

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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WHOLE NO. 130.

The Principles of Nature.

WHO ARE CONSECRATED TO GOD?

Who makes priests? God makes *men* only. Who, then, makes priests? Laziness has made a great many; so have ignorance and superstition, hypocrisy and knavery. Who and what are priests? "Men consecrated to God." In that case we can with more propriety ask, Who are *not* priests? "But priests are specially consecrated to God." What, then, becomes of all the rest of the world? How singular that God should select a very few from the vulgar herd, cause them to wear black coats and white neckcloths, and make them particular repositories of his grace! The religion I believe in rejects such an assumption as an unjust imputation of the impartial rule of the Divine Being. The world is getting too old and too wise to accept such crudities much longer. The power of priesthood is well-nigh broken; the yoke is falling from many necks. Our Father is teaching a more glorious way. We feel that all men are consecrated to him—the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the black, the white, the free man and the bond man. We can find God's priests and priestesses in all places, beneath all skies, under every sun. One of his high priests is digging potatoes in yonder field, another is felling trees; a third is turning a furrow, a fourth is pushing a plane, a fifth is moving a mountain with a spade. There are fair priestesses down among the spindles, and in miserable attics making vests; some at the counter, others at the wash-tub, some kneading dough—some true to their mission, some false.

A special priesthood is not needed to-day. Humanity requires something better. We want no man between God and our souls. Jesus taught a soul-elevating doctrine when he declared the Father must be worshiped in spirit and in truth. We can do that without priests, if we can do it at all. It is doubtful if Christ would know those who profess to be his followers if he should walk about the earth as in the past; and it is quite certain that they wouldn't know him—particularly if he had no place to lay his head; for poverty is a great sin, and it becomes poor people to sit in the galleries and obscure side-pews when they go to church. Nomadic, unknown people (with garments not of the best), like the Jewish teacher, must keep respectfully in the background when they frequent fashionable resorts of piety. The disciple is very much above his Lord now. Instead of "going about to do good," he stays at home in state and broadcloth, and expects others to do *him* good—bestow the means to fare sumptuously every day. There were soul and sense in the religion Jesus taught—"good-will" in it to all men. He's ahead of our times yet. A model man was he. No factories for turning out priests in his system; no subscription papers to raise money to help God do his own work; no moving heaven and earth to concentrate spiritual power; no contemptible truckling to names; no bending to broad phylacteries; no respect for the cloth, but a glorious love for all humanity.

It is useless to talk of new eras and dispensations while the sublime morality of Jesus is many centuries in advance of us. My soul leaps at the sound of the "glad tidings" which are to all people—glad tidings that won't stay in churches, exclusively, but get outside of them, run like lightning from pole to pole, and quiver like a vivid flash in every heart. The more I contemplate Jesus—the more I meditate his marvelous maxims—the more I study his mission—the more I listen to the calm, high tones of his voice, softly sounding among the hills of Jerusalem, reverberating to the waves of Galilee's sea, or faithfully falling on the open ears of the despoiled and oppressed, the more do I wonder, revere, and admire! He met sectarianism hand to hand, spurning it from his moral might; fought with priesthood with the sword of truth, and perished a victim to priestly hate and political policy. His blood, sprinkled on the rocks of Calvary, records an eternal protest against the whole order of priesthood.

Jesus died for the common people. He never preached to men's clothes—saw all people naked, just as they appeared to the eyes of the Father. What was a corrupt priest to him, even if covered with costly apparel? What was the temple? A stall where priests were fattened—an accused spot, reeking with festering abominations—a den of thieves! There are dens of thieves to-day—thieves that steal from the mouths of the poor—thieves that take the substance of the laborers, which belongs to beggars and paupers, and build temples for pride, hypocrisy, and aristocracy to go to heaven in! They are dainty, supercilious, sanctimonious thieves, who give the widest side of the walk to ragged sinners, and won't go arm in arm with the fisherman as poor as Jesus. Many of them are rich thieves, living on the salvation that belongs to the weary toiler and suffering ones crying for a loaf of bread. Very heavy burdens do they impose, seldom putting forth their consecrated finger to lift them. There are hands holier and more precious in the sight of Our Father consecrated to labor, covered with the dust of the work-shop. All his children are consecrated in the most solemn and impressive manner. Nature, herself, has laid her pure hands on them, and behold they are dedicated to good works.

Jesus, I thank thee for thy leveling, republican gospel! I can half imagine the ineffable joy the angels felt when they sang to the astonished shepherds the sweetest song mortal ever heard, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people. Peace on earth and good-will to men."

God knows no man by his title, but by his *qualities*. "Reverend" before a name avails nothing—it is a human invention to awe the vulgar. Jesus was as good as the best "reverend" in the world, but never brought such miserable subterfuge to his aid. How would Rev. Jesus Christ sound? He evidently wished to abrogate such silly distinctions. Paul was simple Paul, without any "St.", once. "His Holiness" was a strange term in apostolic days. These things are priestly contrivances to dupe the ignorant and secure worship. The honest man piling brush, or the negro in the cane-brake, are just as "reverend," for aught I know, in the sight of God, as that melancholy, long-visaged individual in the desk, who says this beautiful world is a vale of tears, and the highest work of Omnipotence a failure.

All are *en rapport* with the common Cause of life and its varied phenomena; all hearts beat responsive to the great invisible Heart; all are recipients of a common inspiration; all objects of a common care; all subject to common law; all pilgrims in common to the common home. Let us follow the teachings of Nature's best apostle, and love humanity impartially—even as He loves it who sends his blessings on the just and on the unjust, leaving himself not without a witness of his goodness in giving us rains and fruitful seasons. Let inward harmony, in preference to outward organization, be our ambition. He who has not harmonized the kingdom within him, will not be likely to harmonize long with a heterogeneous mass of the same material. The higher law is *inside*, and not *outside*. If two individuals could be found whose faculties were perfectly disciplined and developed, no organization would be needed to make them act in concert; and if that state of things does not obtain, all the organizations in the world can not produce such a result. The work of reformers is in the *internal* solely, where Jesus said the kingdom of heaven was. Those who imagine they are going to reach all humanity by the embodiment of some little, local idea, terribly narrowed down and pinched by the pains of birth, will be disappointed in their expectations. Humanity is reached through the spirit, not through brick and mortar. There is a power at work more potent than money. The kingdom of God on earth is not gotten up by subscription, nor caught and caged, and controlled by directors, committees, or presidents. Teachers are not made by artificial stimulus, as we sometimes hatch eggs by electricity. Insulated chairs and flourishes of the hands don't consecrate men and women to God—they are consecrated already as much as they can possibly be, and all attempted improvement on the methods of Nature is like performing the Caesarean operation in preference to waiting the natural process, and, indeed, far less likely to succeed. To undertake to make priests or media is a species of quackery that is perfectly monstrous. This brings us to our starting-point. God makes *men*, men make *priests*. Who made Jesus a medium of spiritual power? An influence above man's control. Who or what makes men of the present day receptive of celestial influx? The same divine authority that made Christ a harmonious man. Is it necessary to have an institution to make more like him? What might it cost to develop a medium as good as he? All human art can not produce such a man. What will the world do, then? Wait calmly, attend to its duties, and let Heaven's work alone; we have enough to do without attempting the impossible. Ought we not to have a great spiritual magazine somewhere whence we can send electric sparks of truth in all directions, enough to convict and convert the whole world, and galvanize the dead body of error until it quivers again! It takes a large building to hold our Father's spiritual magazine—the universe itself, and that is none too spacious. Sectarian magazines have a spurious article, sufficient only for home consumption, at that. They are combustible, too, and blow up after a while. So explode all attempts at the manufacture of special instruments, until the common Gospel shall be universally understood, and every member of the human family become conscious that they are truly kings and priests unto God, by virtue of natural law and inalienable right, not by power of attorney specially vested in chosen vessels.

J. H. ROBINSON.

LEICESTER, MASS., Oct. 9, 1854.

TEACHINGS OF SPIRITS AND SPIRITUALISTS.

MR. EDITOR:

It seems to me that gentlemen who speak at the conferences of believers in Spiritualism should not only themselves remember there is as yet no common ground on which Spiritualists can unite, but should also occasionally state this fact from the desk, that inquirers and disbelievers may know that many of the doctrines they hear urged are only the individual opinions of the speakers, and are contrary to the teachings of those Spirit-minds who have through writing mediums addressed mankind on the great and prominent subjects of man's nature, origin, and destiny.

I am well aware that one of the most positive teachings of Spiritualism is to avoid any blind deference to authority; to carefully but boldly use our reason and conscience in weighing all dogmas presented to us. It was once forcibly said to me through a medium, "Consider yourself standing as on a pedestal, with heaven above you and hell below you, and in your searchings for wisdom and truth do not stop to ask man or spirit, but seek inspirations from God, and God alone, and they will come unto you." Hence I do not mean to represent the teachings obtained through writing mediums—such as Davis, Ambler, etc.—as the conclusive and authoritative exponents of Spiritualism, but I do mean to say, that as these written teachings bear internal evidence of coming from highly intellectual and philosophic Spirit-minds, and are received by Spiritualists as being given from the Spirit-world, it would be only a proper modesty for some of our public teachers of Spiritualism, when addressing the conferences, and advocating doctrines conflicting with those written teachings, to state the fact that their views are predicated solely on their own reasonings, or their supposed impressions received from spiritual sources.

I am led to these remarks by the vague and loose manner in which I think some, if not most, of our public speakers apply the "law of eternal progress" to explain the origin, nature, and destiny of man. Because geology furnishes evidence to confirm spiritual teachings as to the creation of this earth, etc., it is inferred that matter progressing through the lower kingdoms of nature must go on until it ends in the organized spiritual being—and hence it is asserted that such is the teaching of Spiritualism. By a careful reading of the teachings obtained through Ambler—and I think through Davis also—we may find this doctrine taught, to wit: That the human being is composed of two substances—matter and spirit; that the human body is the *ultimate* of matter; that the human body has its own ultimate in the organized human brain; that the great end sought for from the beginning was the development of matter unto its ultimate, an organized body and brain, as a framework in which could be molded and perfected an organized spiritual body and brain in which was first implanted that spark of Deity—that creation of the Great First Cause—which inherently had immortality, and by virtue of whose inherent nature alone could the organized spiritual body be formed and maintained as a fixed, unchanging, eternal form, uninfluenced by the action of surrounding matter.

As I read some of the teachings through Ambler, it is taught that the body is the beginning of the spiritual existence, and that the soul is implanted by the Divine Mind as the germ which is to be unfolded and developed in its capacities and affluities, and that the immortal germ is the soul of the spirit, as the spirit-organization within us is the soul of the human body. The question whether the germ or most interior soul is a finite creation of the Great First Cause, and by him implanted as the *first element* in organizing a spiritual body, or whether it is the ultimate which matter passing through the several kingdoms of nature attains unto and develops, is intricate but highly interesting, and I submit that the spiritual teachings which attempt to solve this question should exhibit internal evidence of highly gifted intellectual and philosophical powers to merit much deference. It seems to me some of our speaking mediums and lecturers talk very flippantly about this and similar abstruse matters, rendering their expositions, when carefully analyzed, about as clear as mud.

It is true that matter has been steadily, under fixed laws, progressing from a chaotic state to, and developing, higher kingdoms in nature—first the mineral, then the vegetable, then the animal, then the human kingdom. The end and design is asserted to be an ultimate, a living, definite, immortally organized form—the Spirit-kingdom. The import of this doctrine is, that each kingdom was the product of its preceding kingdom or kingdoms; hence each kingdom had its progenitor, or Adam. Therefore the first vegetable life developed was the product of the mineral kingdom, but being born it sustains its continued existence by reproduction. So of the animal and human kingdom. But here is the particular point I ask attention to—a point, I think, sanctioned by spiritual teachings and Bible teachings. If the vegetable kingdom existed ages before it introduced the Adams of the animal kingdom, and the animal kingdom existed ages before the birth of the human kingdom, are we not to infer that these kingdoms only attained their ultimates when thus producing the developments of higher kingdoms, and, therefore, that the human kingdom must have existed ages on this earth before it attained its ultimate in giving birth to the still higher or Spirit-kingdom? It seems to me this question should be carefully thought of. It may be that through this we may be able to perceive why immortality was not taught in the old Bible—why it was first demonstrated 1800 years ago—and in this we may possibly find a solution of those mysterious teachings of Jesus, which substantially assume that from and after this time the relationship of the human race as creatures, with God as the Creator, was radically changed. In this we may find an intelligible solution of Paul's argument in the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, and perceive the difference between "a living soul and a quickening spirit."

CLAIMS OF "SPIRITUALISM" CONSIDERED.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

Since coming to years of maturity, there has always existed a deep impression on my mind of the baneful and lamentable consequences which have resulted, and which must inevitably continue to result, unless some salutary remedy is applied, from the multitude of sects and divisions, and the consequent antagonisms that have almost universally and fatally prevailed throughout the so-called Christian Church—fatal not only to the peace and prosperity of each individual branch of mankind, but also to the rapid and extensive spread of the Gospel among all the nations of the earth.

It is also a lamentable fact that the infuriate zeal of many (not all) professors—zeal without true knowledge and wisdom to guide—to make proselytes to their particular views and interpretations of the Scriptures, has disgusted many of the more intelligent and worthy members of community, and either turned their minds away from the subject altogether, or left them in doubt and perplexity, or led them to embrace the theory of utter annihilation after death.

The shameless inconsistency of many ostentatious pretenders, who would fain have "outsiders" believe them followers of the "meek and lowly Jesus," and their eagerness to do almost any thing and every thing of a worldly nature to support and carry out *His* teachings, at the same time omitting the only wise and salutary spiritual exertions *He* devised and commanded, can not but have a direct and fatal tendency to turn away the minds of all who are naturally indifferent, or who look upon such matters with a scrutinizing, but superficial, eye. The profound mystery, or incomprehensibility to ordinary minds, in which some passages of Holy Writ are enshrouded, caused, probably, by an imperfect translation at a remote period of time when the signification of words, and expressions, and sentences was, perhaps, in some instances, quite different from their common acceptance at the time the original were penned, has no doubt proved a stumbling-block in the way of many honest seekers after truth. Indeed, so erroneous is our English translation of the Old Testament considered by the Jews of the present day, as I have just been informed on the highest authority (a learned Jew himself), that they will not for a moment even look at it as their guide in religious matters. Those competent to judge assure us that, in many essential points, it is but the most imperfect shadow of the original Hebrew from which it was taken.

For my own part (although I have been for many years past an official member of an orthodox sectarian church), it has always been painful for me to reflect upon that portion of our Articles of Faith which consigns the impenitent here on earth to a state of *eternal* woe and sorrow after death. I could not deny that, to my understanding, it was plainly set forth in the Scriptures; yet I could never entirely divest my mind of the conclusion, after the most patient and prayerful deliberation, that it was a punishment immeasurably beyond the merits of the crime, and could not consistently be inflicted by a God of justice, much less by the all-wise, beneficent, and merciful Being we are taught to adore, and who is represented in that same Holy Writ as the very personification of *love* itself. Not that offenders ought to, or can, escape the just and inevitable consequences of violated law—the laws of Nature and the laws of their being, both here and hereafter—but that such punishment can only be commensurate to the offense. All beyond that is not *justice*; it degenerates into oppression and cruelty—attributes which form no part of my idea of the Godhead.

Now, what is the cause of all this doubt and perplexity—this want of uniformity in creeds and sentiments among what are called orthodox Christians? Is it not the imperfect manner in which our Bible has been translated from the tongue in which it was first given to mankind? It may be, however, that some of its discrepancies may have been caused by the personal bias of some of the multitude of mediums through whom it was originally communicated to the world. What, then, is the remedy for these evils? I fondly hope, since the present extensive revival of spiritual intercourse has commenced, that it will eventually result in throwing so much *light* on this dark, mysterious, and perplexing subject as to render it plain to all; that "he who runs may read," and that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, may not err therein."

In this view of the case it is truly to be regretted that the same characteristics are manifested now in opposition to this revival, as when Jesus of Nazareth and his apostles came on earth with their missions of love and wonder-working power. Then the most furious and fanatical denunciations came from those who ought to have been the first to hail the Messiah with joy and gladness. That "peculiar people" who were the sole depositaries of the "sure word of promise," claimed to be Moses' disciples, and they stubbornly shut their eyes and stopped their ears to all arguments and investigations that might lead them to the truth.

Though my faith in the pure and unadulterated Gospel of our Saviour is not shaken, nor is the least desire to deviate from its precepts created, yet I am just as firmly persuaded that these new revelations come from the Spirit-world in confirmation and explanation of those sacred truths as they were

originally given, their diversity of sentiment simply proving that "what a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Therefore, let us be wise and sow to the spirit of love and harmony here, that we may reap the "peaceable fruits of righteousness" hereafter.

To hear it said at this late day that the spiritual manifestations by which we are surrounded on every side are all made by the mediums and their accomplices; that they are all impostors bent on money-making; that the "rappers" are all females; that it is done by muscular power and the like—by men who could obtain undeniable evidence of the falsity of such statements by going twenty rods, is indeed humiliating to the sincere friend of truth. I can stand the ill-concealed smile at my expense, of those who endeavor to be gentlemanly; I can bear to be told by those who know nothing about it, that it is all a humbug; I can even bear to hear it called "the devil," or emanations from the spirit of evil, by those who have more faith in the powers of his sooty highness than in the all-wise, all-powerful, and beneficent Creator and Ruler of the universe, and who could not possibly get along without the assistance of his sabbatary majesty; but when the stereotyped question comes, "Well, what does it amount to? or, what is the good of it if true?" its flippancy, its utter carelessness, strikes me every time with new and bewildering astonishment. If those who know nothing about the subject, and are too indolent, or dare not investigate, would only have the grace to say nothing, good or bad, about the subject, they would show some sense.

I have often heard and read of the ebullitions of the clergy, and many of the more zealous laity, of the different churches throughout the country, against the claims of the modern spiritual unfolding, but from what I have lately seen and read I am convinced that the number of those ministers of the Gospel who are seriously considering the import of the new phenomena, and privately yielding credence to its claims, is far greater than is generally supposed. At a casual meeting of an intelligent known Spiritualist with several ministers recently in Boston, after briefly discussing the subject, one of the latter frankly declared that "he had been subject to spiritual impressions himself," and quoted Scripture to prove the reasonableness of present intercourse with the Spirits of the dead. Another was a medium, and preached under spiritual influence. A third, on being asked whether he believed in intercourse with departed Spirits, said he had no doubt of it, and added, that for several of the last Sabbaths he had been explaining to the Bible class of his Sunday-school all about the subject.

To ascribe these manifestations wholly to the spirit of evil, or the devil, if you choose, is most egregiously absurd; for no sane mind will believe the pure and elevating doctrines generally inculcated ever emanated from such a corrupt source. If it does all come exclusively from "Old Nick," he is a much better friend to mankind than he was ever supposed to be, and instead of "walking up and down the earth seeking whom he might devour," he has been, especially for the last two or three years, very busily engaged in *freely* healing the sick, restoring sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and making the lame to walk erect (of which we might mention two or three unmistakable instances in this our good town of St. Catharines), while the lessons of love, and wisdom, and charity, and brotherly kindness he is everywhere teaching are very unlike what we should have expected from one of his reputation. He pleads the cause of the slave, commands us to abstain from the intoxicating cup, to forsake all iniquity, to have faith in the immortality of the soul after death, to "forbear with one another in love," in a word, "to do unto all men as we would have them do unto us." And, what is better still, he has thereby induced hundreds and thousands to do so in leading a holier and happier life here on earth. Strange, indeed, if all these things have come from an *evil Spirit*.

On the other hand, what is the church in this nineteenth century? An empty name—a lifeless form—while a vast majority of its members exhibit in every department of life all the recklessness, all the indifference, all the selfishness which men of the world exhibit, so much so that it is impossible (except by ostentatious professions and ceremonies on certain days of the week) to distinguish them from reputed infidels, either by their tempers, their general habits, their business transactions, or their moral principles. Look over the civilized world—look through the Christian church—and then answer me if nothing is needed to rouse mankind from spiritual lethargy and save the thinking mind from utter skepticism.

I know it is very unpopular to dissent from long-established opinions; and, therefore, few are aware of the amount of unbelief that now haunts in secret the minds of men. But the world is progressing; the church, too, is progressing, and I verily believe that it is to do away with these evils—these inconsistencies and absurdities that these new developments are unfolding—and to give us in their stead a rational and intelligent theology—something that everybody can understand, and which, when understood, will be practiced and become universal among all the dwellers upon this globe, and endure to the end of time, aye, throughout the countless ages of eternity.

H. L.

ST. CATHARINES, C. W.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1854.

TO THE FRIENDS IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Editor of this paper may be expected to speak to the spiritual and progressive friends in the Fraternal City on Sunday next, October 29th, agreeably to a previous arrangement. We expect to leave in a morning train on Saturday.

THE SPIRITUAL PRESS.

It affords us great pleasure to witness of late a most decided improvement in the public journals devoted to the elucidation and defense of Spiritualism. The first efforts in this direction were for the most part unproductive of any very memorable results, except to those who labored with a good motive, but at a heavy sacrifice. Our papers were wanting in clearly-defined views and a vigorous, healthy tone. For a time it was a prevalent mistake of many professed Spiritualists—not excepting some who assumed the responsible office of public teachers—to attach an undue importance to the superficial claims and verbal pretensions of whatever purported to emanate from the Spirit-world. Comparatively little attention was paid to the intrinsic merits of what was uttered. This led many persons to greatly undervalue or to wholly disregard the best efforts of the ablest minds on earth, whilst the familiar and commonplace observations of Spirits, and even the pointless and incoherent rhapsodies of mesmeric subjects, in the first stages of their development, were accepted as *oracular decrees* by which the judgment, pursuits, and destinies of men were to be determined. While the opposition ignored the genuine claims, authentic facts, and eternal principles of Spiritualism, a class of half-fledged converts, with that unbounded credulity which usually characterizes weak and fanatical minds, accepted every thing that was offered, good, bad, and indifferent. At length, however, overloaded with crudities which the mind had no power either to digest or assimilate, they were obliged to disgorge the whole mass. By this excess some people have induced a kind of spiritual dyspepsia, and in consequence may, for the present, feel indisposed to receive even wholesome spiritual food. But very few, we apprehend, are "sick unto death," and with a sticking-plaster in the form of a painful experience, and a tonic preparation composed of equal parts of common sense, reliable information, sound reason, and keep your eyes open, they will doubtless all recover, and have a comfortable time hereafter.

It is not in a censorious spirit that we say this. We find fault with no one any more than we blame the child because it fails in its first attempts to walk. It is only by frequent trials and repeated failures, too, that we acquire the ability to stand erect and to walk upright in the free exercise of our faculties and the full strength and dignity of manhood.

But we proposed to offer a word respecting the different spiritual papers. The TELEGRAPH, in point of fact, and by common consent, stands at the head of the list in these two particulars, namely: It is the oldest spiritual paper in existence, and has the widest circulation. Further than this it must speak for itself, and we will proceed to fill up the list by a brief notice of the others.

THE SACRED CIRCLE.

This periodical, edited by Judge Edmonds, George T. Dexter, M.D., and Owen C. Warren, is now the only Magazine devoted to the interests of Modern Spiritualism. Since the issue of the first number the circulation has been steadily increasing, and the prospects of the work were never so encouraging as at the present time. In addition to the best efforts of the editors, this monthly contains interesting and instructive contributions from Major Raines, of the U. S. A., Professor Hare, of Philadelphia, and other distinguished literary and scientific gentlemen, whose names we are not at liberty to mention. As the proprietors of the TELEGRAPH are the publishers of the SACRED CIRCLE, an expression of our opinion, respecting the merits of the work, might subject us to the suspicion of being influenced by personal motives. We therefore suggest that the readers of this paper would do well to examine its claims for themselves. To enable all to decide the question of its merits, understandingly, and without expense or inconvenience to themselves, we shall cheerfully forward specimen copies to all who may call for them. "The Truth against the World," is the motto of the SACRED CIRCLE.

THE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.

This weekly folio sheet is published in this city. It is nearly as large as the TELEGRAPH, the terms of subscription being the same. Horace H. Day, and others, are proprietors and publishers of this journal, which is handsomely printed on fine paper. The Christian Spiritualist, it appears to us, regards the subject to which it is devoted rather as an important modification of popular theology, than as a spiritual philosophy of human nature and relations. It pays less attention to the scientific principles and aspects of Spiritualism than to its ethical and theological bearings. It is free, however, from any improper severity, or disposition to dogmatize, and is indulgent and charitable in its spirit. Since Rev. J. H. W. TOOMEY took charge of its columns we have witnessed a gratifying improvement in its general character.

THE NEW ERA.

This spiritual journal is published weekly, in Boston, at \$1 50 per annum. Until quite recently S. C. HEWITT was alone in the proprietorship and management of the paper, but the combined duties of editor and publisher were too complicated and onerous to be successfully discharged by a single individual. The task was a severe one, and the progress of the ERA was doubtless retarded by the inability of the proprietor to be thorough in both the editorial and publishing departments. The enterprise demanded so much labor that a single individual could scarcely be expected to perform it in the best manner. When we consider the circumstances under which our Eastern brother has prosecuted his undertaking, we are prone to think that he is entitled to great credit for the fidelity and perseverance which have uniformly characterized his efforts.

It has been suggested by some that our friends of the NEW ERA are inclined to have "a hobby," and to ride it too often and too far. On this point—the distance which one ought to ride in such cases—we are not prepared to express a definite opinion, never having tested the capacity of any one of the genus in this respect. All we can say is, that we were required to ride we should like to hold the reins, and feel assured before starting that we could guide the creature, and stop him if necessary.

We are happy to perceive that Mr. A. E. Newton, a gentleman of cultivated mind, who has had some previous experience in connection with the press, is now an associate editor of the ERA, which has just entered on its third volume, greatly improved alike in its mechanical execution and literary character. The contents of the last number give evidence of having been carefully prepared. Mr. Newton is a good writer, and we congratulate friend Hewitt on the improved appearance and prospects of his paper.

THE SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE.

Is the somewhat imposing title of a small journal conducted by S. WARD SMITH, assisted, in the editorial department, by R. P. Wilson. This neatly printed paper is published weekly at Cleveland, Ohio, at \$1 per annum. Under the management of its former proprietor the UNIVERSE seems to have existed in a nebulous condition; it was cloudy; the elements were in a crude state, and chaotically disposed. But we already discover palpable signs of order. The UNIVERSE, in the hands of Mr. Smith, is so much improved in its general character and appearance that we are half inclined to question its identity.

THE SPIRITUAL ERA.

Is edited by O. BAKER, and published weekly at Ripley, Ohio, at \$1 per annum in advance. This paper has been published about a year and a half. It has been issued with great regularity, and makes a respectable typographical appearance. The extreme amiability of Mr. Baker prompts him to resign the use of his columns, in a great measure, to correspondents who are not qualified to interest intelligent readers, and in this we think he makes a slight mistake. A true Spiritualist is not incompatible with vigorous thought and speech, but it is altogether inconsistent with imbecility or a foggy mental atmosphere. Bro. Baker has our best wishes for his success in every effort to enlighten the world.

THE SPIRIT ADVOCATE.

This is a small sheet in quarto form, edited and published monthly, at fifty cents per annum, by George Haskell, M.D., at Rockford, Ill. It presents a good appearance, and we hope the proprietor will realize his desires by doing much good.

THE CRISIS.

Is a small quarto paper published semi-monthly, at Laporte, Ind., by Rev. Henry Weller, formerly of the Swedenborgian communion. The subscription price is one dollar. We understand that Mr. Weller has been disestablished by his church for holding intercourse with spirits. It is of little consequence to such a man whether he holds a pen-and-ink fellowship with the sect or not; he is in fellowship in the most spiritual and essential sense with all free, earnest, and living men. Mr. Weller writes from the influence of a present inspiration, and with remarkable strength and beauty.

We shall have something to say hereafter of these secular journals which are favorably disposed to Spiritualism.

PATRONAGE AND POTATOES.

We have just received from a friend in Central New York a barrel of good potatoes, as a subscription to the TELEGRAPH, for which we have credited him the market price in this city, less the amount we were required to pay for transportation. Our patron wanted the spiritual food, which he concluded—no doubt wisely—that the TELEGRAPH could furnish; and the nature of the case certainly warranted the presumption that we stood in need of the kind of sustenance which could readily be supplied from his potato field. Accordingly, our friend proposed "an exchange," to which we readily acceded, and sent the paper on receipt of the potatoes. (By the way, during the last year we have not made so many extracts from all our "exchanges" as we are likely to do from this one.) Moreover, if any one desires to "exchange" who has a barrel of excellent apples, we shall offer no objection, though we may as well confess that probably every article under that head might be literally "skinned," and the "make-up" left to some female assistant, who, if she chanced (excuse the inelegance of the expression) to be in a "crusty" mood, would be sure to "knock them into pie."

Some people who carry silk purses think that potatoes are not a good "circulating medium," but we can testify to the contrary. Potatoes are altogether superior to a metallic currency, or to the promises of bank directors, except in the mere matter of convenience, and that, after all, is comparatively a small consideration. Many a man has grown lean on promises, and we should all starve to death if we had nothing more substantial to lean upon. But only give a man a perpetual lien on a barrel of potatoes, and he can look at the shriveled visage of gaunt famine with wonderful composure. Let those tremble who have nothing but money. His courage will last—last as long as the potatoes hold out, at least. He knows that the common currency never satisfied the appetite of a single hungry man; but why should he fear who holds "the staff of life" to the whole Irish nation?

It is easy to show the superiority of potatoes by a brief logical process. The following antithetical mode of argumentation will make the whole matter clear:

FIRST PROPOSITION—Potatoes will always bring a good price.

SECOND PROPOSITION—A good price will not always bring potatoes.

THIRD PROPOSITION—It being a fact that potatoes will always command a good price, while the converse of this proposition is not always true, it necessarily follows that the third proposition—the conclusion—logically deducible from the first and second, is in favor of potatoes.

Finally, should any one conclude to remit his subscription to the TELEGRAPH in the form of a barrel of potatoes, we have only to suggest that we propose to send out large ideas, and hope that the potatoes will not be "small."

THE SUNDAY LECTURES.

Rev. T. L. Harris preached on Sunday to the Congregation of Spiritualists in Doddworth's Academy. In the morning every seat was occupied, as is usual when he speaks, and in the evening hundreds were unable to find seats. His subject in the morning was "The Relations existing between Mind and Matter." In this discourse the natural universe was shown to be adapted, in all of its forms, degrees, conditions, and processes to the artistic, social, intellectual, and affectional growth, education, and perfection of the human spirit. His evening discourse was upon the loss of the Arctic, as viewed from the standpoint of the spiritual idea. We employed a photographer, and shall publish a full report of the evening lecture hereafter. The friends of the cause in the city and vicinity will be glad to learn that Br. Harris is expected to speak in Doddworth's Academy on Sunday next, morning and evening, at the usual hours.

THE ARCTIC—COINCIDENCES AND INCIDENTS.

Three or four days before the news of the Arctic's loss reached New York, a man came into Mr. Collins' office in a state of great excitement, and said that the Arctic was wrecked—that only thirty of her passengers were saved, and that his brother, who was on board, had been lost. He was so much excited about it, and proved so unmanageable, that he was dismissed as a crazy person.

A person who had a relative on board the Arctic, went down to the wharf on the Sunday when she first became due, and was a little surprised to find Mr. Collins there. In answer to inquiries Mr. C. said he did not much expect to find her there, but he had been made a little uneasy by dreaming about her being wrecked a night or two before. For a day or two this incident caused some little anxiety in Mr. C.'s mind—but it wore away, and he afterward had the utmost confidence in the vessel's safety.

A gentleman on this side wrote to his wife and daughter in England not to come by the Arctic, acting merely from indefinite impression that harm might happen, being very earnest and explicit. The ladies having several friends on board, did embark on that vessel; but the fact that she had not complied with her husband's wishes so weighed upon the lady's mind that she was painfully apprehensive the whole voyage, and was especially impressed with the tolling of the alarm bell on Bell Buoy in the Irish Channel. Both were among the lost.

The Duc de Grammont, who was lost in the Arctic, had made arrangements for sailing in another steamer, a considerable time previous to his actual departure for the United States. Some unforeseen events, however, detained him. He then engaged to sail in still another vessel than the Arctic, but unexpected circumstances overruled him, and, as if governed by a hidden but inexorable destiny, he went on board the ship that was to bear him to his tomb.

It is curious that Captain Luce was picked up at sea by Captain Russell, of the ship Cambria, who was wrecked some months ago, and picked up in a like manner by Captain Nye, of the Collins' steamer Pacific.

SIGNIFICANT SPIRITUAL FACTS.

The secular papers, as will be perceived, are giving publicity to a number of interesting psychological and theological facts connected with the loss of the Arctic, and the more recent destruction of the lake steamer, E. K. Collins. The Cleveland Plaindealer relates the following:

AN INCIDENT OF THE BURNING OF THE COLLINS.—W. H. Stone, of Brecksville, in this county, in company with two others, went West a few weeks ago to buy land, leaving some business with the law firm of Wyman & Thayer, of this city, in which a brother and a brother-in-law, living in Brecksville, were concerned. On Monday last said brother-in-law and a near neighbor of Stone came to town, and visiting their lawyers on said business, had occasion to speak of Mrs. Stone, who, he said, was quite sick, in fact, entirely prostrated, by a shocking dream she had had the night before. She dreamed that her husband was dead, had died on a steamboat, and in an awful and violent manner. The lawyers informed said neighbor that a steamboat had been burned on Lake Erie the night before, but Mr. Stone's name did not appear either among the lost or saved, and was probably not on board. While talking, the comrade and room-mate of Mr. Stone, a Mr. Farr, came into the office, and announced that Mr. Stone was on board with him, slept in the same state-room, heard the alarm of fire, rushed out together into the cabin, which was so full of fire and smoke that they lost one another. Farr reached the deck and jumped into the lake. Stone has not been heard of since. The last words he spoke were, "Farr, where are you?" "Here I am," said Farr, both so enveloped in smoke that they could not see one another. Farr happened to find the cabin door, and escaped. Stone probably was smothered and devoured by the flames. The parties are all well known, and these facts need no authentication.

The very night, and about the very hour that the husband was grappling with this strange but terrible death, the wife had a presentiment, so vivid that the reality could not affect her worse. Is there any religious or moral philosophy that can explain this?

The spiritual philosophy accounts for such facts in a rational way, if our opinion is worth any thing. Two hypotheses may be given, one of which must be applicable to this particular case. Either Mr. and Mrs. Stone were so closely united and in such intimate sympathetic rapport with each other, that the former could not be greatly disturbed in mind or body, without producing corresponding sympathetic effects on the latter; or, otherwise, the spirit of Mr. Stone, on its separation from the form, was at once attracted to the immediate presence of Mrs. S., to whom he sustained the most endearing earthly relation, and the presence of the Spirit inspired the dream by telegraphing its thoughts and emotions through the nerves of sensation to the brain of the sleeper, whose vision was a literal transcript of the images which occupied the mind of the departed.

INTERESTING FROM WISCONSIN.

The facts contained in the following letter from Hon. N. P. TALLMADGE are interesting as illustrations of the remarkable powers of mediumship possessed by Mrs. French. We thank the Governor for communicating them, and beg leave to assure him that it would afford ourselves and our readers great pleasure to hear from him more frequently.

FOND DU LAC, Wis., Oct. 11, 1854.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN:

Mrs. French, of Pittsburg, who has been with us for the last week or ten days, left this morning on her return home. By her amiable and lady-like deportment she has won the esteem of all who have been so fortunate as to make her acquaintance. One evening, to a very large audience, she related her experience in "spiritual manifestations," and at the close was entranced and spoke most eloquently to the delight and astonishment of all present.

While Mrs. French was at my house there were some remarkable occurrences worthy to be mentioned. She arrived on Saturday evening, and stated that on Friday, on board the steamer from Chicago to Sheboygan, she was confined to her berth from sea-sickness, with frequent retching and vomiting. On Saturday morning at five o'clock she was aroused, having been troubled about home the evening before. The following communication, which she showed me, was written by her hand under spiritual influence. "There was no cholera reported in the Pittsburg papers for the 29th. I was at your house last evening, and saw Mr. C.; write you to that effect—so you need have no fears about home. All is well!"

Early on Sunday evening she was entranced—said she had been to New York; saw a large number of people assembled at Doddworth's Academy, and they were talking about Mr. Courtney, of Pittsburg, who was to lecture there that evening. Mrs. F. expressed her surprise at his lecturing there at that time, because she saw Mr. Courtney just before she left Pittsburg, and did not know that he thought of going to New York to lecture. He said he should not leave the city till the cholera abated.

At ten o'clock on Sunday evening Mrs. French was again entranced; went home, saw the family all in bed except her uncle, Mr. C. He was writing her; commenced his letter

No. 4, ten o'clock, Sunday evening; said the family were in bed; very anxious about her, not having heard from her; that the cholera had entirely disappeared from Pittsburg.

In due course of mail Mrs. French received a letter from Mr. C. marked No. 4, and dated ten o'clock, Sunday evening, and stating precisely what she had seen and related in her trance state. Also a letter from Mr. French, stating that their little daughter (who is a medium) had seen her in bed on board the boat on Friday, and very sick and vomiting, and they were all anxious about her.

In due time, too, I received the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, containing a notice that Mr. Courtney, of Pittsburg, would lecture at Doddworth's Academy on Sunday forenoon and evening!

Mrs. French has astonished every one who has seen her, by her accurate description of diseases, and her prescriptions have already given relief in cases which have baffled the skill of the ablest physicians. Skepticism has, in some instances, yielded to these evidences of her spiritual power in healing. The cause in Wisconsin is "onward and upward."

Very respectfully yours, N. P. TALLMADGE.

DIGEST OF CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. L. PARKER, of Manchester, Conn., writes us concerning some facts and phenomena personally witnessed by himself, and of which we give the following digest: He says that during the month of July last, Mr. Wm. Hulme, a speaking, writing, and rapping medium, spent nearly a week at his house. Soon after his arrival the Spirits called the attention of our correspondent to some copper tacks lying in a certain place in the mill where the medium had never been, and advised him to take care of them as they were new. In reply to a question the Spirits said the tacks were No. 12, which was the fact. On one evening after the medium had retired to bed, Mr. Parker and his two sons being in other beds in the same room, the Spirits made various demonstrations by carrying and throwing things about the room, answering questions by pounding with a boot upon the floor, pulling the carpet and piling it up in the middle of the floor, moving the table to and fro, and answering questions by tipping it while the medium was not near it, etc. By request the Spirits promised to write without the aid of the medium's hand, and tell, the next morning, where their writing might be found. The next morning they accordingly directed them to search in an adjoining room in an upper story of the house, on doing which there was writing found perfectly executed. Soon after, being with the medium at the house of Mr. O. Spencer, in South Manchester, Mr. P. was directed to look under the table around which they were seated. He did so, and found a knot, ribbon and buckle which, it would seem, the Spirits must have carried from his house, three miles distant. A lady present was requested to read from the Bible, which she declined to do, saying that she had left her spectacles at home. The spectacles were presently brought into the room by invisible hands, though the distance of the lady's residence was half a mile!

C. A. T., of St. Catharines, C. W., forwarded us, some time ago, a statement of the facts of a surgical operation which had been performed in that town, through a medium, by Spirit-agency. By some means our friend's communication got thrown into the hopper with a large "grist" of other correspondence, and in the process of being "ground out" has just now made its appearance. The essential facts of the interesting case are as follows: A young woman of our correspondent's acquaintance, and who is a medium, called one evening on a woman to request her to come and do some washing for her on the next day, but she found her disabled in one of her arms, supposed to be from rheumatism occasioned from a previous wrench of the arm, after which the woman thought she must have taken cold in it. The medium felt a prompting to operate upon the arm at that time, but restrained herself in consequence of some Catholics being present. The next day the woman came to the house of the medium, when the latter was influenced to go to her, examine the arm, and emphatically pronounce the shoulder out of joint. She was then made to go scientifically through all the operations of setting the shoulder, which she accomplished in about five minutes. Then, by a few passes, she effectually relieved the shoulder and contiguous parts of all soreness, which had previously been severe, and then the woman immediately threw up her arm, moved it about in all directions, and went to work with it without any material inconvenience, though she had not been able to raise it to her head before since she had hurt it.

E. JAMES, of Philadelphia, says, "Please give us some glimpses of the nature of prayer," and then goes on to develop some conceptions already existing in his mind upon that subject. He considers prayer as an "aspiration of the heart," which will be responded to if it is in harmony with divine law, but not without. He thinks that instead of our addressing our prayers directly to God, we should address them to our guardian Spirits, asking them to impress us with truth and duty; and as a proof of the efficacy of such prayers he instances the powerful spiritual influences that were manifested at a circle which he had recently attended, and when the room was, as it were, suddenly filled with a "rushing mighty wind," and the mediums began to speak with authority as the Spirit gave them utterance. It is our opinion that those who can not see the reasonableness of any other and better views of prayer than those propounded by our correspondent, should practically and faithfully carry them out according to their best light; but by all the apparently more elevated Spirits, as well as by our own highest intuitions, we have been taught that our prayers should be addressed directly to God, and not to any subordinate being. Such prayers, we think, will be likely to elevate us most nearly to the sphere of the truly divine.

Mr. JAMES M. KILGORE, of Washington, Arkansas, transmits us an article which he prepared for the Washington Telegraph, in reply to an attack on Spiritualism by the editor of that paper, but which article the editor, for some cause, saw fit to reject. It seems that the editor had denounced Spiritualism as an insanity-generating humbug, and directed his readers to look for its fruits to the lunatic asylums of the North. Our friend Kilgore (whose article our limited space will not permit us to publish entire) replies to this by citing the fact, that out of the million or more of persons who have embraced Spiritualism, and thousands of whom have been made unspeakably joyful and happy by it, and have, by its influence, been every way improved as to their moral and religious characters—not more than forty persons are really known to have become insane from excitements growing out of its unfoldings—while hundreds and thousands have become insane under the influence of the common religions of the day. Admitting that the

editor in question is a candid and fair man, it is somewhat difficult to conceive why he should have excluded from his columns this candid representation of the other side of the question; but on a certain other supposition the rejection of our friend Kilgore's article can be very readily accounted for.

M. M. TOWSELEY, of Streetsborough, Portage Co., O., writes us a long article entitled "Theology, or the Science of God." It is impossible for us to publish all the lucubrations and speculations that are sent us on this subject, nor can we at present give any further synopsis of the article before us than the following: The writer considers the question, "What is God?" both philosophically (or metaphysically) and scripturally. He finds in God the cause of all causes, and the source of all events and creations, whether such as men call evil or such as they call good. The name and nature of God, however, are only the synonyms of "good," and the use of the "evil" which he causes is to produce an appreciation of good by contrast. There is no power in existence but God's power, and he makes the machinery of universal existence to perform the different functions of his will, angels and men being only recipients of, and agents to transmit, his power.

INVISIBLE MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS.

The practical benefits resulting from spiritual intercourse are, perhaps, the best answer to the inquiry, "Of what use is Spiritualism to man?" The ordinary manifestations which occur through mediums are regarded by many as an exhibit of the whole power and ability of Spirits to influence or control man in his physical or moral relations. They limit the faculties of Spirits to the mere expression of ideas, without the ability of making a practical application to the affairs of actual existence. It is not singular, therefore, that while this opinion prevails among many believers of the truth of "Spirit-intercourse," other minds, viewing the subject as a delusion, should ask the question, "Of what real use is Spiritualism to man in his every-day life?" In the present state of Spirit-intercourse it is not to be expected, we believe, that any remarkable demonstration of special power or interference in the ordinary affairs of man can or will be made. But it seems very proper that any facts illustrating the ability of Spirits to benefit man, when the usual means have failed, should be given to the world as answers to this question, and as evidences of the progressive knowledge of Spirits, and their direct and practical application of those laws, the principles of which they have a better opportunity of investigating in the spheres than man has on earth.

With these views, we take pleasure in presenting the following case, related to us by a friend, as illustrating the superior knowledge of Spirits in the successful treatment of protracted disease, by which one individual, who for years has declined business from mental and physical inability, is now so far restored that he has made arrangements to enter again upon active business, and by which two other persons have been greatly benefited.

S. B. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—Before visiting New York, in June last, I had decided to consult Dr. Dexter in reference to the health of my son, who has been, almost from his birth, afflicted with paralysis of one side, and also in reference to my own health and that of my wife. I had noticed the Doctor's letter to you in the TELEGRAPH, and had a strong desire to test the power of the Spirits as manifested through him. At the age of six months my son was attacked with paralysis of one side, and the disease has continued to the present time, seven years, almost entirely destroying the use of his arm and hand, and reducing very much the strength of the leg of the same side. In addition to this, he had been for some time past subject to a mild kind of epileptic spasms, occurring several times in a day, and lasting from a few seconds to a minute or more. The disease had influenced the growth and development of his whole physical system, and more particularly of the side affected, the arm and hand of which were not near so large as the other. My own case was one of long-standing dyspepsia, aggravated by close and assiduous attention to business, and a neglect of the ordinary functions of the body. The effect on my nervous system, naturally sensitive, was very severe, rendering me indispensed to any application, and producing a distaste for protracted mental exertion.

To those who have suffered from dyspepsia it is not necessary that I should enumerate the whole train of physical symptoms with which I was afflicted. Almost every organ of my body, except my lungs, was implicated, and I had tried various means for relief without any permanent benefit.

My wife, also, suffered from disease of the digestive organs for many years, and had also tried various remedies without any effectual relief. Desirous of affording to my child any means which promised success, and impressed to consult Dr. Dexter, I accordingly visited him a few days after I arrived in New York. You can imagine how great the effort I made, and the extent of the nervous depression, when I say to you, that I was obliged to force myself to call on him, such was my disinclination to any effort.

At the consultations I had with Dr. Dexter there were many circumstances, referring both to mental and physical feeling, told me which were remarkably true. The Spirits seemed to unfold to him the true nature of my sensations, and the effects which they produced on my mind and body. They gave me in brief the diagnosis of my child's, my own, and my wife's case, and wrote out through the Doctor's hand the course of treatment they thought best for us to follow. After several meetings at the Doctor's office, and two or three long communions with the Spirits, I determined to take the Doctor with me on my return home that he might see my child, and thus afford him a better chance by a personal examination, both of the Spirits and their medium.

Accordingly, the Doctor returned with me, and after passing a week at my house, frequently examining the case of my child, as also that of my wife, he returned to New York, and we commenced the treatment prescribed for us.

I am happy to say that we are all benefited. My child, who was, as before mentioned, subject to slight epilepsy, ordinarily two or three times daily, and sometimes more frequently, has now but one attack a day, and that very much modified. His general health, I think, improved, and I look forward to the accomplishment of the prognosis of the Spirits with hope and confidence. My wife's case is materially benefited. She is better than she has been for a long time. My own case I feel improved beyond my anticipations. There is restored to me a vigor of both mind and body that I have not felt for years, and I look forward to my entire restoration to health with great confidence.

I have thus very briefly given you the results of the practical benefit derived from following the plan laid down by the Spirits; and since my return home on my second visit to New York, I find my family still progressing toward health, as well as myself.

The course pursued by the Spirits in their treatment of disease is, first—to have a plain and correct history of the case given, either personally by the patient to the Doctor, or by letter. The Doctor lays this before his Spirit-friends and they give him the causes of the disease, the organs and textures affected, and the plan of treatment which they think will benefit. This he submits to the test of his own judgment, and I am assured by him he has rarely, if ever, found them to err. If in giving you the history of my own experience in this branch of Spirit-intercourse I shall have added any thing to the proofs of their practical knowledge and ability, I shall be happy to report to your readers the results of their application as their treatment of my child will exhibit.

Respectfully yours,

H. W. HILLS.

SPIRITUALLY BORN.

Departed in peace from this sphere, October 11th, John S. Horton, aged 65 years, formerly of Baltimore, Md., and late of St. Augustine, Florida.

Departed this life in Leominster, Sept. the 18th, William R. Sanborn, aged 7 years and 4 months.

FACTS AND REMARKS.

INTERESTING CASE OF "DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS."—At a late Dordrecht's Hall Conference, Mr. Isaac C. Pratt related the following: He had recently been in conversation with a lady, in the course of which the latter used the word "double consciousness." Mr. P. pressed her to state what she had ever known that caused her to use that word, when she, with some marks of reluctance, gave this account of her own personal experience: She said that her husband, on one occasion, went to the house of her uncle, who lived about four miles distant from their own residence. After he had been gone for some time, she distinctly, and as by the sudden development of an interior faculty, saw him fall from a ladder, at her uncle's residence, and receive a severe contusion. They carried him into the house, when she plainly heard one of the persons who were supporting him say, "Bring the camphor bottle; he is fainting." She saw the camphor bottle brought and opened, and could distinctly smell its odor, although she was at the same time conscious of being at home in her room. She became so alarmed and agitated in witnessing this scene that she ran to the house of her sister, who lived near by, and informed her of the facts as above related. Her sister, of course, was incredulous, and supposed her to be laboring under a hallucination. She accordingly endeavored to persuade her that she was nervous and had imagined all this, but she refused to be comforted, insisting that her vision had not deceived her. Shortly after this her husband was brought home in a carriage, having been injured by a fall from a ladder, and all the facts presented in the wife's vision were found to have actually taken place. After this the most secret history of her husband's past life was laid open to her; and she was aware of every act that he did, however distant he might be from her at the time.

VISIONS OF THE PROGRESS AND TERMINATION OF SICKNESS.—Allegorical and correspondential imagery, and direct visions of future occurrences at the time improbable or inconceivable, have frequently been found the most reliable of all kinds of spiritual communications, simply because it is generally improbable that they should arise from any preconceptions in the medium's mind. The following beautiful and expressive examples of this mode of spiritual foreshadowing recently occurred within the personal knowledge of the writer: The four children of a certain family were attacked by that terrible disease, the scarlet fever. Their mother and father were both visionists. At a previous and dangerous sickness of one of the little girls, it was allegorically shown to the mother during her anxiety, that from a bud as the child was then, she would grow up to be a mature and full-blown flower, and a reliance upon the import of this vision relieved her from anxiety respecting the child's recovery in the present instance. While the father was anxiously and prayerfully revolving in his mind the chances of the child's recovery, he saw, by interior vision, a form which appeared to be the inception of a coffin. The form, however, was not so far complete as to amount to a coffin. Besides this, it was spoiled by being cut or broken in two at its widest part (representing the crisis of the disease). On the upper or head part were inscribed the letters "D. E." and the visionist was impressed that if the process had been completed, the letters "A. D." (in all spelling "DEAD"), would have been inscribed on the lower part; but the last two letters were absent. The vision thus clearly assured the anxious parent that the disease, which, if continued, would result in a coffin and the death of the child, would be arrested at its crisis, and that the child would recover, which accordingly was the case. A little boy was afterward attacked, and while supposing that he would have the disease but lightly, the mother's interior vision was suddenly opened and she saw him passing through a scene of violent delirium, which afterward exactly came to pass and was recognized. When the parents began to fear that he might not recover, he was represented to the interior vision of the father in the form of a bent but not broken candle; which plainly said, "That which bears the flame of life will be much racked, but not destroyed." The children have since recovered.

BROUGHT BY THE SPIRITS.—Mr. A. E. Newton, of the *New Era*, states that happening lately, one evening, to call at the house of Mr. Luther Parks, No. 6 Chestnut Street, Boston, he found a spiritual circle assembled, and a question being addressed to Mrs. Parks, by her Spirit-father, respecting a certain pair of scissors that were associated with something he had done previous to his death. Mrs. P. said that she had left them in an upper room, of which the door was locked. It was then requested by the Spirit that all should look under the table, which being done, the scissors were found lying upon the floor. The medium present, being comparatively a stranger, knew not of the existence of those scissors, much less of any story connected with them; and the fact of their mysterious appearance under the table at that time, where no one present was conscious of having put them, may give occasion for the query, "Did the Spirits silently unlock the room and take them out?" or did they bring them invisibly in the odic atmosphere of Mrs. P. as she left the room?

A WARNING.—The *Zanesville (Ohio) Courier* states that a young girl of some twelve or fourteen years, residing in the family of one of the editors of that paper, recently had a dream in which she thought she saw her little brother lying and looking as though he were dead. She related her dream, said that the vision still seemed to be before her, and expressed the fear that something was wrong at home. About fifteen minutes afterward the news was brought that her brother had died that morning.

PROPOSED PRACTICALITIES.—The *New Era* of Oct. 14th contains a congeries of Articles or propositions, written by a socialist Spirit, by the hand of John M. Spear, which are intended to serve as the foundation of a "new social order," and they are coupled with the information that a location has been selected and is to be consecrated to the carrying out of these objects. We merely state this fact without expressing any opinion as to the policy or propriety of such a movement in the present incipient stage of the spiritual unfolding, or as to the probable degree of success that will attend it. We earnestly hope, however, that these good brethren and their Spirit-guides will be left to work out their idea without obstruction or unkind criticism from those who may feel that their own particular "mission" does not lie in that direction.

N. P. WILLIS AND THE SPIRITS.—In a late number of the *Home Journal* N. P. Willis states the facts of an evening's interview with the "tables" at his own residence, in company with a number of intelligent ladies and gentlemen. Under the touch of one of the mediums, a "large and majestic lady" from Boston, the table became so far exhilarated as to jump up and knock her over, together with his little daughter Lillian, and nearly caused an honorable judge of the city Bench who was present. Under the hands of an invalid lady who could scarcely walk across the floor, the table became particularly ungovernable, causing the by-standers to hop out of the way under penalty of broken shins. "Of course," says Willis, "we believed nothing—any of us. But this was what we saw."

SPIRIT PERSONATIONS RECOGNIZED.—Mr. C. Partridge, at a recent Conference, related that being on one occasion in the presence of Henry Gordon, he observed the latter performing a series of Spirit-prompted gesticulations, the meaning of which he did not at first understand. As the pantomime progressed, however, he recognized it as representing all the consecutive manipulations of a secret process used only in his own match factory, and known only to one or two persons out of it. The pantomime process was continued throughout all the stages of the operations in making the matches, and when they were represented as complete, the medium made the motion of striking one to ignite it, and then putting it to his nose and scowling as in disgust at its offensive odor. Mr. P. was at a loss to imagine from what Spirit this manifestation could come, until on going to his shop and inquiring he found that one of his workmen who had been accustomed to those very manipulations had died a few days before. The easiest explanation of the origin of the pantomime he found to consist in the supposition that it was prompted by the Spirit of the deceased workman.

WRITING WITHOUT VISIBLE HANDS.—Rufus Elmer, of Springfield, tells Bro. Newton, of the *Boston New Era*, that Mrs. Belden, a medium in West Springfield, was lately told by the Spirits that a letter had been written for her in Boston, but not forwarded. She requested them to tell the contents of the letter. They said they would do so, and directed her to put paper and pencil in a drawer in another room, and leave them for fifteen minutes. At the end of thirteen minutes Mrs. B. was directed to look into the drawer, on doing which she found a note written for her as from a friend in Boston, with date, address, etc. It was not yet ascertained that such a note had been written in Boston, but the fact of the production of this alleged duplicate, in that particular manner, is deemed sufficiently remarkable to merit notation.

Original Communications.

A HYMN OF THE SICK ROOM.

The mortal remains of the departed one, to whom reference is made in the two poems which follow, were but recently deposited in a rural cemetery, on a beautiful eminence, away from the strife and noise of the busy world. A tall pine casts its shadow over the consecrated spot, through whose boughs the autumn winds are breathing a low requiem, solemn and sweet as the sacred memories of youth and love.—Ed.

The wind is in the chestnut bough,
The wind is in the pine;
Come nearer, nearer to me now,
Thou Angel-Friend of mine.
Come nearer with thy glorious brow,
And with thy soul-bright eyes,
Breathe o'er our Darling's bosom now
The bliss of Paradise.

I watch, through all the lonely night,
Beside her troubled sleep;
Oh, Angel! with the crown of light
Thy watch above her keep.
Unseal her eyes in tenderest love
Thy Heavenly Home to see;
Reveal that wondrous path above
She soon must tread with thee.

The wind breathes in the chestnut bough,
It gently thrills the pine;
The clouds above are parting now,
The stars begin to shine;
Shine on, O Angel! brighter still
Than stars that fill the deeps;
Thy ministry of love fulfill
Beside her while she sleeps.

THE VOICE OF THE PINE.

O lonely pine! O fadeless pine!
In dreams I hear thee wave,
At evening shade and morning prime,
Beside the lost one's grave.
"Not lost, not lost, but Spirit-found,"
Thou whisperest still to me;
Thou watcher o'er the forest mound,
O lonely, sacred tree.

O mystic tree, thy branches thrill
To meet the morning glow,
But all thy earthly nerves lie still,
They clasp the grave below.
The earthly fibrils of my breast
Cling to the dust with thee—
The dust beneath thee laid to rest
O Spirit-whispering tree!

Yet from the brightness of the dawn
There comes a mystic breath,
The whisper of the Angel gone
From out this world of death.
My bosom, like a haunted lyre,
Breathes mystic strains with thee—
Strains wafted from the Spirit-choir,
O lone, memorial tree!

FROM THE PACIFIC SIDE.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., Aug. 31, 1854.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN:

We have had some spiritual manifestations in this city, and I have thought that a few selections from the notes in my possession, of the evidence of the source of the communications would be acceptable to you as conductors of a spiritual journal, and probably interesting to your numerous readers.

On the 9th day of April, 1854, twelve persons met at the house of a Mr. E., in this city, to witness "Spirit-manifestations." Among the number was the writer of this, and one or two who were skeptics on the subject of spiritual intercourse with mortals. There was no one that was fully developed as a medium, and consequently we did only as the unseen intelligence dictated, or as our judgments prompted.

After sitting some time with all our hands on the table, the hand of Mrs. E. became affected, and after changing the positions of many around the table, efforts were made to write, but for some time without success. It was finally written: "Now let us try. All remain passive. We are come to-night, my friends, to teach you the Spirit's mission. Love one another. This is the first great commandment. Let your conduct be open to the inspection of your fellow-creatures if you would grow in goodness, and wish to enter the abode of the just."

Several other communications were written through Mrs. E.'s hand, but the most extraordinary one was the following: "Do you know me?" "MICHAEL DOWNS." "Some one asked, 'How long have you been dead?' Answer.—Eight." "Where did you die?" "A—Illinois." "At what place?" "A—Galena." "A good deal of consoling conversation was now going on, when the hand of Mrs. E. again wrote, 'You are a lump-bug.'"

Among the circle a good deal of speculation was entertained as to who "Michael Downs" was, and who had ever been acquainted with him; when it was written, "How did you get to California?" The question was then asked, "To whom do you refer?" and it was immediately written, "Mr. L." Mr. L. being somewhat excited, said that he did not recollect distinctly of ever knowing such a man, and he was conscious of not knowing such a man in Galena, but after reflection he said he had known several years ago a man by the name of Michael Downs in a small interior town in Illinois.

Mr. L. then put some questions to the Spirit. Write the name of some person in Richmond, M'Henry County, Ill., whom you knew; and it was immediately written, Mr. Ewing. Write another. Hill.

Question.—Who kept the mill in town? Answer.—Snow. Q.—Who lived on the opposite side of the street from where I was? A.—Mr. Irvin.

Q.—What was the name of the man that I was clerk for at the time you say I sold you goods? The answer was, Mr. Adams.

Mrs. E., the medium, is a lady of intelligence and highly polished manners, and with a more than ordinary share of sprightliness, and her integrity is above suspicion. She informed the writer that she had never seen Mr. L. before that evening; that when her hand wrote his name she did not know that that was the name of any one in the room; that she was never in the State of Illinois; has no acquaintances in that State, and that the nearest she ever was to the State of Illinois was Boston, where she was raised. Mr. L. is a young man, well known in this community as a man of truth and integrity, and he informs the writer that, so far as he knew, the communication was strictly true. He further says that he had not thought of Michael Downs for several years; did not know that he was dead; and that it was some time after he was made known that he recollected the name; that he did sell goods for a "Mr. Adams," a number of years ago, in Richmond, M'Henry County, Illinois, and had sold goods to an Irishman by the name of Michael Downs.

There could be no chance for collusion in this case, for Mrs. E. had no idea that she would be the medium through whom any communication might be had. And in addition, Mr. L. could not have fixed up the matter with the medium, because he did not actually know until next day that Michael Downs was dead, for the writer is aware of his inquiring the next day of persons from Galena about the truth of the death of Michael Downs.

It will not do for those who oppose Spiritualism to say that in this case the circle was imposed upon by the medium, for, in the first place, her character is above suspicion in the community where she is known, and those who know her best, know that she is incapable of such duplicity. In the next place, there is an entire absence of motive to receive; and in the third place, under the circumstances it was impossi-

ble for her to deceive us, or for Mr. L. to psychologize her in this respect, for his own mind was not cognizant of the facts which she wrote. And although Mr. L.'s faith in Spiritualism has been shaken by the work of J. B. Dods, I consider this case of *Michael Downs* a complete refutation of the whole argument. The Doctor must try again, for this case can not be accounted for on the theory of the latent or involuntary powers of the mind or memory. Mr. L. had never known the fact of the death of Michael Downs, and therefore the involuntary powers of his mind could not have operated.

Very respectfully yours, etc.,

VKRITAS.

EXPERIENCES WITH SPIRITS.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 24, 1854.

S. B. BRITTAN, Esq., New York:

Dear Sir—I observe through your paper of the 23d inst., that you have published my experience as a healing medium, which stimulates me to relate a few other facts which have occurred through me as a medium, and also a few manifestations that have come under my conviction, through other mediums. We all want facts, and to be convinced of the immortality of the soul. I wish to confine myself entirely to facts, and would like to give names, but am not permitted to do so. My first experience took place a little more than two years ago, at St. Louis. I was induced through my friends to visit a lady medium. I did so more out of curiosity than any thing else. After being seated at the table with several others, the raps commenced, and the Spirit purported to be a relative of mine. My mind was instantly fixed upon my wife, but my cousin's name was spelled out, unknown to any in the room, not excepting the medium, who never saw me before. Neither did she know my name. Every question asked was correctly answered. The Spirit, when in the flesh, was a popular writer, of Philadelphia.

A few days after, as I was pursuing my business, I felt distinct raps on my hat, in the street. I examined my hat often, and could not imagine the cause. I left the sidewalk, and went in the middle of the street, but the raps continued. I was impressed to visit the medium the afternoon of the same day, and received a communication from my wife. I asked her if she had been with me through the day. She replied, "Yes," and said it was she who rapped upon my hat. I then asked her if she would repeat the same thing again on some other occasion, so that I could not be mistaken? The answer was in the affirmative, and the same afternoon the raps were as distinctly repeated as any raps I have ever heard upon the table.

Subsequently I became a writing, a healing, and a speaking medium. On one occasion, my friend in St. Louis, while I was influenced, asked the Spirit, who purported to be my wife, if she could see him? She immediately replied, "Yes," and then said to him, "Do you see that window? Can you not see objects through the window?" She then remarked that my eyes were her windows, and gave some beautiful illustrations of the fact. Why I relate this fact is, that I have since ascertained that Swedenborg confirms the same thing. He says, through the Lord, on certain occasions, Spirits have been permitted to look through his eyes, and see their friends, etc.

A short time ago, in Philadelphia, I was influenced in the presence of Bro. West. I will mention his name, because he has taken the liberty, on several public occasions, to mention mine. The Spirit purported to be his father, whom I had never seen. Mr. W. informed me that his father's characteristics were fully portrayed, his style of language, and his lameness, dragging one limb after the other. When he approached his son, he caught him by the hand, and in the most solemn manner called upon the ever-living God as a witness that it was his father that was then addressing him through me.

I visited your city the latter part of August last, and called upon Mrs. Con, whom I had never seen, and I received an excellent test. The Spirit wrote a very pretty communication through Mrs. C., commencing with, "My dear husband," and signing her own name. The Spirits talk through me by the hour, and I could relate many other interesting facts. Yours, truly, H.

BIBLE—DAVIS—FISHBOUGH.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN:

Having been an orthodox clergyman many years, my opinions had the shape of that mold; but when the Spirits taught that there is error mixed with truth in the Bible, I resolved by a close Biblical research to test them to the extent of my power upon that subject. I have done so, and find them correct. Although I have read only a part of Mr. Davis' writings, and believe him to be like other good clairvoyants, liable to err, yet I should not hesitate in undertaking to show twice as many errors in the Bible as any one will show in all his voluminous works put together. While Mr. Fishbough, for some cause unknown to me, has been driven, "much against his will," farther from Mr. Davis and closer to the Bible, my investigations of that ancient volume have produced upon me the opposite effect. I have become satisfied that the Bible is a mixture of the golden truth of heaven and the absurd errors of men; and the final battle between Spiritualism and popular theology must be fought upon this question.

Having withdrawn from the church, I pursued my examinations of the sacred book until I feel prepared to show the following points: First: That the books of Moses were written by Ezra a thousand years after the reputed law-giver was dead.

Secondly: That they are not the word of God; that the author was deficient in his knowledge of Nature's works and laws; that he erred in his history of the creation of the world, the fall of man, the flood of Noah, and the period that man has inhabited the earth. He has painted his stories, and has fallen into two great oversights in the calculation of his main story, which lies at the foundation of his whole superstructure. He also has countenanced fraud and falsehood, and has made God the author of a law for reducing independent, free men to bondage and slavery, and claimed that the Lord did things which would be derogatory to his lovely character; and that he ordered armed men to do revolting deeds of cruelty which were more inhuman than the depraved feelings of a victorious soldiery in that barbarous age.

Thirdly: That the histories of the strange conception of Jesus are not reliable. Fourthly: That the authors of the New Testament, even the learned and faithful Paul not excepted, like good Spiritualists of the present day, were liable to be mistaken, and were sometimes misled.

Although I may be called an infidel for coming to these conclusions, yet when I vindicate them in public I am willing that any clergyman should occupy one half of the time, satisfied with the belief that he who advances the best evidence with the best spirit will convince the people that he is the best Christian.

I have published a work on some books of the Old Testament under the title of "A Peep Into Sacred Tradition," and if any one wishes to know whether my investigations have detected sufficient cause for this change in my faith, by sending me a quarter of a dollar in a letter post paid (the quarter will not increase the postage), giving me his name and address, I will send him the pamphlet post paid, by the reading of which he will satisfy himself whether my investigations have been thorough, and whether I have given good reasons for the conclusions to which I have there arrived. The force of the work, from causes therein given, has a direct bearing upon the Biblical question between Mr. Fishbough and Mr. Davis. With high respect, ORRIN ABBOTT. BUFFALO, N. Y., 1854.

THE SPIRITS.

BY ELLEN DEVICE.

They come to us here—this bright angel-band—
Floating through air, by soft zephyrs fanned;
They whisper us sweetly of peace, light, and life,
Gently dispersing earth's care and strife;
They're brighter than brightest sunbeams at dawn,
Fairer than fire, earliest morn;
They're clearer than moon's pale silver sheen,
And purer than mortal eye hath seen.

Shall thunders of discord grate harsh on the ear,
Its lightning of wrath strike hearts with fear,
When such our control, and peace to the mind
Sheds a halo of glory from sources divine?
No! by error's chain we'll no longer be bound!
Free from its shackles, we'll fling to the ground
Superstition's long reign of tyrannous fears,
Free by our God, through the wisdom of years.

LOWELL, Mass., 1854.

AUTUMN.

BY C. D. STUART.

The flowers begin to fade, and soon
The leaves will sear and fall,
For paler grows the Summer moon
That glimmered through the hall.

And darker clouds are floating past
The golden-tinted sky,
And colder sweeps the fitful blast,
Like sullen spirits, by.

How brief and fragile is their lot,
Those bright and gentle things
That yester were, to-day are not,
Like dreams with rapid wings.

It scarcely seems an hour has flown
Since Spring was here in bloom,
Yet half of Summer's glory, strewn,
Lies mouldering for the tomb.

But flowers and leaves revive again
When Spring again appears,
And only man, 'mid grief and pain,
Has no renewing years.

Each Spring and Summer, with their light—
Each Autumn, darkly chill—
Each Winter, with its robe of white,
But makes him frailer still.

God grant there is a gentle Spring,
A golden Summer-time,
Where we shall have an angel's wing,
And live in childhood's prime.

A SPIRIT-CHILD TO HER EARTH-MOTHER.

BY MRS. E. A. ATWELL.

Be calm, be calm, my mother dear,
Your angel-child is ever near,
No dreams disturb my peaceful sleep,
Therefore, dear mother, do not weep;
Joy, joys untold my path pursue,
Such joy as I will bring to you.

I come, I wait, I watch, I pray,
From evening shade till dawning day;
And lingering near, with music sweet,
I wait your loving ear to greet.
List, while I strike the golden string,
And chant the song that angels sing;
While the still earth is wrapt in sleep,
Around your bed a watch I keep—
Not I alone, but a little band,
Long since passed to Spirit-land;

For them you wept the burning tear
That you weep for me, my mother dear;
But they are happy; Spirit-life
Nothing knows of pain or strife;
'Tis heaven here! around, above,
Is all a teeming world of love.

Mother, dear mother, will you try
To meet me here when'er you die?
Then, as on earth, we hand in hand,
Will journey through the Spirit-land.
'Tis heaven here! oh, blissful shore,
Where loved ones meet to part no more.
Mother! 'tis not our mortal coil
That lingers round your path of toil,
That, to the silent earth is given,
The immortal part ascends to heaven;

Then try to think of "I da," dear,
A happy Spirit hovering near.
'Tis heaven here! around, above,
Bright angels sing redeeming love;
Mother, dear mother, will you try
To meet me here when'er you die?
Soon will the toilsome path be trod,
That leads you home to heaven and God.

MY DEAR BRITTAN:

It was late in the winter, perhaps in February last; I had invited the medium, L., to spend the night with us. It was a dreary, inclement night. We had no calls, and no one was present but Mrs. B., L., and myself. After tea we all sat by a table for an hour or more, and conversed with the Spirits by the sounds, L., being a fine medium for the rappings, as well as for various other phases of the phenomena. We were having a great many beautiful things in this way, when I perceived the medium was passing into the clairvoyant condition. We kept on asking questions and receiving answers from the Spirits, until L. began to talk. We then put our questions direct to her, she answering promptly what we desired to know. I had previously heard her give poetical recitations while in this condition, and asked her if she would do so again. She at once commenced, and for an hour or more gave us some of the most exquisite poetry ever listened to or heard by mortals. I tried to write as she uttered it, but its unutterable sweetness and beautiful melody, together with the sublimity of thought, fairly paralyzed me, and I gave up the task as useless. She then suddenly stopped, and said there were some little children here that seemed highly pleased, and wanted our attention.

I asked if she could tell us who they were? "Yes, your daughter Sarah is one, and her brother is here, too." Question. "What is his name?" "Arthur," was the reply; "and he seems more spiritual than Sarah; I should judge he had been here longer than Sarah." "Well," I replied, "do you see any others?" "Yes, there is a little girl leaning upon Arthur's shoulder, who seems very fond of him; she seems still more spiritual than Arthur." "Can you tell what his girl is?" "I should think (she said) it was his cousin." "What is her name?" "Constance," was the immediate reply.

Here let me remark, L.—had never known that we had ever lost any children or relations—we had thought—for our little boy, Arthur, died in 1843, aged nearly three years, an only child at that time. In 1851, our only daughter, Sarah, passed to the second sphere, aged four years (did not die, like our boy a few years previous, for then death to me was the end; and well I remember that sealding tears moved silently down my cheek as I thought our beautiful boy had gone forever; I was without hope—and to sever a tie of that kind, with a full consciousness that it was forever—hopelessly forever—was absolutely awful! It seemed as though my very life went when he departed). I say passed to the second sphere, in speaking of Sarah; there was no death in her change. True, her beautiful little form I had to give up, but I knew she was not dead, her lovely Spirit still uttered, "I'm very happy, papa; grieve not, and tell me not to feel so sad." This was not death, but life; and, oh God! she brought back to me again my little boy. Shall I ever forget the "Papa, Arthur is here too"? Ha, ha, they both live, and are with me, and there is no death—forgive the digression—but let those read who say, "What good can come of the manifestations?" They certainly have brought joy to one.

In 1841, a sister lost her little daughter, Constance, aged two years; she died in the city of New York. At the time that L.—was describing this little cousin, neither Mrs. B. nor myself had thought of her, but were both thinking of Mary H., another niece who resided near, and was very dear to us, aged seven years, and had passed along within the year previous to this meeting; I mention this fact as corroborating certain other facts mentioned below, to prove that "mind-reading" can not account for certain phenomena that are daily witnessed in the different phases of the manifestations.

Here were three persons seen by L., their names given and their ages given, by their different degrees of spirituality all correctly. She then said, "These children seem very happy in knowing that you have recognized them; and they want to do something for you." Says L., "Ask them to do some act." I then mentally asked them to take each other's hands and go round and round, I then immediately spoke to L., asking what she saw. She said, "They have hold of hands and

are whirling round." I then mentally desired them to kiss each other. L.—began to laugh immoderately. Inquired the cause; "Why," says she, "they are all kissing each other, and it looks so beautiful." I next mentally desired the children to give my love to my grandfather (who died many years ago). Then immediately asking L.—what she saw, she said, "I see them all with their sweet little faces turned up, and rays of light seem to pass from each face upward. If you could see this beautiful scene! such beaming love that envelopes each face is glorious. I can't tell what it means," was the reply: "To one of Mrs. B.—a mental request, the reply was, 'I do not see any one, they have gone,' she says, 'what can it mean to have left so sudden?'" In a short time, perhaps one minute, L.—spoke again, saying, "How bright it grows! what can it mean! Ah, here are the children again—the little cousin comes first; directly behind her is a young woman, and your little children have each a hand—they seem leading her forward—the scene is a splendid one." I asked her what it meant, she could not tell. I asked her to describe this person. She then said, "She seems very pale, with blue eyes and brown hair, her face is a very sweet one; I think, from her appearance, she must have died of consumption." I asked her what age. "Some 18 or 20 summers," was the reply. "Can you tell her name?" "No, I can not get it—the scene is a very strange one to her; she has never communicated before; she seems pleased; but how strange the whole scene is! She recognizes you, but I can not get her name." I then asked her if she was a relation. "Not exactly a relation, but one that was very dear to you, and that you knew very well," was the reply. I then asked Mrs. B.—what she had desired the children to do. She replied, that she had wished them to bring the Spirit of Ann P.—, and they have done it. At once the whole thing became clear to me. Miss P.—was a young girl of about twenty, who died of consumption; she passed to the Spirit-land some six or seven years since; she was betrothed to a brother of mine, was much in our family, and much beloved by us all; her home was some thirty miles distant.

These were among the many beautiful scenes that the children presented to us on that evening—an evening that will long be remembered.

Ever truly,

H. BRYANT.

CONVERTED FROM THE POPULAR THEOLOGY.

CARBONDALE, Sept. 20th, 1854.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN:

I have been a constant reader of your invaluable paper for more than a year. Its columns, so fraught with interest, involving principles of the utmost importance, have ever proven a "feast to my soul." But my object in writing is not to speak of the merits of a paper which no true "Spiritualist" can fail to appreciate, but to add an item or two of my own experience relative to the "spiritual phenomena," to the many already published in the *Telegraph*. As you have frequently solicited such evidences as the *humble in life* might be pleased to give, you are at liberty to publish the following, should you deem it worthy.

After spending an evening at a "circle" in this city, some few months since, I retired to my room, deeply impressed in view of the manifestations I had witnessed during the evening, and of their importance to the human family if really emanating from Spirits who had departed the earth-life. Burdened with doubts in regard to their spiritual origin, and as one honestly seeking to know the truth, I prayed earnestly in my heart that God would give me to know if these things were really so, that I might rejoice in the sublimity of its truths, or shun it according to the magnitude of its deception. As I prayed, I felt that God heard and the angels listened, while in the sincerity of my heart I stood, as it were, on "holy ground." Nevertheless I little thought, as I laid my head upon my pillow, that ere the morning dawned I should realize the fullness of my heart's desire. In the still watches of the night I was suddenly awakened from an unusually sound sleep by some power independent of my own volition; on looking up, I beheld a circle of bright Spirits, two or three of whom I seemed to recognize as my acquaintances while living on the earth. A beautiful mellow light shone down upon me, while an influence, gentle as the dews of heaven, distilled into my soul, filling me with joy unspeakable. A voice thrice spoke, saying, "Will you now believe that it is Spirits?" "Yes," I replied from my inmost soul, "I can no longer doubt." I next saw in the vision, at the right, a large Bible, opened at the Book of Genesis, while the voice thrice spoke again relative to that book (Genesis) as deterring thousands (from the manner they understood it) from believing in Spiritualism. I gazed and wondered, for I knew not the significance of "the words" referring to the Book of Genesis: I thought to inquire, but ere I could speak the vision disappeared, leaving the impression distinctly upon my mind that I was not fully prepared then to understand, but should know in due time—the book also appearing to the right, seemed significant of the fact that I was not then prepared for a full view of its meaning in the vision. Since then, however, its significance has been gradually unfolded to my mind—whereas I was blind (through popular influences drawn from the Mosiac account of creation, the fall of man, etc.) I now see. But my object is not to dwell upon doctrinal points, but simply to state facts as they occurred. Should any think the vision and the happy influences which I experienced produced through the agency of "evil Spirits," or the "Devil," they certainly can not ensure the circumstances under which they occurred, for I sought prayerfully and with sincere purpose of heart to know the truth.

I might cite many instances which have come under my observation in proof of the realities of spiritual intercourse, and of their moral bearing, but will not do so now. I would, however, say that I have seen the infidel, who declared his utter disbelief in Divine inspiration and the immortality of the soul, shaken like a reed in the wind, "until his old ideas were all shaken out of him," and he became a firm believer in the "power of God unto salvation," and a prayerful Christian. I have seen the man who blasphemed his Maker reminded of his wickedness by the spiritual presence of his sister, accompanied by a sensation which forbade him utterance, except in prayer and praise to the Father of all Spirits. What, then! shall we conclude? That these influences are all from an evil source? Nay; this would not be rational; "if evil Spirits can communicate, why not good ones?" Let the wise answer.

Yours, truly,

W. J. C.

A FACT IN INDIANA.

SILVER LAKE, KOSCIUSKO CO., IND., Oct. 2, 1854.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

Since last autumn we have been cheered by various phases of spiritual manifestations. If you deem the following of sufficient importance, you are at liberty to publish it. I was sojourning for a few days at the residence of my friend L. He resides in Clay Township, Kosciusko Co. He is a strict Presbyterian, and very tenacious of formal worship. One evening, while sitting near a stand by which Mrs. L. was engaged at sewing, while the children of the family were playing about the room, Mrs. L. very pathetically spoke of the deaths of two of her children, one a boy, the other an infant girl. The boy met his fate by being scalded. Those deaths occurred some years prior to my acquaintance with L.'s family. During the mournful recital by the mother of the infants I became spiritually impressed, while electrical convulsions seemed to proceed from the stand. Being aware, however, of the strict sectarianism of the family, I remained silent.

Interesting Miscellany.

SPIRITUAL POETRY.

We clip the following from an exchange, in which it is represented as having been given through a young female medium, by the Spirit of Byron:

Life hath its round of pleasures, and the grave
Hath a surcease from them; the joys you know
Cense with the day that passes, to unfold
A measureless, eternal hallowed day.
That hath no changes, and no even times.
The hues that vanish with the dolphin's life,
E'er it rot back to dust, are like the hopes,
The joys, the pleasures (the vain trust of fools),
Which fly at the approach, the touch of death,
An echo, caught and dying on the air;
A spark, that dashes and goes out in gloom;
A sigh, a sob, a whisper, a faint sound,
That half attracts the unattentive ear
And pass forgotten, like the wanton wind;
Such is the span of lifetime, on which men
Hang an eternity of schemes, and say,
"And thus, and thus, if to to-morrow lie,"
And yet to-morrow comes not.

* * * * *
The leprosy of sorrow hath its taint
In every heart; it hath begotten ill
That are incurable, and end in death;
Strange maladies that cloud the heart
Like thunder-clouds, that in a summer sky
Cradle the imminent tempest in mock sleep,
And lower o'er sunny meadows.

* * * * *
—And thou, dark realm,
Whose undiscovered portals close in gloom;
In whose eternal shadows walk the shades—
The vapory forms and fleshless shapes of men,
Throned in spectral silence, dusk and dim,
In whose mist-hidden halls the entities
Of being, long forgotten, write in air
The aspirations and the petty deeds
That made them mighty in the world's esteem:
Thou dark, mysterious realm, to whose lone paths
Death guides the phantoms of the universe,
Art and shall be the solemn, stern abode
Of all the tides of life that lap thy shores,
As waves on waves lap languidly and low
The sands of trackless deserts.

ANGELS.

BY EDWIN LUMMER.

"Holy Angels are all around me, and I see a Heavenly Light."—*Words of a dying one.*

Why is it that we see no angel faces,
Nor mark the pure light in our pathway lying,
Until we hear the summons from our places,
And feel the certainty that we are dying?

The angels are not less around the living,
Than near the soul that trembles on Death's border.
Their love, their strength, their consolation giving,
They come and go in heaven's serene order.

Where'er a heart with sorrow's weight is bowing,
Or where a spirit wrestles with its trial,
Where'er clear hands the seeds of Truth are sowing,
Or lift the burden of a great denial.

Where human faith erects its steadfast altar,
Where human love embraces earth and heaven,
Where goodness leads the weakly ones, who falter,
Back to the Source whence nobler strength is given.

There come the angels. Patient, meek, and tender,
With speechless loving and with long forbearing,
About us each walks an unseen defender,
Our earnest thought and aspiration sharing.

If but the clouds were lifted from our vision,
If grossness of our spirits had refining,
Earth would reveal, before the realm Elysian,
The blessed seraphs and their heavenly shining.

For what the paths our wayward feet are wending,
In all our moments, howsoever unblest,
Some angel form above us still is bending,
To make life rich with a divine bequest.

—Portland (Me.) Eclectic.

WONDERFUL PHENOMENA.

The Paris correspondent of the *Columbus Journal* translates the following extraordinary and incredible story from a late German paper:

A very rich old lady, the Countess de K—, had, by her first marriage, two twin sons, whom she loved fondly. After having trembled a long while for their existence, she decided to quit Germany, her native country, where she possessed, independent of a vast and magnificent chateau, an immense property under rent. She traveled, consulted the most eminent physicians, and finally fixed her residence in Italy. There, under the influence of a beautiful sky, the two boys grew up, but they preserved the excessive nervous impressibility which had, since their infancy, put their lives in peril. The two boys had between them a remarkable resemblance; they both engaged in the culture of arts, but especially of painting. At sixteen years of age, they were already cited as masters; but at this epoch a new crisis appeared; the same symptoms, the same pains; the physicians decided that to prevent the return of these nervous crises, the young men should be separated. They obstinately refused at first, but vanquished by the supplications of their distracted mother, they consented to the painful separation. It was left to chance which one should leave the maternal roof, and it fell on Alfred.

Alfred K. started on the tour of Greece and Egypt; the journey was to continue a year. Alfred wrote regularly every day to his mother and brother; he sent them his drawings and his pictures. But what was remarkable, the young man who remained in Italy lived so perfectly the life of his brother, that he designed and painted exactly and simultaneously what his brother designed and painted after nature. Each time that a package arrived from Athens or Alexandria, the paintings, the aquarels that they contained, had already their duplicates in the studio of the brother—duplicates so faithful that the artists themselves could find no difference.

One day, returning from a journey in Upper Egypt, Alfred K. died, and the physicians sent to the family a detailed account of all the circumstances which attended the death of the young man. The same day, at the same hour, and under circumstances, and with symptoms precisely identical, the brother who remained in Italy died, pronouncing the same words as his brother had pronounced.

The desolate mother, who was yet young, being but sixteen years older than her sons, returned to Germany, where her husband occupied a high position under government. Two years after her return she gave birth, a second time, to two twin boys, who resembled, trait for trait, the twin sons whom she had unfortunately lost. They received at their baptism the names of their deceased brothers. All the circumstances which had presided at the development of the first children were reproduced precisely with the second; the same nervous paroxysms, the same mysterious sympathies. Again the mother was advised to travel. This time she went to Spain; the boys exhibited the same taste for the arts, particularly for painting. At the age of sixteen, and day for day with the first brothers, they fell sick. Then separation was ordered, but this time the mother resisted energetically; she was vanquished, however, by the persistence of their malady and the continued persuasion of the physicians, who declared that they would die if they remained together, on account of the extraordinary resemblance of their nervous organization, which absorbed mutually the principle of their existence. The mother consented that one of them should make a voyage into the south of Spain.

Chance again designated the one who bore the name of Alfred. The same phenomenon of intuition was reproduced. The one designated at Madrid or Barcelona what the other painted at Cadix, and with the same wonderful resemblance of touch. The day that Alfred was ready to start home to rejoin his mother and brother, he fell sick and died at the same hour that his brother died at Cadix in the arms of his mother, and both pronounced at the same time the words which their deceased brothers had pronounced eighteen years ago.

EXTRAORDINARY GHOST STORY.

Most ghost-stories are only foolish and laughable, but this one is melancholy in the extreme:

Within the past year the people of a village in a Western State became greatly excited by the alleged nightly appearance of a ghost in a village graveyard. Few of them, indeed, had dared to see it; but some had; and they, without making too familiar with it, had still seen it come and go, walk about, seat itself, etc.; and the statements of all those were too well authenticated to be disregarded. What the few saw the many believed; and the whole community soon became excited upon the subject of this strange nightly visitation to the graves of the dead. Of course the ghost was in the usual grave-clothes, in which, so far as we know, ghosts always appear; and it was entirely regular in its hour—always arising among the tombs at just midnight, and leaving at nearly early dawn. It had often been seen to come and go, passing over fences in its course; but no one had learned from whence it came or whither it went.

At length the matter from being the town talk became the town dread. Numerous individuals got excited, and superstitious ones grew melancholy and taciturn; people looked doubtfully at each other as they passed in twilight, and all contrived their journeyings at that hour, so as not to approach the last resting-place of their departed friends.

The growing dread at length became insupportable, and engaged all minds. There chanced to be in the village a youth of nineteen, from Western New York, whose domestic education had carefully excluded all faith in supernatural agencies, and who, therefore, looked only to natural causes for explanations of the events and occurrences of this life. This youth resolved to fathom the mystery of the grave-yard ghost. He found one associate, and the two after nightfall crept themselves among the tombs to observe. Punctually, as the hour of twelve drew nigh, the ghost which had caused so much dread was seen approaching. The moon was shining brightly, and the white-robed object was seen most distinctly. Overcoming two fences, then entered the grave-yard within actual reach of the youth who had set on foot the investigation, and as the light fell fully upon the face of the ghost, he recognized the well-known features of an acquaintance, who was then in her early widowhood. Her husband had recently been buried there, and so dreadfully had been the shock, that the reason of the wife had been dethroned by it, and she was now a wandering maniac. She saw not her observers, but seated herself, as she was wont, upon the grave of him she had loved too fondly. The two then approached the unfortunate, and addressed her in kindness. She knew them not, but conversed freely with them, calling them angels, and craving their protection. She was in her night-clothes, and her wandering thus, through the agony she had suffered, and her nightly occupying this sad seat, had converted that poor mental wreck of humanity into a ghost. On this occasion she could not be induced to abandon her post, and of necessity she was left there to complete the hours of that night's pilgrimage. She is now in a lunatic asylum.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

FAIR IN AID OF THE SPIRITUALISTS' HOME.

A fair to aid in opening Rooms in the city of Boston where the public may at all times witness the phenomena of Spiritual Manifestations under the most favorable conditions, will be held at Chapman Hall, Chapman Place (entrance from School Street), on Monday, Oct. 20th, and continue through the succeeding day and evening, and onward as shall be deemed advisable. All persons everywhere are invited to co-operate in the attainment of this object. Will not some person in every place make it their business to call the friends together, and thereby ascertain how much, and in what way they will aid? Donations in money or articles, either useful or ornamental, are solicited, which may be forwarded to the care of Mrs. Luther Parks, No. 6 Chestnut Street, Boston. Refreshments, such as bread, pies, cakes, fruits, etc., are also desired. Rooms will be opened where manifestations may be witnessed during the fair. Any person desiring information in relation to the fair may address E. J. Kenny, No. 5 Chestnut Street. E. J. KENNY, Pres. S. B. BUTLER, Sec.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DR. G. T. DEXTER,
39 EAST THIRTY-FIRST STREET
Between Lexington and Third Avenues,
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J. B. CONKLIN, the well-known Test Medium, has taken rooms at 542 Broadway. The Manifestations through Mr. Conklin chiefly of Rapping, Tipping, and Writing. Hours from 10 to 12 Morning; 3 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.

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THE MEETINGS OF THE HARMONICAL ASSOCIATION OF PHILADELPHIA are held every Sunday at the Sanson Street Hall, commencing at half-past 10 A.M., and half-past 7 P.M.

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