

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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WHOLE NO. 121.

The Principles of Nature.

THE SPIRAL.

The following communication from a scientific correspondent is highly interesting, and will be perused with pleasure and profit by many readers. Such disquisitions are especially adapted to this department of our paper, and we shall be pleased to receive them as frequently as may comport with the convenience and inclination of the writer.—Ed.

There are many words in common use seeming to have general significations, which we occasionally find with a special intention differing from their generally accepted meaning. This may be said of the words grace, spirit, truth, love, charity, and many others. Some of those words we meet with in the ancient poets, where they seem to be without pertinent use; but the more recent investigations of Spiritualists, and consequent adaptation of these words to wider significations, enable us now to re-read the older poets, and to find new beauties, evidently known to them, and dependent upon the use of these special terms. Among the class of words to which we refer is the term *spiral*. It is occasionally used by the oldest writers, when speaking of things known as adjective properties of matter and of mind. We also find it used by the mechanical and natural philosopher as denoting particular direction or line of travel. At a later date we find Swedenborg making free use of the word spiral; still later, Andrew Jackson Davis has found it a convenient term to express modes of transmission by ethereal media, of which many of us have but a slight knowledge. More recently, Mr. Harris, in his "Epic of the Starry Heaven," seems to have used this term in so many phases as to have almost defined its exact use in every variety and form of application.

In a careless reading of his Epic, the word seems uselessly repeated, but when carefully perused, after an analysis of the word spiral, we imagine it to be comprehensive, and to more clearly describe the intention of the author than any other word that can be substituted in its place. My present object is to attempt an analysis of this word, with the view of ascertaining if by such analysis we may not clearly understand many of the communications which have been received through Mr. Harris and others. We consider the term as covering more known action induced by natural law than any other in use, and by reasoning from things known back to those unknown, can probably establish a value for the spiral which shall render its significance more clear. We offer our views at present as a hypothesis, under the hope that those possessing greater mental endowments may either endorse our theory, or be able to show us why it is an error.

First, then, we will speak of the spiral as a mechanical figure, and show its dynamic value. All are aware that to lift 100 lbs. alongside the perpendicular line of a square requires 100 lbs. of power. Should this square be cut diagonally, so as to present a plane with an inclined surface at 45 degrees, and suppose this surface to be so lubricated as to be frictionless, then to move a body over this surface to the highest point of elevation weighing 100 lbs., would require 50 lbs. power. Reduce that plane to half the elevation, and 25 lbs. will perform the same, if quarter the elevation 12½ lbs., one-half this elevation 6½ lbs.; and so we might continue until if we imagine an inclined plane one mile long, two inches high at its highest point, and terminating at a point with its surface rendered frictionless, then by the strength of a human hair we can drag 100 lbs. weight from its lowest to its highest level.

Let us now suppose such an inclined plane to be wound around a cylinder of a few inches diameter, thus forming a screw, and we shall then find that the application of a human hair, to the turning of such a screw, from the great length and slight declination of its thread, would raise a weight of many thousands tons, of course at a rate of comparatively less speed.

We sometimes see in our streets a spiral movement of the atmosphere on the side-walk, which carries up with it a large amount of dust, containing often very heavy particles; this ascends even with the tops of the houses, and is there thrown out, filling the whole street with dust. From the want of color in the atmosphere we are unable to know the rate of travel in this spiral, but it evidently shows that the application of a small amount of force, in this particular direction, is capable of exerting itself in such a manner as to produce great results.

Carry the investigation still further, and notice a tornado passing over the surface of the country; large trees are twisted up at their roots and deposited in other localities, and if the wood be afterward used, it is sometimes found to be crushed in all its capillary tubes so as to brush and disintegrate its fiber. On the ocean we see immense bodies of water, known as water-spouts, carried up in spirals of atmosphere. It is here, as in all the cases we have quoted, a mere question of velocity, and not of quantity, and we find the same facts more beautifully illustrated in some of the electrical phenomena.

It will be remembered that the invention of De La Rue, known as De La Rue's ring, consisted of a helix of wire, the termini of which, by being attached to the poles of a galvanic battery, would magnetize a rod of iron suspended in the open-

ing through the center of the ring so as to sustain it in mid-air. Now it will readily be understood, that a single spark of electricity exercising less than one grain repulsive force, passing through this long wire composing a succession of spirals round this suspended rod of iron, would travel with such velocity as by its quick succession to sustain the heavy rod; and Dr. Charles G. Page constructed such a helix capable of sustaining 2,000 lbs. in this mid-air position. Indeed, Page's electrical engine is but a succession of these helices with a rod of iron acting as a piston suspended in its center, concentric to its inner surfaces, leaving an annular space occupied by atmosphere between this piston and the inside of the helices. The helices being permanently fixed, and composed of perhaps ten miles of wire, would cause the travel of each spark of electricity in an immeasurably small space of time through its whole length, and thus this spirally traveling quantity of electric fluid by its great velocity exercises a spiral influence on this suspended bar, giving a resultant force of more than one-horse power.

From all this we readily arrive at the conclusion that the dynamic force of this engine was great, that the source of this force was due to the multiplication of a very slight repellant force by an immense ratio of velocity, and this result could be attained in no other way than by the spiral line of travel.

How easily then may we conceive that rarer media capable of spiral movement, and with velocities equal to that of the travel of light or electricity, may exert a force as great as any of the known forces. May this action of the rarer media, occupying the different portions of space, not bring together the finely divided simples which may be pervading space and thus produce nebulous matter, or, indeed, any of the substances of which the planets are formed? It is well known that men sleeping in buildings, the cellars of which contain large quantities of lead, have Devonshire or lead colic, and that plumbers who work near hot lead have paralysis and other diseases consequent upon inhaling atmosphere containing lead. Who is not familiar with the odor of brass or copper, and how do we know but what all space may contain quantities of either or all the simples not appreciable to our means of investigation? If a single grain of iron is to be found in each thousand cubic miles of space, then as there is no end to space, there would be iron enough to form a new universe, and it would only require the spiral action of the rarer media containing it to render it to the surface of the planets in any degree of compression or condensation. How do we know but the odors of flowers by spiral movements in space may be compressed into proximates soluble in water, and thus brought down by rains for the resupply of plants. Which of us can tell where thoughts leave off and materials begin? Who can define the exact difference and degree between an adjective and a substantive, between quality and quantity? Who can analyze sound, or who knows if that property in nature which we call attraction may not be the exercise of rarer media traveling in spiral form, and thus producing a force known to philosophers to exceed in power all other known forces and called attraction. The attraction of the globe for all substances placed upon or near it, and the attraction of substances for each other is the antagonism of all other known forces. The effort of men and animals, the expansive power of steam, the exercise of all Nature's laws of a dynamic character, so far as we know, are employed in overcoming the statical condition of matter produced by this invisible medium, attraction, which probably exercises its functions by traveling in a spiral line. All the different sounds that have occurred since the creation of the world may be now undergoing a process by spiral condensation for reiteration in new forms. The very will itself, and every desire may be substantially treated. We leave the subject for further illustration in the hands of your readers.

PHENIX.

FORBEARANCE.

There are numerous circumstances and events which severely try our virtue, and much in the conduct of men to provoke the resentment of an unbalanced mind. Hence it is essential to a complete education that we learn to exercise forbearance, and cultivate a peaceable and forgiving disposition. A truly magnanimous spirit will meet the ills of life cheerfully and bear them patiently. And this, is after all, the only way to remove them. The man who can bear with no unreasonable behavior on the part of others, is poorly fitted for the intercourse of society. He must live in a continual warfare with his fellows, for while man is imperfect, he will frequently err in thought, and word, and deed.

As, therefore, it is certain that offenses must come, that man who can not bear them with composure should retire from the haunts of the living. In the deep solitude of the hermit's cell he will find deliverance from the evils he wants the resolution and the manhood to meet.

S. B. B.

To know things well, we should know them in detail; and as that is in a manner infinite, our knowledge, therefore, is always superficial and imperfect.

REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENTS

BY POETIC SPIRITS.

We have been intensely interested in the perusal of the following letter and the accompanying examples of poetic inspiration. These lyrical effusions are certainly very chaste and beautiful in sentiment and versification, while the rapid and otherwise extraordinary manner of their composition affords strong and convincing evidence of their direct Spiritual origin. The development of Ada is remarkable in every aspect of the case, and we feel assured that the sources of her inspiration can not be otherwise than pure and exalted. A thousand hearts will respond to the fond mother's prayer, that her angel-taught child may be preserved from all evil, and that the current of her life may forever remain clear as the unpolluted springs of being. Angels who inhabit the Celestial Heavens draw near from your sublime abodes and watch over the inspired one! Oh, look into the calm depths of her soul! and as the stars of heaven are mirrored in the still waters, so shall your immortal charms be reflected in the spirit and life of Ada.—Ed.

STEAMER "SARAH," ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.
NEAR VICKSBURG, July 23, 1854.

EDITOR OF THE TELEGRAPH:

Not having access to your paper, and being unable to recollect your address or learn it from any one on board this boat, the jarring motion of which so affects my handwriting as to render it unnatural and, I fear, almost illegible, I labor under great disadvantages in arranging the facts which I am about to communicate, and which, I trust, will not prove barren of interest to the multitude of your intelligent readers.

It is not, I presume, generally known that the subject of *Spiritualism* has either attracted the attention or excited the investigation of a portion of the citizens of Galveston (Texas), the place of my residence. Such, however, is the case, and the circumstances I am about to relate constitute a part of the fruits or results that have there been produced.

I may hereafter, if desired, give fuller details of the developments and manifestations wrought by Spirit-influence in our distant and humble island; but it must suffice at present merely to mention some of the occurrences of the last few weeks, and those as connected with a single medium, partially, but in a degree, I believe, wonderful and astonishing, developed about the first of the present month, and still, I trust, progressing rapidly to a more elevated and perfect development as a *poetic medium*.

The subject of these remarks is a young girl whose name is *Ada*, only fourteen years of age, the adopted daughter of Mrs. Stone, whose husband is a highly respectable dentist of our city. *Ada* until quite recently has been known only as a quiet and affectionate child—a docile, modest, and amiable school-girl, attractive only by the sweetness of her disposition, the simplicity of her character, and a sedate, retiring deportment—in complexion, a rather pale brunette, with an exuberance of dark hair, rather large, deep-set eyes of a peculiarly soft, dreamy, and somewhat melancholy expression. She has not attained her growth, and retains all the *naïveté* of childhood.

About the middle of June last several gentlemen and ladies of Galveston formed a circle and met twice a week at the house of her mother—she and her husband being members—for improvement in spiritual knowledge and intercourse. *Ada* was always present, but not until after several sittings was it intimated or suspected that she was or would be a medium. The medium relied on was a gentleman (Mr. G.), who, being seized with illness soon after our organization, was unable to attend, and consequently the members met almost hopeless of success. After continuing around the table, however, for nearly two hours, faint and feeble raps were at length heard, which in the course of another half hour became very loud, frequent, and distinct. The alphabet was called for, and some seven or eight of the most distinguished musicians who ever lived announced their names, among whom were Mozart, Handel, Haydn, Paganini, Beethoven, Von Weber, etc.

They would not communicate or converse with any member of the circle but *Ada*; refused to answer any other; stated that their object was to aid in her development as a medium; directed that the circle should continue its sittings; and informed us that she was to become an extraordinary medium. All questions had to be put by and answered to her, with a few exceptions, and after a few sittings the *physical manifestations* became very astonishing.

About the first of July I was compelled to be absent from the city on business, and did not return until Saturday evening, the 15th inst. On entering my door my wife informed me that *Ada* had become developed as a *poetess*, and proceeded at once to exhibit pieces of her poetic composition, all written during my absence, upon reading which I was not only greatly astonished, but deeply affected.

I called at her residence the next morning, and after reading all the pieces she had then written—amounting to fifteen in number—I requested her to describe to me the mental and physical condition in which she wrote such charming poetry. She complied, and from her description it seems that she continues in her normal condition. She does not pass into a state of trance, but at some time during almost every day she feels strongly impelled, as by some resistless agency, to write. She takes her pen; the piece—be it poetry or prose—is *vividly impressed on her mind*, and her hand glides with great celerity,

and without the action of her own will, over the paper, and in the course of a very few minutes, quicker than it could be copied by the most ready penman, the piece is completed.

She is delighted, but in no degree vain or elated with her talent; claims no merit of authorship; believes herself an instrument in the hands of some superior and beneficent intelligence for the accomplishment of a great work, which, by the way, has been repeatedly promised by the mysterious source from which she derives her inspiration, and God grant that she may never be other than the pure, humble, and unsophisticated being she now is.

I send you a number of her pieces, copied under the disadvantages mentioned, amid the confusion of a crowded steamboat and the jarring of discordant machinery. Her first effort was a prose composition, written on the 5th instant, as a school exercise. On the next day she was again *impressed*, and after two lines were written, she remarked to her mother, who was sitting by her side: "Oh, ma! it is going to be poetry!"

I have marked the copy of this piece thus (*first piece*), that you may distinguish it. It seems addressed to her, contains excellent advice intended for her observance, and, like several others, manifests a tender interest, an affectionate regard, a deep and pure friendship felt toward her by her heavenly guardians. This feeling on the part of her immortal friends has often been exhibited, and in divers way. Her mother, who is a good writing medium, read to me a beautiful poem written with her own hand, evidently by the guardian intelligence of *Ada*, filled with directions touching her course toward her daughter, two lines of which, as nearly as I can recollect, were as follows:

"Thou hast one duty here below—
To watch and guard thy child."

Just before I left my house on the 16th instant to go to the steamer on my present journey, *Ada* called with her mother, and read to me the short but sweet piece, written by her only a few minutes before my departure, and which I have copied and marked—in order that you may identify it—thus (*sixteenth piece*). She was desirous of furnishing me with some evidence of her talent before I left, and the result was the production of those beautiful lines.

I inclose also a *brief note* addressed by *Ada* to my wife (about the 7th inst., but undated), and an *original poem* entitled "The Anthem of the Sea," written on the 13th instant, within the space of five minutes. The poem shows her handwriting, rapidly executed under Spirit-influence—all her pieces being in a similar hand—while the note exhibits her ordinary handwriting. Thus you will be able to compare her chirography under both conditions, and I think, upon close inspection, a great similarity between the two hands may be discovered.

Ada had written sixteen different poems at the time of my leaving Galveston, on the 16th of July inst. The first original poetry she ever wrote, the copy of which is marked (*1st piece*), as aforesaid, was written on the 6th inst.; all the others between the 6th and 16th, making sixteen original pieces in ten days. I feel that any remarks or comments from me on the merits of these productions would be utterly useless. They speak for themselves, and have received from critical and competent judges, in New Orleans and elsewhere, to whom they have been submitted, the meed of approval, commendation, and praise. All, of nice poetic taste and cultivated intellect to whom they have been submitted—and I have submitted them to none other—have expressed an enthusiastic surprise, delight, and admiration that a *child*—a young school-girl of fourteen—should display such cultivated taste, brilliancy of imagination, purity of diction, and maturity of poetic genius as these poems evince. I presume that ere this day the number of her pieces has been more than doubled, and their character elevated and improved. May we not anticipate the accomplishment of something great through such a medium—the realization of the prophetic assurance announced in her behalf by the bright but invisible intelligences which surround, guard, and inspire her? How superior to the graces of the drawing-room are those immortal graces, woven in the wreath yet to adorn thy brow, sweet *Ada*! daughter of the muses and beloved of angel-hearts! if thou canst but hold these unsubdued by surrounding temptations, and ever pure as thy "Childhood's Prayer!"

It is a little remarkable that every poem is in a different measure from all the others—no two being in the same meter or measure.

OH, HOPE NOT THOU FOR HAPPINESS.
ADA'S FIRST PIECE, WRITTEN JULY 6, 1854.

Oh, hope not thou for happiness,
That paradise below,
That idler's dream—and poet's guess,
And—mortal's never know!
For while the human passions sway
A single smile or tear,
So long unrest and bitterness
Will have dominion here.

And look not on some glittering state,
And wish such lot were thine:
We ne'er can know what thorns may mar
The flower for which we pine;

What though thy path be gemmed with gold,
And fond ones strew thy way,
Dark clouds will oft the heart unfold—
No human power can stay.

And while thou'rt brooding o'er thy lot,
Thou'lt find the evil within;
Come trooping through thy own pure heart,
That hath such hate of wrong;
Then lowly let thy spirit be,
And in thy heart abide
That gentle maiden charity,
To turn life's thorns aside.

MY CHILDHOOD'S PRAYER.
My childhood's prayer! oh, not a flower
But minds me of its purity;
The lowliest daisy in the bower
Brings back that gentle prayer to me
With all the looks of infancy.

I never look upon a star
But that its radiance seems to be
A beacon from the days afar—
A memory of the joys that were
All fleeting—but my childhood's prayer.

TO THEE, ADA—SPIRIT-COMPANIONS.

The following poem was written (exclusive of the fifteen lines next after the first verse) on Saturday, July 8th, within the space of about five minutes, by *Ada*. The same evening her mother, while mentally invoking spiritual aid for her child, heard a voice distinctly and impressively whispered in her ear, thus:

MOTHER.—"Oh! preserve her pure and spotless!"
VOICE.—"I will! I will!"
MOTHER.—"And not suffer her to be overpowered by temptations to sin!"
VOICE.—"No!"

Above, around, in every nook,
Where nothing seems but viewless air,
Strange faces peer with watchful look,
Strange figures hover near.

(But other shapes are crowding near,
Shadows that fill my soul with fear!
Though some are passing fair to see,
Yet others! some are fierce and grim!
Monsters, from which my soul would flee,
All flitter round; these phantoms dim,
Beck'ning and drawing nigh to me,
And seek to win mine ear!
They come! I can not drive away
The outstretched arm, the living eye—
Their progress! but in vain they try!
Bright angels, fold me with your wings,
Mine ear with tempting voices ring,
My soul with sudden fear is tost—
Help! help! or all is lost!)

Bright feet upon the dew-drops press,
Rose-tinted pinions stir the air!
Then in my heart my God I bless,
That his bright angel-guards are near,
And sometimes to my drooping eye
They show like sunbeams passing by.

But, shrinking from the garish light,
Oft sit I in my lonely room,
And through the silent hours of night
Gaze on the forms my Spirit-sight
Discovers in the teeming gloom—
Forms that have hovered by my side,
Seen or unseen, for solemn years,
At times with hope and pleasure bright,
Radiant at times with heavenly light,
Oft veiled and dimmed with bitter tears,
Now heeded—now defied!

I see you now, my Spirit-friends,
Folding me with your loving arms,
Bending, as a fond mother bends,
To shield her child from frights or harms,
And, 'mid the forms that guard me 'round,
One figure makes it holier ground,
For, grandmother, thou art there!

THE ANTHEM OF THE SEA.

It e'er hath pealed in strains sublime
Since first began the march of time,
When morning stars together sang
And new-born earth with music rang;
Then over all more bold and free
We heard the anthem of the sea.

At times it breathes a gentle note,
And sweetly o'er the breeze doth float,
Then swelling high, in chorus vast—
Borne perchance on the stormy blast—
Is heard in higher, grander key,
The fearful anthem of the sea.

The deep-toned bass in Nature's song,
It pours its mighty voice along,
And wide is heard the sounding roar—
As forth it rolls from shore to shore;
A worthy praise, oh, God to thee,
This glorious anthem of the sea.

* The *quos ego* of Virgil.
† These fifteen lines included in brackets were written on the 9th inst. (Sunday) by *Ada*, and were the first lines of her poem. The following directions, by the hand of *Ada*: "I have written these lines next to the first, then all will be right. Comfort your mother—she must not be frightened. No harm will come to you. I will watch over and protect thee. I was the angel that whispered, 'I will! I will!' and 'No!'"
‡ After this poem was completed on the 8th, a question arose respecting the word "garish"; neither the medium nor any of her friends, to whom the poem was shown on that day, recollecting ever to have seen the word in the English language. At their suggestion, *Ada* inquired of the Spirit whether it was the proper word. She received an immediate and emphatic answer in the affirmative. And surely, in the connection, a more fit or appropriate word can not be found—"garish light."

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1854.

FACTS AND LAWS.

We are first led to the discovery of natural principles by observing natural phenomena. Without the facts constantly presented in the ever-changing phenomenal aspects of the outer world, the human mind in its external, sensuous plane of development could have no knowledge of the laws and forces of material nature. Every visible fact is an illustration of the invisible principle on which the fact itself depends. We could know nothing of the laws of planetary motion, chemical affinity, and molecular attraction, in the absence of the facts and experiments which serve to illustrate their operations. In like manner we learn that water becomes solidified below the temperature of 32° Fahrenheit, and that at 212°, under the ordinary atmospheric pressure, it boils and is rapidly converted into vapor. We also learn by witnessing the facts—how else should we learn?—that all ponderable bodies within the sphere of the earth's attraction are drawn toward its center; that a cork will float in the water, while iron will sink; that the will has power over the muscles; and it is from our observation of the facts alone that we ascertain the effects which the elements produce on our bodies. This knowledge could never be deduced from any ideal premises; nor could we by a possibility reason from laws never once revealed in their effects. Moreover, every phenomenon in Nature, that may be perceived by the senses or otherwise, is a revelation to man of some truth, which, without this tangible expression, might have remained concealed and unknown through all time. Thus the objects of the natural world constitute a significant and beautiful picture-language, wherein Deity records and reveals the veiled and sublime realities of his Universe.

But if the importance of a critical observation of facts, in the department of physical science, is too obvious to be denied or doubted, it must be even more apparent to the philosophic mind, that, in the realms of the occult and spiritual—wherever the principles involved are furthest removed from the familiar experience and common comprehension of mankind—it is still more essential that we mark all their outward phases and aspects. Thus invisible principles are seen in their action on visible forms; we become conscious of the existence of the law by observing its operations; and while all natural and spiritual causes are imperceptible by the senses, their effects may be perceived, and through these, with rare exceptions, we arrive at a knowledge of the causes themselves. We may not require additional facts to establish a foregone conclusion, but without these, others may wander in doubt and uncertainty forever. We must not, therefore, undervalue the phenomena of our time, for these, if we may be allowed the expression, are the visible finger-points of God and his ministers, directing the children of men to the inner temple of the Divine mysteries.

REDUCED TO PRACTICE.

Belinda Marden Pratt, an inmate of the grand harem of the Mormon Apostle of that name, in writing to her sister, Lydia Kimball, Nashua, N. H., vindicates the character of her husband, and thus urges the argument for polygamy, founded on the examples in Biblical history:

"If God shall count him worthy of an hundred-fold in his life, of wives, and children, and houses, and lands, and kindreds, he may even aspire to patriarchal sovereignty, to empire, to be the prince or head of a tribe or tribes, and, like Abraham of old, be able to send forth, for the defense of his country, hundreds and thousands of his own warriors, born in his own house."

"I have a good and virtuous husband, whom I love. We have four little children which are mutually and inexpressibly dear to us; and besides this, my husband has seven other living wives, and one who has departed to a better world. He has in all upward of twenty-five children. All these mothers and children are endeared to me by kindred ties—by mutual affection, by acquaintance, and association; and the mothers, in particularly mutual and long-continued exercises of toil, patience, long-suffering, and sisterly kindness. We all have our imperfections in this life, but I know that these are good and worthy women, and that my husband is a good and worthy man—one who keeps the commandments of Jesus Christ, and presides in his family like an Abraham. He seeks to provide for them with all diligence; he loves them all, and seeks to comfort them and make them happy. He teaches them the commandments of Jesus Christ, and gathers them about him in the family circle to call upon his God, both morning and evening."

"Dear sister, do not let your prejudices and traditions keep you from believing in the Bible, nor the pride, shame, or love of the world keep you from your seat in the kingdom of heaven, among the royal family of polygamists. Write often and freely."

The logical and theological Belinda, having been invited by some friend to visit the Granite State, responds in a complacent, cool, and pious strain as follows:

"Now, as to visiting my kindred in New Hampshire, I would be pleased to do so, were it the will of God. But first, the laws of that State must be so modified by enlightened legislation, and the customs and consciences of its inhabitants, and of my kindred, so altered, that my husband can accompany me with all his wives and children, and be as much respected and honored in his family organization, and in his holy calling, as he is at home, or in the same manner as the patriarch Jacob would have been respected, had he, with his wives and children, paid a visit to his kindred."

"As my husband is yet in his youth, as well as myself, I fondly hope we shall live to see that day."

"For already the star of Jacob is in the ascendancy; the House of Israel is about to be restored; while 'Mystery Babylon,' with all her institutions, awaits her overthrow."

Will not the people up in New Hampshire straightway repent of their sins, cease to despise the examples of the patriarchs, mend their laws, and purify their "consciences," in such a manner that the star of this modern Jacob may arise and shine on them? Oh, ye sinners of New Hampshire in general, and of Nashua in particular, be admonished to turn back from your present evil way of having but one wife—left to solitude and despair—and in this respect adopt the example of righteous Abraham, who was and is "the father of the faithful." Will you not now, after long disobedience and neglect of your privileges and "holy calling," be persuaded to have as many wives as you can get, to the end that they may love, console, and strengthen one another by acts of mutual "patience, long-suffering, and sisterly kindness." Reflect, oh, fellow-citizens of Babylon! on your iniquities, and consider that the institutions of the patriarchs have been dishonored by your stupid "legislation." Think of these things, and return quickly, or know that sister Belinda will not visit your State this season, and the star of Jacob will not rise in that part of the country.

But there is a serious aspect in which this matter should be

viewed. Why do those people quote Scripture to justify this immoderate tendency to sensuality? To us the reason is obvious enough. The popular theology has taught them from their very infancy that the Bible, as a whole, even in its letter, is the inspired word of God, alike addressed to all men in every age of the world, and of irresistible and perpetual obligation. Now it is well known that in portions of that book, those old patriarchs, to whose examples the Mormons refer, are represented as the purest and best men of antiquity, and the special favorites of Heaven. Thus entrenched behind the acknowledged Word of God (!), and the examples of his most honored servants, no man—if he accepts the common notion of the Divine authority of the whole Bible—can dislodge them. On this point Belinda can successfully battle all the orthodox theologians in Christendom; and they will either be forced to yield the argument at last, or be driven to use a little more common sense in judging of the contents of the book.

SIGNS OF CONVERSION.

We cut the following from the *Journal of Commerce*, wherein it seems to have been fully accredited. Had the story originally appeared in the *Telegraph* it would scarcely have found a place in the *Journal*, especially if the incident had been related of some Spirit-medium rather than of the founder of the American Bible Society.

ELIAS BOUNDNOT.—WONDERFUL PRESERVATION.—A writer in the *Boston Recorder*, as an illustration of the providential care which God sometimes exercises over his people, relates the following marvelous incident, and vouches for it as authentic:

Elias Boundnot, founder of the American Bible Society, was returning in his chaise to his home late in a dark night, from a court he had been attending many days. He did not know that a recent freshet had carried away all the plank from the long bridge which lay in his accustomed path. Therefore he drove right on, as though there were a bridge there, and reached home safely. His friends inquired by what road he came. "The usual road," he replied. "Impossible," said they, "there are no planks on the bridge." He persisted, and they, trembling for his veracity or his sanity, eagerly went with him next morning early, to survey. When arrived, they found the very tracks of the carriage at either end of the bridge and on the sleepers, and the very footprints of his horse on a central sleeper. There was no more to be said—sanity and veracity were both safe. Some power had presided over the instinct of that horse, had ordained the correspondence of those wheels with the sleepers over which they passed, and kept the man in ignorance of his danger. Was that power fate or chance? Oh, my doubting friend! I turn from you and listen to another voice: "Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?"

If authority for the above is demanded, reference may be had to the family, particularly to Mrs. Adriana Boundnot, of Beaverwyke, N. J., a near relative of Judge Boundnot, from whose mouth she received the account. The same respected lady will pardon the writer for relating her account of a passage in the history of her own family, illustrating our point.

REMARKS.—Our religious teachers have long contended that the day for such wonders was over, and that men are now left without any special Divine or spiritual protection to take the consequences of their own actions, as determined by purely natural or physical laws. But we are happy to find that the *Boston Recorder* and the *New York Journal of Commerce* are inclining to more spiritual views and a more living faith. At length they conclude that "the Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary" of working his wonders among men. Boundnot's friends thought the good man either *lived* or was *insane*, until they took the trouble to track him; and so the *Recorder* and the *Journal* think of those who are now, every day, subject to experiences equally extraordinary, which, we doubt not, the editors of the next generation will quote as gospel. Our contemporaries, however, differ from those of Judge Boundnot in questioning the sanity and veracity of the present medium without being willing to so much as look at their tracks. Ye who insist that the age of miracles, so-called, is ended, answer this question: Was it not about as difficult for Boundnot's beast to walk that sleeper, and keep the carriage wheels on two other sleepers, as it was for Balaam's beast to converse in intelligible Hebrew?

SUSPECTED IMPOSTURE.

Our readers will remember that some time since we published a marvelous statement respecting the alleged transportation of a knife and a ribbon across the Atlantic Ocean, and that the same has since been referred to in these columns. We received the account from a gentleman of the highest veracity in Troy, and although we regarded the case, in editorial parlance, as highly "important, if true," it was nevertheless so strongly corroborated that we did not feel at liberty to reject it, but ventured to submit the same to the public.

We now as freely contradict that statement, having received information which leaves little room to doubt that the whole story had its origin in gross deception. While we are perfectly satisfied that our informant, and the other friends in Troy, so far as they had any thing to do with this matter, acted in strict good faith, we are forced, very reluctantly, to question the integrity of Henry Hanson, the pretended medium in that case. If he can successfully vindicate his conduct we shall take great pleasure in submitting his defense to our readers, before whom he now virtually stands accused. We thank no man for inventing a large story, merely because it is fabricated for our benefit, and designed to establish the truth of our principles; nor shall we screen his conduct from merited reprobation. All such unscrupulous men, believers as well as skeptics, would do well to remember that we are after the truth, and shall, first and last, and fearlessly, regard the demands of conscience and the interests of the cause.

GIVE US IMPORTANT FACTS.

We publish a paper not merely to gratify ourselves, nor expressly to interest a few philosophers and metaphysicians, but to disseminate the truth among the multitudes who crowd the highways of life; to overthrow fanaticism and skepticism; to silence gainsayers, and to aid in collecting the scattered elements for a system of spiritual science whereon the hopes of the doubting world may one day securely repose. With these objects in view, we must regard every important fact as worthy of record. A portion of our readers may prefer philosophical disquisitions to particular facts. We shall endeavor to gratify them, by devoting a reasonable proportion of our space to a discussion of the questions of mental, social, and spiritual philosophy. But in regarding the wants of a small but highly intellectual class, we must not disregard the wants of a much larger number who still feel the need of tangible facts and a strong conviction; nor lose sight of the fact that each succeeding number of our paper finds its way into the houses and hands of some who have yet to learn the alphabet of Spiritualism. Therefore, send us your important facts.

PERSONAL.

Judge N. F. Hyre, of St. Louis, and his esteemed companion, have been spending a few days in the neighboring city of Brooklyn, during which time we have had the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with them. The Judge is a gentleman of inflexible principles and conciliating manners; he is, moreover, a firm Spiritualist, and devoted to the cause. Mrs. Hyre is ardently engaged in the same cause, and speaks in the entrance stage under the influence of Spirits. On Tuesday evening of last week she made a brief address before the conference assembled at our Rooms, which was characterized by good sense and a winning manner. We also learn that she addressed the conference at Dodworth's Academy last Sunday afternoon. The Judge and Mrs. Hyre left this city on Monday evening for Albany, Troy, and Saratoga. They will remain some days at the Springs. We take great pleasure in commending them to the confidence and fraternal regards of all who, like themselves, hold the truth in love, and honor its requirements by righteousness of life.

REMARKABLE CURE.

We well remember our interview with the lady who writes the subjoined letter, and we rejoice that her daughter who was severely afflicted is now entirely restored. A few cases will not fail to establish the reputation of Mr. Randolph, in this community, as a clairvoyant and healing medium. If he is equally successful in other cases, his rooms at 100 Prince Street will soon be crowded with patients, and much human suffering will be removed or averted.—Ed.

NEW HARTFORD CENTRE, Aug. 15, 1851.

MR. BRITTAN:

I yesterday received a letter stating the fact that Mr. Randolph had seen my daughter for the last time, as she had no further use for him. I think the case well worth publishing. I consider Mr. R. a very superior clairvoyant, and in justice to him and my own feelings, and for the sake of sufferers like my daughter, the wonderful benefits derived from his power should be widely circulated; in this I think you will fully concur.

My daughter very suddenly lost the entire use of the left arm, together with the milk of that breast. This was succeeded by a rapid curvature of the spine, until she was drawn wholly to that side, with no power to straighten herself. The doctors who were summoned to her aid called it rheumatism, but they could not conquer it. She was daily growing worse, and her disease was accompanied with great depression of spirits. As a last resource, as you may remember, I called at your office, providentially, as I conceive; you recommended Mr. R. to me; I called upon him and asked him to accompany me to Hoboken, as there was a rich lady I wished him to see. I did not tell him the particulars of the case; he went with me to see my daughter, and after a short interview went in the train. I will now give the substance of his language as nearly as I can remember.

"Lady, your present difficulty arises from two causes: the nervous system received a shock four weeks before the birth of your child (which was at that time ten weeks old), the other cause is more remote; you injured your shoulder some years ago; you thought nothing of it at the time. Lady, I can help you; you must take no more medicine; you must remove these applications from the arm; in three weeks you shall raise that hand to your head; in four weeks you shall be well." He then rubbed the limb until it was in a glow; before that it was cold. He has called three times each week, and she is now a well woman, just as he said she would be. She can be seen at Mrs. Campbell's, Garden Street, Hoboken, three doors from Second Street.

ORTHODOX SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

The following interesting account of a spiritual interposition in behalf of a poor man on the brink of destitution and probable starvation, is copied from the *Religious World*, an orthodox journal published at Hartford, Connecticut. We take pleasure in adding this testimony, adopted and sanctioned by our opposers, to the reality of tangible interpositions from the unseen world in favor of those still living in the flesh, and who are in need of the aid which heaven and God alone can give. We are glad to see papers which advocate the doctrines of the existing sectarian churches, occasionally giving publicity to articles such as the following, even though their publishers do not believe the inferences legitimately deducible from them; for circulating as they do more or less among the unsophisticated and free-minded, they can not but hasten the universal recognition of the reality of intercourse between the present and the higher world, and thus restore to religious and spiritual faith its lost vitality:

Dr. Joseph Stennet resided in Wales several years, and preached to a congregation in Abergevenny. There was a poor man a regular attendant on his ministry, who was generally known by the name of Caleb; he was a collier, and lived among the hills between Abergevenny and Hereford; had a wife and several small children, and walked seven or eight miles every Sunday to hear the doctor. He was a very pious man; his knowledge and understanding were remarkable, considering his situation and circumstances. Bad weather seldom hindered Caleb's attendance at the house of God, but there was a severe frost one winter which lasted many weeks, and blocked up his way so that he could not possibly pass without danger, neither could he work for the support of his family. The doctor and others were concerned lest they should perish for want; however, no sooner was the frost broken than Caleb appeared again. Dr. Stennet spied him, and as soon as the service was ended, went to him and said:

"Oh, Caleb! how glad I am to see you. How have you done during the severity of the weather?"

Caleb cheerfully answered: "Never better in all my life. I not only had necessities, but lived upon dainties the whole of the time, and have some still remaining."

Caleb then told the doctor that one night, soon after the commencement of the frost, he had eaten up all their stock, and not one morsel left for the morning, nor any human possibility of getting any; but he found his mind quite composed, relying on a provident God, who wanted neither power nor means to supply his wants. He went to prayer with his family, and then to rest, and slept soundly till morning. Before he was up, he heard a knock at his door; he went and saw a man standing with a horse loaded, who asked if his name was Caleb. He answered in the affirmative; the man desired him to help him take down the load. Caleb asked what it was. He said, Provision. On his inquiring who sent it, the man said he believed God sent it; no other answer could he obtain. When he came to examine the contents, he was struck with amazement at the quantity and variety of the articles—bread, flour, oatmeal, butter, cheese, salt meat and fresh, etc., which served them through the frost and left some remaining to that present time.

The doctor was affected with the account, and afterward mentioned it in hope of finding out the benevolent donor; but in vain, till about two years afterward he went to visit Dr. Talbot, a noted physician in the city of Hereford. This Dr. T. was a man of good moral character and generous disposition, but an infidel in principle. His wife was a gracious woman, and a member of the church. Dr. Stennet used to go and visit her now and then; and Dr. Talbot, though a man of no religion himself, always received Dr. S. with great politeness. As they were conversing pleasantly one evening, Dr. S. thought it his duty to introduce something entertaining and profitable. He spoke of the great efficacy of prayer, and instanced the circumstance of poor Caleb. Dr. Talbot smiled and said:

"Caleb, I shall never forget him as long as I live."

"What! did you know him?" said Dr. S.

"I had but a very limited knowledge of him," said Dr. T., "but I know he must be the same man you mean."

Then Dr. Talbot related the following circumstances. He said, "The summer before the hard winter above mentioned, he was riding on horseback, as was his usual custom when he had a leisure hour, and generally chose to ride among the hills, it being more pleasant and rural. As

he was riding along he observed a number of people assembled in a barn; he rode up to the door to learn the cause, when he found, to his surprise, that there was a man preaching to a vast number of people. He stopped and observed that they were very attentive to what the preacher delivered. One poor man in particular attracted his notice, who had a little Bible in his hand, turning to every passage of Scripture the minister quoted. He wondered to see how ready a man of his appearance was in turning to the places. When the service was over, he walked his horse gently along, and the poor man whom he so particularly noticed happened to walk by his side.

"The doctor asked him many questions concerning the meeting and minister, and found him very intelligent. He inquired also about himself, his employment, his family, and his name, which he said was Caleb. After the doctor had satisfied his curiosity, he rode off, thought no more about him till the great frost came the following winter. He was one night in bed—he could not tell exactly whether he was asleep or awake, but thought he heard a voice say, 'Send provision to Caleb.' He was a little startled at first, but concluding it to be a dream, he endeavored to compose himself to sleep. It was not long before he thought he heard the same words repeated, but louder and stronger. Then he awoke his wife, and told her what he had heard, but she thought it could be no other than a dream, and she fell asleep again. But the doctor's mind was so impressed that he could not sleep; at last he imagined he heard the voice so powerful saying, 'Get up, and send provision to Caleb,' that he could resist no longer. He got up, called his man, bid him bring his horse, and he went to his larder and stuffed a pair of gamblers as full as he could of whatever he could find, and having assisted the man to lade the horse, he bade him take the provision to Caleb."

"Caleb, sir," said the man, "who is Caleb?"

"I know very little of him," said the doctor, "but that his name is Caleb; he is a collier, and lives among the hills; let the horse go and you will be sure to find him."

The man seemed to be under the same influence as his master, which accounts for his telling Caleb, "God sent it, I believe."

FACTS AND REMARKS.

CONFERENCE OF AUGUST 15.—MR. HOSMER criticised the common proceedings of spiritual conferences. He thought they were too much like the proceedings of the sects. What good had Spiritualism done? True, the very agitation of thought which it had caused had done some good. But has it developed the truth that will save mankind—not in the future, merely, but in the present world? He thought Spiritualists bestowed too much thought on the future, but not enough upon the present world. We must take care of to-day, and the future will take care of itself. Mr. T. Jones cited an answer to the question, What good has Spiritualism done? He said it was given by a young man whom he had met in coming into this room this evening, and who declared that it (Spiritualism) had made him a better and a happier man. Mr. J. spoke of the good influence that Spiritualism had done upon himself in not only making him more cheerful and happy, but more actively philanthropic. He thought that with such evidences of the power of Spiritualism to bless man, we should be content. Dr. GRAY instanced a couple of cases illustrative of the practical value of Spiritualism. The first was that of an old lady, one of his patients, and apparently fatally diseased. "Doctor," said she, "I suppose I am going to die, and I want you to testify to Spiritualists that I leave the world without regret. She had had manifestations in her own house, and testified that since the last evening her Spirit-father had stood sensibly by her side and fanned her. The other case was that of Mr. Levy who had been sick apparently night unto death, but who, though fully sensible of his condition, was calm, joyful, and "firm as a rock," in the prospect of death. Mr. Levy, being present, responded, and said he was not only firm and calm, under the probabilities of approaching death, but that he felt greatly elevated, perfectly reconciled, and like the little child whose simplicity Jesus said should make them resemble in order that we may enter into the kingdom of heaven; and now that he has measurably recovered his health, that feeling still continues with him. Two years ago he was a materialist, and believed in nothing beyond the grave. Ira B. Davis made some remarks relative to points of order which he thought should be observed in our meetings, and then said that Spiritualism had not made him any more kind, and benevolent than he was when a materialist. He thought it possible for an atheist to die with perfect composure. Mr. S. B. BRITTAN, from the suggestion of Mr. Levy's case, spoke of the spiritualizing influence of sickness, and mentioned a fact in his own experience. He said that some nine years ago he had had an attack of bilious fever, and for two weeks of his illness he was entirely insensible to exterior things, though during that time he was in frequent communion with spiritual intelligences whom he still remembers. He was in this way made a Spiritualist. A lady, whose name we did not learn, was then entranced, and a Spirit spoke through her concerning the necessity of such an education in this world as will prepare people to take the step called death. As this education becomes general, the spiritual world, replenished from the earth, will become better qualified to give us truthful communications. J. K. INGALLS spoke of the reformatory powers of Spiritualism.

FIRE PREVENTED AND LIFE SAVED BY SPIRITUAL IMPRESSION.—As decisive a case of spiritual impression as has come to our knowledge for some time, is related in the August number of the *Phrenological Journal*, by Mr. Zadock Hubbell, of Mount Kisco, Westchester Co., N. Y. It is to the effect that on the morning of the first of May last, he awoke between the hours of one and two, with an irresistible impression on his mind that he must rise and go forthwith to the Harlem Railroad depot at New Castle, which was about half a mile distant. It was at the time raining in torrents, and was very dark, and he could not conceive the object of his strange impulse. He was, however, involuntarily impelled to hasten his preparation, and to depart without delay; and as he was proceeding along the road, he found himself, without any voluntary effort on his part, running at the top of his speed. Arriving at the depot he found that all was silent and dark, and nothing seemed to require his interference, or to suggest any explanation of the strange impulse which had brought him there. He stopped not, however, until he arrived at the rear basement of the house of J. S. Hall, Esq. Here he saw a light through the windows, which could not be seen from the front of the house, as there were no windows in front. On a closer examination the basement proved to be on fire, and he had just time to arouse the family and extinguish the flames, and thus save their lives. The fire had originated from a barrel of quicklime which had become wet from the water running into the basement during the heavy rain, and could not, of course, have been exteriorly anticipated by the impressionist or any earthly power.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

DETROIT, August 1, 1854.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

Among the many interesting communications, from all parts of the Union, which have appeared in your valuable paper, none have met my eye dated from Detroit. You will therefore excuse me if I jot down a few circumstances peculiar to this latitude. A few days ago I attended a funeral which was conducted by the Spiritualists. It was the first of the kind at which I was ever present, and the contrast which was presented to other occasions of a like character deeply impressed me. I beheld no countenances about me stamped with the impress of despair, and very few tears were shed. The mother of the sweet child which had departed was entranced and permitted to see "her darling" surrounded by bright Spirits, and crowned with happiness. Mrs. Stone was influenced to speak, and the brave, truth-loving Spirit of Thomas Paine spoke to us in words of sympathy and instruction.

When we came to the grave-side, and the body was lowered into the earth, the Spirit of John Wesley communicated a few beautiful and impressive words and pronounced an appropriate benediction.

In conclusion permit me to state a circumstance of much interest which is connected with the death of this child. While it lay dying, a beautiful canary bird was observed by the mother (Mrs. Herrick) hovering about the open windows, and no sooner had the Spirit of the little sufferer flown to a better land, than the bird fearlessly entered the room and refused to depart:

"We have sent you this beautiful bird," said the Spirits to the weeping mother, "that, beholding it, you may be constantly reminded that your child still lives; that he is with us and is happy. Take it and cherish it for our sakes and his."

How beautiful and touching is this! And what an evidence it affords of the tender, loving nature of the unseen friends who are about us.

I remain, yours in the cause of truth and true religion,

R. M. BROWN.

Roll on thou anthem, ever roll
Thy chorus shout from pole to pole,
And bear upon thy soaring wing
The notes of praise that mortals sing.
And e'er till time no more shall be,
Roll on thou anthem of the sea!

This stirring anthem was written on Thursday, July 18th, 1854, in five minutes.

INVOCATION TO THE SAVIOUR.

The following (doublets) invocation to the Saviour (the subject was not expressed) was written on the 6th of July, within not exceeding seven minutes:

Offering of heaven's Almighty King,
Coequal with the Eternal Sire!
Whose glories from Light's fountain springs,
Whose God-head glows with holy fire;
Behold the gloom of Night decay
Before the lucid eye of Morn,
While distant skies and fields display
What splendors Day's approach adorn!

But oh! untouched by Wisdom's beam,
The soul in error sleeps profound,
And wandering in her sensual dream,
Heeds not the scene of ruin 'round!
Oh! Sun of truth, divinely bright,
Bid Earth's dejected features smile,
Scatter the deadly clouds of Night,
That would our wayward steps beguile.

Bid every passion-storm subside,
And hold the heart's emotions still,
Dissolve the snows of human pride,
Teach us to know and do thy will.

Oh! pour thy sacred influence down,
Let Life's celestial dew be given,
Let deathless flowers on Eden crown,
And Earth become the gem of Heaven!

YOU WONDER WHY!

I copy the following from the original manuscript in the handwriting of the medium, which is now before me. I did not inquire as to the day or time in which it was written:

Gently as the weeping-willow
Sighs responsive to the breeze,
Or the morning zephyrs whisper
To the half-unfolded leaves,
Bonds the chord of kindred Spirits,
Wakeful to each other's strains,
Each the other's impulse sharing,
Knows its joys and feels its pains.

Sweetly as the wind-harp trembles,
Swept by fairy hands unseen,
Where the giant haunts the bowers
In the summer woodlands green,
Speaks the silvery voice confiding,
Breathing through its tranquil tone,
Thoughts whose depth of latent being,
Stirs the fountain of our own.

Fondly as the waking flower,
From the drowsy air of night,
Smiles to greet the pleasant morning
With its cheerfulness and light,
Turns the lonely heart from sadness,
Yielding to the mystic tie,
Which transmits the sweet assurance
That a kindred soul is nigh.

Pure the source, oh! kindred feeling,
Whence thy sweet impulses flow,
Sending hope and joy and gladness,
Man, without thee, ne'er might know.
Thou dost preach of love immortal—
Love beyond the sphere of time;
Thou hast, sure, thy birth in heaven—
Earth is not thy native clime.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

SIXTEENTH PLACE.

In the hush of the evening alone,
A mother sat watching her child,
When a light o'er its fair features shone
And its lips in soft murmuring smiled;
And she listens to each every sigh,
And joy took the place of a tear,
For it talked of the Angels on high
And whispered—My Father is here!

My Father is here!
And her heart grew so calm and serene
As she gazed on the vacant old chair,
Where so often the loved one was seen
For she knew that "his Spirit was there!"
Then she pressed the soft lips of her child,
And felt that an "Angel was near!"
For it woke to her pressure and smiled
And whispered—My Father is here!

Search for the meaning of this (comparatively speaking) fable. It is given under the semblance of a mother's love.

NOTE.—The above was written on Sunday, the 16th of July, 1854, at 1 o'clock P.M., in three minutes. The punctuation and quotation marks are copied from the original.

ADA'S NOTE TO MRS. A.

My kind friend:
It was with mingled feelings of pleasure and almost surprise that I received the more than welcome note from yourself. To your many kind inquiries I am happy to give each a satisfactory answer. I do most surely feel as if I were surrounded by pure and heavenly Spirits. Oh! I do hope that it is not imagination on my part; indeed, I am almost certain it is not. Mamma bids me say she has not heard the whispers of the Angels again, but she prays that she may again hear those exquisite words breathing up the heart—"I will! I will!" If I am inspired to-day (and I do most sincerely hope I will be), I shall certainly hasten to show it (the piece) to you, and receive your comments, for it is very pleasing to myself to see you so enraptured (as it were). Do pardon all faults, and in the expectation of seeing you very soon, I will close.

I am yours, most truly,
ADA.

I may be mistaken as to the importance of the matters here communicated, but not as to the facts. Of the latter I am an eye-and-car-witness—a member of the circle in which Ada was developed. I have exaggerated in nothing, but on the contrary, have related only a few of the leading facts, leaving the rest, and all the circumstances connected with the history of Spiritual Manifestations in Galveston and elsewhere in Texas untold. Physical manifestations produced by Spirit-influence in a series of wonderful examples not surpassed in "modern instances" I could relate; but these compare not, in my view, either in vitality or importance, with the intellectual developments—one instance of which I have here recorded—the remainder rest untold.

Yours truly,
E. A.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Our correspondent refers to Judge Harvey Baldwin, of Syracuse, Henry Sheldon, of this city, and other distinguished gentlemen here and elsewhere, who will vouch for the character and the fidelity of his statements. E. A. will please accept our thanks for these interesting contributions to the *Telegraph*. We shall expect to hear from him again soon, and as often as the nature of the developments or his own inclination may prompt him to write. We send the paper to the parties named by our correspondent.

A BEAUTIFUL IMAGE.—A deaf and dumb person being asked to give a idea of forgiveness, took a pencil and wrote, "It is the sweetness which flowers yield when trampled upon."

Foreign Correspondence.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

London, July 14, 1854.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

It has been my good fortune, during the past year, to meet Dr. John Ashburner several times, in my own rooms, at his own house, and elsewhere, and, inasmuch as his weighty name is intimately associated with many of the most interesting discoveries of our times, and especially with spiritual manifestations, it seems to me it would be especially interesting to the readers of your journal to have some account of the man, in order that they may picture to themselves how he looks, acts, and talks. Nothing interests us so much as a man. Whether "the proper study of mankind is man," or not, our eyes are ever hungry for the sight of those who have in any way distinguished themselves. The truly great have the spontaneous admiration of the world. We need no homilies or hero-worship in order to bend the knee before one endowed with the rare gift of genius. And our curiosity is always commensurate with our respect. The great man can not escape us; neither does he wish to escape us, if in reality he is great—if he has any thing more than the image of greatness without the substance; on the other hand, he invites the gaze of the world, having an unalterable faith in the truths that possess his soul, and in the final judgment of mankind.

I shall make no apology, then, for attempting to draw a portrait of Dr. Ashburner. I shall not attempt to flatter, but shall be as rigidly exact as the structure of my mind and the accuracy of my observations will allow me to be. And if this should ever meet his eye, such is the nobleness of his nature, that he would only pity me for any attempt at flattery, and would be grieved that truth should have less homage than himself.

I am not in possession of any thing like an accurate outline of his personal history. I know that he lost his father fifty-six years ago at Bombay, in India, when he was quite young; that he studied at Dublin University, where he became intimate with the celebrated Professor Macartney; that he has distinguished himself in his profession, having become member of the Royal College of Physicians, Accoucheur to the St. George's and St. James' Dispensary, Physician Accoucheur to the Queen Charlotte's Lying-in-Hospital, Lecturer on Midwifery and the Diseases of Women and Children at St. Thomas' Hospital, in London; that he has written highly esteemed medical treatises; that he has translated the celebrated work of the Baron Von Reichenbach, adding notes of his own quite as curious and profound as the original itself. He now resides in the "West End" of London, where he has a fine practice and holds an enviable position in society.

To receive a friendly visit from Dr. Ashburner is a rare pleasure. The first visit I received from him gave me an impression of the man that several subsequent interviews have confirmed. His manner is at once simple and courteous. He exhibits no offensive self-consciousness; that is always sure to defeat its own end. He retires behind the noble truths that he eloquently utters, and seems more desirous of winning respect for them than admiration for himself. The current topics of conversation with him are the great laws of science and the eternal facts of mind.

No wonder, then, that in a community especially conventional, he has met with opposition, and has had to face pitiless storms of calumny. With a mind so constituted that it naturally gravitates toward the true in itself, it has been impossible for him to be satisfied with mere forms to accept the shell without any regard to the substance within. With an organization ennobling him—even compelling him—to seek the first truth, the first beautiful, and the first good, how could he busy himself with mere tradition and hearsay? It has been with him a necessity to think and act for himself. Conventionality speedily takes vengeance on originality. It laughed at Fulton, shook Copernicus over the devil's pit of an Inquisition, and crucified Christ. Dr. Ashburner, for desiring to freely think and freely act, has been eternally persecuted by those members of the profession who never can go beyond precedent, who eat dust from the soiled hand of custom. Not only has he been vilely misrepresented in private and in public, but attempts have been made to bribe his own servants to testify against his private character.

Yet such is the nobility of his mind and moral nature that, in the midst of such persecutions, he has not lost his serenity of temper and his faith in the upward tendency of humanity. "It may be wisdom," he says, "not to be too soft and credulous, but depend upon it, the statistics of the existence of rogues and knavery in society, and the relative proportions they bear to honesty, will not bear out the proposition that it is wiser to suspect every man to be a knave until you have proved him to be honest. The world may be bad enough in morals, but unless there were a great deal more of good than of evil in the human heart—in the human brain, I should say—society would not hold together as it does. I know no man who has been hit so hard by the villainy and knavery of his brethren as I have myself been; and yet, attributing much to the influence of bad circumstances operating upon the bad moral organizations it has been my misfortune to meet with in medical life, I should be sorry to come to the conclusion that my worst enemies were not to be far more pitied than blamed."

Such noble sentiments are not expressed merely for the public eye. His deeds answer well to his mind and heart. Much to the injury of his professional reputation, he embraced the truths of mesmerism, and advocated them with the dignity and modesty of a great man. When the new and wonderful truths unfolded by the strange experiments of the Baron Von Reichenbach were published to the world, he not only accepted them regardless of all personal loss, but spent many laborious months in rendering into English a book that has justly become so celebrated. And the same large, candid nature made him open for the reception of any truths that might be contained in "Spiric-rappings." His own account of his first experience in spiritual communications is so characteristic of the man that I can not omit it here, although many of your readers may have seen it before.

"I had always regarded," he says, "the class of phenomena relating to ghosts and spirits as matter too occult for the present state of our knowledge. I had not facts enough for any hypothesis but that which engaged for them a place among optical phantoms connected in some way with the poetical creations of our organs of ideality and wonder, and my hope and expectations always pointed to the direction of phrenology for the solution of all the difficulties connected with the subject. As to the rappings, I had witnessed enough to be aware that those who were not deceiving others were deceiving themselves; and there really exists on our planet a number of persons who are subject to the double falling of character. Having been invited by a friend to his house in Manchester Square, in order to witness the Spirit-manifestations in the presence of Mrs. Hayden, my good friend can testify that I went expecting to witness the same class of transparent absurdities I had previously witnessed with other persons described to me as media. I went in any but a credulous frame of mind; and having, while a gentleman was receiving a long communication from his wife, whom he had lost, under melancholy circumstances of childhood, some years ago, watched Mrs. Hayden most attentively, and with the severest scrutiny, I finally satisfied myself that the raps were not produced by her, for they indicated letters of the alphabet, which, written down in succession, constituted words, forming a deeply interesting letter, couched in tender and touching terms, respecting the boy to which that eloquent mother had given birth when she departed from this world. If Mrs. Hayden could have had any share in the production of that charming and elegant epistle, she must be a most marvelous woman, for during a good part of the time that the raps were indicating to the gentleman the letters of the communication, I was purposely engaging her in conversation. The gentleman would not himself point to the letters of the alphabet lest his mind should in any way interfere with the result; and, therefore, he requested the lady of the house to point to the letters for him, while her husband, seated at another part of the table, wrote down each letter indicated by the raps on a piece of paper.

"I was now kindly requested to take my turn at the table, and having successfully placed myself in various chairs, in order that I might narrowly watch Mrs. Hayden in all her proceedings, I at last seated myself, relatively to her, in such a position as to feel convinced that I could not be deceived; and, in fact, I was at last obliged to conclude that it was weakness or folly to suspect her of any fraud or trickery."

The appearance of the doctor corresponds well with his character. He is rather above the ordinary size, compactly and powerfully made. His head is very large, well-proportioned, and very high. His whole look would indicate that with him to speak truth and live truth is a necessity as well as choice. He is apparently about sixty-five years of age, and his kindly and grave manner inspire at once benevolence and respect.

Dr. Ashburner has himself become a writing medium, receiving from

time to time communications from his father, from Professor Macartney, and others. Some of these he has read to me. Those from his father, especially, are exceedingly beautiful and full of wisdom. I have often urged him to make some of them public property, but the Spirits do not permit him as yet. May the privilege soon be granted, when we may have a worthy companion to the book of Judge Edmonds.

VIATOR.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Arnold, and other Poems. By J. R. ORTON. New York: Partridge & Brittan.

The above volume has been issued and on our desk some days, and though our delay in noticing it has been undesigned, we are rather glad thereof, as opportunity is now given us to say a word of the very unjust manner in which it has been reviewed by a portion of the press. Mr. Orton is a hard-working man, and a member of the editorial profession, which he has labored in faithfully and acceptably about a quarter of a century. He formerly conducted a journal at Binghamton, N. Y., and is now attached to the press of our city. It was during his first editorial career that the poems embraced in his volume were composed, many of the brief ones finding their way to the public eye and heart through the leading literary journals and magazines. The well-tested popularity of a number of these wails, which have floated and lived amid the wreck of much more pretentious literature for years, caused his literary friends, from time to time, to urge their collection in a substantial form. The leading poem, a tragedy, entitled "Arnold," based upon the well-known events in that traitor's career, and occupying the larger part of the volume of one hundred and fifty pages, had never before been put in print, but it had been submitted to well-known critics, who pronounced it highly meritorious, and advised its publication. Prevailed on by these pleas of his friends, as well as by a desire to recover his pieces from the mutilation incident to a long run through the newspapers, Mr. Orton decided to publish a volume—his first, but we hope not his last—and his relationship to the craft of letters should have secured him at least a candid hearing from the press. That he has not been thus heard, nor even read in some cases, is evident from the verdict of his critics, who hasten to pronounce his poems void of any and every merit, without giving the shortest poem or line to prove the reasonableness of their judgment.

We have found, after a long and somewhat close observation of the manner of modern critics, that they fancy it smart and popular to cry down all literary efforts, beyond certain favorite circles, as "trash," "stuff," and all that sort of thing, and no doubt many of the coarcted shallow-pates find that a much easier way to dispose of a book than to carefully digest it and render a faithful judgment. We have come to take it quite for granted that a book thus dispatched has not been read by the critic. After a careful and, because of the peculiar circumstances, a more than usually careful reading of Mr. Orton's poems, we have found the sweeping condemnation of it almost utterly false. Mr. O. makes no pretensions to being a Shakespeare, a Milton, or a Shelley, but having a soul of song, and a fountain of simple, earnest melody and sentiment to utter, he has yielded himself to his paramount spirit. And, by the way, the fact that Mr. Orton is an earnest "Spiritualist" may have influenced judgment against him. Some of our secular and religious press-folk fancy that Spiritualists can say or do no good thing. But it happens that Mr. Orton's volume is made up of utterances having no direct reference to Spiritualism, further than that their morality and teachings are high and pure, and therefore in accord with Spiritualism. They were all written prior to his adhesion to the new faith.

We have not space to give extended quotations, and shall pass the tragedy, with the remark that it is highly artistic in plot, faithful in its characters and incidents, and pervaded by patriotic sentiment. Tragedy has been called, with how much justice we shall not pretend to say, superior to the Epic form of poetry even—in short, the highest form. That it is the most difficult, we can readily believe—and to have written a fair tragedy, as Mr. Orton has done, ought to be satisfactory to him, whatever flippant criticism may say. Among his shorter pieces are many that have the true ring and sparkle, and some that will long outlive the lives and memories of most of Mr. Orton's critics. The song to "The Broken Lyre" is very beautiful, so much so that we quote it entire:

THE BROKEN LYRE.

I have not struck my broken lyre
So long, its tones are strange to me;
Yet music's spell of holy fire
Is on me as it used to be.
I could have sung, but would not sing;
And yet, have sometimes woe to fling
My hand upon its strings,
And wake the sounds which sleep so long,
And find in gentle realms of song
The calm that music brings.

Welcome! thrice welcome to me now;
I take thee to my heart again,
My ancient lyre; and I will bow,
And woo thy soft consoling strain.
I will not part again from thee,
If through my hand thy light to me
Through this drear waste below;
And thou shalt cheer the passing hour,
And sometimes drop a fragrant flower
Along the path I go.

And if the beautiful, the bright,
Thou'lt show to me, of earth and air,
The coral depths of ocean light,
The grand, the gentle, and the fair,
And raise me on some music's wings,
I'll try to mend thy broken strings—
Rekindle up thy fire;
For the cold splendor of the earth
Can give me nothing that is worth
The music of my lyre.

And the song to "The Strawberry"—

O the red, red strawberry!
Give me the berry of June—
Its nectar is sweeter than juice of the grape,
Its pulp, than the royal prune.

is an exquisite bit, which the reader of the volume will not fail to enjoy. Three of four Sonnets in the volume are full of fine sentiment, expressed with a nice sense of the artist, on which the Sonnet depends much for excellence. "Music," an ode, containing lines not unworthy Dryden's ode to St. Cecilia's Day, is another of Mr. Orton's best efforts; and "My Brown Italian," and two or three poems addressed, evidently, by the poet to his child, are tender-thoughted and melodious. But one of the poems that most stirred us, and one that has found abundant favor with the public, and will live generations hence, is the subjoined, with which we must close our quotations at this time:

A SONG FOR THE MILLION—A PRAYER FOR US ALL.

God of the mountain, God of the storm,
God of the flowers, God of the worm;
Hear us as we kneel low,
Pledge us, O God, to thee!

Breathe on our spirits thy love and thy healing,
Teach us content with thy fatherly dealing—
Teach us to love thee,
To love another, brother his brother,
And make us all free—

Free from the shackles of ancient tradition,
Free from the curse of man for his neighbor;
Help us each one to fulfill his true mission,
And show us 'tis mainly, 'tis Godlike to labor!

God of the darkness, God of the sun,
God of the beautiful, God of each one;
Clothe us and feed us,
Illumine us and lead us!

Show us that avarice holds us in thrall—
That the land is all thine, and thou givest to all.
Scatter our blindness;
Help us to do right, all the day and night—
To love mercy and kindness;

Aid us to conquer mistakes of the past;
Show us our future, to cheer us and arm us,
The upper, the better, the mansions thou hast;
And God of the grave! that the grave can not harm us.

Fruit and Farinacea the Proper Food of Man. By JOHN SMITH. With Notes and Illustrations by R. T. TRALL, M.D. New York: FOWLER & WELLS. From the Second London Edition.

It required no volume to convince us of the truth sought to be established by the above work, to wit, that lives upon fruit and farinacea are healthier, happier, and better developed in every respect than those that eat meat. We have been, almost life-long, convinced of this fact, and that, too, from personal experience and observation. We were never in the dilemma of the fellow who wanted meat-food to sustain his bones,

fancying they would "give out" on vegetables, for we believe that oxen and horses contrive to keep up their bones on vegetable matter. But to those who have not reflected, nor investigated in relation to the subject, this volume affords conclusive evidence of the superior value of fruits, grains, and vegetables for human food. The whole question is thoroughly discussed, and many illustrations are given to render the argument clear. John Smith, the author of the work, is no mythological person, but a genuine man, of eminent ability for the discussion of the topic in hand. In addition to his multitudinous facts, the American editor, Dr. Trall, a distinguished Hydropath, has appended much valuable matter, and the Messrs. Fowler & Wells have issued the volume in the handsomest manner. It will be found highly interesting, as well as useful reading.

DR. DODDRIDGE'S DREAM.

Dr. Doddridge had been spending the evening with his friend Dr. Watts. The conversation had been concerning the future existence of the soul. Long and earnestly they pursued the theme, and both came to the conclusion (rather a remarkable one, for theologians of that day to arrive at) that it could not be they were to sing to all eternity; that each soul must necessarily be an individual, and have its appropriate employment for thought and affection. As Doddridge walked home, his mind brooded over these ideas, and took little cognizance of outward matters. In this state he laid his head upon his pillow and fell asleep. He dreamed that he was dying. He saw his weeping friends round his bedside, and wanted to speak to them, but could not. Presently there came a nightmare sensation. His soul was about to leave his body; but how could it get out? More and more anxiously rose the query, how could it get out? This uneasy state passed away, and he found that his soul had left his body. He himself stood beside the bed looking at his own corpse, as if it was an old garment laid aside as useless. His friends wept round the mortal covering, but could not see him.

While he was reflecting upon this, he passed out of the room, he knew not how, but presently he found himself floating over London, as if piloted on a cloud borne by gentle breezes. Far below him, the multitude were hurrying hither and thither, like rats and mice scampering for crumbs.

"Ah!" thought the emancipated Spirit, "how worse than foolish appears this foolish serenade! For what do they toil, and what do they obtain?"

London passed away beneath him, and he found himself floating over green fields and blooming gardens.

"How is it that I am borne through the air?" thought he. He looked, and saw a large purple wing, and then he knew that he was carried by an angel.

"Whither are we going?" said he.

"To heaven," was the reply.

He asked no more questions, but remained in delicious quiescence, as if they floated on a strain of music. At length they paused before a white marble temple of exquisite beauty. The angel lowered his flight and gently placed him on the steps.

"I thought you were taking me to heaven," said he to the Spirit.

"This is heaven," replied the angel.

"This!" Assuredly this temple is of rare beauty, but I could imagine just such built on earth."

"Nevertheless, it is heaven," replied the angel.

They entered a room just within the temple. A table stood in the center, on which was a golden vase filled with sparkling wine.

"Drink of this," said the angel, offering the vase, "for all who would know spiritual things, must first drink of spiritual wine."

Scarcely had the ruby liquid wet his lips, when the Saviour of men stood behind him, smiling most benignly. The Spirit instantly dropped on his knees and bowed down his head before Him. The holy hands of the Purest were folded over him in blessing, and his voice said,

"You will see me seldom now; hereafter you will see me more frequently. In the mean time, observe well the wonders of this temple."

The sound ceased. The Spirit remained awhile in silence. When he raised his head, the Saviour no longer appeared. He turned to ask the angel what this could mean, but the angel had departed also—the soul stood alone in its own unveiled presence!

"Why did the Holy One tell me to observe well the wonders of this temple?" thought he.

He looked slowly around. A sudden start of joy and wonder! There, painted on the walls, in most marvelous beauty, stood the whole of his spiritual life. Every doubt, and every clear perception, every conflict and every victory were there before him! and though forgotten for years, he knew them at a glance. Even thus had a sunbeam pierced the darkest cloud, and thrown a rainbow bridge from the finite to the infinite; thus had he slept peacefully in a green valley, by the side of running brooks, and such had been his visions from the mountain tops. He knew them all. They had been always painted within the chambers of his soul, but now for the first time was the veil removed.

To those who think on spiritual things, this remarkable dream is too deeply and beautifully significant ever to be forgotten.

"We shape ourselves the joy and fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade."

"Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here,
And, painted on the eternal wall,
The past shall reappear."

A VOICE FROM ARKANSAS.

HILLSBORO, ARKANSAS, July 25, 1854.

MESSES. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:
Gents—Under the caption of "Higher Laws" in the TELEGRAPH of the 8th July, I was pained to find the advocacy of doctrines which I conceive to be at war with the existing bond of union of the good people of these United States.

The recognition of African slavery in the original compact was the *quid pro quo*, without which the Constitution never would have been ratified by the slave-holding sovereignties.

The fact, then, is obvious, that as long as the Constitution remains unchanged by the people, there is no place which may be urged that can release an officer from the plain obligation of his oath. I am in favor of legitimate progression in all directions, but wish to wash my hands from the lawless schemes and machinations of fanaticism, from what direction sever it may come.

If our Constitution were not amendable, then there would be some show of reason for such lawless opposition; but such is not the case, it is amendable, and carries in its own bosom the means for its expurgation and purification. Let us, then, instead of justifying officers in perjury, say to them that there is no law sufficiently high to deliver them from the legitimate consequences of such iniquitous action. I am an apologist for African slavery. And, first—for the reason that it is a link in the chain of development; and, second—that the institution, as it exists at the South, is the best and only school in which they can be effectually taught civilization.

I would suggest to Northern fanatics that they look at home. Let them take the beam out of their own eyes, and then shall they see clearly to take the mote from our eyes. I would also recommend that if they are so much dissatisfied with our bond of union that they can not conscientiously fulfill its requirements, that they seecede from it; this they have a perfect right to do.

Let fanaticism stand off, it is above the Constitution, and should have no place among a law-abiding people. You will confer a special favor by inserting this in the TELEGRAPH.

Truly yours,

E. L. COLEMAN.

SPIRITUALLY BORN.

SULLIVAN, INDIANA, August 11, 1851.

On the 27th day of July, A. D. 1854, DANIEL J. COMBS passed out of this tenement of clay into a spiritual body and the glorious liberty of the sons of God. He was born a faithful believer in the heavenly Harmonical Philosophy. He has passed in advance of an affectionate wife and fatherless one to mourn his absence; but they should not weep as those that have but faint hopes, for we are all tending to a higher mode of existence. Death is but the door to a more interior and sublime life. We know not the moment of time we may be called upon by that divine law of attraction to bid our dearest friends a transient adieu for the mansions above. Therefore, let us all live a pure, honest, and upright life, and when our moment has come, we can smile in the face of death, and say, "Oh, where is thy sting?" and ascend the divine ladder of God to the society of our dearest ones in a more elevated sphere.

W. B. S. COMBS.

Original Communications.

PROMOTION AND POETRY.

Since Miss Ball, of Troy, was abruptly dismissed from a place which she had filled with honor to herself and advantage to the community, she seems likely to attract attention by the development of the latent powers of genius, as will appear from the subjoined poem. If not directly inspired by some immortalized human intelligence, Miss B. certainly *has*, in herself, a fine perception of the beautiful; and a poetic imagination of sufficient vigor to merit respect and admiration. "THE ANGEL VISITANT" is very sweet, flowing, and artistic verse, warmed and enlivened by a delicate, womanly feeling, and strengthened, as it appears to us, from the source of the divine afflatus. Miss Ball is young, and if this effort may be regarded as a prophecy of her future success, she will one day have a name and place among the accredited Female Poets of this country. She can well afford to be removed from the school-room by her foolish persecutors, to be honored with a seat in the temple of the Muses.—Ed.

MR. EDITOR:

Sitting alone one day, I turned suddenly around, with the impression that some one was coming, and thought I saw a shadow as of light by the open door; as there was nothing to cause it, I presumed it to be an illusion, when I was instantly filled with such a heavenly glow of happiness that I really felt as though in the presence of some bright and beautiful being. Under this influence I wrote the following. It is a beautiful thought that Spiritualism realizes the poet's brightest dreams:

THE ANGEL VISITANT.

Whence that glimmering so sweetly,
Softly stealing through the door?
And the patter so gently
As of footsteps on the floor!
And why fleeth it so swiftly,
And why cometh it no more!

RESPONSE.

'Tis a gold-tipped wing, whose coming
Throws its shadow 'cross the door,
And it makes a gentle rustling
As it sweeps along the floor,
Bearing love, an angel's blessing
Resting on thee evermore.

TO THE SPIRIT.

Gentle Spirit! well I know thee,
For a fragrance thou hast thrown
All around, and in, and through me—
'Tis a fragrance not my own;
For it hath a sweetness holy,
Such as earth hath never known.

RESPONSE.

On a cloud of incense floating,
By the breezes borne along,
Speed I to the couch of suffering,
Murm'ring low a pleasant song,
And I dropped a smile in passing—
May it tarry with thee long.

TO THE SPIRIT.

Glorious being! nothing earthly
With such joy could fill my frame,
For, like raindrops falling gently,
All carelessly it came.
Oh! I love thee, Spirit, dearly,
And I fain would learn thy name.

RESPONSE.

Where the air with love is glowing,
Waving o'er a happy throng,
Where sweet melody is flowing
Like a river deep and strong,
There, they know me as "the loving,
Gentle-hearted child of song."

TO THE SPIRIT.

Presence bright! renew thy visit,
It has made my heart grow strong;
May I dwell with thee, fair Spirit,
Mingle with the happy throng
In that blest land, and inherit
All thy love and all thy song!

RESPONSE.

By the ship of truth when sinking
Canst thou firmly, boldly stand!
To the outcast, the despairing,
Freely lend the helping hand,
Scolds and taunts alike unheeding—
Then thou'rt welcome! join our band.

NELINDA A. BALL.

Troy, N. Y., July 16, 1854.

REASON AND REVELATION.

As there seems to be a continual discussion between the advocates of the old orthodox theology and the progressives, in relation to the primary authority of Reason and Revelation in matters of conscience or religion, suppose we examine the questions a little, and peradventure we shall find it like many other questions connected with theology, mainly arising out of the difference in the plane of thought and experience of the disputants. It is now perhaps generally admitted that man is a kind of a compound being, partaking of two natures, very different in their manifestations, nay, generally (though erroneously) supposed to be opposite.

As man occupies the confines of two spheres of existence, let us inquire into the elementary principles which constitute the individual man. In the first place, we find him endowed with all the animal instincts necessary to the existence of himself and the procreation of his species, in common with the rest of the animal creation. In addition we find him in the possession of other faculties, apparently in advance of all other animal organisms, which we denominate mental or spiritual, and out of which is produced Reason. Hence Reason is the distinctive attribute of man.

But what are the elements of Reason? and why does the reason of one man differ so widely from the reason of another? Simply because of the different combination of the same elements in those individuals. We have said that reason is the distinctive attribute of man; hence the reason of each and every man must necessarily be the reflection or image of the man. Hence we can not reasonably expect an agreement in the actions or opinions of two men, one of whom is almost altogether under the control of his animal passions or instincts, and whose spiritual faculties are but partially or imperfectly developed; and the other of whom controls those instincts and directs them to the fulfillment of their objects and ends. Hence we perceive that reason is also a compound of animal instincts and the corresponding spiritual faculties, being vitalized and illuminated by the light which is being constantly inspired from the great Luminary or Creator of all things. Hence the inspiration of this light, passing through the medium of man's spiritual faculties, and partaking or imbuing more or less of the animal instincts, constitutes the revelation to each and every particular man in this sphere of human existence.

Thus if we will compare the conduct of those two differently-constituted or developed individuals, in the event of any aggression on their persons or property by a fellow-man, we shall soon discover why they act so differently. The former being the more under the influence of the physical instincts, is intent on protecting and defending all that pertains to or is necessary to, his physical existence, which it must be conceded, he has the natural right to do, and is, moreover, perfectly justifiable for him, taking into the account his state of spiritual development. Indeed, it is all that he is capable of doing; whereas the other regards the physical wants, or even the physical existence, in a minor

and secondary point of view, and is intent on fulfilling his duties to enlighten his fellow man, and, if need be, become a martyr for the benefit of his race. Hence it is likely that any exhortation, which the latter could bestow on the former, urging him to come up to a higher rule of action, or plane of thought than the mere physical instincts, would be but imperfectly understood or comprehended. But the elevated position of the latter can only be attained by the former by slow and gradually progressive advances, as the spiritual intelligence can only comprehend one fact or truth as the preparative fact or truth has been digested and appropriated.

If the above reasoning is sound, which it appears to be to my reason, then it seems to harmonize in a great degree the various and apparently conflicting opinions now entertained by honest and intelligent men, on subjects relating to duty, or the disputed points of theology; and, for the foregoing, the following propositions seem to result, viz:

1st. That inspiration is not an incident or a peculiar gift to any man or class of men, or confined to any age or generation of men, but a permanent fact, an essential element in the constitution of "MAN," in a greater or less degree, according to certain conditions irrespective of the opinions of the recipient.

2d. That reason is the distinctive attribute of man, and constitutes the only medium by which a revelation can be transmitted to the human understanding. Hence, where there is no reason there can be no revelation.

3d. That the reason of each and every man is the true shadow or image of the spiritual development of that man.

4th. That as man is made up partly of the passions, propensities, and instincts necessary to the material or physical organism, which are consequently changing and perishable, and partly of the corresponding spiritual faculties necessary to the spiritual growth and existence, and consequently eternal; hence there must of necessity be as many phases, or forms of reason as there are men. Thus what may appear to be altogether reasonable to one man, is altogether unreasonable to another.

5th. That the Scriptures, as they stand, present a great diversity of phase or form of reason, as reflected by the media or instruments through whom they were given forth.

6th. That the revelations, as recorded in the Scriptures, partake of the imperfections of the media or instruments of conveyance through whom the inspiration were communicated to the world; and the degree of purity of the revelation is the direct result of the phase or form of the reason of the medium or instrument.

7th. That this is a certain result, and attaches itself to every species of revelation, and to every age and dispensation of the world.

8th. That the inspiration imparted to every man directly within himself, that is through the medium of his own reason, must, and should be, the primary standard, and is the only reliable authority by which to try every proposition presented to his mind, whether it relates to duty or opinion.

9th. That the recent "spiritual manifestations" have furnished a key by which many facts heretofore regarded as miracles (or not believed at all), as related in the Scriptures, now can be unlocked, and rendered amissible to the reason of many men, without doing violence to our rational faculties or mental perceptions.

10th. That in our intercourse with our fellow-men we should be careful not to let any difference of opinion that may exist (not accompanied with acts bearing on our own natural rights) to interfere with our social duties; and after stating our belief on any subject, we should be willing to leave it for the consideration of any who may choose to examine it, and should be slow to attack the notions of those who may differ from us, on what we may suppose to be subjects of vital importance. Finally, "Let brotherly love continue." EBENEZER HANCE.

MORRISVILLE, Aug. 5, 1854.

LETTER FROM WARREN CHASE.

JACKSON, MICHIGAN, Aug. 9, 1854.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN:

I have now been two weeks in the Peninsular State, have lectured at Battle Creek,

Interesting Miscellany.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

Walk with the Beautiful and with the Grand,
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her;
Walk with the beautiful.

I hear thee say, "The Beautiful! what is it?"
O, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure
'Tis no long, weary road its form to visit,
For thou canst make it smile beside thy door;
Then love the beautiful.

Ay, love it; 'tis a sister that will bless,
And teach thee patience when the heart is lonely;
The angels love it, for they wear its dress,
And thou art made a little lower only;
Then love the beautiful.

Sigh for it; clasp it when 'tis in the way!
Be its idolater, as of a maiden!
Thy parents bent to it, and more than they,
Be thou its worshiper. Another Eden
Comes with the beautiful.

DOCTRINES AND PROPHECIES OF SPIRITS.

The following will be read with interest by those who are collating and comparing the different and often antagonistic doctrinal utterances now coming from the spiritual world. The declarations therein embodied have at least the merit of a bold definiteness, and are somewhat striking in other respects. In consequence of the somewhat crowded state of our columns, we are unable to give the article of our fair correspondent in full, but select from it the points which we deem of the greatest importance and of the most general interest. The Spirit of her brother being in communication with her, she records his declarations, and those of other Spirits, as follows:

He says the slaves will be liberated in six years; that the European war will continue two years; and that the kingdom of God will come with power and great glory. He tells me that he is in the sixth of the celestial spheres; that the sixth of the celestial spheres is the highest happiness to which the inhabitants of this earth attain; that Jesus Christ is above all; that he was God manifest in the flesh, and that he is king over all. He says he has visited the planets Mercury, Venus, Mars, and Jupiter; that the language of the inhabitants of Mercury and Venus is like ours, but the language of the inhabitants of Mars and Jupiter is different; that the people of Jupiter are now perfect, but once were sinners; also, that the first man that inhabited this earth was Adam; that the Spirits at Mr. J. Koons', in Ohio, are a band of Spirits from Mercury, and that they have come here to earth to do us good. He says the sun is a globe of fire; that all the planets will ultimately be drawn to the sun, and be burned with fire; that those of the first and second of the terrestrial spheres will share the same fate, while those of the celestial spheres will escape; and that the sun is the essence of the great Father of us all. He tells me all the Spirits in the sixth sphere are united as one to establish on earth the church of Christian liberty.

Through these manifestations many prophecies have been uttered which are yet to be fulfilled. I have conversed with Spirits of the fourth, fifth, and sixth of the celestial spheres. They say that all there agree in matters of importance; that Jesus Christ teaches them, and that he also teaches me. They all say that the millennium commenced with the Christmas preceding 1848, and that this is the reason why Spirits now communicate with us. Since the commencement of 1848 I have been crying millennium! millennium! and in return receiving contempt of the world; which I had rather endure in the cause of truth and righteousness, than to meet the applause of the wicked multitude. The Spirits tell us the wicked will never be happy; which does not mean that wickedness will never be destroyed, but signifies that sin and misery ever go hand in hand.

These heavenly messengers teach us that there are two terrestrial spheres which are abodes of misery; and that these correspond to what Jesus called hell; that in the first of these spheres, having left the natural body they are not in communication with the living, but are in silence, and must remain there in chains of darkness till the millennium is over, when they will be raised to life through Christ, and will be made anew and as perfect as those that are now members of Jerusalem. Those that are in the second of the terrestrial spheres can communicate with us. A woman from this sphere has communicated with me. She said she was poisoned by her husband, and that the reason why she is in this sphere was because she did not have faith in Christ; that she now could have faith, but it would do her no good. She expected to be always miserable. The Spirits teach us that by the sufferings and resurrection of Christ we are enabled to enter the celestial spheres through faith in him; that the doctrine of the atonement, as taught in the New Testament, is correct, and that the Bible should be the guide of Spiritualists.

Yours, in the cause of truth,

CHARLOTTE H. SHEPARD.

VAN ELLENVILLE, CHEMUNG CO., N. Y.

ERROR AND ITS REMEDY.

I perceive in the TELEGRAPH a prophecy, purporting to come from the Spirit of Washington, forecasting trouble to the Republic from Catholicism. From the fact that Spirits, to a great extent, continue their error in the next life, I should judge these communications to emanate from some ranting divine, who, in the form, was so wont to denounce for opinion's sake, that he finds it difficult to check his intolerance even now; and to give greater force to his proclamation, he assumes the names of those whose images are most deeply impressed upon our hearts.

That error exists—that vigilance is necessary to prevent a repetition of past injustice—we do not question. But is Catholicism the only error, and are the grounds of fear real or imaginary? We think not. Supposing either of the sects—the largest of which does not number over 2,000,000—or all combined (4,700,000 in all), should purpose taking things in their own hands, how supremely ridiculous would the attempt prove! With a population of 28,000,000 of generally educated and liberal people, regarding justice and law, and having both on their side, we should suppose nothing more ridiculous than the attempt alluded to. There is a right way of overcoming error, and Spiritualists should endeavor to find it out. Intolerance and bigotry are never lessened, but strengthened, when opposed by intolerance and bigotry. Abuse error and its abettors are made more harmonious and united in its defense—you but strengthen what you would destroy. Would you melt the iceberg with cold currents, or bring to bear upon its solid front the Southern sun? Truth is a sun, before whose influence, undisturbed, the frozen mountains of error must in time dissolve.

Here, in this heaven-blessed land, there is enough truth to eradicate, by its own inherent power, every error. Blended with light and intelligence, the twin powers of charity and association, if it does not in a short time totally destroy it, must render it at least tolerantly inoffensive. If a brother err, shall we revile him? If he differ from us, shall we crucify him? Rather with a friendly eye, an extended hand, a heart of love, most and reason with him. And as well may we attempt the storming of Sibiria with spit-balls, as to disturb error from its prejudiced position by reason, without arming ourselves, also, with a goodly share of the milk of human kindness.

A. C. M'C.

PHILADELPHIA, July 8, 1854.

Nikolai of Russia will not allow any Bible societies in his empire, though formerly they were encouraged and assisted in their establishment. The Czar says that he has discovered that they all are connected with political movements. In political matters, he thinks he is able himself, like all autocrats, to determine what is for the good of his subjects.

Farmer's Department.

PREPARATION OF THE SOIL.

PUTTING IN OF GRAIN CROPS.

BY H. C. VAIL.

The season for putting in grain crops is rapidly approaching, and we deem it not out of place to make some suggestions as to modes of preparing the soil, etc. To many of our readers these hints will not appear novel, and as to methods of sowing, use of drill, etc., our Western friends are already well aware of such recent improvements. There are districts, however, in which the grain drill, subsoil plow, and special manures have not become as "familiar as household words," and where the advantage to be derived from their use is often questioned. We hope to treat the subject in such a manner as to convince many farmers, who are now doubting, of their utility.

We shall consider the subject in hand under the heads of mechanical and manual preparation of soil, and what may be denominated the protective benefits arising from such treatment, and from mulching. MECHANICAL PREPARATION OF THE SOIL. Every intelligent farmer must be aware of the fact that he plows for the purpose of disintegrating the soil, admitting new quantities of atmosphere and water for the preparation of the food of plants, and to present new surfaces to be attacked by their roots. He knows that unless the constituents of plants locked up in particles of soil be liberated, that his crops will be light; and he also knows that the chemical action for the decomposition of bodies, by atmospheric or external agencies of any kind, can only take place on the surface, hence it is that stirring the soil previous to putting in a crop is so beneficial. This also explains why two, three, or more plowings, in many cases, prove more valuable in final results than one. Those who are guided by tradition, old fashions, or their demi-god, which they term experience—but which in reality is contracted observation—usually stir the soil partially to a depth of four or six inches; whereas our more thorough farmers plow eight, ten, or twelve inches, and run the subsoil plow fifteen or twenty inches below the bottom of the furrow turned by the surface plow.

The admitted benefits of plowing may be tabulated thus:

1. It disintegrates particles, and presents new surfaces to the roots of plants.
2. It admits the air, containing carbonic acid, which acts upon the surface of particles, and liberates the food of plants.
3. It allows the admission of water to dissolve the elements thus released.
4. It permits the free extension of the feeding roots of plants; and
5. By admitting the atmosphere, rains, and dews freely, brings the organic elements in the form of carbonic acid and ammonia, in a position favorable to their appropriation.

In most soils, plowed at ordinary depths, crops are apt to suffer from the effects of drought, and increased depths on all soils are favorable to the prevention of such evil results. The roots of plants are also afforded a more considerable range, and the chances for a full crop are therefore considerably greater.

It is necessary, however, to keep in view the important fact that there are many soils which are not fitted for a sudden change in the depth of plowing; for instance, such as have a cold, clayey subsoil can not be changed into a general surface soil so rapidly as a warm alluvial deposit; hence it is good practice to deepen it from one half to one inch at each successive plowing, thus giving time to the atmospheric agencies to ameliorate its condition. But here subsoiling steps in and renders an efficient aid. As the subsoil plow follows the surface plow in the same furrow, merely elevating and loosening the under strata of soil, and not turning it over, no injury is done by presenting a surface unfriendly to vegetation in the place of a fertile soil, as in the case in deep plowing; but the atmosphere is admitted, rains and dews descend loaded with fertilizing matters, and gradually alter the character of the subsoil so that deep plowing may be practiced with safety. The roots of plants will, upon close observation, be found ramifying throughout the subsoil, and by their decay add to the amount of organic matter it contains. It must be evident, therefore, that deep and subsoil plowing should be practiced on all soils of a fair agricultural capacity, and for all crops. Many crops of corn, wheat, etc., have gone through long seasons of drought where deep and subsoil plowing have been practiced, without any evil effects arising therefrom: while on the same quality of soil plowed at ordinary depths only, they have totally failed; in short, we feel warranted in asserting, that by the proper preparation of the soil we may almost defy any season or change of weather. Subsoiling almost entirely prevents the winter-killing of grain and grass; coupled with under-draining it will prove entirely effectual. Where soils are heavily charged with water, the constant freezing and thawing elevates and expands the surface, and consequently throw up grass and grain, severing their roots in whole or in part, and leaving them so exposed as to result in the injury or death of the plant. Now where under-draining and subsoiling are practiced, the soil neither contains too much nor too little water, hence winter-killing does not occur. Taking the wheat plant as a type, there are two sets of roots: one set thrown out near the surface of the soil, running in an oblique direction, called the coronal or crown roots, the other thrown down as a top root from the seed, and termed seminal roots. The former roots are the ones which throw up extra plants, and are called tillering roots. These throw down fibril or feeding roots corresponding to the seminal roots of the main plant, and when they come in contact with a cold, sour, or compact subsoil, they become unhealthy, unfitted to perform their functions; hence the plant depending on them for support withers and dies.

No farmer who understands the principles of breeding, and who would render the rearing of stock profitable, would stint his young cattle in quantity or quality of food, nor would he confine it in an ill-ventilated pen, where impure air, loaded with poisonous vapors, was alone furnished for respiration, because he understands too well the necessity of favoring the development of the animal in all stages of its growth, but more particularly in the earlier periods of its life. As with the animal so with the plant; it must not only have its legitimate elements presented in a form fit for immediate appropriation, but it must have room for the development of root and branch, for if its mechanical structure be imperfect, it must fail to perfect.

Were the soil fully prepared for grain and grass crops, we should not hear of so many doleful accounts of "wheat winter-killed," "grass and grain crops injured by extreme drought." "The excess of wet this season has caused the destruction of many crops," etc., which daily meet our eyes in the papers.

The benefits of deep, in addition to those given for ordinary plowing are,

1. Presenting a greater surface for the feeding of plants, and facilitating the travel of their roots through the soil.
2. Preventing, in a measure, the ill effects of drought.

Subsoiling claims the following advantages:

1. It disintegrates the subsoil, admits the atmosphere and water, and thus becomes materially altered in its character, so as in time, to become fit to act as surface soil.
2. It permits plants to extend their roots to a store of nourishment for their use, during such seasons as the surface soil is so devoid of moisture as to prevent the possibility of their appropriating materials existing there.
3. In many soils it acts as a partial drain where it reaches a porous subsoil.
4. It prevents winter-killing of grass and grain crops.

Under-draining proves valuable.

1. By removing stagnant waters from the soil, and allowing it to become purified of all acidity which may be inimical to the health of plants.
2. By allowing the free circulation of air, thus bringing its fertilizing gases, and the moisture it contains, within reach of the roots of the crop.
3. By preventing ill effects from drought, on both dry and wet lands. The air, during dry seasons, is loaded with vapor; it is deposited whenever it comes in contact with cold surfaces, as it does when drainage permits it free passage through the soil.
4. By preventing winter-killing of grass and grain crops, in connection with subsoiling. Indeed, the latter may be considered as so many minor under-drains having outlet in the larger, deeper, laid tile-drains.

Such, then, are the main advantages of deep plowing, subsoiling, and under-draining; and if these are not enough to convince any farmer

that he may increase his crop, or reap greater advantages from small areas than he now does, we shall conclude that no argument will be sufficient to accomplish such an object. The statements made above are mere empty assertions, but are founded upon positive experiment and long-continued practice by the first farmers of England and the United States.

ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.—A few evenings ago, as the cars of the Carrollton railroad were approaching the city, a little girl about three years old ran in front of the engine and stopped on the center of the track. The brakeman attempted to stop the engine as soon as the child was perceived, but on and on hurried the iron monster, and just as it was about to crush into the earth the beautiful victim which thus so innocently braved its coming, the strong hand of an athletic child was stretched forth, and at the hazard of another life the young man was delivered.

Loud was the shout of applause from the few who witnessed the daring deed, and in triumph the young man bore the child away and delivered it to its mother. Any attempt to describe a mother's feelings on such an occasion would be more than vain. She felt as a mother alone can feel when the darling of her heart—her only child—is rescued from the very jaws of death; and with an eloquence which no words can convey, she looked and spoke her thanks.

That mother was a widow, young, and fair as the incarnation of a poet's dream; and withal she was blessed with no little of this world's goods; of course she was grateful to the preserver of her child's life, and, as he was poor, she offered to bestow upon him a goodly largess. He, however, refused to accept any reward for doing what he considered to be his duty, and so the matter for the time rested.

Since then an intimacy has sprung up between the young man and the grateful widow, and the result was, that yesterday they went together to Mobile, where the widow's name is at the hymeneal altar to be changed, and the young man is to become not only the protector, but the step-father of the child he saved.

May the joys of the twain increase, and their days be many.—N. O. True Delta, July 16.

PREDESTINATION.—"Do you believe in predestination?" said the captain of a Mississippi steamer to a clergyman who happened to be traveling with him.

"Of course I do."

"And you also believe that what is to be, will be?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I am glad to hear it."

"Why?"

"Because, I intend to pass that boat ahead in fifteen consecutive minutes, if there be any virtue in pine knots and loaded safety valves. So don't be alarmed, for if the boiler isn't to burst, then it won't."

Here the divine began putting on his hat, and looked very much like backing out, which the captain observing, he said:

"I thought you said you believed in predestination, and what is to be, will be."

"So I do, but I prefer being a little nearer the stern when it takes place."

—Buffalo Republic.

The inauguration ceremonies of the first railroad in Brazil took place on the 30th of April last, in the presence of the emperor and empress and an immense concourse of people.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DR. G. T. DEXTER,

29 EAST THIRTY-FIRST STREET
Between Lexington and Third Avenues,
NEW YORK.

J. B. CONKLIN, the well-known Test Medium, has taken rooms at 542 Broadway The Conklin, through Mr. C. consist chiefly of Happings, Tipping, and Writing Hours from 10 to 12 Morning; 3 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.

Public Meetings are held by the Harmonical Association every Sabbath at Franklin Hall, 6th Street, below Arch, Philadelphia, west side. Lectures at half-past 10 A.M., and a Conference at 7 P.M.

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Embraces all the principal works devoted to SPIRITUALISM, whether published by ourselves or others, and will comprehend all works of value that may be issued hereafter. The reader's attention is particularly invited to those named below, all of which may be found at the Office of THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH and SACRED CIRCLE. The reader will perceive that the price of each book in the list, and the amount of postage, if forwarded by mail, are annexed.

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