

# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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WHOLE NO. 127.

## The Principles of Nature.

### THOUGHTS ON MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

Were I to be asked what I have learned, or at what important deductions I have arrived by the aid of modern manifestations, I think I should reply as follows:

First.—That there is a spiritual world.

Second.—That spiritual intelligences communicate with men in the body.

Third.—That there are varieties of character, opinion, and pursuit in the world invisible.

I confess, frankly and freely, that I have progressed little beyond these points; nor could I reasonably anticipate much more. Too much is expected of the spiritual world.

Spirits communicate! Very well, very good, gratifying and desirable. What do they communicate? is the next question. Thus far but little has been received that is positively and absolutely new (that is, that we never heard of before). Universalists, Unitarians, and skeptics have taught the majority of the doctrines embraced in what is called the "Spiritual Philosophy." We have no settled philosophy yet. I doubt whether the most advanced in Spirit-lore can go beyond the above-named propositions, if brought firmly to the test. Many of the professed friends of the manifestations injure the general cause by claiming too much. That system is best advocated which is moderately and modestly urged. So far as I am individually concerned, I am not expecting any thing from the unseen country very wonderful, supernatural, or astounding. The fact that there is a spiritual world, and that its inhabitants communicate, palpably, with us, are two truths that beget within me the liveliest emotions of pleasure. Based on this foundation, I am enabled to understand something of the revelations of the past, and to look hopefully at the future. There are so many things to learn in this world, that I despair of knowing much of the other. Knowledge ought, legitimately, to commence with things immediately about us, and so widen the circumference as time wears on and the mind gathers strength. I am confident that it will not do for us to attempt to run over the rough road of life with our faces turned fixedly, continually upward, expecting every thing needful in that direction; if we do, we shall stumble and tumble into some unnoted slough of folly. The truth must be admitted, that the American people are hobby-horsical, prone to ride an idea hard and fast when fairly mounted. Modern manifestations leave us precisely where they found us, in most matters—to work out, to the best of our abilities, by persevering effort and self-discipline, our salvation from evils, moral and physical. The world may progress somewhat more rapidly, but it will, in the main, wag on much after the old style. There have been such a multiplicity of *isms* and *ologies* that it becomes us to exercise considerable self-distrust; it will not weaken the valuable facts of Spiritualism, but strengthen and recommend them to thoughtful minds.

Visions and trances, as yet, do not amount to much in their aggregate benefits to the human race. There is the same vagueness about them that characterized all the Jewish revelations. Many of them are on a level (or but little above) Methodist rantings and orthodox revival exhibitions. They differ in one respect, in most cases, and therefore have promise of something better in the future—they display more liberality of sentiment. The greater number of visionists and impressionists that I have seen, fail to bring that conviction of spiritual presence enforced by the more physical phenomena. A want of dignity and self-respect is often painfully apparent. Every individual owes to himself or herself a certain amount of self-respect, which should be maintained in every condition and capacity; and I distrust the utility of whatever detracts from strict propriety of deportment. That which has a tendency to lead to foolish words or acts, or to lower the dignity of manhood and womanhood, can not safely be admitted into human hearts, heads, or homes; and I can not but consider such demonstrations evidences of pseudo-Spiritualism.

The immortality of the soul is the first great question to be solved by the human mind, when it attempts a survey of its wants and revelations; it is the grand starting-point of theological speculation. Take it away, and preaching is vain, and faith also, and the pulpit a mockery. Bury our hopes in the corruption of the grave, and the voice of Nature, her sweet sights, sounds, and operations, can speak no consolation to our thoughts. The sum of our expectations is derived from the one central truth, that we shall live on after the defection of the body. Thousands of persons profess to believe in the future existence of man, without the evidence which I consider necessary to establish the point. Such are fortunate if they really know what they affirm. Unhappily, many of this class effectually deny in actions what they strenuously put forth in words. In all humility, I desire evidence in receiving and indorsing all and any vitally important propositions that are capable of affording proof. The Jewish Testament is dark and vague on the subject of immortality; but it is true that the ministry of Jesus illuminates the gloom, to a certain extent. The facts being established, that there is a spiritual world,

and that its inhabitants hold intelligible converse with us, we next and naturally wish to know the moral development of those invisible communicators. This query embraces points of great interest, and in a measure decides how much we are to be benefited by our dealings with the departed. That man forms a character here, and takes that character with him into the spiritual world, is both reasonable and just; and all human experience and "modern instances" seem to confirm that such is the case. Death robs man of nothing but his body. In the light of the God of Nature, the soul is all written over with its earthly actions. It has good pages and bad—some blotted and blurred, others fair and legible. Every act of life is recorded on the immortal spirit in *effects*, and in the invisible sphere, that book will always be open to the clairvoyant eye of God. Man is indeed judged according to the deeds done in the body, and the judgment is *in him*, and *on him*, and a *part* of him, in obedience to the inexorable law of cause and effect. Oh, how just, how divine, that each human being shall have precisely what he has labored for—nothing more, nothing less! Paul did well when he exhorted his brethren to work out their own salvation. How glorious is the gospel of Nature preached to man through innumerable voices! She knows no atonement but Reform, no salvation but in Truth.

We see how character is formed here, and reason and experience unite in telling us there is but one *Nature* pervading all spheres, running through all modes of existence, dictating universal law to all conditions—law which we can not escape or evade, whether in the body or out. Nature reigns throughout infinitude, grasps all space, and these united and indissoluble three form a mighty hypostasis of principles, more sublime than the visions of olden prophets, or the declamations of inspired bards. Sinai melts before it, and the great mountain-ranges are swallowed up. All-grasping Trinity! in which the Creative Soul is immanent, thou art the first, the last—Alpha, Omega, the pavilion of God—the staff on which the Almighty sets living souls to music. Thou art over, above, around, beyond me. In thee I live, move, and have an eternal life. I worship, oh, benign Nature! at thy shrine, because thou hast been the light of nations and the guide of souls. Thy ways are wondrous. Thou art the nearest, and the most distant; the most familiar, and the most abstruse. I am one with thee, and thou with me. In thee, I abide; in me, thou. And this union will be dissolved never. While I keep thy sacred commandments, I shall dwell in thee with pleasure; when disobedient, with pain. Thou art my father and mother, brother and sister. From thy love I can never be separated. Conscious or unconscious, joyous or sad, I shall exist in thine elements, dwell in thy bosom, draw nourishment from thy breast. In thee pulsates the Divine Heart, in thee speaks the Divine Voice, in thee is revealed the Divine Hand. In thee, oh, limitless Nature! is swallowed up all gods which men have worshipped. Thou absorbest them in thy greatness—knowest them all—yet confesses but one. Now abideth these three—Nature, Infinitude, Space—one a Trinity—the author and finisher, beginning and end, which was, and is, and shall be. Thou art night and day, midnight and morning, darkness and light, rain and sunshine, heat and cold, joy and sorrow, life and death, all, and in all.

Nature holds in her hands both the visible and invisible. She is related to my soul and to my body. The seen and the unseen are but different departments in which she operates. She reigns in the internal as in the external. Knowing how she governs the visible sphere, we feel well assured how she governs the invisible. If we know that there is another state of existence, we know equally well that it is analogous to this. Freedom here, freedom there—opinions here, opinions there—uncertainty here, uncertainty there, and so on through the catalogue of human qualities. Now that the spiritual world speaks to us, and establishes familiar relations, its character is revealed, even as Nature might teach, providing we were sure of such a state of existence without actual intercourse with the departed. If it be indeed true, that there are innumerable varieties of character in the invisible realm, the same as here in the outward world, what a lesson are we taught in regard to the general principles that must necessarily govern spiritual intercourse. When we admit that human character, in the inner or unseen world, shades off in an infinity of difference toward the two grand extremes of ignorance and wisdom, we inevitably confess that the liabilities of receiving dangerous errors from departed human intelligences are not few or unimportant.

Let us make a rough calculation. We will take it for granted that the spiritual world is a million times more populous than this; that several thousand souls leave the earth daily for a residence there, two thirds of whom know little or nothing of human, moral obligations, while not more than one in a hundred is capable of teaching the readers of the TELEGRAPH in a manner to benefit them. Providing that all can avail themselves of the facilities of communication, what a host of spiritual beings will be at liberty to communicate with each individual on the earth—a million to one! What proportion out of the million may we suppose fitted to give wise and useful counsels? Granting the law of affinity to be true—and most of us who aspire to spiritual intercourse are weak and

wicked—what kind of a troupe shall we have around us striving to get tangible utterance? Again, we are to consider that not more than one person in a hundred, at least, is, at the present time, developed as a medium, so that the avenues open to the other sphere, for the expression of thought, are so inconsiderable, that it is not extravagant to suppose that many millions of Spirits may desire to communicate through one channel; or, if they communicate at all, will be obliged to do so.

Two questions arise: Do Spirits reform? Do they reform rapidly or slowly? If the first, how rapidly? If the last, how slowly? The reader can follow up the supposition and make his own deductions. Of course, these are but speculations; but providing they have half their bases in truth, the result is quite astounding. Perhaps most men are better than we think them, and being relieved of their gross bodies, reform in a comparatively short time; but gradual movement, in a progressive way, seems to be the fixed order of Nature. If we do not take the position that men progress faster after death than previously, we shall have before us a vivid picture of Swedenborg's hells, with their terrific enginery in operation, shaking the whole spiritual universe with its jarring dissonance. We are compelled to the conclusion that the ignorant become wise, the false true, the fanatical rational, the degraded elevated, before they hold converse with their brethren in the flesh, or that spiritual intercourse is attended with difficulties and dangers. And these dangers and difficulties are increased by the grossness, imperfection, and dishonesty of media. Providing most persons (who do not die by accident) are softened into penitence by the near prospect of dissolution, and enter the world of Spirits with a firm determination to do right, having already-formed characters, it is extremely doubtful whether they will not relapse into their former errors, and soon be found in the same society in which they delighted while inhabitants of the earth. Granting that the majority do *not* relapse into falsities, they can not conscientiously feel qualified to become our teachers; they can only assure us that they still have an existence, conscious, hopeful, progressive; and what heart does not thrill with a glad emotion at the demonstration of a truth so mighty!

If the question, If a man die shall he live again? be the greatest, *How* does he live? is certainly the next. There is but one thing that man takes with him to his eternal home, and that is his character. What a prospect for him who has sinned against Nature and himself, wasted his energies, misapplied his powers, perverted his gifts, lived in antagonism with his fellow-men! It will be seen from the foregoing why, in a previous article, I made such a large per centage of spurious and useless Spiritualism. Before closing, I can not forbear answering, according to my views, the often-proposed question, "What good will Spiritualism do?" I will reply to it in just five words: IT WILL DEVELOP MAN'S POWERS.

What! can it do no more? I answer, if it will develop the powers of the human mind, it will do enough—accomplish all that the race needs. Than this, nothing more is required. When we become what the God of Nature intended us to be, ends and aims of existence will have been fulfilled.

J. H. ROBINSON.

LEICESTER, MASS., Sept. 6th, 1854.

### "SPIRITUALISM" BY EDMONDS AND DEXTER. SECOND VOLUME.

At length we are glad to have it in our power to announce that the MSS. for this work is in the printer's hands, and it will be on the counter ready for the reader on or about the first of November. It will be about the same size, and at the same price, as the first volume. The character of its contents, however, will be somewhat different. This volume will not be as desultory as the former. It is confined chiefly to two topics, Progression, and the actual life in the Spirit-world—the former as didactic teaching from Lord Bacon, through Dr. Dexter, and the latter as revelations through Judge Edmonds, and other mediums associated with that circle. The latter constitute the bulk of the volume. We give below some extracts from one of the sections, being a specimen of both kinds of teaching, from which our readers can form some opinion as to the character of the work.

WEST ROXBURY, August 24, 1854.

At the circle it was said, through Dr. Dexter, by the Spirit of Lord Bacon:

And what are the effects of this great law of progress that have been apparent in every epoch, in every race of man, in the world's history? The question is answered in the consideration of fact; for this is true—that which is crude, is polished; that which is the germ is made to develop the thing; that which is imperfect approaches perfection. And it matters not how small the evidences of progress may be which we detect as year after year and age after age passes by; if there has been but one step forward, either in man, animals, or matter, one evidence, one proof that this is so, that which we have taught you as truth must be admitted, must be recognized to be so. Look abroad, compare the past with the present. Has the world deteriorated? Has man, as its recognized head, lost any of the high capacities and powers which God bestowed on him when he was developed into being here? Has he lost any even of his physical powers?

Perhaps that may be so, when we view the past in one aspect alone. But as it is the effect and tendency of this law

to refine, to sublimize, to perfect, it follows, then, that although the grosser properties of matter may be removed from it, it does not take away its legitimate and innate virtues. Hence, when you remove from one locality its aborigines to another country, they may die, or may contract disease which debilitates their physical powers, but the amalgamation with the inhabitants they find there develops a race of beings whose mental attributes and properties are infinitely superior to those which characterized either. For they can invent, and contrive, and execute; they can bring around them the means, the properties, and the powers of material things, and so combine them, so arrange them, that they become the very appliances which enable them to begin and finish plans and purposes which would, from their vastness and their legitimate goodness, overwhelm their progenitors on either side with astonishment and wonder.

Now, say I, when you realize this fact, you can understand that, though it might be true that the physical development as to size and muscular strength of man may be less at the present day than that of men living five hundred years ago, yet to-day he possesses the ability to contrive and execute works and objects that it would have been impossible for man to have conceived at that time, much less to have executed.

To-day, man, by the force and power of his genius and his inventions, has rendered it unnecessary that he should display the vast amount of physical strength which was required to execute the commonest necessities of life in ages that are past.

The fruits of his mind stand as evidences of this truth; for what was the labor of thousands of hands, and could scarcely be accomplished then, that which required years to perform, is now the mere play-work of a simple machine with a boy or girl to manage it. Talk of the Pyramids of Egypt! Could we but have witnessed the length of time it required to build them, the almost incalculable number of men who were coerced to labor there, the sacrifice of life, the vast amount of treasure expended, and compare those truly great and enduring monuments of the olden time with one invention of the present day, we should be overwhelmed with the ideas that the comparison suggests. Compare the Pyramids with the locomotive engine of to-day, and then ask the candid mind if that engine is an evidence of man's retrogression? Standing solitary and alone, the Pyramids—those vast mementoes of man's power and greatness—keep now the same watch and guard they did when they were finished. Designed for two purposes, one of which was a depository of the dead, they lift their cold gray points to heaven and fulfill the second object of their erection in preventing the sands of the desert from sweeping in and making desolate that which was once called the most fruitful part of that country. And this is all.

The dead have been buried there for ages. That purpose has been fulfilled—is ended. How much of good they accomplish to-day you can judge as well as I. But what end is to be fixed to the varied, the infinite, the incalculable benefits and advantages which this engine has already produced, and which the world has the right to expect it will continue to produce as long as it is in the power of steam to turn its wheels? With a single pair of hands to guide it, and two simple bars of iron upon which it runs, it girdles the earth, and like a true and good spirit it brings the benefits and products of one section to interchange them with the benefits and products of another.

It opens to the enterprise of men sections of country which would have remained deserted and desolate; it causes cities to be built and flourishing towns to spring up where erst nothing but a dark and silent forest existed; it brings together man and man; it engenders comparison; it begets association; it stimulates enterprise; it fosters industry; and gives to man and nature a power and advantage they never before possessed. The Pyramids, as evidences of man's might ages ago, have accomplished, perhaps, the design for which they were created; but they can develop no new properties, neither have they the power of accomplishing any other design. But in the vast and almost inconceivable change which has taken place in almost every part of the world since this engine was invented; in the powers conferred upon man by its means; in the new evidences which are pouring in upon the world every day of the new powers, benefits, and advantages which man and nature are deriving from this machine, what is the world to expect, and what and where will be the end? Is it necessary to pursue this comparison further?

Thus the necessity which laid the physical powers of man under tribute, although just as imperative to-day, are met and mastered by these attributes which his mind has generated in his progressive advance from that period up to the present.

As the spirit of man progresses, so does the mind, its instrument, also become strengthened and developed; and there is opened to the mind's comprehension the true purposes and objects of creation. Thus the law which governs matter as it exists in its general arrangements, and in its individual combinations, the specific capacities of each constituent, and the various forms under or by which new combinations may take place, shall be understood, and shall strengthen his dominion over every created thing, and which shall, by-and-by, from man's consummate knowledge, and from the refinement and

sublimation of his various attributes, enable him to say, "I will," and it shall be done.

It is not only in laying railroad tracks, or in clearing off vast forests, in leveling mountains and filling up valleys, in constructing ships, in contriving the most intricate mechanism, that man exhibits the intimate connection his spirit and its instrumentalities have with his God; but it is when standing in the place of his God, he takes hold of the very laws which that God has established, and wields them by his will in developing out of the harmonious relations and combinations which he himself devises; and producing from this new and harmonious arrangement, a result in advance of the properties which distinguished either constituent originally in that combination. I say, when he does this, he, of a truth, becomes a God, for he makes the very laws of that God obedient to his will. Well has one of your wise men remarked, that he who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before is one of the greatest benefactors of his kind. But, I say to you, he who does this manifests the ability to do more, and can make the laws under which he lives obey his will in devising and perfecting new and more perfect creations.

The advance which has taken place in the vegetable department of the world is almost inconceivable to you. It is but a few years since that many of your commonest vegetables were unknown to man; and but a very little time has passed away since many of the fruits and the flowers which adorn your gardens had no existence on earth. They have been developed, originated, from the skillful combinations which man's genius has made; this making the law a servant of his will. He who could stand on an elevation overlooking the past, and which gives him a view of the present, would strangely wonder that each epoch has left such almighty monuments of its progress. Time was when the vegetation which covered this earth was so coarse and rank, and so abundant, that it covered its face in every part where a seed could take root. But how coarse, how crude, how unfit for the support of life!

Through Judge Edmonds it was then said by the Spirit of Washington:

Having thus paused a moment to review the realities which have been laid open before you, and to contemplate how much life in the Spirit-world is but a continuance of that on earth, let us recur to our original purpose, and see how man in his political relations in the spheres, as you would term it, is still the same being, possessed of the same attributes, and affected by the same tendencies.

As with you, so with us, in proportion as man advances from the mere savage condition of living only as an animal, so does he develop the necessity of government; and the higher he approaches toward the Godhead, the more does he recognize the duty, the necessity, and the obligation of order, regularity, and obedience to law and its ministers. It is only when you descend to the level of the mere brute creation that you behold a condition of no government. When there is infused into man the intellect of the immortal soul, there is impressed upon his instincts the necessity of government; and that necessity, I repeat, is more and more recognized as he advances upward toward his high destiny; and again, it is as man thus advances upward that his government becomes one of law, and not of absolute and uncontrolled power. It is man's degradation, his retrogression, the growth and preponderance of his evil propensities which perverts that government from its legitimate form of law to its degrading one of despotism. For it will soon be found that absolutism is the legitimate offspring of anarchy and disregard of law, and sinks and dies in the presence of law and its domination.

Hence, in the history of your earth, you will observe that all those arts and improvements which have tended most to elevate man intellectually and morally, have flourished most where power was regulated by law; and that those works which have most manifested the might of man's physical nature, have found a fitting existence amid the stern sway which has made the minds of the many bow to the will of the few; and it will be seen that man has most advanced in his career upon earth when the government under which he has lived has aimed more at his intellectual and moral nature than his physical.

You will observe this in two ancient and cotemporaneous nations. The whole purpose of the government of Sparta was the development of the animal nature; and all that history tells of Sparta is that she produced good soldiers and plenty of slaves. In Athens, on the other hand, attention was more directed to man's spiritual nature; and when history speaks of that nation she points to her painting, her poetry, her eloquence, and her philosophy, and traces their current down the stream of time, leaving on future ages, centuries after, the impress of the thoughts then developed.

So it is in the Spirit-world. When you have been in those darker regions, where despair and desolation reigned together, you have witnessed the rule of force, the government of absolute power, the domination of individual will, and you have beheld at once the degradation of submission with the debasement of the man; or, to select a passage in your mind which now rises to your memory, you have seen how "submission to



## SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1894.

## GRINDING AXES.

This is rapidly becoming an extensive business, and although the reader may not at first discover its relations to the Spiritual movement, he may perceive them hereafter. To this end let us briefly illustrate the nature of the business. When men of inferior character, social position, or general influence perpetually seek the presence and society of men who are their superiors in these respects, it is significantly suggested that they have "axes to grind." When a facile politician or office-holder suddenly changes his politics on learning from the returns of the last election that he is in the minority, some people are uncharitable enough to suspect that he may have "an axe to grind," and that he desires the government to give him a "good turn." When the leaders of a small party propose to "fuse" with any thing and every thing else for the sake of securing some local or personal advantage, it is said, in popular parlance, that somebody has "an axe to grind."

Men are wont to bend their backs and their consciences to the circumstances of the hour. Some acknowledge the "divine right" of kings, others kiss the Pope's toe, and others, still, are pregnant with prayer whenever official places and honors are to be disposed of. Eloquent ministers preach about holiness until they are hoarse, and then they ride in crimsoned-cushioned vehicles to the palace dwellings of men whose gold is but the garnished sepulcher of a depraved heart and life. They complacently feast there, and smile graciously at the host, and even eulogize the gilded sensualism which at once defames "Jesus and the Poor," and decrees that poverty and crime are one. Great numbers in every walk of life respect popular customs, ancient authorities, and temporal rulers, while they disregard Truth, Humanity, and God, and all because they have private and selfish ends to achieve—each having an axe to grind.

This figure—chiefly in use among politicians—is certainly expressive, and is often employed with cutting effect. But grinding axes is quite out of our line of business, and we only refer to the subject in this connection because, in one way or another, many people have signified their desire to have axes ground at our expense. We are not surprised at this, but we can not oblige the parties. It is very natural for them to express their desires, and it is equally natural and proper for us to decline serving them. They find their apology in the rapid spread of Spiritualism, which is not only mighty by virtue of its divine principles and uses, but is rendered imposing—at this time—in its outward aspects by the continued accession to its ranks of many men of the most exalted character and distinguished abilities. It is already manifest that in a few years at most all men of free, inquiring, and rational minds, as well as all who are gifted with the loftiest aspirations of religion and the deepest inspirations of genius, must embrace the Spiritual idea. This is inevitable from the progressive refinement of human nature. As we proceed in our investigations from the surface of sensuous objects toward the invisible essences and primary laws of motion and life our modes of analysis become more searching, and each succeeding effort but subtilizes thought and carries the mind irresistibly upward and inward, in the direction of the ultimate causes and conditions of all being which are spiritual. It is for this reason, especially, that a refined and rational Spiritualism is destined to be the philosophy and religion of all truly free, enlightened, and inspired minds.

We are now prepared to perceive why it is that many persons profess to be interested in Spiritualism who have damaged reputations to retrieve, or other selfish purposes to accomplish. They deeply realize, no doubt, that they have every thing to gain and nothing to lose by attempting to introduce themselves into good society. Of course, they are interested in the cause. In these observations we have no reference whatever to such as are sincerely disposed to reform. We refer to those only who attach themselves to us from improper motives—the vendors of all sorts of vile nostrums, physical, mental, and moral. These men profess to be spiritually inclined, and demand a hearing that they may advertise themselves and their business, trusting, at the same time, that we may be induced to honor their respective claims. But this is not in our line. Of late such goods have been negotiated on the opposite side of the Park. To indicate the nature of the transactions in this department several examples may be offered. A late number of a paper entitled *The Union*, published at Keosauqua, Iowa, contains the following:

COMMUNICATION FROM THE "SPIRITS."—One of the "mediums" was recently put in communication with the Spirit of the celebrated and eccentric Dr. Abernethy, to inquire what was the best of all medicines for diseases of the lungs. Loud and distinct raps upon the table slowly but promptly spelled—*Ayers' Cherry Pectoral*.

The medicine here recommended may be valuable for aught we know to the contrary; and while, in our judgment, it is not beneath the dignity of an enlightened Spirit to give a scientific diagnosis and prescription whenever a suffering mortal can be relieved, it is not at all probable that any Spirit out of the body is properly responsible for any part of the preceding paragraph. It is one of the devices of Materialism to prostitute a spiritual reality to a vulgar use. But this is by no means a solitary example. A grocer in Connecticut advertises that "mysterious knockings" occur at his counter at all hours in the day; and the keeper of a fourth-rate tavern intimates that he is a medium whereby, for the small sum of six cents, any one may summon spirits and they will instantly appear. It is only those who are alike destitute of reverence, reason, and refinement that indulge in such gross attempts at wit. Nevertheless, for the sake of pouring contempt on the claims of the Spirits, a large portion of the secular journalists in this country are quite willing to insert the advertisements of these men even in their editorial columns. Moreover, they are frequently stupid enough to do it without charge. At the same time they have a morbid dread of being deceived. We know of several editors who are stone blind on the side of their prejudices, and when a factious wag desires to get his advertising done cheap, or for nothing, he comprehends what he has to offer in the form of a good joke at the expense of the Spirits, which the editor inserts for nothing in a conspicuous place, and then it straightway goes the rounds of all the papers whose editors like to ridicule the Spirits and do not like to be imposed upon. Some of these journals are so liberal that they do not pretend to restrict their favors to those who do business in this world.

Some months since many influential papers—we think the *Tribune*, *Times*, *Express*, and *Journal of Commerce*—were among the number—advertising John Bunyan's hotel, which was said to be in the second sphere, and Henry James has been to the expense of stereotyping the advertisement and has published the same in a 12mo. volume. If this farce only pays the actors well it must be profitable, for it is infinitely amusing to the spectators.

These literary gentlemen went to the opposition to get their axes ground, and we certainly have no fault to find with the way the work is done. We are willing that our opposers should have all this kind of patronage, and would even be glad to get rid of the few men with axes to grind, who yet vainly insist on employing our services in that capacity. The last troublesome customer turned up, quite recently, at the West. A correspondent, Mr. V., has sent us a number of slips from the *Ripon Herald* and other papers, from which it appears that one Dr. Newbery, an exponent and advocate of the largest liberty between the sexes, has been lecturing to the citizens of Ceresco and other places. It is stated that the Doctor hails from Long Island, and we suppose he must be the individual who some months since attempted to enlighten the New York Conference—and failed. At that time he left any lasting impression on our mind, it was simply that he was a crazy advocate of an inverted idea, and that his interest in Spiritualism was graduated by the chances of his being heard by his friends on another subject. When at length he saw that the Spiritualists of this city were not disposed to give audience, he at once departed. At Ceresco, as we learn from the papers, he remained until the citizens held an indignation meeting, and passed resolutions requesting him to leave town. In the *Ripon Herald* of the 2d ult., it is alleged that he insulted several females during his lectures in Omro, for which he was requested by a committee to take up his line of march in two minutes.

We have no knowledge of the facts in the above case beyond what is contained in the papers referred to, and conceive it quite possible that their statements may be exaggerated. It is only necessary to add, that whatever Dr. Newbery may profess to be, or to believe, it is very certain that his crude notions of love and the relations of the sexes form no part of the facts or philosophy of Spiritualism. The erratic Doctor also claims to believe in phrenology and to practice dentistry, and our accusers may therefore as well make phrenologists and dentists responsible for his words and deeds as to charge them to our account. Suffice it to say, Dr. Newbery and his class are nowhere recognized as the representatives of the Spiritual idea, and we recommend to him and to all who sympathize with his peculiar views and labors, to go elsewhere if they have axes to grind. The Spiritual Philosophy may properly enough be compared to a great rock—a stone on which time will sharpen the wits of many; but those who indulge in vile, material, and sensual speculations and corrupt practices, should be admonished to keep at a prudent distance, for should that stone fall on the earthly fabric of their devices, "it will grind them to powder."

## DR. DAVID CORY.

On Friday the 8th of September, as we learn from the *Waukegan papers*, this distinguished friend of Spiritualism suddenly retired—at the age of forty-five years—from the busy scenes of his earth-life to a realization of those sublime realities which had long occupied his thoughts in hours of retirement and meditation.

Many of our readers will remember that Dr. Cory contributed to the first volume of the *TELEGRAPH* several articles on the "Position of Christ in the Universe," and other subjects, which gave evidence of a clear perception of ideas and fine powers of intuition.

As we had not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Dr. Cory, we are happy to give place to JAMES EDMONDS, whose more intimate knowledge of our departed friend qualifies him to speak the words which the occasion demands.—Ed.

To S. B. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—Will you allow me through your columns to bear my testimony to the memory of a good man who has fallen from my midst? A few days ago I received a letter from Waukegan, Ill., announcing his sudden departure on the 8th inst., and informing me that he had fallen a sacrifice to his professional exertions for a suffering fellow on the previous day.

Since then he has been to me himself, and told me that his disease was cholera, with spasms. He reminded me of many things which had occurred between us, thus perfectly identifying himself to me. He spoke to me of his wife and children, and of the friends he had left behind. He was very cheerful and happy, and congratulated himself upon the means he now had of doing good to man. A wide field, he said, was open to him in the cause which he loved so well, and he should labor industriously in it.

He was a practicing physician in Waukegan, Illinois, and it was there that I first saw him during my Western journey last winter. I had previously held a correspondence with him, and when we met we were at once well-acquainted with each other.

I found him to be indeed a noble spirit. He was well educated, with a clear and comprehensive mind, and with indomitable energy and fearlessness in the cause of truth. He was far advanced in the knowledge which Spiritualism unfolds to us, and was entirely free from the credulity and fanaticism which unfortunately assail so many believers. In all his actions in respect to this cause he was governed by great good sense. He was self-sacrificing and indefatigable in his labors for the good of others. And he was accordingly held in high esteem in all the region around his residence. I often heard him spoken of by others, and it delighted me to see the warmth of affection with which his name was ever mentioned.

With him Spiritualism did not consist merely in belief or profession, but in action, and in that action the poor ever found assistance, the mourner found consolation, the ignorant enlightenment, the erring comfort and cheering hope, and believers an example of firmness and courage which brought to him and to them a peace which the world can not give.

He has gone from an existence where his noble spirit was trammelled by its material surroundings, and has been removed to a field of usefulness, where the glory of God is more manifest, where his sphere of action is greatly enlarged, and whence, as one of his ministering Spirits, he can pour upon us who are left behind the holy influence which filled his heart while toiling here with us, to lift man from the degradation into which ignorance and infidelity were fast sinking him.

Peace be with him, and the blessing of God, for he was one who in deed knew what it was to love God and his neighbor as himself.

Yours, truly,

J. W. EDMONDS.

The subjoined paragraphs from a *Waukegan journal* sufficiently indicate the high estimation in which Dr. Cory was held by his fellow-citizens, as well as the composed and happy state of his mind during the last hours of his mortal career.—Ed.

"No event in the history of Waukegan ever cast such a mantle of gloom over its citizens as the announcement that this great and good

man was dead. In the vigor of manhood, surrounded by loving hearts that seemed to throw only in union with his own—a devoted wife—an unusually interesting group of children—a fond mother—confiding sisters, and earnest, ardent friends of all ages, sexes, and conditions; with a spacious and truth-loving mind, stored almost to repletion with literary and scientific knowledge, we had hoped that he might long remain with us in the bodily form, to love, to guide, to counsel, and instruct. But he has fallen a martyr to his own generous impulses. The extraordinary physical exertions which he put forth last Thursday evening, to restore to consciousness a dying patient, induced the disease with which he died the following morning.

"It is consoling, however, to his mourning friends to know that he left the earth-life in the full retention of all the faculties of his mind, and with full confidence in the revelations of the Harmonical Philosophy. He earnestly entreated his weeping family to dry up their tears—said he was acquainted with the road he was about to travel, and entered on the journey without fear. He departed, not merely with a hope of future blessedness, but with the absolute knowledge—the unerring demonstration—which his clear intellect had deduced from the science of Spiritualism—that his Spirit-life would be one of increased enjoyment and continued progression—controlled by the same laws, and actuated by the same impulses, which governed him here."

## JUVENILE SPIRITUAL BOOKS.

We desire to call the attention of Spiritualists, especially of those who are parents, guardians, or instructors of the young, to an enterprise of great practical usefulness which has recently been undertaken by Miss Emily Gay, of Hopedale, Mass. This lady has been awakened to a lively sense of the importance of furnishing a Series of Books suitable for children, in which—without discussing in a dogmatic or controversial spirit—the beautiful principles of a spiritual philosophy and a divine faith and life may be inculcated. In this unpretending but eminently practical work, Miss Gay has anticipated a real want among Spiritualists, which may have been quite overlooked by more ambitious public teachers. We trust that our friends will not neglect the claims of this subject. The happiness of a whole life often depends on the impressions of early childhood, and the nursery teacher may have more to do in molding the mind and character than all the professors of Harvard and Yale.

Miss Gay has sent us of her series the following:

"PLEASANT RHYMES FOR CHILDREN."  
"THE INFANT SPELLER AND ILLUSTRATED PRIMER."  
"TALES OF RURAL HOME: THE TWO SISTERS." Parts First and Second.

Of "Linda's Tales of Rural Home" we have the following-named stories:

"LITTLE IDA; OR, THE STRAWBERRY GIRL."  
"HELEN; OR, THE POWER OF LOVE."

These little books inculcate in a simple, touching, and beautiful style, the divine lessons of Love, Forgiveness, Charity, and an Angelic Ministry, and we most cordially commend them, and the author of this enterprise, to the attention and patronage of all who either do or do not realize the importance of early impressions.

The prices of those named above vary from two to eight cents each, according to the size. Orders may be forwarded to Miss E. Gay, Hopedale, Mass., or to the proprietors of this paper.

Miss Gay had better send us twenty-five or fifty copies of each, and we will do what we can to dispose of them.

## AGENTS WANTED.

We are prepared to make liberal arrangements with suitable persons who will act as agents and canvass this city and the country for subscribers to the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH*; and SACKED CIRCLE (the monthly edited by Judge Edmonds, Dr. Dexter, and O. G. Warren); the second volume of *SPIRITUALISM* by Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter, which will be published in November next, and other books and periodicals on Spiritualism and kindred subjects. Agents may take samples, or, if they prefer it, a quantity of books to distribute as they go. In such cases, we shall require payment on delivery of the books, money deposit, or other satisfactory security for a portion of the goods delivered.

The country has never been canvassed for Spiritual Publications, and we think a lucrative business may be done by either men or women adapted to such an enterprise. Books which treat of Spiritualism and kindred subjects are at present being widely circulated, and the demand is constantly increasing. Address PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN, 300 Broadway, New York.

## FRIENDS OF SPIRITUALISM.

The publishers of this paper invite you to forward the names and addresses of all persons whom you have reason to believe are prepared to examine the facts and philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse. We shall be happy to forward immediately a specimen number of the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH* to all such persons. We hope our friends everywhere will give early attention to this request, that those who may be disposed to subscribe may do so on or before the commencement of the last half of the current volume, which will begin with the first of next month.

DODWORTH'S ACADEMY MEETINGS.—The lectures last Sunday morning and evening were delivered by W. S. Courtney, Esq., of Pittsburg, Pa. The subject in the morning was, "Positive and Speculative Knowledge;" and in the evening, "Protestantism and Papacy." These subjects were handled in the cogent and masterly manner which always characterizes the deliberate efforts of Mr. Courtney, whether made through the Press, from the Rostrum, or at the Bar. Mr. C. has kindly furnished us his lectures for publication, and they will soon appear in the *TELEGRAPH*.

ORRIN ABBOTT, of Buffalo (whose letter has just transpired) takes occasion to criticize a statement in our *Agricultural Department*, which was to the effect that "the wheat crop in Ohio, twenty-five years ago, was thirty-five bushels to the acre, and now it is but fifteen bushels; while that of New York which thirty years ago averaged thirty bushels per acre, now barely averages twelve bushels." Our correspondent says that thirty years ago he assisted in gathering wheat crops in both these countries, and has since traveled extensively in them both, and can not believe that the average yield in them was so high then, or so low now. From various other considerations he argues that our agricultural writer's statement was based on a misapprehension. We hope such is the case, for esrnat pleasant to think that the sources of our daily "grub" are not coming exhausted.

A friend in Lowell, Mass., writes us that the spiritual cause is gradually advancing in that city, and that the friends are about securing a commodious hall to be used for public lectures during the ensuing winter. The *Citizen*, a Native American paper published in that place, is liberal in its spirit and is publishing a series of articles on Spiritualism.

## REV. J. B. FERGUSON AND SPIRITUALISM.

We have several times briefly referred to the truly liberal and spiritual tendencies of our distinguished Southern friend, Rev. J. B. Ferguson, of Nashville, Tenn., whose frank and earnest proclamation of his faith in Spiritualism has occasioned no little sensation even in this part of the country. Within a few days the Northern secular journals have quite generally announced the fact, and have, moreover, treated his case with far more than ordinary civility. When the great principles of our divine faith and philosophy are thus plainly and fearlessly asserted by men of high moral and religious character, and eminent for their mental endowments, popular materialism, with its unholy incentives to lust and oppression, may well tremble and prepare for final judgment.

Some time since Mr. Ferguson delivered a discourse on the "Relation of Pastor and People," wherein he defined his views respecting Unitarianism, Universalism, and Spiritualism. Mr. F. is deservedly a man of great personal influence, and notwithstanding the assertion of extremely liberal, progressive, and spiritual views, his society and congregation nobly sustained him, for which we have reason to thank Heaven and take courage.

Mr. Ferguson's Discourse has been published in pamphlet form, and from a copy now lying before us we select the subjoined portions. Under the head of Spiritualism, Church Fellowship, and Differences of Opinion, the author says:

It has been said, you believe in *Spiritualism*. I answer, unhesitatingly, *I do*. So far as the word *Spiritualism* represents the opposite of the material philosophy, I do not remember when I was a Spiritualist. So far as it might represent devotion to spiritual things, such as truth, holiness, charity, it is my profession to be a Spiritualist. And so far as it represents now, an acceptance of the possibility of Spirit-intercourse with man, it is but candor to say, I believe it without hesitation and without doubt. That there are many absurdities and some mischief connected with what claims to be Spirit-manifestation I know, but I know, also, that there is much truth and good. My brethren: I have examined this question in all the reverence for God and love for truth of which my nature and circumstances are capable. At home and abroad, for days and weeks together, alone and in company, with believers and skeptics, I have investigated; and I could neither be an honest man nor a philanthropist did I not say I know that I have had intelligent and blissful communion with departed Spirits. I have read all of any note that has been said against it. I have heard it called humbug, imposture, and the work of the Wicked One. I know the prejudices against it, and would not needlessly offend them. But I say to you as your friend, your preacher, and as one that must suffer more for this avowal than all others present, it is neither humbug, nor imposture, nor the work of the devil, saying to those who may make humbug and deception of the holiest privileges of man. Mark you, I by no means believe in all the mediums, so-called, nor in any medium or Spirit as infallible. I pity and loathe much that is called spiritual, here and elsewhere. But as beneath the darkest cesspools flow the pure streams of Nature, and from within the darkest clouds breaks forth the light of Heaven, so beneath the clouds of ignorance and vice in mediumship I have seen the pure light and tasted the sweet waters of the immortal world. Let me say to you, with a heart overflowing with love, beware how you treat this great subject. It is not to be trifled with, nor made a species of idle pastime, or fortune-telling, or gold-hunting, with impunity. Can I know that the dead live, and are interested in our every repentance, struggle, suffering, and joy, and would I be faithless to own my experience or sell the knowledge for mercenary gain? Forbid it, Heaven! for I know of no greater degradation, and woeier not at its terrible results. But denials will not prevent such results. We must be candid. Candor is the condition of all improving knowledge. We dare not despise it for its humble origin. Remember that one generation has ever persecuted the prophets whose monuments the next have laid. Remember Jesus and the question, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" Remember that truth is generally born in a manger, and that wise men worship with gifts of frankincense, while the selfish and bloodthirsty would slaughter the inoffending infant. Can I live with you believing in Spiritualism? For yourselves and to your God answer. If so, we go on as heretofore; if not, God's word is broad, his heaven benignant, and everywhere he has said to every faithful man, you shall yet see "that more are they that are for you than they that are against you."

I am neither mad nor demoniacal. No! oh, no! Yet I call upon Heaven to witness, that I have no consciousness of ever having stated a conviction in your presence that was more a conviction of my highest reason than the solemn and yet joyous assertion, that I believe God has granted spiritual intercourse to these times. And this conviction does not lessen any faith I have in God, in Christ, in the Spirit of Holiness, but only enlightens, hallows, and beautifies it, and deepens my reverence.

Now I know it will be said, and justly said, that the preachers of the so-called Reformation do not believe with you. How then can we expect their fellowship? I do not expect it, but I did expect it, because our fellowship was not predicated upon a vain uniformity of belief. If it were, I could never have fellowshiped them, for there are many notions of theirs I have regarded as superstitious and foolish, and tending to prevent their own improvement and disturb the happiness of others. Church fellowship in uniformity of belief is an impossibility. It never did exist and it never can exist. Men believe according to the degree of their capacity and knowledge. As there is no uniformity in either their capacity or knowledge, there can be none in their faith. My fellowship with those who were once ready to call me brother, and to reap the fruits of my humble labors in the interest which every community among them I have ever been permitted to visit, took in those labors; men who, since their leaders have pronounced me infidel for the free expression of my opinions, are ready to detract, and slander, and destroy, were it in their power; my fellowship, I repeat, with such men did depend upon supposed similarity of religious spirit, aim, and purpose. Their religious effort professed the largest amount of liberality to individual differences. We differed when they professed the heartiest fellowship, and could not be too laudatory in their praise; but we tacitly agreed to differ. They differed among themselves, and still differ as much as they do from me, if as honest to express their differences now as they once were. They differed from the oldest and most respectable of their own number, but were more chary in expressing that difference, for which they deserve credit, as for a better knowledge of their chief speakers and writers than I was able to gather from their published expressions. But, then, they differed with me charitably. So we still differ from them. We would not have them, nor would I have you, receive any view of religious truth from me, save as you are compelled to do so by the power of your individual convictions. Thus I am not responsible for them nor they for me. A remembrance of this fact might have prevented every irrational and childish opposition. We should still stand upon our merits or our lack of them—in the one case to help forward the cause of human improvement—in the other, to receive its benefits. I can not and would not control their expressions of fellowship. It would have been gratifying to have labored with it, but he has weak confidence in God who can not labor without it. For many misdirected attempts to prejudice the public mind; for the exhibitions of religious hate, the worst and most vindictive of all hate; for betrayals and false pretenses of friendship, and misrepresentations of private conferences and conversations, I freely forgive them; and it would be unchristian not to do so, seeing God has overruled it to move good than evil, as I believe he will overrule all things, and cause even the wrath of man to praise him. The cause of free inquiry, upon the most important questions that ever engaged human attention, or affected human faith and happiness, has been advanced. The true position of religious teachers as helpers of human joy, and not lords over human consciences, has been seen by hundreds and thousands, who were ready for something better than sectarian assumption and circumvention under the holy name of Liberty, but who knew not from what quarter it would come.

You will readily see how we can be charitable to those who can not be even just to us; and how ultimately all ecclesiasticism, based upon mere authority, must give way to the force of religious freedom and the claims of a common humanity, responsible in its faith to God alone. And when my numerous voluntary opponents shall have learned the existence, outside of all human denunciation, of a sphere of conviction and conscience, as a shrine which God has never surrendered in any creature

the tyranny of man is commensurate with rebellion to the sovereignty of God."

Now behold government in the brighter spheres—not the most elevated, but in those conditions which are manifestly above yours on earth.

Go with me and enter that hall. What see you there? There is a convention of a limited number of persons, both male and female. There is one presiding over the assembly. His occupation seems to be to preserve order and infuse regularity and system into their deliberations.

These men are selected for the task you see them performing, by the free, open, unbiased voices of the whole community—male and female—for here woman stands by the side of man, the equal child with him of one common Father.

Mark the character of their debates. Do you behold anywhere the display of that intense selfishness which at once tramples under foot all regard for others, all obligations of time, all convictions of duty that so often convert your earthly forms into the semblance of dens for wild beasts? Do you behold here the love of sarcasm and retort that rejoices in inflicting sufferings, and that revels in the laugh which more frequently springs from gratified malice than from innocent enjoyment? Do you behold here the turmoil, the confusion, the uproar, the disorder that seem to flow from the madness of intoxication, mental or physical? Do you behold here the eternal strife of man with man that reminds one rather of the gladiatorial exhibitions of old than the deliberations of the Sanhedrim or the consultations of the Areopagus? If you do not, if the clouds which thus obscure the atmosphere of mortal power do not here find an abiding-place, to what will you ascribe the calm, the repose, the benignant atmosphere which rest upon this spiritual scene?

Look! In every heart you will find written—more or less distinctly, yet ever there—controlling, quieting, directing, every thought and feeling, the injunction—*Love one another*. This command, which with them is a reality and not a profession, has become to their hearts a disinfecting agent that has driven away the malaria which in your earthly halls makes the mortal heart boil and bubble with the malignant passions that you have seen playing their part even in the spheres, and performing there their terrible task of inflicting misery upon man.

Mark a characteristic of their deliberations—the extreme deference they pay each other. No matter whether the speaker be young or old—a novice among them or one long seated there—mark, how deferential they are to all he says! And can you not see the effect which this produces upon him—prompting him every moment to imitate the example thus ever before him, of disregarding self in his regard for others?

I inquired: Have not these people some peculiar privileges—some exclusive right as a reward for their toil for the common sacrifice? He answered:

There speaks the taint of earth, which can not appreciate that virtue in its own reward, and that the virtue of self-denial is one, of all others, most prolific of happiness to the regenerated man. No! They have no privilege but that of washing the feet of those whom they serve, and in return may find their own bathed with the tears of penitence, whose flow they have encouraged. They have the privilege of enhancing their own happiness by toiling for that of others—the privilege of advancing themselves by aiding the progression of all around them—the privilege of learning in the common cause to be meek, gentle, humble, in the exercise of power, for thus was He who came to save man by unfolding to his view his true destiny.

FOR THE TELEGRAPH.

## THE SPIRIT-BORN.

(To a Friend Afflicted by Death.)

BY C. D. STUART.

And thou art stricken then, my friend!  
The bitter shaft has found at length  
The door-way of thy tenement,  
And robbed thy spirit of its strength.  
Great woe indeed! if tears of mine  
Could heal the grief, or ease the pain,  
Then should'st have heere thou mourn'st as dead,  
Rudely and fresh with life again.

'Tis strange! I always thought 'twas strange  
That death, like an unkenel'd hound,  
Should through our fields and pastures range.  
And gird our hearts and altars round;  
For most he seems delight to have  
Where fairest fruits and flowers abound,  
Trampling the tender buds and vines  
Into the chillness of the ground.

My heart did beat within me loud,  
And murmurs ran along my tongue,  
And even curses seemed to crowd  
Against one who spared nor old nor young—  
And oft-times, I had murmured more  
Had I not thought some wiser end  
Than human eyes are given to see,  
Hovered, thus grimly, to befriend.

And when my little faith looked up  
Bravely, through all the mighty harm,  
I said, perchance, this bitter cup  
May be the working of a charm;  
For though 'twas dark around, above,  
And darkest while the woe was keen,  
Glimpses of heaven and perfect love,  
Like sun-smiles shot the clouds between.

And whispering angels softly said,  
In tones most musical and wild,  
"The only living are the dead,"  
As drooped the eyelids of the child—  
And when the mother's brow grew pale,  
And lip and cheek of blush were shorn,  
Louder the minstrels pealed their strain,  
"Now surely is the mother born!"

These buds ye weep have "scaped the frost,  
These flowers ye mourn, obscured in gloom,  
Are only to the tempest lost,  
Which can not reach their brighter bloom—  
Their bloom in climes that know no night,  
Where fields, and streams, and skies, are fair  
And time is but the flow of light,  
Golden and glowing through the air.

No lingering ill nor sudden pang  
Within that beautiful land is known,  
Where all have sandals made of flowers,  
And gold-harps of the tenderest tone—  
With teachers from that starry band,  
Who wrote and sang their morning hymn  
When the young earth, awaking, saw  
Heaven, and felt its eyes grow dim.



of his hands, their hostility and estrangement will pass away; and they must pardon me for hoping that if this does not take place in the present life, it may be effected in the life to come, under the less fleshly and more enlarged influences of the just made perfect in love.

On the subject of Progression, Mr. Ferguson utters his thoughts in earnest and eloquent language as follows:

My Brethren: Are you, then, anxious for a word with which to define my religious position in view of the statements against us? If so, say he believes in progression. He believes in the law of human development, happiness, and glory. Progression from brute nature to the elements that make the human organism. Progression from feeble infancy to maturity. Progression from ignorance to knowledge; from error to accuracy; from vice to virtue; from crime to repentance; from death to life; and from all that is transitory, insubstantial, and unsatisfying, to that which is permanent, real, and full of joy. Ay, I love the word; I almost worship the idea. What Christ and the Christ in the Apostles meant by repentance, I mean by progression. To the darkened mind, darkened by ignorance, bigotry, and pride, it is advance to brighter views of God, of man, and immortality. To the enslaved mind—enslaved by civility to the external world and a mere formal religion—it is advance to freedom, to spirit and communion with the Infinite. To the criminal mind—criminal in wrongs thought and wrongs done to its human brethren—it is advance to love, duty, and hope, which alone can bring the joy of forgiveness and the assurance of divine help. Progression! yes, Progression! a word not merely to be wondered at, but to be revered by all honest minds. Hypocrisy may deary it; delusion may cover it with a mask; pride may contain it; but it is the only cure of error: the only offer of freedom from woe; the only light that leads you from the prison-walls of superstition and bigotry. It shines on the pathway of unending felicity. Its light is the light of God to man, and in man; and it will shine on; our little ones will yet bask in its rays; our aged ones will yearn for its future revelations, until the remotest boundaries of our earth shall chant its glory, and angels come down to send upward the song of an everlasting jubilee of liberty and love! For oh, already I behold

"A mighty dawning on the earth  
Of human glory! Dreams unknown before,  
Fill the mind's boundless world,  
And wondrous birth is given to great thought;  
On every side appears a silent host  
Of what will be hereafter—when existence  
Shall become a pure and sacred thing,  
And earth sweep high as heaven!"

But will some cautious friend say: Yes, you may have your free, hard-earned, and happy thoughts, but do not preach them! The world is not prepared for them—you will injure your influence; you may bring yourself to beggary; your friends may not appreciate you, and, as your adversaries have predicted, may desert you in the day of severe trial. True, I reply; but all this I have seen and felt in spirit, and I know what it is and what it is not. It is something to frighten selfish servility, but it only serves to nerve and strengthen our heavenly freedom. "Get thee behind me, Satan, for thou knowest not of the things which be of God, but those which be of men and come to naught." I must go forward, no matter what awaits me. I can not go backward. Whether in honor or dishonor, poverty or plenty, friendship or desertion, my face is set, and God, to me, leadeth on the way, by signs and by blessings which the fleshly mind sees not, or seeing will not heed. Will you continue to stand by me? You can not distrust me if you would! Will you hold on with me to the liberty of thought and action, and the helps we have of promoting human good? Choose ye this day for yourselves and your spiritual good, and without reference to any personal friendship you may have for me. But while the choice is passing through your minds, I would simply ask you to consult your own convictions of good received. You have had the old teaching, as it is called, and what some would call the new. From which have you received the largest benefit to your minds, your hearts, and your lives—under which have you most improvement, peace, and harmony? Which promises most for the good of the world? And however you decide, allow me to exhort you as you value your peace of mind, desiring nothing merely because it is supposed to be novel, or is made the subject of reproach. To the thought of Progression will I cling! Does not the world need it! does not every heart need it!

"Say, is the world so full of joy,

That each so fair a lot,  
That we should scorn our homely thought,  
And scorn our life as not?  
Because the finite mind of man  
Grasps not the hidden source,  
Shall we reject the stream because  
We can not track its course?  
Hath Nature, then, no mystic laws  
We seek in vain to scan?  
Can man—the master-piece of God—  
Trace the unerring plan  
That places o'er the restless sea  
The bounds it can not pass;  
That gives the fragrance to the flower,  
The glory to the grass?  
Oh, lift with all its full powers,  
Hath sorrow for its downer,  
And with the wrong heart dwells a pang  
And many a weary hour,  
Hail! then, with gladness what may soothe  
The aching heart to rest,  
And call not impious that which brings  
A blessing, and is best.  
The gladdened soul rejoices praise  
Where'er this thought has given;  
Then what in mercy God doth give,  
That call not thou unclean."

#### HOW WE ARE REGARDED IN EUROPE.

We are indebted to a distinguished friend in England for a late number of *The Family Herald*, a weekly periodical with a circulation of 250,000 copies. *The Herald* was the paper that introduced Cahagnet to the English public, and procured the translation of his "Arcanes de la Vie Future." It was also the first journal, on the other side of the Atlantic, to mention the subject of Spiritualism. The number before us contains an article on the spiritual movement in this country, which will be perused with interest by American readers, and we therefore transfer it to our columns.—Ed.

#### THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST MOVEMENT AND LADY ORATORS.

This singular movement, which began about five years ago, is worthy of a little notice as we pass along the current of time. Whether it be folly, madness, or neither, it is carrying along with it great masses, and beginning to organize institutions of its own. At a late Spiritualist festival in Ohio, twelve hundred and eighty-four vehicles were counted on the field, besides those concealed in private or public establishments in the neighborhood; and about ten thousand persons were present. At another, where Edmunds and Tallmadge were expected, but did not come, eight thousand persons attended. These festivals last for several days, and the meetings are addressed by both sexes. The most notable speakers, in fact, appear to be the women; at least they gallantly receive more notice and more praise from the reporters. At the Ohio festival a Miss Giles, and a Mrs. Warner, and a Mrs. Love appear to have electrified the meeting—witness the following report in the Boston *New Era* of Mrs. Warner's address:

"On Sunday afternoon I listened to one of the most marked and powerful discourses I ever heard expressed from either the mundane or super-mundane world. It was given through Mrs. Warner, of Chardon, Ohio, and was an hour and a half long. Its thoughts were very boldly conceived, and expressed with an almost inconceivable force. The control of the Spirit seemed to be perfect, and the truth of heaven showered down on the heads and hearts of the vast multitude present—of like the red-hot thunderbolt—shivering old errors and hoary-headed fictions, as the quivering lightning shatters the giant oak, or rends in pieces the mighty granite of the myriad ages. Mrs. W. is small in stature, modest and retiring by nature, and only appears before the public audiences when irresistibly moved to do so."

Mrs. Love is thus described:

"Early on Monday, July 3, the assembly came together again, and as I entered the grove I found Mrs. Love, late of Randolph, N. Y., giving an address: I regretted very much that I did not have the opportunity to hear all she said, but I heard enough to give me the deep and living conviction that she is a noble specimen of womanhood; that she deeply feels the wrongs of woman, and that she has consecrated her life, her

all, for the redemption of her sex. She is, of course, an advocate for women's rights—she is a bold and earnest one, too. Her boldness, however, is not the result of egotism, or of any native aggressive tendency; it springs rather from the elevated instincts of a thoroughly disciplined and pure soul, whose deep yearnings throw out their sensitive and loving tendrils to clasp the myriad objects of the most deep and vital need—the careworn and sensually-cursed daughters of humanity. Mrs. Love lays the axe, too, to the root of the tree; she does not stop with the mere political and civil rights of women, but she enters the very citadel of marriage itself, and with the most searching gaze she looks the monster sensuality full in the face. She does this calmly, and with such a full sense of the enormous debasement to which both man and woman have so long subjected themselves, that every one feels that she speaks with the authority of living truth. Mrs. L. spoke several times in the vicinity, on the evenings of the several days of the jubilee. She is constantly, in the field—spreading broadcast the leaves of that tree which is for the healing of the nations."

Of Miss Giles wonders are told; for, some time ago, being apparently on a death-bed, and without any hope of recovery from her medical attendant, she was spiritually impressed (that is the phrase, after Andrew Jackson Davis) to appoint a meeting at which she would address the people. Those who knew her helpless condition were astounded, and expected a failure. "Such, however, was not the case; and although she was utterly unable, up to the time of gathering, even to lift her hand to her head, yet precisely at the time appointed she was made to rise from what was supposed to be her death-bed, and deliver one of the most thrilling and powerful discourses, of an hour and a half in length, to that astonished and deeply interested assembly. From that moment she was better." The physicians are constantly expecting a relapse; but no relapse comes, and months have since passed. She also eloquently addressed the assembly at the festival.

The excitement is so widely spread throughout the States, that a New York paper says of Partridge & Brittan's publishing establishment for Spiritualist books, that it bids fair to rival ere long the monster establishments of the Harpers and Appletons. From this Trojan horse issue all sorts of works, reviving many exploded notions of ancient times respecting amulets, charms, enchantments, spells, fascination, incantation, magic, mesmerism, philters, talismans, relics, witchcraft, cesteria, hallucinations, specters, illusions, trances, apparitions, clairvoyance, somnambulism, miracles, and all similar things—all being explained and made clear, as star-light at least; and, what is remarkable, these things are evidently believed in by thousands and tens of thousands of those who only five years ago laughed at them.

One consequence of the excitement is an increase of wrath on both sides. A Washington paper, the *Star*, is so keen and so violent that it boldly professes to give only one side of the question. It gives fight, and sternly cuts and hews, and sneers at all idea of compromise or cool argument. The *Intelligencer* admits of argument, and is a little cooler. The pulpits have all pronounced upon the subject, and many of them given series of lectures and discourses. On a late occasion one of the lady orators was spiritually impressed to go to a church where such a discourse was announced, but being known at the door, the warden objected to her entrance. She looked him steadily in the face, however, and he quailed, and she passed. She sat quietly and heard the discourse against Spiritualism, and was not moved until service was over; then she rose, and from one of the pews she delivered such a burning torrent of eloquence in reply as enfolded the whole audience, and spiritually bound them to listen to her words until she dismissed them. It is a curious fact, that young ladies, otherwise modest and reserved, and even reluctant to tears to go upon such a mission, go weeping in obedience, and do as they are compelled. If men, it might be ascribed to trained oratory; but here is no training, no art, no philosophy, but pure soul and its fervid utterance. And what it amounts to no one can tell. The speakers themselves can not tell. They differ like other people in opinion. It is just an excitement which takes a color from their own personal feelings and experiences, and denounces the follies and vices of the times as they are perceived respectively by each; but no definite or unitary movement can be organized or even declared; for so soon as it is attempted—and it has been attempted—there is an opposition. Andrew Jackson Davis, one of the principal leaders, has given utterance to what he calls an Harmonical Philosophy, which he invites all men to accept; but, though many Spiritualists regard him as the man, not coming, but come, he is by no means generally acknowledged as such, though respected by all. There is a singular person of the name of John Spear, who is a healing medium, and by the mere touch of his hand, like the apostles, is reported to cure numerous diseases of deadly violence. Indeed, there are numerous healing mediums of whom wonders are recorded, which need not be mentioned; but, with the exception of raising the dead, there are none of the old primitive miracles which have not been repeated, with many others not paralleled in history.

There is a feature about this healing mediumship, however, which does not belong to the primitive, and which does not commend itself to our esteem, although we can not adduce any valid argument against its legitimacy. The gift is sold for money, and advertised for money. We quote one of the latest advertisements:

"SPIRIT-HEALING.—They shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall be healed.—BIBLE. The subscriber having been developed as a healing medium, by Spirit-agency, offers his services to the afflicted as a medium through whom highly advanced and progressed Spirits will endeavor to restore harmony and health to the diseased and suffering of earth. As the present selfish organization of society would not appreciate or be benefited by the free and unrequited labor of any medium, I am directed to charge for my services in advance, to be graduated by the means of the patient and nature of the disease.

ALONZO WILLIAMS."

Then we have Mr. and Mrs. Mettler, psycho-magnetic physicians and clairvoyant examiners, with syrups and other medicines advertised for sale. And Mrs. French, a medium, has nerve-soothing vital fluids prepared entirely through Spirit-direction. After advertising the vital fluids, Mrs. French says, she "continues to make clairvoyant examinations. Examination and prescription, when the parties are present, five dollars; when absent, ten dollars. No charge when parties have not the means to pay." This latter peculiarity is a redeeming feature in these advertisements. How it is practically carried out, we have no means of knowing. Some advertise the name only, as W. T. Peterschen, healing medium (giving address).

The ladies take a very prominent place in this movement, and have evidently something to do—that is appreciated. But many of the most notable healing mediums are men; and some of them go about the country healing and preaching like apostles, living on the hospitality of the friends whom they serve on the way. It is altogether a remarkable movement, and is a giant for its age. There is also a high moral tone about its periodicals, and a full amount of scientific and philosophical information, that make them highly reputable. The *Christian Spiritualist* is the organ of the newly-formed society. But the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH* has long taken the lead, and will probably keep it. The *New Era*, of Boston, follows next in rank; the *SACRED CIRCLE*, the *SPIRITUAL ERA*, the *SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE*, the *SPIRIT ADVOCATE*, and the *CRISIS*, are all exclusively devoted to this subject; and the very fact of their being supported is alone sufficient to show the progress which the movement is making.

We have said that organization is attempted, but immediately opposed—an evidence of sectarianism, and want of unitary ideas, or definite plan, purpose, faith, or authority. Indeed, there is a bewildering variety of opinion; and the last attempt at organization with its new paper, the *Christian Spiritualist*, seems intended to convey the idea that many of the party are somewhat anti-Christian in their tendency. A great number are decidedly anti-biblical. But, as the first sentence of an address in the *Christian Spiritualist* expresses itself, "The Spiritualists of to-day may be classed into almost as many schools as there are sects in the religious world," hence the impossibility, and the ignorance or dishonesty of even attempting to define the party by any other criterion than that of believing in Spirit-agency; and even this is so indefinite in meaning that perhaps by far the greatest number do not believe in the identity of the Spirits professing to be the Spirits of the departed, but only regard them as Spirits of some sort, or a Spirit. In this loose and undefined condition, organization to any large extent is impossible. We are not surprised, therefore, to read in the last number of the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH*, of New York, the following sentences from a correspondent in reference to the new *Spiritual Society*: "We have presented for our consideration and acceptance an imposing array of distinguished names, judges, senators, lawyers, doctors, etc., under the significant appellation of a 'Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge'; but, after a careful and considerate examination, we believe that this particular society does not represent the great mass of believers. How were the officers elected? Apparently in accordance with a time-honored custom. A few individuals meet together in secret conclave, choose their

officers, etc., that is, choose themselves. The New York *Mirror* says, in reference to this society, 'In the association of Spiritualists just formed, with ex-Governor Tallmadge as president, we notice that governors, senators, lawyers, merchants, and manufacturers figure exclusively. There is not one carpenter or fisherman among them all.'

The wonders still continue, and even seem to increase, and the excitement must be great. For instance, in the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH*'s Digest of Correspondence for July 29th ultimo, we read, "Mr. J. G. Atwood, of Lockport, N. Y., writes us concerning his practice and success as a healing medium. 'Thousands of persons afflicted with diverse diseases apply to him daily, and many of them go away lavishing blessings on him, and the power that operates through him, for the relief they have experienced under his treatment. He uses no medicines, but only directs and applies to the diseased, by manipulations, the spiritual influence which flows through him. Mr. A. has been assured by the intelligence that guides him, that relief to a cholera patient could be effected in three minutes, and a cure in fifteen minutes (unless the case is too far gone), by simply placing one hand over the stomach and the other upon the chest of the patient.' The gift of tongues is communicated to many in the primitive style; for instance, Mr. P. M. Green, of Oasis, Wisconsin, writes that his brother, without previous instructions, and without a knowledge of the languages, in his normal state, has been made to speak several 'properly and fluently;' mention is made of Polish, French, German, and Norwegian. These are serious matters; but antics are not at all uncommon; and it is necessary to give an illustration of both the serious and the ludicrous, in order that the reader may be able to judge with candor; for a writer who exposes only one side of a subject is not an instructor, but a deceiver of the people. We quote the following paragraph from the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH*:

"CURIOUS SPIRITUAL ARTS.—The *Spiritual Era* of July 6th contains an editorial article detailing some curious manifestations which the editor has witnessed. For instance, a table is spread in the usual manner for a meal by a young girl, who is a highly developed medium. Soon, apparently, a living thing, about the size of a kitten, is seen to be moving about under the tablecloth, and after a while, as the spectators grow familiar with the phenomenon, a small, delicate hand is observed to protrude suddenly from beneath the cloth, and is as suddenly withdrawn. After this operation has been repeated several times, the manifestation changes, and a good-sized foot, with perhaps a boot upon it, is suddenly thrust out from beneath the cloth, and is withdrawn under it again. At other times the family are in the habit of placing a Bible under the table, as they are seated around it, when the Spirits will open it at the passage which they desire them to read."

We need not be surprised to read, after this, in the *Christian Spiritualist*, the organ of the new society, large extracts from Cahagnet's work on magic, continued weekly. What does it all mean? The most practical, industrious, dollar-loving, matter-of-fact people in the world reviving exploded superstitions! We do not mean as yet to give any opinion on the subject, but watch the facts as they arise and pass before us. It is a singular revolution; and as revolutions in the mind are the most radical of all revolutions, the effects must be important. The clergy of America seem to regard it in this light, as it especially bears upon their own teaching, and holds affinity with the source of their own commission, either as a friend or a foe. As the latter they generally regard it, though many do not, but boldly preach it; and several have even abandoned their churches to do so. What especially distinguishes the movement is, that it makes no distinction of sex, and brings forward women as equal and associate with man in the work it has undertaken.

The latest reports speak of a new drama dictated by the Spirit of Shakespeare, and superior to any of his former works. It has been read to the manager of the Broadway Theater, and is now about to be brought out as one of the greatest curiosities. Indeed, the editor of the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH* has a leading article on the regeneration of the stage, which is chiefly to be effected by the ministrations of Spirits. The Spiritualists are very generally Teetotalists; having abandoned ardent spirits, they have taken to others of milder sort, which they have derived of all the old terrors with which ancient superstition clothed them.

#### WARNED IN A DREAM.

"On the morning of the 10th of November, 1885, I found myself off the coast of Galicia, whose lofty mountains, gilded by the rising sun, presented a magnificent appearance. I was bound for Lisbon: we passed Cape Finisterre, and standing farther out to sea, speedily lost sight of land. On the morning of the 11th the sea was very rough, and a remarkable circumstance occurred. I was on the forecastle, discoursing with two of the sailors; one of them, who had just left his hammock, said, 'I have had a strange dream, which I do not much like, for,' continued he, pointing up to the mast, 'I dreamed that I fell into the sea from the cross-trees.' He was heard to say this by several of the crew besides myself. A moment after, the captain of the vessel perceiving that the squall was increasing, ordered the topsails to be taken in, whereupon this man with several others instantly ran aloft; the yard was in the act of being hauled down, when a sudden gust of wind whirled it round with violence, and a man was struck down from the cross-trees into the sea, which was working like yeast below. In a few moments he emerged; I saw his head on the crest of a billow, and instantly recognized in the unfortunate man the sailor who a few moments before had related his dream. I shall never forget the look of agony he cast while the steamer hurried past him. The alarm was given, and every thing was in confusion; it was two minutes at least before the vessel was stopped, by which time the man was a considerable way astern; I still, however, kept my eye upon him, and could see that he was struggling gallantly with the waves. A boat was at length lowered, but the rudder was unfortunately not on hand, and only two oars could be procured, with which the men could make but little progress in so rough a sea. They did their best, however, and had arrived within ten yards of the man, who still struggled for his life, when I lost sight of him, and the men on their return said that they saw him below the surface of the water, at glimpses, sinking deeper and deeper, his arms stretched out and his body apparently stiff, but that they found it impossible to save him; presently after, the sea, as if satisfied with the prey it had acquired, became comparatively calm. The poor fellow who perished in this singular manner was a fine young man of twenty-seven, the only son of a widowed mother; he was the best sailor on board, and was beloved by all who were acquainted with him. This event occurred on the 11th of November, 1885; the vessel was the 'London Merchant' steamship. Truly wonderful are the ways of Providence!—*Barrie's 'Bible in Spain.'*

A young man, Charles Boursel, now at Paris, the son of a French officer, and formerly in the army in Africa, but relieved from his military duties on account of the scientific cleverness he displayed, has been making experiments in the electrical transmission of the voice. He entertains the idea, from the success which has attended his initial trials, that people may talk by telegraph, and the present writing or printing telegraph be dispensed with.

#### SPECIAL NOTICES.

Rev. R. P. WILSON, formerly of the Methodist Church—through whom the book entitled, "Discourses from the Spirit-world, by Stephen Olin," was dictated—will address the Spiritualists at Dodworth's Academy, 800 Broadway, next Sunday (Oct. 8th), at half-past ten o'clock A. M., and at half-past seven o'clock P. M. There will be a public Conference at the same place in the afternoon. The public is invited to attend. Seats free.

In the Poem entitled "THE MIRAGE," by Dr. Chivers, which appeared in our last issue, the reader will discover the following errors: In the last verse of the first stanza, the word "vial" should be *veil*. In the third verse of the fourth stanza, the word "Fill" should be *THU*.

U. CLARK will lecture in the Hall, 100 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, next Sunday evening, half-past seven o'clock. Conference three P. M.

P. B. RANDOLPH, the successful Spirit-clairvoyant physician and psychometrist, has taken rooms at 1 Grand Street, New York.

NEW MUSIC.—Our publisher's table exhibits the following pieces of sheet music received from the extensive publisher Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway:

"I'M ALONE IN THE WORLD." Ballad by J. J. Frazer. 25 cents. A choice ballad, expressive of strong feelings and possessing a fine musical arrangement.

"I REALLY MUST BE IN THE FASHION." Song by Van Der Wyde. 38 cents. A good and popular hit. Title-page embellished with a fine colored vignette of a young miss who would really be in the fashion.

## Original Communications.

### HYMN TO AUTUMN.

Air, "Ave Maria."

BY HENRY CLAY PERUSS.

Fading, still fading! the flowers are dying,  
And over their death-beds the West wind is sighing;  
The pale, lonely moon looks tearless and cold,  
And the sunset is tinged with the purest of gold;  
The Summer's harsh thunder no longer alarms,  
For Autumn hath come with her desolate charms.  
Hail! to thee, Autumn,  
Hail! to thee, Autumn,  
Hail! to thee, Autumn!  
Sad emblem of life!

Fading, still fading! the loved ones are sleeping,  
Where the Angel of Death his night-watch is keeping;  
No sunshine illumines their dark, dreary home,  
Where the ghoul, and the worm, and the night-Spirits roam;  
No bright flowers bloom on the earth o'er their head,  
But Autumn hath scattered her leaves o'er their bed.  
Hail! to thee, Autumn,  
Hail! to thee, Autumn,  
Hail! to thee, Autumn,  
Pale mirror of fate!

Fading, still fading! our years are but few—  
As others have gone—so we shall go;  
When the Spring-time was blushing in fresh virgin bloom,  
Ah, little we recked of the shroud or the tomb;  
But Autumn hath come with her features so wan,  
And she points us afar to the bright Spirit-land!

Hail! to thee, Autumn,  
Hail! to thee, Autumn,  
Hail! to thee, Autumn,  
Memento of death!

WASHINGTON, D. C.

### A GUARDIAN-SPIRIT'S VOICE.

BY G. ROSENBERG.

Listen! nature ever speaking—  
A voice by nature as a whole—  
Listen! a guardian-angel seeking  
To sooth your grief-o'erladen soul.

The providence of God o'er all  
In the vast universe doth reign;  
A hair can not unnoticed fall,  
Nor a good deed fruitless remain.

Regard it not in unbelief;  
With childhood's innocence confide;  
To doubt-distressed 'twill give relief;  
Then in your soul let it reside.

In every deed my might you feel;  
In every thought you have I move;  
A voice is heard for woe or weal,  
In all below and all above.

I guard the bark in which you sail  
On the rough bosom of the tide;  
In angel hands it will not fail,  
For an angel is a sleepless guide.

Seek not then, love, the cares of earth,  
For cares like these must soon have end;  
Be not content with a Spirit-death;  
Be mindful that you upward tend.

I hover near thy pillow, love,  
In silent watches of the night;  
I bring fond tokens from above,  
The realms of never-fading light.

Full soon the glorious morn will break,  
And care and strife for e'er be o'er;  
And love in full fruition wake,  
And reign supreme forevermore.

Immortal love hath bound us twain,  
Immortal as the stars that shine;  
Naught can e'er break the golden chain  
That makes thee, love, forever mine.

ALBANY, Sept. 4, 1884.

### ILLUSTRATIONS OF SPIRIT-INFLUENCE.

MR. S. B. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—As Spiritualism must base its claims more upon facts than speculations, and eventually triumph on the irresistible weight of experience, rather than the force of its philosophy, however cogent that may be, I take pleasure in communicating to you a few facts, as illustrative of its claims, which have just reached me, from a friend in San Francisco, Cal.

By way of episode, I will state, that my correspondent and myself, years ago, whiled away many an hour in the city of New York speculating on those great themes of man's relations and destinies.

My friend, as I knew him, and believe him to be now, was a man of great probity, scrupulous veracity, and high sense of honor, possessed of a keen analytical mind, eminently qualified to dissect a theorem, and unyielding in his demands on the intellect, so long as a sophism was left unexplained. In a word, he was skeptical to the last degree in regard to the prevailing religious dogmas of the day; yet he felt enthusiastically, that

"Nature is but a name for an effect  
Whose cause is God."

But, of all subjects, the soul's immortality seemed to him the hardest to comprehend as a great truth in the economics of Nature; for his intellect was more active than his intuitions, and however hopeful he might sometimes be, yet faith was always, in the end, subservient to his skepticism.

Thus much it has seemed necessary to state in order that the reader may attach the proper weight of credibility to the narrations emanating from such a source. But to the facts of more immediate import.

A few months ago the writer received a letter, which, among other matters, made inquiry in regard to the progress of Spiritualism, and asking a candid opinion from myself in relation to its claims to credence, etc., and on giving him the information that I was "of the household of faith," and the reasons therefor, he immediately wrote back and detailed his experience, and his complete "conversion" to the "new faith," and its hopeful and cheering doctrine. This letter, as I have before stated, has just reached me, and I proceed to give the substance of his experience, and, at the same time, furnish you, below, with names for private use, and as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the writer and his correspondent.

The first thing which attracted my friend's attention to the subject, he informs me, was a letter which, accidentally, fell in his way, written by Judge Edmunds, a careful reading of which induced him to investigate the subject; and it resulted, as might be supposed, by one who entered upon the investigation as a perfectly "free inquirer." Among other methods of investigation, he joined a "circle," and one evening a "medium" commenced to speak, and gave utterance to his own thoughts, in his own language, and in the order in which they were elaborated and inaudibly expressed in his own mind. The

next evening, at the same place, and the same medium being the speaker, a perfect antithesis of mental action was displayed; for on this occasion the medium's thoughts were all daguerreotyped on the mind of my friend, in the exact order of their delivery, and preceding their utterance by the speaker! It will be observed that in the one case he seemed to maintain a positive relation to the speaker, and in the other case an entirely negative relation.

But to pass by other interesting experiences, I will now transcribe the one which seems to have entirely dissipated whatever of doubt was still remaining as to the question—"Whether Spirits can communicate with their earthly friends?" He says:

"Another night, after I had retired to bed, I was very strangely affected, when a voice spoke to me, and told me to read the 12th chapter of the 'Acts of the Apostles.' At twelve o'clock, the same night, my son Thomas came into my room, having walked two miles over a lone some road, and avowed that he knew not what had induced him to come, but while lying in bed he had been strangely affected, and by an irresistible impulse compelled to get up and walk, as the impulse led him, not knowing whether he was going, or for what purpose."

Of course, the sequel furnished a rational solution; and I leave these facts to find their place and work out their legitimate fruits among the thousand similar experiences of the age, hoping that materialism will rapidly give place to a higher faith in the affirmative of the question—"If a man die, shall he live again?"

### PROPHETIC VISION.

Recently, while on a visit to my native town of Easton, Washington Co., N. Y., I obtained a copy of the following narration of an interesting spiritual experience, which I believe will prove instructive to the mass of your readers, confirming, as it does, the modern phases of the spiritual phenomena. In order to a proper understanding, it is necessary that I give the following brief account of the parties concerned.

Joseph Wilbur\* and John Wilbur were brothers, and both residents of the above-named town for the space of about sixty years, and both were members of the Society of Friends, the former being a distinguished preacher. The wife of Joseph (my own aunt) was named Jerusha, and the wife of John was the Sarah mentioned. The united ages of the two couples could not have been much, if any, less than three hundred and twenty years at the time of their deaths.

During their residence in Easton they respectively occupied the farms they first settled upon, which are situated upon the same road and distant about two miles apart. The narration is in the words of the son of John the visionist, whose name is signed to it, but who, I may remark, has since also passed into the Spirit-world, and is communicating from time to time of his heaven-derived wisdom to his amiable young widow, who survives him, and to his relatives and friends, through the instrumentality of her sister, who is an interesting writing medium.

A VISION OR DREAM, BY JOHN WILBUR, 2d MONTH 28TH, 1845.

Having visited Jerusha in her feeble and afflicted condition, she expressed her apprehension of being near the close of time, and her conviction that it was the last time we should ever meet in this state.

On a succeeding night (the night of the above date), as I lay in my bed, it seemed to me as plainly as if spoken by an audible voice, that brother Joseph had come to accompany the spirit of his companion through the dark valley of death, and that it was then ten minutes before three o'clock, and at the hour of three she was to leave the earthly tenement. He was accompanied by an archangel to instruct and direct him. While Joseph was engaged in soothing the spirit of his departing spouse, the seraph came to visit me. He addressed me, and opened to my understanding various passages of Scripture, which I had never before fully understood. He reminded me of the necessity of keeping on the watch by day and by night, for the hour of my dissolution was swiftly drawing nigh, and seemed to intimate that it would come suddenly and in an unlooked-for moment. It appeared that Sarah had arrived under the direction of an angel, and they were also to form a part of the convoy which should join the spirit, about to be released from the shackles of clay, in its flight to the blest abode. The angel then came with her to see me. She looked perfectly natural, but young and blooming. There were none of the wrinkles of age and care; no marks of disease or infirmity. She clasped her arms around my neck, and fond and warm was the embrace.

After a short interval the angel directed her to impress a parting kiss, for the hour of three approached, and they must go. She complied with the instruction, and quicker than thought she vanished from my vision. I eagerly stretched out my hands toward her, but found myself alone. These things left upon my mind a full impression that Jerusha was no more an inhabitant of earth.

The above is but a meager and imperfect outline of his remarks, and to a stranger will of course be of but little interest. But to one who stood in the relation which I did, to listen to his simple but touchingly beautiful description of the interview with her who was dear indeed to me in the precious maternal connection, but was endeared to him by that most sacred of all earthly bonds, the hallowed tie of conjugal affection—to reflect on the striking fulfillment of his apprehensions in reference to the time of my aunt's departure from the shores of earth—to listen to the seraph's admonition to prepare for the solemn change—to gaze upon the frosted locks and feeble, tottering frame of my venerable sister, fully attesting that the hour was near when he, too, would need a convoy through the awful vale, could not but strike the mind with deep and thrilling interest.

SAMUEL WILBUR.

I can add to the above, that I was informed by a near relative of the aged seer, that the communication made to him by the angelic visitor was even more definite than it appears in the statement of his son. It was said to him, in addition to what is stated in his son's account, that his own exit should be so sudden and so quiet that even his attendants should not know the precise time of his death, or, to speak more exactly, his birth into the future life. This I was reliably informed was the case. His spirit took its flight while the mortal body was reclining in its chair, and so peacefully that no one in the room observed the exact time of its departure. The prediction as to the time of my aunt's release from the outward form was so nearly fulfilled, that not fifteen minutes elapsed after the predicted time of three o'clock A. M. before she was winging her way with the glorified convoy of spirits and angels to the blest abode of the righteous.

It may be interesting to your readers to learn that the subject of Spiritualism, in various parts of the country that I have lately visited, is receiving much attention. During my stay in the country, I visited Schenectady, Saratoga, and Washington counties, and found in each devoted friends of the new unfoldings. I called on several interesting mediums, and came in contact with many believers. The faith of most of these is founded mainly on personal experiences, and I rarely met with any that were not, by virtue of their organization and mental developments, qualified to investigate rationally, and to



## Interesting Miscellany.

### BEYOND THE RIVER.

Time is a river deep and wide;  
And while along its banks we stay,  
We see our loved ones o'er its tide  
Sail from our sight away,  
Where are they sped—why they return  
No more to glad our longing eyes?  
They're passed from life's contracted bourne  
To land unseen, unknown, that lies  
Beyond the river.

'Tis hid from view; but we may guess  
How beautiful that land must be,  
For gleamings of its loveliness,  
In visions granted, oft we see.  
The very clouds that o'er it throw  
Their vault, unraised for mortal sight,  
With gold and purple tints glow,  
Reflected from the glorious light  
Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,  
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere;  
The mourner feels their breath of balm,  
And soothed sorrow dries the tear.  
And sometimes listening ear may gain  
Entrancing sound that higher floats—  
The echo of a distant strain—  
Of harp's and voices' blended notes,  
Beyond the river.

There are our loved ones in their rest;  
They've crossed Time's River; now no more  
They heed the bubbles on its breast,  
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.  
But there pure love can live, can last—  
They look for us their home to share;  
What joyful greetings wait us there  
Beyond the river.

—Dublin University Magazine.

### THE COAL FIELDS OF THE WORLD.

From an interesting, selected article, published in the *Practical Mechanic's Journal*, we condense a brief account of the coal fields of the world. Great Britain occupies the first rank, both in the quantity and quality of her coal production. The amount which she yearly produces is 32,000,000 tons. Belgium comes next with 5,000,000 tons; the United States produces nearly the same quantity; France, 4,200,000; Prussia, 3,600,000; Austria about 700,000.

Belgium, the second coal-producing country on the globe, is traversed in an east-north-east direction by a large zone of bituminous coal formation, from which she derives her supply. This zone occupies an extent of 331,392 acres, or about one twenty-second part of her whole area. France procures coal from fifty-six of her eighty-six departments. This yield is divided among eighty-eight coal basins, and comprises both the bituminous and non-bituminous varieties. Her production, which is now 4,200,000 tons, was, at the commencement of the French revolution, but 240,000 tons, the greater part of which came from two coal fields. The general quality of her coal is inferior to that of the British. Coal is daily getting into greater favor with the French, and it may reasonably be expected that with increased demand, and the growing facilities of railway transport, it will be reduced so much in price that it may be employed in gas establishments without the necessity of receiving aid from abroad. The national steam marine of France even now derives its coal from Great Britain.

Many of the provinces of Prussia are rich in coal basins similar to those of England. Pott, however, is in extensive use in Prussia, Bavaria, and Wurttemberg. At Berlin and its environs it is employed in almost all the workshops, and on account of its application to the production of gas, its consumption is regularly increasing. Austria possesses extensive coal beds, but the working of them has not yet been carried on to any great extent, there being a plentiful supply of wood, and at low prices.

The United States yields bituminous and anthracite coal in abundance. She is young and vigorous. She possesses railways and ships to aid in developing her mineral resources, and doubtless in a few years more her coal production will be only exceeded by that of England. The following is a list of her principal coal fields:

States.	Area of the Coal Area.	Proportion of Coal.
1. Alabama.....	66,876	1-10th.
2. Tennessee.....	48,290	1-10th.
3. Georgia.....	44,720	1-10th.
4. Kentucky.....	39,015	1-10th.
5. Virginia.....	31,040	1-10th.
6. Maryland.....	10,522	1-10th.
7. Ohio.....	85,520	1-10th.
8. Indiana.....	84,500	1-10th.
9. Illinois.....	69,180	1-10th.
10. Pennsylvania.....	48,460	1-10th.
11. Michigan.....	60,220	1-10th.
12. Missouri.....	60,284	1-10th.

The above table gives an aggregate area in 12 States of 665,283 square miles, of which 138,182 miles, or nearly one fourth, is composed of coal beds. After making all due allowances for such coal beds as would never be reached by the miner, we have left an enormous yielding area.

Canada contains no workable beds of coal, but Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland are said to be rich in the article.

Most of the minor countries in Europe yield coal. In Russia, on the northern shores of the Black Sea, bituminous coal (brown) has been found in abundance. The richest Russian coal field is on the shores of the Sea of Azov, between the Dnieper and Donetz rivers; it is said to be equal in quality to the best English, and may be delivered at a port on the Dnieper or the Don rivers for about 4s. or 5s. per ton. Little is known of the carboniferous system of Northern Russia. St. Petersburg is lighted with gas produced from English coal.

Coal beds are found in Egypt and various parts of Africa and Asia.

China will doubtless become, ere long, a coal-producing country: "Whether the Chinese have adopted the principle of lighting their houses or towns with coal-gas, artificially produced from bituminous coal, we know not; but it is certain that there are gaseous exhalations, or natural vents from the earth, as well as numerous others which have been artificially produced, and which have been burning for centuries, and are turned to economical account.

"A contributor to the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* furnishes some details whereby we ascertain that, if the Chinese are not manufacturers of gas, they are nevertheless gas employers and consumers on a large scale, and evidently were so ages before the knowledge of its application was acquired by Europeans. The process is the following: Beds of coal, though at a great depth, are frequently pierced by the borers for salt water, and from the wells thus made the inflammable vapor springs up. It sometimes appears a jet of fire, from twenty to thirty feet high; and in the neighborhood of these Leeson-Teing, the salt-works were formerly heated and lighted by means of these fountains of fire. Bamboo pipes carry the gas from the spring to the place where it is intended to be consumed; these tubes are terminated by other tubes of pipe clay, to prevent their being burned; a single well heats more than three hundred kettles. The fire thus obtained is said to be so exceedingly brisk, that the cauldrons are rendered useless in a few months. We presume this process refers to the boiling and evaporation of salt in the pans or kettles, through the agency of fire thus acquired from the ignition of gas. For the purpose of illumination, other bamboo tubes conduct the gas intended for lighting the streets, and into large apartments and kitchens. Thus nature presents in these positions a complete establishment of gas-light works."—*Boston Pathfinder*.

The most brilliant meteor we ever beheld was visible on Friday evening last, at about 8 o'clock. It started in the south, apparently about 10 degrees below the planet Jupiter, and proceeded to the north-east, leaving behind it a well-defined tail. It appeared to be about half as large as the moon, and was of a pale blue color, fringed with red. The movement at first was slow, but it gradually increased in velocity until long in the haze that enveloped the eastern horizon. It was visible about a minute, and presented a truly magnificent spectacle—such as is seldom seen in a lifetime.—*Bath Times*.

### DISCOVERY OF A REMARKABLE SPRING.

Extract from the journal of S. N. Carvalho, artist, of his journey from Great Salt Lake to Los Angeles, through the Cajon Pass:  
MUDY RIVER CAMP, May 30.

We remained at camp all day yesterday, and ten this morning were on the road to Cottonwood Springs, some 20 miles distant, where we will find water and grass; and then will commence a journey over another desert of fifty-five miles. We followed up this little stream for about three miles, when the road turned a little to the right; but I was anxious to see the head of the stream—for, from the appearance of the surrounding country, I judged it to be very near. Parley Pratt, several other gentlemen, and myself continued up the stream, and after a ride of half a mile we came to a large spring, thirty-five feet wide and forty long, surrounded by acacias in full bloom.

We approached through an opening, and found it to contain the clearest and most delicious water I ever tasted; the bottom appeared to be not more than two feet from the surface, and to consist of white sand. Parley Pratt prepared himself for a bath, and soon his body divided the crystal waters. While I was considering whether I should go in, I heard Pratt calling to me that it was impossible to sink, the water was so buoyant. I hardly believed it, and to be able to speak certainly, I also undressed and jumped in. What was my delight and astonishment to find that all my efforts to sink were futile! I raised my body out of the water and suddenly lowered myself, but I bounced upward as if I had struck a spring-board; I walked about the water up to my armpits, just the same as if I had been walking on dry land.

The water, instead of being about two feet deep, was over fifteen—the length of the longest tent-pole we had along. It is positively impossible for a man to sink over his head in it; the sand on the banks is very fine and white; the temperature of the water is 78 Fahrenheit. I can form no idea as to the cause of this singular phenomenon. Great Salt Lake also possesses this quality, but this water is perfectly sweet. In the absence of any other name, I have called it the Buoyant Spring. I have never heard it spoken of as possessing this quality, and should like some of the savans to explain the cause of buoyancy. We lingered in the spring for fifteen minutes, when we dressed and resumed our ride, highly delighted and gratified by our exploration.

### A RICH AND RARE TREAT.

On last Saturday evening, Mr. Nevins, at the request of the ladies and gentlemen of the Sun Hotel, read to them an essay on Shakespeare, interspersed with extracts illustrative of his remarks. Mr. N.'s essay was beautiful and true, and exhibited a highly poetic nature, with a richly endowed mind, and a perfect and intimate acquaintance with this great dramatist. His readings of the various scenes were excellent, and the whole afforded a rare intellectual enjoyment to all who were fortunate enough to be present. Mr. N., a short time since, at the solicitation of some of the gentlemen of the "Eagle," read to them, and other delighted listeners, a lecture on Spiritualism, which gave general satisfaction, and showed Mr. N. to be a deep and earnest thinker, with a head, though replete with thoughts of other men, yet possessing a mind eminently "attentive to his own." Hops and Charades, Tableaux and Necromancy, all have had their patrons and admirers, yet we must admit, that to Mr. and Mrs. Nevins we are indebted for the greatest and choicest pleasures of the season. Mrs. N. is a vocalist possessing rare talents; she is gifted with a strong, clear, and sweet voice, to which may be added an extraordinarily clear and distinct articulation, singing without an effort, but as though she sang because she could not help it. Her willingness at all times to oblige and give pleasure to others has formed for her a large circle of warm and admiring friends.

We learn with regret that their departure is at hand. They leave on Monday for their home in Philadelphia, after a sojourn among us of about two months, and we feel it a pleasing duty, as an inhabitant of Bethlehem, to express to them, not only our own, but the grateful acknowledgments of many inhabitants and visitors.—*Lehigh Valley Times*.

A LITTLE HUSBAND AND A LITTLE WIFE.—The Sandusky Register is responsible for this:  
"Two little children—a boy and a girl, aged four and three years respectively—were misinformed by their families, and search made everywhere for them, but in vain. The day passed, and considerable alarm existed. Persons were out in all directions, and the bell-ringer had been sent for, when, passing a thicket of bushes in the garden, the mother thought she heard low voices near. Pulling away the leaves, there were the trunks, with their night-clothes on, looked in one another's arms, and very comfortably stowed away for the night. The precocious lovers were stirred from their nest, but the boy expressed the utmost indignation; for, said he, "the hired man had married me and my sister, and that husk house was his'n, and they were goin' to live there till it rained." The denouement was so comical that it was concluded to let the babies be married until they had a falling out, which occurred the next day, and now they live apart—a separated man and wife."

A DEEP SPRING.—On Lake Prairie, Iowa, there is a spring, the bottom of which no plummet has ever yet sounded. It has a false bottom about three feet from its surface, through which, if a twenty-foot pole be thrust, it will sink under the sand composing this crust-like layer, and in a moment after its disappearance will bound up again on the surface. An Indian legend has it, that on a quiet full-moon night the Great Spirit led the wicked ones of a certain tribe thither, and when they saw the glorious beauty of the crystal water, they thought to bathe themselves in the moon-kissed fountain, and therefore plunged into the spring, but sank to rise no more. Ever afterward, runs the story, the manes of these evil unfortunates have troubled the bottomless waters, and to this day they agitate the deceptive bosom of the beautiful, though dangerous spring.—*Central Illinois Times*.

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