel which standeth upon the sea and upon the earth." He says, "I went unto the angel," progression, "and said unto him, 'Give me the little book.'" The angel said, "Take it," he was developed to it. John says, "I took the book out of the angel's hand." The angel said, "Eat it up, and it shall make thy belly bitter, but it shall be in thy mouth as sweet as honey." John says, "I ate it up, and it was in my mouth sweet as honey, and as soon as I had eaten it my belly was bitter." A representation of receiving the teachings of the book of Nature; it agreed so well with the wisdom to which he was developed while in this superior condition that he describes it as being sweet as honey; but the teachings of the book did not agree with the old previously imbibed dogmas, and he describes the conflict which ensued in consequence of his receiving the teachings of the book as making his belly bitter.

Chapter 11th. A "read" is here given John, which represents intelligence, understanding. "The 'two witnesses' there are the 'two olive trees, or the two candlesticks, standing before the God of the earth,' which prophesy, clothed in sackcloth, represent matter and mind. Their 'dead bodies have lain in the street of the great city' of perversion and undevelopment—church creeds and ceremonies; their 'three and a half days,' or during the three previous impartations of spiritual influence, which impartations are the Adamic, the Mosaic, and the Christian, and the half day, or during the physical development of phrenology and mesmerism. 'And they of the people, etc., shall not suffer their dead bodies to be put in the grave,' *i. e.*, the faculties of the mind shall not suffer these two developed sciences to remain at rest, but have kept agitating them until 'the spirit of life from God'—Spiritualism—"entered into them and they stood upon their feet."

Chapter 6th presents figures to represent the opening of the seals of the book. First verse: "And I saw when the Lamb had opened one of the seals and behold a white horse," a representation of the refraction of spiritual influence by Adam; he under the influence goes directly into the study of matter and mind. "And he that sat upon him had a bow"—was a warrior—"and a crown was given to him"—he was a king—and he went forth conquering and to conquer—a representation of progressive development. "The 'horse was white'" the influence was pure and did not partake of the physical mind of Adam to color it. "And when they had opened the second seal there went out another horse that was red"—a representation of spiritual influence refracted by Moses. Here the physical mind was so developed that the influence had to partake of it, and colored it. Moses formed a church under the influence, with rites and ceremonies. "And power was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth"—power was given to progression to show the discord in error—"and that they should kill one another"—to supersede each other by development. In illustration I ask, Where now is the stage-coach? The whistling steam-car, as he rolls on the iron track, answers, "Superseded." "And there was given unto him a great sword"—the "sword," a representation of circumstances. "And when he had opened the third seal, I beheld, and lo! a black horse"—a representation of the Christian dispensation. The influence was absorbed by the development of the physical mind, and none of its rays refracted. The mind was so developed that it could govern the influence. It did govern it, and the blood that has been shed under the influence of old theology will daguerreotype the darkness of the emanation of their development. "And he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand." Progression is here represented as having a pair of balances in his hand, a representation of susceptibility to the promptings of duty and the cravings of interest.

"And when he had opened the fourth seal, behold a pale horse"—a representation of the refraction of spiritual influence by the highly developed physical mind. "And his name that sat upon him was Death"—a representation of a conqueror. By progression the physical mind is so developed that it can readily solve the mysteries of the past ages. "He went forth conquering and to conquer" at the "opening of the first seal." "And he followed with him"—a representation of the purification of mind—purification of mind follows progressive development.

Mr. Editor, will you please give the above a place in your paper, that those who will, may have the opportunity to look for themselves, and see whether the phrenological *axe* may not be ground by the Scriptures; and if so, see whether it will hew at the tree of Babylon or cut off a branch.—Daniel, 4th chapter 14th verse. Let them see whether the phrenological string belongs to Nature's great scientific riddle, the Bible. I think it does, and that when the other natural sciences discover their strings, a tune may be played which will be melody to any ears save those of old theology.

An error occurred in my previous communication, in the fourth section, third and fourth line. It should be—But the Lamb with seven horns and seven eyes RECEIVED IT, *i. e.*, intellectual harmony received the book. You may correct or not as you please.

WHAT ARE THE "RIGHTS OF MAJORITIES?"

Majorities possess no rights. Majorities may exercise a controlling power in the government of a state, and unless they do exercise such power the government may be some hybrid of a doubtful character, or a naked despotism, but it can not be justly called a republic, a democracy, a government of the people. The power exercised by the majority in a free commonwealth, the laws enacted, the institutions founded, the compacts made, are in the name and in the behalf of the whole people; not for the exclusive use and benefit of the majority, but for the benefit of the minority also, and equally and alike participated in by all. The "Rights of Majorities," therefore, under free constitutions of government, can have no legitimate existence, because every benefit secured by their action is equally the right of each and every individual in the community.

Nor can any wrong be inflicted on a minority, for the minority must participate in the benefits and the evils of governmental action alike with the entire community of which it is a component and indissoluble constituent.

That the majority *should not govern* is a doctrine that has been advanced by a distinguished American citizen, and one who did not flinch from its unavoidable corollary, that the mass of the people were a rabble, unfit to be intrusted with political power.

Of all forms of government, that which centers in one irresponsible head is conceded to be the worst. That form of government which constitutes every adult of sound mind a sovereign, who may delegate his power to administrative agents at will, is conceded to be the best. Deny these postulates and so far as a knowledge of just government would be understood, we are at sea without chart or compass, and as dead in the fog as the intelligent student would find himself after devoting his best years to the diligent examination of the most approved works now extant on political economy and the "science" of government.

Hitherto the world has been governed at best by some modified form of despotism, and is but slowly emerging from the darkness of the primitive ages. England has professed to lead in moral and political reform. Her writers, all grounded in the immutable assurance that their own institutions are the perfection of human wisdom, give the same tone to her literature that exists in her laws, and which is indelibly impressed upon every educated and every uneducated mind in the nation.

Our own educated (so far as a smattering of bad learning may constitute an education), and a portion at least of our uneducated citizens, are tainted to the core by hereditary and educational prejudice, and the contamination of precept and example which are hourly and freshly set before us from the land of our forefathers. It was an apparent absurdity, yet, perhaps, an unavoidable one, that after declaring war against the political institutions of Great Britain, and expelling them with fire and sword from our borders forever, we should have adopted in a body that system of laws which were the fruit and the sustenance of the same arbitrary system of political government that we had so indignantly abjured.

Philosophy is but a just deduction from well-known fact. But important facts pass unheeded, and inevitable consequences are not foreseen. What but a race of aristocrats could have been expected to appear under a system of jurisprudence expressly devised to sustain a privileged few by the toil of many, where the very rudiments of knowledge, no less than the law which disposes of property, life, and reputation, the lessons of history, letters, romance, poetry, and religion, inculcate no social sentiments but such as nourish a heartfelt contempt for democratic equality, and teach the ingenuous youth to own no fellowship with the hand that gives him bread. We are all practical aristocrats and tyrants. We all demand an undue share of this world's goods—all seek a distinction above our fellows and beyond our merits. In our political, civil, and social relations, and in that interchange of kind and generous feeling which may be deemed the charm and the solace of life, we have scarcely advanced to the comparative moral excellence of semi-barbarity. Permit it to be asked in all candor and seriousness, Is not this a true representation of the existing American character?

Under every form of government, whether in the old world or the new, combinations never fail to exist with the object of securing political or social ascendancy, or of amassing wealth. We are, perhaps, the only people who have made any valuable progress in establishing some useful degree of political equality. This political equality, however, is of no value whatever, but a positive evil, where social rights are disregarded. To support this view it is only necessary to cast our eyes on Great Britain, where the largest political liberty is declared, and where the mass of the people endure an extremity of wretchedness and destitution that is inflicted upon no other people on earth.

Our own laws regulating the right to property tolerate and encourage an excess of inequality that is hostile to the spirit of free institutions. The eyes of the people are slowly opening to this abuse, and an ultimate and searching reform will be demanded. The remedy for bad government is only to be

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1854.

REV. C. M. BUTLER, D.D., VS. SPIRITUALISM.

CHAPTER VIII.

Dr. Butler refers to a number of ideas and statements contained in Edmonds' and Dexter's "Spiritualism," which he conceives to be grossly absurd. While we are accustomed to accept only what commends itself to our best reason and highest intuitions, we can not now enter into an extended discussion of the intrinsic reasonableness and strict probability of the facts and views on which he founds his objections. It is not the aim of the present writer to prove that the communications which professedly emanate from Swedenborg and Bacon are direct and unadulterated transcriptions of their immortal thoughts; nor do we accept, even for a moment, any idea, opinion, or philosophy because it comes to us indorsed by great names and characters. But while it is not incumbent on the writer to reconcile the things referred to, either with Dr. Butler's preconceived opinions or with the truth, it may, nevertheless, subserve a righteous purpose to pass them in rapid review, as we hasten to our final conclusion. Accordingly, the Doctor's objections, substantially in his own language, are here submitted, with such brief replies as the limits of this chapter and the nature of the subject at once admit and require.

1. OBJECTION.—"Swedenborg and Bacon constantly give us their impressions, their opinions, their arguments, and not their knowledge of the state of things in the spheres."

REPLY.—No finite intelligence can ever, in any state of being, however exalted, impart or communicate more than its own impressions of the absolute truth.

2. OBJECTION.—"They frequently confess their ignorance."

REPLY.—No mind, save the Infinite One, can, by a possibility, know all things, hence all created intelligences must of necessity be and remain ignorant of many things, here and hereafter. Moreover, those who are conscious of and willing to confess their ignorance give a beautiful illustration of their humility and wisdom, which might be profitably imitated by the clergy.

3. OBJECTION.—"They contradict themselves."

REPLY.—If this is intended to have a general application, it is not true. But what if some Spirits are unreliable, and contradict at one time what they assert at another, many men, confessedly, do the same thing, and while learned divines dogmatically assume that there is "no change after death," they yet deny that departed human Spirits are capable of a similar inconsistency.

4. OBJECTION.—"They postpone answers to questions and say they will consult some of the older Spirits."

REPLY.—Men in this world frequently take time to consider a question before they answer it; they often ask counsel of those who are older and wiser than themselves; and if there is any valid reason why they may not do so in the other world, it certainly is not disclosed by Dr. Butler, nor can it be inferred from reason and analogy.

5. OBJECTION.—"At one time Swedenborg says, that the Spirit when it leaves the flesh has a new body waiting it, into which it enters. At another time, when hard pressed with the idea that the soul evolves from itself a new body, he yields to the argument, and thinks it must be so."

REPLY.—If this idea really emanated from a Spirit out of the form, of which, personally, we have no means of knowing, it only shows that the Spirit was unsettled in his own mind respecting the origin of the immortal body and the precise mode of its development. Well, what of that? The wisest men on earth have been as much in doubt concerning their mortal origin and the laws of their physical formation and growth.

6. OBJECTION.—"On several occasions the Judge has the better of the argument, and the discomfited Spirit, a little out of humor, remonstrates with him on his wish to reconcile and harmonize all the revelations."

REPLY.—We shall not presume to express an opinion respecting the logical acumen of the Judge and his Spirits; but admitting that the Spirit was occasionally defeated in the contest, the case is certainly not without a parallel. Dr. Butler and the whole orthodox world profess to believe that the patriarch Jacob wrestled all one night with the angel of the Lord, and that Jacob carried his point at last.* Why strain at the gnat, and swallow the camel?

7. OBJECTION.—"It is announced that Spirits have material bodies and occupy material abodes."

REPLY.—Had Dr. Butler informed his congregation and the public that the spiritual idea respecting those "material bodies" and "material abodes," represents them as far more refined than the highest conception of spiritual things hitherto entertained in the churches, he would have told the truth, and, at the same time, furnished an antidote to the injurious effects of what he did say.

8. OBJECTION.—"Bad and undeveloped Spirits are said to be almost black. The good Spirits communicate with us for their own improvement and advancement. Judge Edmonds' departed wife professes to have been much advanced by communications with him."

REPLY.—Has Dr. Butler renounced his faith, and turned infidel, that he sneers at the leading idea in the above statement? We supposed it was still eminently proper, in the judgment of the Church, to invest bad Spirits with clouds and darkness. Moreover, that the pure and good may best secure their own happiness by efforts to promote the interests of such as do most require spiritual guardianship, instruction, and direction, does not strike us as at all improbable, since Christ achieved "glory, honor, and immortality" by his sublime and self-sacrificing devotion to Humanity. That some Spirits in the form are qualified to teach many who have already departed this life appears to be a just inference from the essential principles of the popular theology, and an inevitable conclusion from the known laws of human development.

9. OBJECTION.—"The happiness of departed Spirits, and their unhappiness, is much affected by our own."

REPLY.—If the Divine Being himself may be properly said to have "compassion" on wayward mortals, and to "pity them even as a father pitieth his children," and especially if human relations and affections are not all annihilated at death, the Spirit's intimation in this case may not be wholly incredible, or unworthy of respectful consideration.

* Gen. xxxii.

10. OBJECTION.—"The progressive Spirits 'suffer more of what may be called hell' than the degraded Spirits."

REPLY.—We incline to doubt this, though we believe that many eminent theologians strenuously insist that the saints, and all truly conscientious people, suffer far more keenly on account of the evils of the world, than those who are utterly reckless and insensible, and have given themselves up to a life of crime and shame.

11. OBJECTION.—"The Spirits did not say much against the pretensions of Christ at first, because they did not want to shock the prejudices of the Christian world."

REPLY.—So far as our observation and experience may authorize a decisive judgment, we have to say, that the Spirits have never, either first or last, found occasion to "say much against the pretensions of Christ," though they evidently hold in very doubtful estimation the pretensions of many pseudo-saints, who profess to honor his name, to obey his precepts, and to imitate his example.

12. OBJECTION.—"Swedenborg tells us—and I think it not at all an attractive announcement—that he and other Spirits deliver lectures in the spheres."

REPLY.—Perhaps Dr. Butler entertains the nursery idea of heaven, which belongs to the same plane of mental development with "Mother Goose's Melodies," and having long expected to sit still in an easy chair and sing psalms, in the post-mundane state, the idea of any thing which requires exertion is "not at all attractive." The faithful manifestly think that they ought to have a good time, and rest through all eternity as a reward for their important labors on earth. However, we incline to the opinion that there will be no idlers in the spiritual and celestial abodes. It is granted that a man may roll down an inclined plane without effort, but if he would ascend the mountains and reach the heavens, he must work his passage, and feel, too, that he is blessed in rather than for his deed.

13. OBJECTION.—"In the dark spheres they have fire, but in the upper spheres they have no need of it."

REPLY.—Can any one understand why an orthodox divine should object to having fire in the dark spheres, so long as hell fire is an indispensable article in his creed? On this point we need light. If, indeed, our doctors of divinity begin to think seriously of dispensing with the fires of the nether world, the friends of the old system may now write its epitaph.

14. OBJECTION.—"They have no money, and the land is subdivided into communities or neighborhoods, and in them the land is again laid out in parcels for each to till for the benefit of all."

REPLY.—In our judgment such an arrangement as is here described would be a vast improvement on the state of things existing in this world, though we must confess that the terra firma of the Spirit-world is probably rather a terra incognita. However, we can not sympathize with Dr. Butler, who seems to be disturbed by the announcement, that the inhabitants of that world "have no money," and also that the gifts of God as well as the labors of his children, are equally distributed and wisely employed "for the benefit of all."

Our author's peroration contains nothing that deserves particular comment. It is chiefly distinguished for an affected and marshy solemnity which will avail nothing with intelligent readers, who have already observed his crude and careless representations of the spiritual facts and philosophy.

We have accomplished what we at first intended, and with a few concluding observations will take leave of our reverend reviewer. We are not surprised that a corrupt church and a conservative priesthood, are somewhat distracted by "the signs of the times." The age is pregnant with mighty revolutions, which are destined to shake the political and religious institutions of the world. The old theological forms and organisms have well-nigh answered the end of their being. It is not denied that they have served an important purpose in their time, but their existence must soon terminate, for the mission of Sectarianism is about to close. The recording Angel has commenced the last page of its dark history, and the light of To-day shines athwart the portals of its sepulcher. We can not worship there, with those who "seek the living among the dead." It is in vain to cling to these old forms. The springs which nourish the soul, making it strong and beautiful, are not found in these. Not without, are the fountains of life and joy, but within is the "well of water springing up into everlasting life."

All existing religious formulas tend to restrict the mental freedom and spiritual development of man. They are, therefore, unsuited to the present age, and by a law which will admit of no exceptions, they must go back, and mingle with the elements of dissolved and forgotten things. An impression is rapidly gaining ground in the church and the world, that the religious principle is about to clothe itself with a new body of more refined materials and delicate structure. The Church of the Future must be built on the same foundation as the Church of the Past. "Other foundation can no man lay," but it is certain that we require a new, and, in many respects, a different superstructure. We must have a church whose articles of faith shall be the moral precepts of Jesus—whose sacred books shall comprehend and unfold the discovered principles and the concentrated wisdom of all ages—whose ministers shall be employed to illustrate the philosophy of the Material and Spiritual Universes, and to instruct the people in the true science of life. In this Church there must be no arbitrary and specific rules, regarding the peculiar faith and speculative opinions of the individual—no compulsive forces or unnatural restraints, within or without—but the members must be drawn together by the principle of spiritual attraction.

The union, if real and permanent, will result from natural affinities, and be rendered complete in that Love which is the highest law in earth and heaven.

We want a Church with more soul and less body—one wherein the spirit and the life shall predominate over the letter and the form. Let it be a Church whose sacraments shall be feasts of charity given to the poor; its constant prayer should be one mighty and unceasing effort to do good, and its perpetual and eloquent sermon must be a spotless life. Consecrate a temple to Freedom, where every true Reformer may have full liberty to utter his own thought, in his own way; and where the pure in heart and the free in spirit, of every name, shall gather to receive instruction.

Mrs. Coan has returned from Saratoga, where she has been stopping for some time at the residence of Elder Slade, a liberal and enlightened clergyman, formerly of the Baptist order. Mr. Coan has engaged rooms for Mrs. C. at No. 327 Broadway, third floor, where those interested may investigate the spiritual phenomena daily, from 10 to 12 A. M.; from 3 to 5 and from 8 to 10 P. M.

The Editors' Review of Dr. Butler, which is completed this week, will be immediately issued in pamphlet form.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Only a small part of our Saratoga letter reached the compositor last week in time, and that, owing to some strange hallucination, was given to the public without the remaining portions. The idea of decapitation always did shock our nerves, and as we greatly prefer to keep our head, body, and extremities together, and in their proper relations, the reader will please pardon the republication of so much of our first letter as appeared in our last issue.

SARATOGA, N. Y., July 28, 1854.

DEAR READERS:

The editor has a kind of rambling inspiration this morning, derived from the scenes and characters which have formed the subjects of observation and reflection during the past ten days. For the first time in more than two years your humble servant is fairly exhumed, having by incredible effort dug his way out from beneath the superincumbent mass of dusty manuscripts and printed sheets in which members of the profession are usually embalmed. On first coming to the light we were amazingly shriveled, but having carefully brushed the dust from our editorial remains, we find them in a better state of preservation than we had anticipated. To be sure, the extreme heat has dissipated a large share of the fluids by the process known as *endosmosis*, but the waste has been supplied by the waters from the Congress and Columbian Springs; moreover, by the grace of our legal friend, P. J. Avery, Esq., and his truly estimable lady, we have planted ourselves in a good soil, and already we begin to swell like a seed deposited in a moist place.

We left New York on Wednesday morning, 19th instant, taking passage on the steamer Armenia. The day was extremely warm, but we measurably escaped the effects of the intense heat, and enjoyed throughout the greater part of the way a gentle breeze from the northwest, which was considerably increased by the motion of the boat. Those who travel in pursuit of health or pleasure make a great mistake when they encounter the noise, dust, and close confinement of the cars, while they can travel at ease and away from all such annoyances on a pleasant boat like the Armenia. The motion of the steamer was so slight as scarcely to be perceived, and her captain is certainly a most efficient and obliging commander. Our friends will do well to remember him and his boat when they have occasion to take a trip on the Hudson.

We spent two days, very agreeably and profitably, at least to myself, among the Spiritualists in Troy. The writer enjoyed a brief but pleasant interview with Bro. T. L. Harris and his highly esteemed lady. The numerous friends of Mrs. Harris will regret to learn that she is still in feeble health. Some three years had elapsed since we last saw her, during which time, reflection, ill health, and the ordinary vicissitudes of life have contributed to diminish the original buoyancy of her nature, and it may be, to sadden the heart; but they have also thrown around her character and life an interest which only attaches to those who have been tried by the severe ordeals of the world.

At the invitation of our good friend Anson Atwood, the writer spent a very pleasant evening at his house, where several intelligent friends were congregated. Among the parties assembled were Dr. J. H. Rainey and his accomplished companion, Miss Emma Jay, a most interesting singing and speaking medium, of whose singular powers several correspondents have already spoken in terms of eloquent commendation, and Miss Malinda Ball, the gifted young lady who recently, and with one blow, split the Board of Education in Troy.

As the parties above referred to (Dr. Rainey and his company) are soon to appear before the world in a new and somewhat peculiar relation, we may as well disclose their intentions at once, that the people may know they are candidates for public favor, and especially that the readers of the TELEGRAPH may be prepared to extend to them the cordial greeting which we hazard nothing in saying it—they will be sure to deserve. Dr. Rainey and his interesting company propose to visit, in the course of the ensuing autumn and winter, many of the principal cities and towns for the purpose of giving a series of concerts, consisting chiefly of original music and words composed by Spirits, or by persons while under spiritual influence and direction. In pursuance of this object they are now engaged in a thorough course of instruction and discipline under the tuition of Prof. Wood, of Albany. It is allowed on all hands that the natural and spiritual capabilities of this company are of a high order, and Prof. W. is widely known, not only as an elegant composer, but as an efficient instructor. We have listened to some of their pieces, which are exquisitely beautiful, and we have no hesitation in saying, that our readers may reasonably anticipate a fine musical entertainment, novel in many of its features, and exceedingly attractive. They will probably make their debut in New York during the month of October.

We have somewhere read a poet's description of an individual who swallowed a cobler, but at the time we regarded the story as apocryphal, notwithstanding the man was sure that the cobler, with his

"Last, end and hammer, strap and awl," had actually gone down his throat. We honestly doubted; but a few days in Saratoga has sufficed to cure our old skepticism. The poet's fancy is more than realized before our eyes, since we are forced to observe an unusual mortality among cobblers in this region. The other day, while spending an hour or two at the Lake, we witnessed the disappearance of a large number. They ran down the open throats of many gentlemen, and, indeed, of several delicate young ladies. These people have a peculiar way of getting them down. They begin by gently removing the atmospheric pressure from the inside of the subject, whereupon he is immediately compressed and drawn out to such a degree that a cobler of ordinary dimensions may be easily reduced to the size of a straw and elongated to the extent of thirty feet! In this attenuated form they have been wont to set out for "parts unknown," and though they rarely fail to exhibit some spirit on the occasion, they appear to "keep cool" to the last.

There are a large number of visitors assembled here, representing all classes, from the most intellectual and sensible people down to those thoughtless and frivolous beings that fit away their brief hour of existence in the glittering world of fashion. To the philosopher the latter may appear like gilded but distempered fancies, summoned by pride or intoxication to frequent the mystic avenues of sense, when sense is gone. But we do not propose to sermonize on the vanity of the gay world. Nature has no morbid tendency to undue solemnity, nor have we. It accords alike with the principles of our philosophy and the spirit of our religion to laugh more than to weep. The natural world is full of gay and beautiful objects which delight the senses and inspire heartfelt joy. The waters leap and dance in the sunshine and the shade; the birds in

their leafy bowers are light-hearted and musical; the wild flowers are arrayed in colors which mock the powers of art and royalty; the fleecy clouds, on which the king of Day reclines at evening, are dyed in the great alembic of the atmosphere; the cheek of innocence, the bosom of love, and the eye of genius—these are all beautiful, and it can not be profane or irreverent to admire them. Indeed, the love of Beauty is the worship of God! Wherever seen, it is the visible embodiment or expression of the Supreme Divinity, who inspires devout adoration and praise in that "He hath made every thing beautiful in his time."

Notwithstanding we left home with the determination to rest from our labors, we were constrained to yield to the solicitations of numerous citizens and strangers to give a single lecture, which came off last evening at the St. Nicholas Hall. The subject selected for the occasion was the Relations of Science and scientific Men to the current Spiritual Phenomena. The Hall was crowded by an intelligent auditory, in which we recognized several distinguished residents and visitors. There were a few persons present who either expected an exhibition of buffoonery or that we should pander to popular prejudice. On these classes our lecture exerted a moving power. They were, however, so few in number as not to be missed, and we are happy to say, that in vacating their seats the atmosphere of the Hall, physical, intellectual, and moral, was in no way impaired.

One thing must not be omitted in this connection. Dr. Rainey, and his fair companions, hearing of the announcement of our lecture, came up from Troy, and by furnishing some appropriate music added very much to the interest and pleasure of the occasion. The closing song,

"I know thou art gone,"

composed by Spirits, was received with breathless silence by the entire audience. Miss Jay was entranced, as she usually is during the rendering of this piece, and her Spirit-tempered tones fell on the throng like an angel's benediction. The rest of the company were in good voice, and executed their parts in a graceful and effective manner.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Partridge are stopping at the Union. Several distinguished Spiritualists from different parts of the country are also here, including our generous friend, A. Merwin, Esq., of St. Mark's Place, New York. Some are seeking health, and others are in pursuit of ease and pleasure. By the way, friend Merwin has just accomplished a generous deed in behalf of a poor little boy employed about the Union House. A large piece of ice fell on the lad, injuring one of his legs so seriously that he will probably be confined during the summer, and may possibly lose the limb. Mr. M. immediately drew up and headed a subscription with a liberal sum, and in a few hours, by his efforts alone, \$122 50 were raised and deposited for the benefit of the boy. Fraternally,

S. B. BRITTAN.

Troy, August 1, 1854.

DEAR READERS:

With your approbation we will now continue the notes of our ramble. On Saturday evening last, we (the writer and Mr. and Mrs. Partridge) left Saratoga and came down to Ballston Spa, having been invited to spend Sunday in that place, and to speak to the people in a beautiful grove near the village. We arrived about sunset and were shown to the San Souci Hotel, where we were most kindly and agreeably entertained by the friends. Sunday proved to be one of the most glorious days of the season; it was a summer's day without clouds, yet the atmosphere was cool, and a delightful breeze prevailed from morning until evening.

At four o'clock P. M. a large and attentive audience, about equally composed of ladies and gentlemen, assembled at the place selected for that purpose, which was a pine grove on high ground at the south of the village. The number in attendance was variously estimated at from 600 to 1,000 persons. After singing and a brief invocation, Mr. Partridge took the speaker's stand, announcing that he appeared rather as a witness than as an advocate. He spoke about one hour, citing from the Scriptures, and from the records of his personal experience, numerous facts illustrative of the powers of Spirits to move ponderable bodies, and to control the human mind and muscles, as exhibited by the writing and speaking media of the present day. We followed Mr. P. in a speech occupying three quarters of an hour. Natural and universal inspiration; the conquests of Spiritualism; its redeeming efficacy and life-giving power, constituted the principal themes. The exercises altogether occupied over two hours; the people listened throughout with the most profound attention, and seemed unwilling to leave the ground when the meeting was over.

We spent the evening very pleasantly, principally at the residence of Dr. Moore. A large number of friends, it should be observed, assembled at another place with the expectation of meeting us, but by some misunderstanding we were not informed of the fact until the next morning, and of course we had not the pleasure of a personal greeting. This was the only circumstance connected with our visit to Ballston which we had occasion to regret.

We must not take leave of Ballston without a word respecting the splendid hotel at which we were so cordially entertained. We have stopped, first and last, at nearly all the first-class hotels out of New York city, from Maine to Virginia, and we have no hesitation in saying that the San Souci House is not surpassed in this country. In some respects we think it has no rival. Mrs. Chase, the accomplished hostess, super-vises the culinary department herself, in which capacity she displays great skill and ability in adapting her dishes to the most fastidious palates. Those who merely desire to find a clean, quiet, and airy retreat for the summer months will find this house all and more than its name implies.

Last evening we had a spiritual gathering in the large hall in this city. The spiritual quartette band—referred to in our previous letter—was present, and gave us some soul-entrancing music. Bro. Harris offered an impressive invocation, after which our associate and ourself made speeches, which were received in a manner that reminded us of the observation of a venerable clergyman, who was skilled at repartee. The reverend father being questioned by a young aspirant for clerical honors respecting the effect of a sermon just preached by the latter, replied, that "the people bore it remarkably."

After the public exercises were over, a number of friends repaired to the residence of Bro. Atwood, where we had an interesting circle. At an early hour this morning we went out with a number of congenial souls to wander on the hills at the southeast of Mount Ida, where, beneath the grateful shade of the tall trees, we inhaled the free mountain air, and imbibed inspiration from the subtle powers of Nature and the Spirits of the interior world. Our walk was enlivened by a number of pleasing incidents, one of which was not only eminently melodramatic, but it left a marked impression on our outer man.

found where the statesmen and lawgivers of the present day, who rely "more upon checks to vice than upon motives to virtue," will surely never seek it—in the cultivation of the benevolent affections. Love for the whole human family, and the desire to promote their happiness, is the sole motive for progress and reform.

Since we have adopted, with inconsiderable modification, the laws, the literature, the moral and social habits, and, to some extent, the religion of Great Britain, what saves our people from the hopeless and still increasing wretchedness that crushes her groaning millions to the earth? It is the control of an independent majority, composed of the "bone and sinew" of the land. While man needs a defense against man, and a general government armed with the power to protect him is found expedient, what assurance of its salutary administration can be devised so safe as the control of the majority? What method or what principle besides can satisfy the minds of men?

Yet a majority, as such, possesses no rights; a minority can suffer no wrong. All action, where the proceedings of either can be recognized, must relate solely to the general operations of government, the consequences of which are felt equally and alike by the whole people.

Say to a statesman that the only principle for the government of the human family is LOVE, and he would not hesitate to pronounce you an amiable variety of the candidates for Bedlam. Yet such is the fact. And it was told us some two thousand years ago by Jesus of Nazareth. The theory is sometimes admitted, yet few can be found so entirely reckless of public sentiment as to recommend its practice. w.

A FACT FOR THE AFFLICTED.

SARATOGA, MASS., July 19, 1854.

MR. BRITTAN:

On the 13th of March last, I was attacked with the rheumatism, and continued to grow more and more helpless, until I could neither walk nor stand alone, nor could I use my hands. I was in this helpless situation until March 19th, at which time I sent for Mr. Stephen Cutter, of Woburn, Mass., for assistance. He arrived at noon, and soon after commenced his process of healing. Before five o'clock of the same day I was almost entirely relieved of the pain, and the swelling had so far abated that I could feed myself, and, soon after, walk from my chair to the bed, which was about half the distance across a common-sized room. He did not visit me again until the 23d of the same month, at which time the swelling had nearly subsided; and at the end of a week from the time of his first visit I was free from the rheumatism. I will also mention, that my general health was in a very low state at the time of the rheumatic attack; also, that a neighbor who called on the morning of the same day of Mr. Cutter's first visit, saw me in such a deplorable state that she remarked to another, "that she did not think I could recover from that sickness." She called again the next morning, being unaware of the fact that Mr. Cutter had visited me, or that I had sent for him; and upon entering the room, she looked with astonishment at the change in my appearance since the previous morning. She spoke of my looking better, and, after enjoying for a moment her look of surprise, I informed her by what means the change had been effected. I will close by recommending Mr. Cutter as a physician to all who are afflicted with rheumatism, that painful and prolonged disease when treated according to the ordinary methods.

HARRIET A. AVERY.

We presume Dr. Cutter's "process of healing" consisted of magnetic manipulation, probably assisted by spiritual power, though our correspondent seems to have forgotten to mention distinctly that important fact.

AN EXPLANATION WANTED.

Mr. Editor—I was somewhat surprised, on reading a short communication in a late number of the TELEGRAPH, headed "A. J. Davis—A Correction," and signed William Fishbough, at the manifest change of tone between that and former articles by the same author upon the clairvoyant powers of Mr. Davis. And my surprise was not in the least diminished upon turning to an article on "The Experience of A. J. Davis," by William Fishbough, published in the *Universalist*, Vol. I., No. 10. For I find by comparison, not only a change in the general tone of expression, but I find also, that what he then stated as matter of fact, under the sanction of a "solemn affirmation," he is now, in the communication referred to in the TELEGRAPH, "compelled by truth and conscience," to (as it seems to me) plainly deny.

Will you please, Mr. Editor, to place the two following extracts side by side in your paper, with the request that the author of them will either attempt to reconcile the apparent discrepancy, or inform the readers of the TELEGRAPH which of the two statements he would have them believe.

WILLIAM FISHBOUGH VS. WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

I solemnly affirm, however, that I have never known Mr. Davis to fail in any essential particulars, when he assumed the full responsibility of his own sayings.

UNIVERSALIST, Vol. I., No. 10.

S. TELEGRAPH, Vol. III., No. 7.

PHALANX, N. J.

Yours, etc., N. H. C.

LETTER FROM WARREN CHASE.

SHERBOYAN FALLS, WIS., July 10, 1854.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN: On the 7th I left my beautiful prairie home in the village of Ceresco on a mission of spreading the Harmonical Philosophy, and on the 8th reached this pleasant little village of twelve or fifteen hundred inhabitants, six miles from Sherboyan harbor. The place is known all about this part of our State as one of the bright spots, and one of the homes of reformers of all kinds—a place where anti-slavery, and temperance, and woman's rights, and other kindred subjects, can be heard and appreciated. Sectarianism has struggled hard to hold up its head, but it can not lend or drive the people. I found a large and attentive audience at each of the three appointed times and places for me here yesterday, and I have seldom scattered the seed in better soil. In seeking the cause of the favorable condition of mind, I found there were about a dozen copies of the Boston *Investigator* taken here, most of them among the most influential and intelligent citizens, and thus the cause was found. This is always to me an evidence of minds who dare to think or hear, and to such there is no difficulty in introducing our philosophy, and in all such cases we are sure of convincing, sooner or later, the person of the truths of spiritual life and intercourse.

The friends here asked for the Baptist church for me to speak in, and it was refused, the result of which is a subscription already raised to build a free meeting-house, which, when done (as they say it shall be in ninety days), will be better than any church in the place. There are means and mind here, and the work goes bravely on; the seed falls in good soil, and is sure to spring up and bring forth its some forty, some sixty, and some an hundred-fold.

From here I go to Milwaukee, and slowly across Michigan to Ohio; and can be addressed at Cleveland during August and September.

Truly thine,

WARREN CHASE.

Dr. J. R. Mettler and his esteemed and distinguished lady are now absent from Hartford, with a view of resting from their arduous duties at home; but wherever they go they are constantly beset with applications to visit the sick and unfortunate. We met them at Troy and Albany on our return from Saratoga. They expect to be absent two or three weeks, and, in company with several friends from Hartford, will visit the North American Phalanx and Long Branch, where they will spend a week for the purpose of enjoying the sea air and bathing. Mrs. M. most certainly requires this relief after being almost constantly, for years, in the magnetic atmosphere of diseased bodies. We have often wondered that her health was not totally destroyed; we incline to the opinion that no merely mortal energy could have preserved her thus long under physical circumstances which would severely try the most elastic and powerful constitution. It is due to Mrs. M. to say, that no person in this country, A. J. Davis alone excepted, has ever acquired so high a reputation as a medical clairvoyant, and notwithstanding her labors have been severe and incessant during the last five years, she appears more youthful and buoyant than before. May the Future scatter golden sands in her pathway, and render her life ever more beautiful and significant.

We propose to take passage this evening, on the steamer Isaac Newton, for the great commercial Babel. We have derived both strength and pleasure from our rambles. Our brief absence has revived many pleasant memories; we have felt the inspiration of fresh hopes and strong resolutions; while old friendships have been renewed and new ones formed, never to be forgotten.

Kind friends and readers, adieu. We shall next salute you from our editorial sanctum, where we hope to hold, yet awhile, frequent converse with your spirits.

S. B. BRITTON.

SUNDAY MEETINGS, AUGUST 6.—A lecture was delivered in the morning, and one also in the evening, by Mr. RUFUS ELMER, of Springfield, Mass. His motto for the morning was, "The life that now is, and that which is to come," and his remarks presented a general view of the skepticism existing in the churches as well as among the men of the world; the necessity of new demonstrations of a future existence, and the supply of this necessity which is afforded by the facts and phenomena of the modern spiritual unfolding. We had not the pleasure of attending the evening lecture, but are informed that the speaker dwelt principally on the facts of spiritual manifestations such as he has witnessed in the course of his extensive investigations. Making no great pretensions to literary attainments, Mr. E. is not only distinguished for his soundness and good sense, but is a man of vigorous, natural powers of mind, an original thinker, and a forcible speaker; and, so far as we can learn, he spoke, on the occasion referred to, much to the edification and pleasure of his audiences.

Dr. Bergevin, of Paris, to whom we have before referred, and Mr. P. B. Randolph, who is becoming known as a clairvoyant, speaking medium, and seer, are now permanently located at 100 Prince Street, where they will continue to treat, after their own professional mode, the various forms of disease, and especially all nervous and spasmodic maladies, in the treatment of which Dr. B. is said to have acquired a high reputation in Europe.

MR. TOWNSEND'S EXPERIENCES.

In our "Facts and Remarks" last week, we briefly reported, as they were furnished to us by a second person, some recent spiritual experiences of Mr. Tappen Townsend. It seems that there were some inaccuracies and deficiencies in the report, and Mr. T. has furnished us with an extract from his notes of the occurrences on the evening referred to, requesting us to make the necessary corrections. On the whole, we deem it best to state the affair in Mr. T.'s own language, which is as follows:

Sunday, July 23, 1854, at L. S. Beck's, in Sixth Avenue, New York; present, Mr. and Mrs. Beck, Miss Matilda —, Mr. and Mrs. Bradford, and myself. Mr. and Mrs. Bradford mediums.

A great variety of physical demonstrations occurred. A very loud rapping on the table, floor—deep down under the floor like a man two or three stories below (which could not be the case here, as the house has but two stories and no cellar) pounding as with a heavy beetle, and sometimes making a noise like the reports of distant cannon. The tune "Yankee Doodle" was rapped out by these ponderous sounds at our request. The whole house was shaken violently by request, perhaps twenty times, so much so that the windows rattled, and the lattice in the blinds outside could be heard plainly. A leaf table standing against the wall was, by the vibrations of the house, made to slam its leaves against its legs, making a noise loud enough to be heard in the adjoining room. This was done repeatedly.

At this time I experienced what purported to be an attempt on the part of a Spirit to take possession of me. Richard Bradford, one of the mediums above named, was being controlled by a Spirit apparently attempting, unsuccessfully, to speak through him. He was raised out of his chair and his body made to sway to and fro, and to gesticulate as if making violent efforts to speak. While he remained in this condition, I inquired of the Spirits if I should lay my hands on his head, thinking that it might possibly modify the conditions sufficiently to enable him to speak. Through the raps the question was answered in the affirmative. I then went and laid my hands upon his head, when there immediately ran up my arms a singular sensation, which passed like lightning to my head. It felt as if it was suddenly increased to twice its usual size. My face turned very red, and I began to stagger, when I took my seat, which had I not done I fully believe I should have fallen. As soon as I let go of the medium the influence left me, but with a headache which lasted until the next day.

On inquiring of the Spirits, it was said that the Spirit possessing Mr. Bradford, upon my laying my hands upon his head, tried to take possession of me, and as soon as the Spirit had left him, another well-known Spirit instantly took possession of him, and caused him to perform a number of antics around the room, to the no small amusement of all present.

T. TOWNSEND.

CONVOCAION AT WOODSTOCK.

BROS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON:

Will you insert the following in your next number, for the benefit of our friends who are abroad?

There will be a *Spirit-Convention* in Woodstock, Vermont, on Friday, the first day of September next. Time of meeting 10 o'clock A.M. and 2 o'clock P.M. We cordially invite all friends abroad to attend.

While we recognize our freedom, we will not forget the claims of order.

AUSTIN E. SIMMONS.

WOODSTOCK, July 20, 1854.

A DOUBLE TEST.—At the Conference of August 1st, Dr. Orton stated, that a certain editor, of this city, with whom he is intimate, had, a few evenings previous, sat in a dark circle, when the hand of a medium present was moved to write a communication. They were requested by the Spirit not to get the light, nor look at the writing until permission was given them, but to sit still and await some further demonstration. Presently the editor addressed was impressed, word by word, with a communication addressed to himself, and spoke it aloud. On afterward comparing it with what had been written by the medium, in the dark, it was found not only to be substantially the same, but the same word for word.

FACTS AND REMARKS.

CONFERENCE OF AUGUST 1.—The meeting was opened by Dr. J. R. ORTON; but his communication, being in the form of a "fact," will be given elsewhere. Dr. GRAY considered spiritual facts in their physiological bearings. He said it was well known that the mind influenced the body in the production or prevention of various diseases, as, for instance, cholera; but it was not known how the mind exercised this influence, nor how it may be kept in a harmonious state most compatible with physical health. He argued that each particular part of the body corresponds to a particular portion of the mind, and that derangement in one expresses itself in the other. In his medical practice he had often produced important results by elevating the tone of those faculties of the mind which correspond to the organs diseased, and he had once saved a man from committing suicide by persuading him to read Fielding's "Tom Jones." W. FISHBURN spoke at some length in the further development of the physiological bearings of Spiritualism. He took the ground that mankind were always *en rapport*, consciously or otherwise, with the spiritual world, and that health, whether of mind or body, is engendered by influx from the heavens, while disease is engendered by influx from the lower spheres. Those who had a regard for their health he thought ought to have a view to the moral and religious character of the physicians whom they employed, and who, according to their character, would be mediums of influence from the upper or lower spheres. Butchers and cooks in manipulating our food, leave their peculiar psychometric impress upon it, which is heavenly or the opposite, according to their specific characters, and will necessarily, though it may be imperceptibly, affect us accordingly. The reason why so many elegants of late years had been troubled with bronchitis was because they had so generally ceased to speak from the influx of celestial love which always energizes the action of the heart and lungs and prevents wear and exhaustion of the vocal organs. Dr. GRAY considered the vocal organs as the instruments and common-converging point of all the affections, and he thought that bronchitis in elegants might be a kind of sedimentary precipitation from their doctrine of hell-fire. P. B. RANDOLPH, from experience, indorsed the idea that spiritual influx had an effect upon the voice, and upon the health and power of the lungs. When he had lectured from his own powers, his efforts had always been attended by exhaustion and sore throat, but he had often spoken from two to three hours under spiritual influence without the slightest inconvenience. Dr. GRAY related his experience with a clairvoyant, by which his mind was first opened to the truth as to the relations between specific portions of mind and body. Dr. ORTON and Mr. RANDOLPH closed the meeting with remarks generally confirmatory of the views previously advanced.

A REMARKABLE INTERIORLY DEVELOPED BOY.—*The Crisis*, a New Church paper edited by Rev. Henry Weller, Laporte, Indiana, gives an interesting account of the spiritual qualifications and experiences of a boy named George Calder Johnson, of Grand Rapids, who departed this life June 16th. His inner life was opened in a remarkable manner, and he frequently saw both dark and bright Spirits of the other world. Among the most interesting of his experiences was the following beautiful dream (so-called), which he had about a year and a half before his death: He dreamed that he was "in heaven, in a beautiful garden filled with fruits and flowers, playing with joyous children who were so kind and gentle to him that he felt at home among them." The thought, however, came over him that he must return to earth again, which made him sad, when a sweet little girl, whom he tenderly loved, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, and told him to be happy, as he "would not have to stay long away from them, for in his ninth year he would come to dwell with them, and would never more leave the beautiful heaven-world." Ever after that he spoke of the little angel-girl as his own, and declared that should he grow up to be a man, as he felt that he would not, he could never love nor marry another. The little maiden seemed ever to be present with him prompting him to be pure and sinless. When he prayed he breathed a prayer for her, and he would often say he tried to be good that she might not be pained; "and if a naughty thought comes to me, I try to get rid of it and not be naughty; this will not grieve her, will it?" What a beautiful gleam of heaven and its purity and conjugal felicity is here! We may add that the boy was in his ninth year when he died, according to the prediction made to him by the little dream-maiden.

TRANSPORTATION OF PHYSICAL BODIES BY SPIRITS.—Mr. C.—J., a teacher of this city, and a medium, relates that some months ago, while in the act of drawing on his boots, he discovered a foreign body in the seam of the leg of his pantaloons, which, upon ripping the seam open, he found to be a penknife exactly resembling his own, excepting that it was new and bright, while his own was somewhat worn and tarnished. He was unable to account for the introduction of the knife in that place, but was told by the Spirits that they had placed it there for the purpose of removing his skepticism with regard to their power to transport physical bodies from place to place. About three weeks afterward, as Mr. C. was giving a lesson in drawing, he found himself without a knife, and was obliged to borrow from a pupil. He supposed he had left his knife at home, but on returning to his room he could not find it. He then placed the duplicate knife which had so mysteriously been brought to him, in his pocket, and started forth to give another lesson. He had not proceeded far than about two blocks when he suddenly felt a decided pressure in his vest pocket, and on examination found his missing knife there, with one end sticking out as though it had just been thrust in by some invisible hand. Mr. C. had carefully searched all of his pockets before, and is confident the knife was not in any of them.

CASE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.—Some two or three weeks since, two children of Mrs. McElish, of Melrose, Mass., one a boy of ten years, and the other a girl of eight, left home, and their anxious mother could obtain no intelligence from them for several days. During this time the little travelers had proceeded to Boston, thence by a steamer to Portland, thence took the cars for Montreal, where they were sent back by the conductor to Boston, whence they took the cars again for Springfield, at which latter place they were found by a lady and brought back again to Boston. About the time of their arrival in Boston their mother happened to be in that city making anxious search for them. As a dernier resort she was induced to apply to a clairvoyant, who advised her to go to the house of the city clerk, and wait there with the expectation that her children would be brought to her. Not more than ten minutes after she had arrived at the clerk's house, the little trunks were brought in.

REMARKABLE PSYCHOLOGICAL CURE.—The Boston *Sunday News* speaks of the case of Albert Putnam Dodge, a smart intelligent boy of about fourteen years, who, while attending the Academy at Claremont, New Hampshire, became subject to fits. By a repetition of the attacks his bodily health declined, and despite of the best medical treatment proffered for many months, there was every prospect of his sinking into hopeless insanity, or even idioy. In this emergency, and as a last resort, the parents were induced to place him in the hands of Dr. Cutter, a psychologic practitioner of Boston. Dr. C. found him impressionable, and forthwith commenced a series of operations with a view to a cure. At the end of one week he was evidently much improved, and when four weeks had elapsed, Dr. C. pronounced him entirely cured. He is now in perfect health, and as bright and intelligent as ever.

BLINDNESS CURED BY SPIRITS.—A correspondent of the *New Era* writing from Greensburg, Indiana, relates that a man in his neighborhood was nearly blind, and was persuaded to visit a healing medium, through whom he received directions for the treatment of his eyes. Under the treatment he soon recovered, but being much scoffed at for his belief in Spirits, he was finally, to escape the annoyance, induced to deny that there was any Spirit-agency in the cure. After this his sight immediately began again to grow dim, and was soon worse than it had been before, when, growing alarmed, he confessed his error, and again made application to the Spirits. He was soon perfectly cured, both of his blindness and of his disposition to withhold credit from those to whom credit was due.

THE SECRET DISCOVERED AT LAST.—A London correspondent of the *Boston Traveler* says that "a Dr. Schiff, of Frankfurt, is reported to have discovered, so far as to be able to practice, the grand trick of Spirit-rapping. It is affected by a motion of the *peroneus longus*, which passes behind the ankle of the leg, and produces the sound hitherto so deviously fastened upon geni, good or evil." Burr and the redoubtable knee-joint-ological doctors, and the still more redoubtable Dr. Dode, will now have to hide their diminished heads.

Original Communications.

A REQUIEM.

BY HENRY CLAY PREUSS.

I.

Stilly, oh, stilly!
Lay her gently down,
Soft be her slumbers
In the damp, chilly ground.
Hush thee! oh, hush thee!
Breathe not a sigh;
Her Spirit hath gone
To its home in the sky.

II.

Bright was her beauty,
Deep was her worth,
And angels came down
To take her from earth.
Strew blossoms, fresh blossoms,
O'er the place of her rest;
Fit emblems are they
Of the souls of the blest.

III.

We've let down the curtain,
We've put out the light;
Oh, calmly and sweetly
May she dream through the night!
Let the snow and the storm
Beat over her head,
For nothing can trouble
The sleep of the dead!

IV.

Ah! sad is the earth
When winter comes round,
And dark is the night
When the moon has gone down;
And earth's richest treasures—
Oh! what are they worth
When the voice of a loved one
Has died out on earth!

V.

But again the moon rises,
The spring-time will bloom:
Lo! the loved one we've buried
Shall ascend from the tomb.
For the first immortal
Thou hast breathed in this clod—
For the bright hope of heaven
We bless thee, O God!

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DR. ROBINSON AGAIN.

LEICESTER, July 28, 1854.

MR. EDITOR:

As my position in relation to the mechanism at High Rock seems to be somewhat misapprehended by my friend "A. E. N." of the *Era*, I again solicit the use of your friendly columns, that I may set forth my reasons for referring to that matter as I did in my letter of June 4th. I did not, and do not, attack *persons* but *things*, nor did I identify "A. E. N." with the "motor." I take it for granted that I have an undoubted right to express my sentiments upon all subjects that are brought before the public, especially those claiming to affect essentially the whole destiny of the race. My reasons, or at least some of them, for alluding to that construction are as follows:

1st. Its claims are extraordinary and unprecedented.
2d. Because such claims are unfounded, therefore radically wrong.
3d. For the reason that those claims are intimately connected (by those who urge them) with Spiritualism, the utility and reality of which (in my opinion) they are calculated to injure in the estimation of the reasoning and practical portion of community to whose eyes and ears they may come.

These appear to me good and sufficient reasons for uttering my sentiments. That the claims of the mechanism are extraordinary and unprecedented in the annals of the arts, sciences, and inventions, I will proceed to prove beyond cavil by presenting some of the numerous names and titles which have publicly been bestowed upon it. It has been styled "The New Motive Power, Physical Saviour, Heaven's last, best Gift to Man, New Creation, The Great Spiritual Revelation of the Age, The Philosopher's Stone, The Art of All Arts, The Science of All Sciences"—a grand climax, to which all other spiritual revelations have but *pared the way*. To claim to have a motor which will not operate machinery is a contradiction in terms.

1st. A motor is a *moving power*.
2d. If our friends have discovered a *moving power*, they have discovered a motor; otherwise, they have not.
3d. A steam-engine is a *moving power*; ergo, a steam-engine is a motor.

4. A stone wall is not a *moving power*; ergo, a stone wall is not a motor.

A "Perpetual Motion" should be a construction that starts the instant the last screw is driven home—the last piece of mechanism adjusted—constantly perpetuates its motion—never stops.

"A New Creation" must, in truth, be a creation wholly and totally new—new in every essential and particular.

"Heaven's last, best Gift to Man" must, indubitably, be better than the gifts which have preceded it—better than ought to be found in the wide walks of science, art, morals, and religion—better than Jesus, steam, or the telegraph, the printing-press, or the plow, or any motive power or discovery of the past or present.

"The Great Spiritual Revelation of the Age" should, unquestionably, be greater than any revelation that has gone before it.

"The Philosopher's Stone" ought to transmute base metals to gold—confer wealth incalculable to its possessors.

"The Art of All Arts, and The Science of All Sciences" must positively and inevitably be the crowning point of human hopes, beyond which nothing is to be sought.

My friend intimates that we are "premature," and should wait. In the face of these astounding claims and announcements, for what are we to wait? Do they not reach to the very *ad summum* of mortal expectation? Can human language embody more than these positive, unconditional assertions? These claims have been put forth in sober earnest, without one expression of doubt, or a single revelation, leaving no room for possible contingencies. Mr. Editor, where lies the prematurity? If our friends had not put forth these singular assertions, but simply stated that they thought they were in a fair way to discover a new motive power, of much practical utility, I presume not an individual would have said aught against it. I will not refer to steps taken, means employed to secure the last result, but merely reiterate my objections to such extravagant and unwarranted claims, a parallel to which the world's history, I opine, can not produce.

Now, my friend, with the fact in your mind that the machine has not performed one revolution, ought those announcements to have been made? In good faith, in all honesty and fraternal feeling, were not the inventors "premature?" Ought they not to have waited until results should have justified such a course? I have not a pulse of unkindness toward one of the believers in the mechanism; but if my own brother had constructed it, under the same circumstances, and set up the same claims, I would have expressed my sentiments as unreservedly. Indeed, there are two individuals interested in it whom I esteem much—perhaps no less than if they were members of my own household. Toward them personally, it is impossible that I should feel any thing but good will. If I have aimed at the overthrow of error and superstition, I have but followed the promptings of duty—sought to make no wounds in hearts that are fortified in that wisdom which saves, and who follow after that philosophy which calmly, yet firmly, seeks the right. Oh, if superstition had received any wounds at the hands of modern rationalism, if he walks less firmly and totters as he goes, let us not be the first to put crutches under his arms to sustain his falling powers!

In steadfast reason's name, let us keep pure the throne of judgment!

established within the mind's holiest sanctuary—suffer no insidious enemy to allure our feet into the regions of mystery, where ambiguity and error go hand in hand!

I am by no means one to look always at the dark side of things, nor do I despair of mankind, or believe in the total depravity of this world or the other; but where there is one invisible intelligence fit to guide us (under our existing grossness), there are, doubtless, at least a hundred who are not, having the same facilities of approaching our minds. Obviously there is much good to be received from super-mundane sources; but, *en nom de Dieu!* let all sensitives be careful how they follow their impressions. I would not reflect ascetically upon our unseen attendants; but human organizations are weak, and the olden fetters of error have worn away our strength, blunted the intuitions, and cramped the judgment.

Five years' experience makes me feel that I am not a mere *pareveu* in Spiritualism, and if I write with emphasis, it is because I feel that I can do so justly. Being among the first to bear the odium of belief, I trust to be among the last to abandon the general truths of what I have professed to accredit.

I seek no discussion. It is only the peculiar feeling which I entertain for "A. E. N.," and all that pertains to him, that induces me to make these explanatory remarks. Had I written of persons, and not of things exclusively, I could safely and pleasantly have called attention to qualities and characteristics worthy of emulation. When I have opinions to offer (in my humble way), I approach the subject at once, nor seek to convey my purpose by any artifice whatever. I have no "brakes" (of argument) to "apply" to the wheels of progression; I would sooner push them forward with my naked shoulder. God forbid that I should place obstructions upon the track of truth reform! But if I see any thing which bears a resemblance to the old theological car of the past, I will look about for the "brakes." Good Franklin, speed the "Motor"; and though I do not take passage with it, thinking it lacks power to push the ponderous trains of this utilitarian age, yet I will shout for joy when it starts, and proclaim, with a loud voice, that "The Thing Moves!"

I will presume to express a subdued hope that it is not so nomadic in its habits, and so belligerent, withal, as Mr. W.—, in his somewhat startling vision (published not long since in the *Era*), appears to intimate; if so, will not a friendly warning be extended to those ill-starred churches, prophetically doomed to fall victims to the cruel rapacity of the "Philosopher's Stone?"

I am grateful for what good I may have received from modern manifestations, yet most sensibly realize that I have accomplished little in the elucidation of principles—that the wide realm of spiritual life is all before me, still to be explored, myself but a microscopic atom floating on the tides of that fathomless sea of existence whose waters swell through distances incomprehensible, and roll to regions infinite, where the everlasting God hath set no bounds, where Nature, Infinity, Space, form a mighty trinity, all-embracing and eternal.

Yours for the truth,

J. H. ROBINSON.

THE DYING BOY TO HIS MOTHER.

BY MRS. MARY F. L. MOTT.

There are angels, bright angels here, mother,
With voices sweet and low;
They lovingly speak to your child, mother,
They bid me with them go.

They come to bear me away, mother,
To a happier world than this,
Then lay my head on your breast, mother,
And softly my forehead kiss.

Hark! do you hear the music, mother?
The music rich and clear,
That comes from the golden harps, mother,
The angels with them bear!

Oh! see their shining wings, mother,
How they glisten in the light,
I am going with them now, mother,
My mother dear, good-night.

TESTS IN ENGLISH AND GREEK.

Messrs. Editors:

A few numbers of your excellent journal have providentially fallen into my hands. The subject of the "*new era*" has engrossed much of my attention for some time past, more especially since I became convinced from proof amounting to demonstration, that mortals can hold communications with the Spirits of the departed. I congratulate you on being the fearless and able champion of this *eternal truth*. I rejoice that you have so many learned correspondents, who unflinchingly lend you their aid in sustaining a cause which is destined in the end to triumph over all opposition. The sneers of the opposers will recoil on themselves. It is not passing strange that there is so much *infidelity* in the churches! Here is the very core of the opposition. It is, however, what has characterized similar people in every age of the world. * * *

I had thoughts of presenting to the public, through your journal, some facts by which I have become established in my present position; and as the whole are susceptible of the clearest proof, I give them to you over my proper signature.

Some time since I was in the presence of a writing medium, and received a very impressive message from Elder Elisha Pate, long since deceased. The Spirit of Rev. Hosea Ballou accompanied him. I was very anxious to receive a communication from the latter, but was told that he would communicate through *another medium*. Here was a fine opportunity for a test. I kept this profound secret. Through another medium, more fully developed than the former, who did not know that even such a person existed as Hosea Ballou, a message in his own peculiar style and spirit, over the signature of "Father Ballou," was made to me. It is his own handwriting. No one, however expert he may be in chirography, could imitate his style so exactly should he practice for years. I proposed several theological questions, carefully concealing the same from the medium, on one side of a slate, and received appropriate answers on the other. I became so nervous I could not write, when to my astonishment he replied to *mental* questions with equal clearness. I had an impression at the time that my thoughts might be mysteriously transferred to the medium and produce this result. But this was immediately corrected. I found myself in communication with the Spirit of Stephen Dutten, a very simple, inoffensive, unpretending member of the United Society at New Gloucester, Maine. He died several years since. He wrote the following: "Really, Payette, really, I don't know how to convince you of my presence; but I am here. I'll try." The Shaker village was then drawn on the slate. The houses, the barns, the shops, the office, the door-yard, all maintaining their exact relative positions. The beautiful lake of water to the eastward, the inlet, the woods and houses on the other side, all so exact that one would suppose it to have been done by some masterly hand from the most favorable position. The medium never was within thirty miles of that place.

I must be brief. I can not omit what occurred a few days since, as it caps the climax of the whole. A communication is made to me in the Greek language. It is written wholly in Greek capitals. If called upon I will present a *fac-simile* before the learned world. The medium is wholly unacquainted with every language but the English, and has but a very imperfect knowledge of that. I wished for the Spirit to give me the name. The medium then wrote *Homer* in Greek characters. I did not think at first that there was no letter in the Greek alphabet to give the sound of *h*. The medium wrote the Greek *Omega* or long *o*, with the aspirate. I asked the Spirit on what material the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were written! The reply was, "*Papyrus*—*ree*." Ages after *Homer* the ancients wrote on parchment. I have the promise of another communication from the old Grecian poet. It certainly will come, and you shall have it.

I thank the God of heaven that I have lived to see this day. I can now depart in peace. In your own beautiful language I would ask, "Why, oh, why should the world be favored with these sublime privileges in its infancy and denied them in its maturity?" We look beyond the gloomy postern of the grave and behold the banks of deliverance made radiant by the sun of righteousness. There we see the ever-distant tree of life bending with the fruit of archangels, and spreading its branches for the healing of the nations; and there we hope to "reap perennial joys in the fields of the blessed!"

West Burton, Me.

ANOTHER EXPOSE—SPIRIT-LIGHTS, ETC.

Messrs. PARTRIDGE & BRITTON. WATERBURY, N. Y., July 19, 1854.

Last evening I had the pleasure of hearing the forty-third exposition of the Spirit-rappings by a Mr. Swift, a lecturer on electricity and electro-magnetism. So far as the scientific part of his lecture was concerned it was good, but his "exposition" was remarkably low and vulgar.

He commenced by telling the audience that Spirit-communications to earth's inhabitants are contrary to God's laws. He next told them that the communications always partook of the character of the medium, so much so that when Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, etc., give communications through an uneducated medium, the communications are always in the language of the medium when in the normal state.

After making several similar statements, he closed his exposition by producing the "raps" [by a mechanical arrangement] on a stand made for the purpose, and a table. His "imaginary Spirit, Nebuchadnezzar," as he termed it, answered several questions of a frivolous nature, but strange as it may appear, it seemed necessary for Mr. Swift to ask the questions himself, and to know the correct answers, otherwise Nebuchadnezzar was not very reliable. His Spirit was not sufficiently advanced to understand mental questions.

In the course of his exposition he attempted an explanation of the *table-moving*. He told us that our "involuntary muscles did it," which I supposed only belonged to the heart and lungs. What a strange extension of some "physiological and memoristic points" in these "latter days!" He said that some might ask how he explained the table-moving when no one touched it. He answered this by saying "that he denied that any such thing had ever been witnessed." I thought that such was the easiest way he could dispose of it. As he said, he left things as mysterious as he found them. He attempted to stir Judge Edmonds' "Spiritual Bible," as he termed it. This is a sufficient review of an exposition of which there was nothing in the first place. Dispose of this as you think best.

On the morning of the 13th of June, about three o'clock, I noticed upon the wall, back of the bed where I sleep, a luminous spot, which in appearance resembled a brilliant comet, with a faint nucleus about one half inch in diameter. The tail was perpendicular above the nucleus, and about eight inches long. The color was about the same as that of the ordinary aurora borealis. There is no mistake but that it was there. My wife saw it and tried to rub it out, but made no difference in its appearance. I held my hand before it, but it still kept shining. After the lapse of four or five minutes it moved to the west a few inches, and remained there till it disappeared, which it did in about ten minutes from the time I first saw it. Immediately beneath it was another and larger one, but much fainter. It was three or four inches wide and eighteen long. What is somewhat strange is, my father saw a similar phenomenon in another part of the house. It seems to have been a spiritual light.

Not long since, my mother, who is an aged woman, went to one of the neighbors, and when she had been gone scarcely long enough to get there, Mrs. T. saw her come back, appearing just as she did when she went away, scraped her feet, etc. Mrs. T. went to the door to joke her for her short visit, and was surprised to see no one there. Nothing has happened as yet. My mother saw in a similar manner an aged neighbor a short time before he died. I will here remark that Mrs. T. is one of the best seeing and hearing mediums of which I have heard. She is also a very good speaking medium, and something of a clairvoyant.

Yours, in the investigation of truth,

DAVID TROWBRIDGE.

IODINE AS AN ANTIDOTE FOR POISONS.

M. Bernard established some time ago that the solutions of iodine act as antidotes against the bite of venomous serpents, and especially of the crocodiles. He has just communicated another note (framed conjointly with M. Green) to the Academy of Sciences, to state that the same solutions of iodine have a similar influence on the South American poisons called curare. Their experiments support the opinion long currently believed, that the poison of serpents is an ingredient of the most dangerous poisons. The curare is so very active, that a dose of two or three centigrammes proves fatal to an animal of the size of a pigeon or a guinea-pig; but when this poison is mixed with a solution of iodine or iodurated potassium, it may be injected under the skin without danger. The poison may even be injected first, and the iodine afterward, without the former affecting the animal; in this case, it suffices to spread the absorption of the toxic substance by the application of a cupping-glass, which gives to the chemical reactive time to meet the curare and to operate its disorganization. The same remarks apply to the tinea, another sort of poison which comes from the borders of the Amazon. After this note had been read, M. Boussingault said he did not think it sufficiently established that the curare contains the poison of the serpents; he said that at least he could affirm the curare brought from one of the affluent streams of the Amazon contained none; the Indians obtained it by pounding in cold water the bark of a vine which is very common in the forests traversed by the great rivers of Equatorial America. It was upon the same curare given to M. Pelouze in 1833 that M. Bernard made these interesting experiments.

ERROR VS. TRUTH.

Uncertain are the smallest things of earth,
For error is itself of human birth;
No mind so wise, no soul so pure,
That erroneous reasonings may not lure.

Within the precincts of the human heart
A world doth play its varying part;
There's not a thought that we can trace,
But findeth there its lodging-place.

Then let that soul who'd wish to be
From human woes and frailties free,
First cleanse his heart from earthly sin,
That truth may better enter in.

SPIRITUALISM—A "MANIFESTATION."—One who is an implicit believer, and assumes to be a practical demonstrator in the new philosophy, has given us an account of a recent event in this village, the substance of which is as follows:

Interesting Miscellany.

A LEAF.

BY ISABEL ATHELWOOD.

One sunny day the angels stole away from heaven—a white-winged throng, whose dwelling-place is within the shadow of the throne. The golden twilight was breaking softly through whispering leaves and fragrant blossoms that girdle in a simple village church—a quiet nook, nestled at the edge of a great forest. The fading sunlight rested like a golden glory amid its arched fanes, and the soft west wind that whispered its soothing lullaby through the Gothic windows, lifted the sunny rings from the unstained brow of a pure young child.

Mother and child knelt together in the waving light, while the holy man of God pressed on the fair, upturned brow the sacred symbol of the cross. God's angels gathered around in the shadowy light as the baptismal water fell on the sunny face—angels' tears of joy for the registering of a new name in heaven!

"We will take her, now, from the evil that is to come!" whispered the good angel, whose name is Love, and almost her lips pressed the rosy mouth of the little one. But she, upon whose clear brow Faith was written, drew near, and, pointing heavenward, said: "Beautiful to our Father is the spirit of a little child—unsolved by sin, unstained by time, but great and glorious, and more acceptable is that soul tried by temptation, who has gone out in the great battle of life, and looking backward through the mist of years, on the conflict, can indeed say: 'The strife is long past—the victory long won.'"

The sisterhood bent over the sleeping child: Love left her dewy breath upon the parted lips; Hope wore a rainbow garland over the sinless brow; Mercy dropped a tear among the golden curls, but starry Faith laid upon the young heart a priceless jewel, whose value none may know but at the gate of Paradise. There was the trembling of angel wings, the tuning of seraph harps, and then in the quiet starlight, up through the calm and holy heaven, once more God's angels gathered at the throne.

A shriek rang out on the troubled air. Out in the gloomy night, in the heart of a great city, fled a pure young girl—fled, for the hot breath of unholy passion was around her steps; on, and on she sped, with her dark hair floating wildly out, and one fair hand pressed heavily her throbbing heart as if to still its fearful pulsations, the other thrown impetuously backward, for the tempter was in her path. Onward, and still onward she fled, looking ever on the holy stars cradled above—onward, and she leaves the great city behind, and the peaceful night air, lifting the dark rings of lustrous hair, soothingly kisses her aching brow. It is gained once more, that old village church, and she is saved! There, with the quiet moonlight smiling like a sunny child in its dreams, she kneels at the altar where years before they gave her to God, blindly asking length of years; the tempter is forgotten—the half-spoken word—the poisoned breath—the unholy thought, are all forgotten as that low prayer is meekly sent up in the quiet starlight: "Lead me not into temptation!"

The angels smiled in the dim light, and Faith bore the faint heart-prayer beneath her sheltering wings to the throne of God.

Once more were the arched aisles of the quaint old church bathed in the mellow sunlight; whispering winds came in laden with perfume, and angel voices crept lovingly through its dim aisles in the holy silence.

Once more the man of God stood trembling up before the holy cross, and whispering a blessing on the newly wedded. Twenty summers gone and she had knelt in that quiet light at the altar's foot, and now she stood in the shadow of the starry cross—the missionary's wife. She laid her hand tremblingly in his, the silken folds upon her bosom rose and fell with the throbbings of her heart; again and again she shrank as she remembered the far-off scene of her labors—the untired fatigue; a lovely dream came up her quiet forest home—friends, country—both Faith and Hope, and Love were there, with folded wings in the shadowy light, whispering in the ear of the bride-wife; she feared no more. Steadily she gazed up in the missionary's face and murmured: "I will go; thy people shall be my people—thy God my God!"

Once more the old church was alone in its shadowy gloom—alone with the kind, watchful angels.

Years of stern self-denial, of trial, and much temptation passed on. In a far-off land, in the golden starlight, knelt the missionary woman, alone, for he had early gone home to heaven!

Amid the sunny braids of hair that lay upon her time-kissed brow, was woven many a silver thread. She had battled nobly, toiled steadily, and now she was about to receive her reward.

Mercy looked pityingly down from heaven, and, kneeling at the Father's feet, murmured: "Shall I bid her come?" There was a whisper of many wings, and Faith and Love whispered in one voice: "It is enough—come up higher!" Beautiful was the spirit they laid upon the throne, for it was not the soul made beautiful through suffering, purified by trial, and by sore temptation rendered meet for heaven!

When the morning broke over that far land, its warm rays kissed first the brow of the dead woman. A beautiful Hindoo girl stepped lightly in the missionary's tent; she bent over the quiet form with the cold hands peacefully folded over the hushed heart, and the veil of sunny hair falling like a golden cloud around the calm, sweet face. There had been no struggle; the angels had quietly kissed away the breath, leaving the face as tranquil in its uplifted beauty as when it had smiled beneath the baptismal water in the old village church, thousands of miles away.

The young girl wore her clear arms softly around the quiet form, and pressed her rounded ear to catch the faint fluttering of the pulseless heart, but it was still, quite still; and when she unbound a magnificent turban from amid her hands of shining hair, and pressed it against the parted lips, not the slightest breath ruffled its gossamer edge; a wild cry burst from the Hindoo girl; for the first time she knew there must be a heaven where the missionary woman had gone.

Up through the aisles of the old village church floated a dirge-like strain; the moonlight trembled through the window of stained glass, and rested on the scroll that had been newly sent in the wall. Around that hoary altar, and beneath the star-lit cross, the angels folded their wings; they were no more heavy with the dew of tears, for they remembered the frail barque they had first watched bathed in the baptismal water—how they had guided it through a long voyage, and at last brought it in safety home to heaven; and surely that must have been a glad song that swept up through the clear moonlight up to God's throne, when they remembered the holy, happy spirit they had placed within the upper temple, upon whose lips now trembled the "New Song"—a chorister in the orchestra of heaven, dwelling in the fullness of joy forever!—Selected.

WILD MAN OF AFRICA.—There is another inhabitant of the woods by the Gaboon River, more to be feared than the African lion: it is the wild man of the woods—not the orang-outang, though an immense ape—always acting on the offensive and ready to attack man. The bones of his extremities are longer than those of an ordinary sized, full-grown man. I have examined them here, and while contemplating the skull, the jaws, and their terrible apparatus, really experienced a sort of shuddering. The canine teeth are upward of two inches long, and of proportionate bulk. There is a ridge running from the top of the nose backward over the crown of the head; to this is affixed a muscle, by which the living animal draws backward and forward a most frightful crest of stiff hairs; when enraged, or purposing to inflict injury, he erects them and draws the crest forward over his large eyes, and utters most hideous yells at the same time.

Nothing seems to intimidate him. Sometimes he advances with boughs of trees broken off for the purpose of concealing his approach, and attack, and suddenly grasps the legs of a human being, brings him instantly to the ground, breaks his bones by blows of his mighty arms and hands, and tears the flesh by his monstrous teeth. The native hunterman who goes in search or meets with him, while pursuing less formidable animals, has learned that the safest way to engage is to set on the defensive; to let the monster draw near, when he will immediately seize the end of the muzzle of the gun (ready cocked and presented) between his teeth. Instantly it must be discharged; if the man either delays till the ape has compressed the barrel so as to close it, or fails to give a mortal wound, his doom is sealed.

Farmer's Department.

HOW TO USE GUANO.

BY H. C. VAIL.

At the present time there is much inquiry as to the best methods of using guano. Within a few years this highly-valuable fertilizer has been more generally introduced to the notice of farmers, many of whom have attempted to use it without producing any good results—sometimes, indeed, lessening the yield of crop on account of the caustic effects of the guano on the seeds and roots of plants.

The ordinary mode of applying guano is to spread it broadcast, and plow or harrow it in. Sometimes an extremely small quantity is applied to each hill of corn or potatoes.

Guano, as is now well known, is a substance brought from the islands off the coast of Peru, in rainless regions. It is the excrement of birds, and as it contains both the solid and liquid excretory, it is a very concentrated and powerful fertilizer. The following is an analysis of Peruvian guano, the best in market:

Urate of ammonia	90
Oxalate of ammonia	106
Oxalate of lime	70
Phosphate of ammonia	60
Phosphate of ammonia and magnesia	26
Sulphate of potash	55
Sulphate of soda	38
Muriate of ammonia	42
Phosphate of lime	143
Sand and clay	47
Organic matter—traces of salt of iron and water	323
Total	1,000

Of course, different samples of guano give results by analysis which vary from each other. The Peruvian guano contains from 7 to 9 per cent. of water, 56 to 66 of ammoniacal matter, and 16 to 23 per cent. of earthy phosphates.

It will be perceived that guano contains a large quantity of ammoniacal matter which is highly volatile, and escapes rapidly in a gaseous form upon exposure; and as ammonia is one of the most important manurial substances, as well as the most powerful, it is necessary for the farmer to devise those methods of using guano which shall be attended with the least loss. We have already stated, in previous articles, that charcoal is an absorbent of ammonia and other gases, and that it is an excellent divisor for manures. It is equally valuable when composed with guano, absorbing and retaining all volatile substances, and so dividing the bulk as to prevent ill effects from its coming in contact with seeds or roots. From five to ten parts of fine charcoal, and one part of guano should be mingled together thoroughly some ten or more days before use; indeed, the longer the compost is made before required, and the more intimate the admixture, the better will be the results, and the more safely can it be used. In the absence of charcoal dust, the braze on charcoal hearths, prepared much (as spoken of under the head of "Muck and its Uses"), head lands, woods' mold, or other organic matter which has been subjected to decomposition by the "salt and lime mixture," may be used. In the absence of any one or all of these, common soil should be used. Plaster makes an excellent divisor, a quantity equal in bulk to the guano will be sufficient, if mingled with an increased quantity of soil.

Sulphuric acid when sprinkled on guano unites with the ammonia of the guano, forming sulphate of ammonia, which is a soluble, but not volatile salt, and answers the same purpose as a manure that the carbonate of ammonia does, which, as such, rapidly escapes. The sulphuric acid also unites with a portion of the lime contained in the phosphate of lime, changes it to the soluble superphosphate of lime, and thus renders it more immediately available.

The proper method of using sulphuric acid is to dilute it with from ten to twenty times its bulk of water, and sprinkle it over the soil or other divisor to be used, and then mingle it with the guano. In this way the greatest possible amount of guano surface is brought in contact with the acid.

A dilute solution of copperas, sulphate of iron, or green vitriol may be substituted for sulphuric acid, where the former can be more cheaply procured. Muriatic acid is sometimes employed, but it is too expensive to answer practically where any of the methods detailed above can be employed.

Bones which have been treated to sulphuric acid, and by means of which superphosphate of lime is formed, are an excellent divisor for guano. They contain a large proportion of phosphate of lime, which is insoluble in water, but when placed in the soil is slowly rendered soluble by the action of carbonic acid and other decomposing agencies. When thrown into a dilute solution of sulphuric acid, the superphosphate of lime is formed; and when this is mingled with guano, the excess sulphuric acid unites with the ammonia, and forms sulphate of ammonia.

Prepared in any of the modes suggested above, guano will prove a lasting manure. When merely harrowed or plowed into the soil, much of its good effects are lost, except in clayey soils which are extremely retentive, alumina (the base of clay) having the power to absorb and retain ammonia.

Guano should never be mixed with fermentable manures, as the heat eliminated by the process of fermentation will liberate ammonia. We deem it injudicious to apply a guano compost to the surface of the soil alone, but would prefer to plow one half under, and spread the remainder over the surface, and bury by means of the cultivator.

Prof. Fernald recommends the following compost, using guano as a basis, as being suited to the requirements of most crops:

400 lbs. of Peruvian guano,

5 bushels bone-dust dissolved in sulphuric acid,

2 bushels common salt,

20 bushels charcoal dust.

"The above would be heavy manuring for one acre, and for some crops would produce effects equal to fifty two-horse loads of well-rotted barn-yard manure."

"Those who will not have an analysis made of their soil by which they may know precisely what is needed, but will continue to guess at manures, can not do better than use the above for soils which they can not supply with stable or barn-yard manures from their own farms, as its cost will not be equal to the cost of carting and spreading fifty loads of barn-yard manure from a town three miles off."

It is becoming quite a common practice in England to make use of a drill, for putting in small seeds, which has a cylinder capable of containing a supply of guano water, conducted by means of pipes into the drill along with the seed, and we believe it answers an admirable purpose in giving the seed an early start.

Guano water may be used with advantage in irrigating or sprinkling fields after crops have been removed. Carts are so constructed as to contain a hoghead or more of the solution, which is allowed to run out on boards so arranged at the rear as to divide and sprinkle it over a considerable area.

In garden culture the guano composts recommended above may be used freely without the least fear of injurious results, and dilute solutions of guano water freely applied will sometimes double and quadruple a crop.

BITTER ROT IN APPLES.

BY H. C. VAIL.

A correspondent of the *Genesee Farmer* ascribes the "bitter rot" in apples to an insect similar in shape to a "daddy-long-legs," but not more than one third the size. It makes its appearance in August and continues till frost. He thinks it is hatched from a small white egg that is placed on moss or rough bark, and says the best way to get rid of them is to give the tree a good rubbing, hard enough to break the eggs; then put a good roll of wool around the body of the tree, which will keep them down so they can be killed.

Whether the above be true or not in regard to the cause of "bitter rot," we know from practical experience that the free use of soda wash will destroy all ova of insects, bark lice, moss, fungi, etc., with which a tree may be infested, as well as cause dead bark to fall off, and leave a fresh surface. The habit of whitewashing the trunks should be discouraged, as the lime thus coated over them soon takes up carbonic acid, and forms a surface of carbonate of lime, impermeable to the atmosphere and water. One might as well inclose a human being in an oil-silk bag with the expectation of improving the health.

The soda wash is prepared by heating to redness the common sal soda of commerce in an iron pot—thus driving off the carbonic acid, and

rendering it caustic. Make a saturated solution of this caustic soda in water. It will require about one pound to a gallon of water, and should be applied with a mop or brush to the trunks and principal branches of trees covered with moss or infested with insects. There is no fear of injuring trees or plants by this application, as it may be sprinkled over the most tender leaves and shrubs without producing any ill effects.

HALLUCINATIONS OF THE GREAT.—Malebranche declared that he distinctly heard the voice of God within him. Descartes, after a long seclusion, was followed by an invisible person, who urged him to pursue his researches after truth. Byron imagined himself to be sometimes visited by a specter; but he said it was owing to the over-excitability of his brain. The celebrated Dr. Johnson clearly heard his mother call Samuel; she was then living in a town at a great distance. Pope, who suffered much in his intestines, one day inquired of his physician what arm that was that appeared to come out from the wall. Goethe asserts that he one day saw the counterpart of himself coming toward him. The German psychologists give the name of *Duterescope* to this kind of illusion. Oliver Cromwell was stretched fatigued and sleepless on his bed—suddenly the curtains opened, and a woman of gigantic size appeared, and told him that he would be the greatest man in England. The Puritan faith and the ambition of Cromwell might have suggested, during those troublous times of the kingdom, some still stronger idea; and who can say whether, had the phantom murmured these words in his ear: "Thou wilt one day be king?" The Protector would have refused the crown as did Caesar at the Lupercalian feasts!—*De Boismon's Hallucinations.*

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—The following is from the *Centreville Times*: "Under the obituary head in to-day's paper will be found the death of Mr. Jacob Reese. On the day of his death Mr. Reese was engaged in seeding oats, and toward evening was startled by a voice, apparently at his elbow, saying, 'You may sow, but shall not reap!' He looked around, and seeing no one continued his work of seeding, attributing it, as he afterward stated, to his imagination. At every step, however, the warning was repeated, and at last, unable to bear it, he proceeded home to his wife. He was persuaded by her that it was only imagination, and finding that he had no fever, and did not complain of any unusual indisposition, she induced him to return to the field. There, however, the same solemn warning voice attended him at every step—'You may sow, but you shall not reap!' and in a state of extreme agitation he again ceased work and went home. He took an early supper, was shortly after attacked with a swelling in the throat, and before sunrise next morning was a corpse."

EXCOMMUNICATION.—The Roman Catholic Bishop of Buffalo has excommunicated the trustees of the church property at St. Louis, because of their persistence in the refusal to deliver their church property into the hands of the Bishop, and to submit to his authority in the temporal concerns of the church. This was the case which the Papal Nuncio Bedini was sent to investigate. In reply to the excommunication, the trustees say that they shall still maintain the ground that they have taken. They add: "We admit that the report made by Archbishop Bedini of his mission to the United States has been sanctioned by the Propaganda in Rome, as being in accordance with the rule and statute of the Catholic Church; and also that all the transactions of the same prelate, while Governor of Bologna, were sanctioned by the same college.—*Boston Journal.*"

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Between Lexington and Third Avenues,
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