

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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WHOLE NO. 111.

The Principles of Nature.

A LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

EARLVILLE, N. Y., 1854.

DEAR FRIEND BRITTAN:

You will excuse my long silence when I tell you that in conformity with the earnest injunction of my medical advisers, I have for several months past abstained from the use of the pen as much as possible, in consequence of which I find my subject-matter of communication to you, at the present moment, augmented to such a degree, that I know not how to begin, or scarcely how to select from the bundle of facts relative to my experience of Spirit-manifestations in this vicinity. When I wrote you last summer, I had seen nothing of these wonders so widely known throughout our country. As I before remarked to you, I have been a Spiritualist since my earliest recollections; therefore the spiritual theory of the origin of these things seemed more in unison with my intuitions and experience than aught that the strong array of talent combined has brought out against it. In September last, during the earlier period of convalescence from an illness which had confined me for nearly a year to my room, I witnessed for the first time these manifestations, or that phase of it called table moving. A gentleman who had witnessed a few similar experiments abroad, called on me, and by request formed a small circle around a stand, which soon commenced moving, when a series of intelligent communications were given through the alphabet. The name of a musician, deceased about five years, formerly a member of a musical society, and a resident of this place, was given through the alphabet, and a series of instructions with regard to arrangements for a musical concert, comprising the time, place, the names of mediums, and of the Spirit-performers, on several instruments, were all clearly indicated. Not a person present had thought of Mr. B., the deceased musician, previous to his name being given on that evening. The musical concert, however, proved a failure, in consequence, it was said, of the want of conformity in some essential requisites.

After my return from New York, a circle for investigation was formed at the house of a near neighbor. This circle was arranged in accordance to Spirit-dictation. As my name, among others, was mentioned as one whom they wished to attend, I was usually present once a week, except when prevented by ill health. On every occasion beautiful and instructive communications were given. Those descriptive of the Spirit-world and the various planets comprising the higher spheres, were, to say the least, of a very interesting and beautiful character. It was the usual custom at each *séance* to inquire the names and number of Spirits present. Their names were always promptly and correctly spelled out, often to the number of fourteen and upward. On one occasion the names of my parents and two sisters were given, also that of a relative who had lately left the form. I asked my father (who, when on earth, was ever fond of penetrating into the deep things of nature) what study occupied him most? His response was, "I am trying to learn more and more of God." One evening, prior to this, an intelligence purporting to be that of a friend who had left the form in manhood's early prime, announced himself as my guardian Spirit. He referred familiarly to seasons of trial I had passed through, and of events which had transpired, both prior and subsequent to his death, as though in reality he were indeed acquainted with the entire history of my life. These communications were spelled out with astonishing rapidity. Questions were asked by him in relation to a circumstance which transpired previous to his demise, and some facts connected with this circumstance were explained to me, of which I was heretofore ignorant. I consider this as one of the best tests of Spirit-intercourse that I have witnessed. The name of this friend had become well-nigh oblivious in my mind, and the only person present in the room was the medium at the stand, to whom *even* the name of this Spirit was entirely unknown.

In the latter part of January some physical manifestations commenced at the house of a neighbor, whose family are all mediums to some extent. The youngest member of the family, a boy, ten or twelve years old, is possessed of very remarkable powers in this respect. They had been accustomed to hear from time to time, in presence of this lad, electrical vibrations, which all at once assumed a new and peculiar character. These sounds commenced one morning at about six o'clock, and were so loud, sonorous, and deep as to be heard all over the house. An inmate of the house, a gentleman of undoubted veracity, wishing to investigate the origin of these sounds, arose at early dawn, and placing himself in bed with the two mediums (who were brothers—the younger being the lad referred to), when the raps were heard even louder than before. A pile of furniture (composed of bedsteads, chairs, etc.), occupying one corner of the room, near the bed, commenced to be violently disarranged and thrown about. The bed-clothes were in part drawn from the bed; the medium's hair was pulled, also that of the gentleman, several small locks being found scattered over the bed; two hands were

distinctly felt, very dissimilar in size and feeling, on their foreheads, hands, and arms. In short, they were rather roughly handled, Mr. — having his ear pinched in a manner that left the mark throughout the day. A small, white, and dimpled hand, evidently of female origin, was seen simultaneously by both gentlemen, placed before their faces, with the fingers spread somewhat apart, through which the gray morning light from the window was distinctly seen. It was recognized by one of the gentlemen as identical with the hand of a young lady of his acquaintance who died about six months ago. Subsequent to this occurrence, several gentlemen of this village, wishing to test these things more thoroughly, procured for this purpose a vacant room, where astonishing phenomena were witnessed by all present. In order to test these things myself, I was present on one of these occasions, and witnessed many things which it was not possible for any one present to have done had they been disposed to impose upon their neighbors and friends. The room in which they met was about sixty feet in length, the stove being placed in the back part, near the passage; a small pine table about six feet in length and two in width stood at the distance of thirty feet from the stove, around which was seated three mediums: Mr. —, who saw the hand, the father of the boy medium, and the lad, each having a hand placed upon the table. As soon as we were seated around the stove, silence being enjoined, and the light extinguished, a large dinner bell commenced ringing; it was apparently carried near the ceiling overhead, until it passed beyond the pale of influence, when it fell with a crash at my feet. Five large bells were next rung in succession, as if to test the sound of each. They were then rung in concert, each sounding a different note, and keeping perfect time. The dinner bell of the hotel, near at hand, was then perfectly imitated. The fire bell and funeral bell were each successfully imitated. They were placed in every variety of form and attitude; sometimes arranged in the form of a pyramid, and then again placed singly on the mediums' heads and shoulders. The bells were then removed from the table, when a succession of tremendous blows (sounding as if given with the palm of the hand) descended upon the table, in a manner that no human being could imitate without severing their hand in pieces. I requested permission of the invisibles to sit at the table, stating my desire to investigate in order to prepare a written statement of my own observations. This request was readily granted, although they had refused the several members of the circle, save the three mediums at the table. Being seated at the table, I asked a jovial and mirth-loving Spirit, whom we call Frank, to gently touch my hand. The bells were rung, and then a descent of those terrible blows were made on each side of my hand; in an instant the table was capsized, having caught all the bells under it—each standing upon the bottom, in a circle. I am confident no human agency could have effected this singular feat. The table was again restored to its former position. I placed my hand on it as before, and again requested the Spirit to touch my hand—the attempt was a failure, as in the first instance. The Spirit answered by the tipplings that he could not touch my hand. The table was then raised with our four hands upon it, the distance of two feet from the floor, and again overturned in a twinkling, with the bells in the same position as before. After I left the table, a succession of the most terrible blows I ever heard were made in the room. It resembled the driving of fence posts with a large beetle, such as farmers use in the splitting of logs. I was weary of these performances long before they were over, and longed to be away. Three ladies were present besides myself. I was not afraid, although the invisible operatives were, at times, apparently very angry, and sent the bells at us with considerable force whenever our whispered words broke the silence, which seemed an indispensable requisite in the potency of their weird and occult power.

I think it wrong to trifle with Spirits. Those of an undeveloped plane are subject to ebullitions of anger equally with their brethren in the form. But the most singular part of this night's adventure remains to be told. Mr. —, the father of the boy medium, of whom I have spoken, on retiring to rest with his youngest son, heard in his room, just as he was on the point of composing himself to sleep, a sound resembling whistling, or an effort to exercise the vocal organs previous to speaking. Mr. —, supposing it to be an indication of spiritual presence, remarked that he would get up and light the candle. "How will you ignite it?" asked the Spirit. Mr. — replied that he had placed matches on the window sill previous to going to bed. "You will find none there," said the Spirit, "I have removed them." Mr. — arose, lit the candle at the kitchen stove, and on looking for the bundle of matches found they were indeed gone. On returning to his bed the conversation was resumed in a familiar manner. The Spirit remarked that the old gentleman (meaning Mr. C., an inmate of the house) had a *bad cold*. When asked whom he meant. He replied, "Why, I mean old Mr. C.; I have been stopping here a day or two, and have observed matters and things connected with your family; I am an acquaintance of yours from the village of Ware, Mass.; you worked for me there several months." Mr. — remarked, "Then your name

is Arnsden." "Yes," said the Spirit, "that is my name," adding, "I was there three weeks since, when a man was drowned by falling through the ice; he was out on a fishing excursion." The conversation concluded in an amicable manner. The Spirit offered to carry any communication Mr. — would like to send to Massachusetts. There was subsequently an evident effort at renewing the conversation. Two of these Spirits had apparently a slight altercation about which should have the precedence in talking, which ended in their being unable either of them to communicate.

This statement will doubtless seem apocryphal to many. I am well acquainted with the gentleman who was present at this singular interview. I had the statement from himself personally, and do not doubt it in the least. He is a truthful and honest man, and until recently had no faith in these manifestations. A few evenings since, this gentleman, and other members of his family, came to our house in order that I might witness the spiritual light. The father and son were alone seated at the stand. The other persons present were three in number besides myself, and occupied the sofa beside me; soon the stand commenced rocking in a rapid manner, and the lights began to move upward on the side of the room until they reached the ceiling overhead. I observed that the stand invariably was exercised in this peculiar manner whenever these lights were visible. They were about two hands' breadth in size, quite luminous, and never stationary. Several articles of furniture on this evening were moved without human agency. My large writing chair, with immense rockers, was moved at a distance of four feet, and placed directly across the mediums' hands upon the stand. The light was extinguished, when another chair was placed upon the top of the writing chair. The mediums meantime groaned somewhat under the combined weight of each. Not a person in the room moved from his or her position while these things were being done. I had placed my arms around those who occupied the sofa with me, and it is sheer folly to say that the two mediums at the stand could have done it; their hands being nearly crushed with the weight placed upon them. Several other experiments equally curious, could be mentioned, but this is sufficient. The design of the Spirits evidently was to convince people of the spiritual origin of the manifestations. Dear friend—I suppose your patience must be nearly exhausted by this lengthy communication; yet I have some facts relating to my own individual experience still to relate to you. Two weeks ago to-day, while sitting at the stand engaged in communicating with two Spirit-sisters (the youngest of whom died at the age of 22, and the elder at 32), it was given through the alphabet by the younger sister: "Oh, S—, how greatly do I desire to talk with you!" My response was, "Yes, I know, but this can not be while I remain in the form." To my surprise, the reply indicated that it was possible even here. I asked, "How is this possible?" I was directed to go to a magnetic and personating medium, about two miles distant (a lady whom I never saw). I supposed this medium, when entranced, would personate my sister, who would thus be able to converse with me. We were directed to go on Tuesday of the same week. How my heart thrilled with expectancy, with hope and fear, as the time drew nigh! My sister, Mrs. C., and myself were present at the time indicated. A circle was formed around the table, pencil and paper being laid thereon. A solemn yet serene quiet seemed to rest on all present. Imagine my surprise, dear friend, when Mrs. — on becoming entranced, placed the pencil in my hand, at the same moment making a few passes from my head down my arm. I was impressed to write. I resisted this impression, as I had done, for nearly a year, believing it to be an unsatisfactory and deceptive mode of communication. The medium again made a few passes over my forehead, hand, and arm, and in authoritative manner, placed the pencil again in my hand, writing at the same time this sentence: "You don't give up." The thought of grieving these dear ones, who wished to communicate with me, oppressed my soul. The impress of a soft hand was laid upon my forehead. I yielded to the influences and a beautiful communication was written through my hand by Spirit-dictation. Afterward, Mrs. P. being still entranced, personated the death-scene of my young sister, whose exit from the form was the most peaceful and happy I have ever witnessed. These two sisters were not only greatly beloved by me, but by the entire household, and for many, many months I mourned for them as one who refused to be comforted. Having a medium in my family, I seated myself next morning opposite her at the stand, and requested my sister Jane, who died at the age of 32 (who in the form exhibited a richly endowed mind), to give through my hand a description of Spirit-life, and, if possible, some idea of her Spirit-home. To this request she readily assented. The first two pages were written out at this sitting. I have since continued writing on the same subject. I will copy some of these papers for you as soon as I have leisure.

I will now describe to you the *modus operandi*, or how it is done. I place pencil and paper before me, with one hand upon the stand, the other on the paper. When the thought or sentiment is arranged in the mind of my Spirit-sister, the stand tips lightly three times, as a signal to commence writing. I place the pencil on the paper, my mind at the same moment seems a blank—that is, without thought. I form the first letter, then the whole word is written, other words and sentences follow. At the end of each sentence the signal is renewed. I was greatly surprised, on a perusal of the first sheet, to observe the beautiful arrangement and connection of these sentences; of which, previously, I had no idea. The communications resemble so nearly some of those in Judge Edmonds' book, that I am puzzled to know how to account for it. I should suspect that they were drawn from some latent power of recollection if my perusal of that book had not been so imperfectly and hurriedly performed. I borrowed it from a friend, and could retain it only a short time, and my reading was limited to one evening and a few hours the next day, being subject in the mean time, to various interruptions. There are only two portions of the book which I recollect with any distinctness—one was the condition of undeveloped and wicked Spirits, wrangling and fighting for the dark and sandy plain. This recollection was impressed upon my mind at the time by thinking that the orthodox idea of a place of punishment could not be more dreadful in the reality than the one depicted in that book. The other was the conversion of an undeveloped Spirit at a circle, as personated by Mrs. S.

I will now conclude, leaving room for copying one or more of those papers referred to. Your affectionate friend, S. S. SMITH.

MR. S. B. BRITTAN.

This specimen of one of my first attempts at writing through impression, was given at Mr. P.'s; it was written with rapidity. I have not changed a single expression:

My dear sisters, and other kind and Christian friends now present, we are exceedingly happy in the privilege of meeting you here to-night. Could you behold the bright Spirits that surround you, not only those around your immediate circle, but many others at a little distance above and around you, your souls would thrill with love, joy, and admiration; you would never doubt more. All hail the blessed period of the world's redemption. The glad era is nigh at hand. You are now surrounded with the gray morning mists—shadows are around your pathway. But the glad light is breaking. It gilds the mountain tops with the brightness and beauty of the rainbow, forming a beautiful arch overhead. The millennial period is now drawing nigh. Love, mercy, and truth are blending in harmony. The world's redemption from sin, slavery, and strife is near at hand. Some of you will not live to witness the beautiful unfolding of this glorious morn. Others will rejoice that a portion of this blissful period will be theirs to behold. Let your light so shine that the world may take knowledge of you, that you are indeed true Spiritualists. You know that the Captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering. Some of you must in a manner tread in his footsteps. Count it not grievous when your friends and neighbors shall revile you; remember the petition of the dying Christ, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Use all diligence in fitting yourselves for the work now before you. You "that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever." Let your motto be, "Onward, onward." Endless progression lies before you. A glorious reward is prepared for you above. Remember that I am often with you. Your Spirit-sister bids you be of good cheer. J. L. S.

Written through impression, Feb. 25, by

The subjoined is extracted from the seventh page of my sister's description of life in the spheres:

Tuesday Morn.—What an exalted privilege is ours! Do you comprehend it? We that you mourned as lost to you, "gone to that bourne (as Shakespeare hath it) whence no traveler returns," are now present with you in a manner as real as though no intervening veil hid us from your view. Rejoice, my beloved sister, with exceeding joy. Henceforth we are never to be divided more. We have, in reality, never been separated; but in years past I could not fully impress you with the reality of my presence. When the glad morning shall arrive, when we shall hail the entrance of your weary feet on this side Jordan's swelling stream, oh, what unspeakable joy will be ours! Safe, safe, forever safe, in this our delightful Eden of love and happiness. Your earth-trials, so bitter in their season, will pass away from your remembrance like a troublous dream, only to be recalled at intervals in order to contrast the past with the present. By the memory of past sorrow our present felicity is greatly enhanced. Soon, very soon, you will never sorrow more. Affliction's night is but for a season—joy cometh in the morning, a morning whose glorious radiance will never become dim. The beauties of our delightful clime will never fade away. Our happiness is eternal, sure, and immutable. Endless progression, as I said, lies before you. We are not now perfect as we shall be when we advance still higher in the celestial knowledge. Our vision is gradually unfolding to new and exalted truths. Ah, sister, who, among you that are living in the rudimental state can comprehend Deity? that vast eternal essence whence all things emanate, and to whom all things are tending in harmonious and ever-widening circles, wave on wave. Can any one of

you by seeking find out God? Is he a man that he should answer you, and obey your behest? Oh, thou infinite Source of wisdom, love, knowledge, and goodness, how little do we, even the children of light, comprehend of the magnitude of thy sovereignty! When we are more than usually happy, our thoughts always flow forth in prayer. Oh, sister, could your soul drink in as deeply as mine does this morning, the love and goodness of our heavenly Father, you could not remain longer in that frail organism of yours; you would immediately wend your way upward through the illimitable fields of space, where the attractive and gravitating essence of eternal love would fill your soul with joy inconceivable. Could you have listened to our songs of praise last night, as we soared upward, a phalanx of bright and happy Spirits, you would have wept to have been left behind.

Written through Spirit-dictation, Feb. 22.

S. S. S.

A CHAPTER OF HUMAN EXPERIENCE.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."—Hamlet.

We were both young, both lovely, both loving; from our earliest childhood a close sympathy had existed between our natures. A strange psychological affinity had characterized us, and we advanced in years as in the intimate mingling of our souls. Our union was the result of a pure, unselfish attachment; not one interested motive had influenced our marriage, consequently unalloyed happiness was ours. Such a self-abetting devotion as I felt for my wife, words could not express, and of her love I never for one instant entertained a doubt, and our natures grew together, forming an entire, close and spiritual union.

The gloom of the old and once deserted mansion in which we dwelt, contrasted pleasantly with the joy, the love which animated our hearts; and when our laughs rang merrily through the dim chambers, I listened to the echo which, ever sad, ever melancholy, seemed sometimes to mock our happiness with more of joy than pain.

The damp dews which fell around our home were all unheeded by us, fortified and, as we thought, rendered immortal by the strength of our deep, true affection, and we wandered alone through the old forest and by the side of the dark, slow waters. I never heeding that the lady Helena's cheek grew more pale, her step more languid, her slight form more fragile. Such ramblings were the acme of our happiness—in the dim shade we conversed of our future—how our souls, united in an eternal union, should be forever one!

I had become gradually conscious of an influx of life into my frame, a superabundance of life-giving electricity; but what could this be, save the effect upon my exterior of my internal peace and happiness.

We were seated by the water side, my arm supporting her, for she was weary; her fair head, resting upon my shoulder, seemed spiritual, shadowy, and the outlines dim in the half-clouded moonlight. "Israel," said her clear voice, "here, by the waters where we wander for the last time, let me break to you gently what may, but should not, startle you, that I shall not be with you long!" I grasped for breath, I felt a stifling weight upon my breast, but smiled upon her.

"What can or shall part us, my wife?" asked I, lowly. "Death!" replied she, in a suffocating whisper. "I would have told you before, but we have been so happy I did not dare to break the spell with such tidings. For weeks I have known that the shadow was and is upon me, that I am departing slowly from you. Israel, Israel," continued she, shudderingly, breaking through the calmness she sought to assume, "if you but knew how I dread this trial, how my frail, weak body shrinks from the horrors of the grave, the terrible and dreadful groans, the last, last gasping breath, the clammy dews, the awful sepulcher, the shroud, the slow and terrible decay, oh! Israel, you would pity me. I do not fear eternity, it is not my soul that recoils from death, it is my poor humanity, the veil which you have called so fair."

I sat stupefied—the blackness of despair enveloped me—I shrank within myself.

"Helena," I cried at last, every nerve stretched to its utmost tension, "Helena, you shall not die! If there is power on earth, strength or mercy in Heaven, your earthly form shall not pass away." The words had not passed my lips when we sat shuddering and in silence. I knew I had involuntarily emphasized the word "earthly." We both felt, though words spoke we not, that o'er the soul we could have no control.

We returned silently to our dim, quiet home, the Lady Helena so wan, so weak, that my strong arm alone prevented her from falling. The power that had held her upon earth was departing from her, and she sank totally exhausted as she reached our sleeping apartment.

I laid her slight form upon the bed; a kind of halo seemed to shed itself over the dark room, an emanation from the form of the Lady Helena. I sat by her side during the long night; a wild thought had entered my mind, a terrible resolution, and my eyes refused to close in slumber. I felt as if I should

never sleep again. I clasped her hand in mine; it felt hot, burning, to my icy touch. In such an apathy was every sense. I scarcely heard the interruption of her attendants; afterward I knew that medical men were called, that many were around her, but her hand was still clasped in mine. I still could hear with painful acuteness her every gentle respiration. Thus they told me a few weeks passed away, when I partially roused myself. The Lady Helena was as fair as ever—her eyes brighter, her cheek even tinged with a soft, delicate bloom.

For myself, how frightfully changed! but my outward form: my eyes sunken and expressionless, my face pale and rigid, and every member fearfully attenuated. I seemed a fit prey for the grim tyrant who had waved his scepter over my young and lovely wife. Still no one dreamed of my danger, it was the Lady Helena for whom the grave yawned.

A gradual cessation of life marked her approaching dissolution, an entire receding of the Spirit which is life, and had animated her form. Sadly all watched over her, and I was so happy to see that the fear of death had subsided entirely. She rarely spoke of it; made no worldly provision for the event, as was so customary, and although she spoke of the future, to which she was hastening, it seemed as if she thought of it as unconnected with the commonly received idea of death.

Almost frantic one gloomy day when my Helena conversed on her departure from me, I threw myself upon my knees by her bedside. "My wife, my Helena," cried I, "have you no faith in my word. Have I not, invincible in the power of will and love, sworn you shall not die? Did I not tell you this? I can, and by that power I will, if need be, die for you! Again hear me, Helena, I swear you shall not die!" I looked into the face of my wife as I spoke these last words, and beheld her radiant with the same glow I had seen when upon that eventful night I had placed her upon the bed from which she had scarcely risen since.

I recoiled from the sight, it was not earthly; and the voice of my wife sounded strangely clear as she replied so smilingly, I doubted her entire sanity. "Israel, do you imagine I do not trust you? Was not your Spirit the same when you said my 'earthly form' should not perish? What if in words you did not express your soul-formed determination? Can not my mind read yours? I felt you would spare me the ordeal of death, even were it by the sacrifice which must and will be made. What but this knowledge has preserved my form so fresh and fair, the radiance in my eyes, the bloom upon my cheek? What but this has withered you, stopped the current of your youthful life, and decayed your body, while my Spirit is the nearer eternal beatitude? Shall we not be happier in the entire union which will take place hereafter, your soul reanimating this fair mold? Oh! Israel, in this union there will be more joy than in the other!" The words calmed me; she had clearly shown me what I had only half perceived, and for the first time for more than a month I tasted the unspeakable blessing of slumber. A deep, deep sleep stole upon me, every sense, in an earthly meaning, perfectly dormant. But if my poor human perceptions could have followed the wanderings of my contented, happy Spirit, if I could have received the revelations which it would have imparted, what might I not pen for your eye? What mysteries, hidden and insensible to our earthly senses, might I not unfold, making all clear and lucid as the beamings of the noontide sun. But the cloud was too dense, too dark and misty to admit those rays, and I slept dreamless and in silence. For two days thus I slumbered; and as on the midnight of the third I half awoke, I was conscious of murmurings around me.

"He seems nearer death than the Lady Helena," said the gray-haired physician, in a low tone.

"What!" said I, the name at once totally arousing me, "what of the Lady Helena?"

"She is the same, her case is wholly inexplicable. Life, animation, is departing, while the body is unchanged—if possible, even more healthful, more beautiful," said the old man.

I smiled triumphantly. I felt I had arrested the hand of decay, and was happy. I arose, and was supported to her room. I never left her side again, our souls gradually diffusing one into the other.

It was the seventh day after this that I became conscious of a decided change; my life was nearly over. We were alone—I reclining by my wife. I seized her hand. "I am dying, Helena," said I.

She smiled sadly, and returned the pressure of my hand.

"I thank you, Israel; now I only feel how deeply you have loved me!" The last words were said slowly, as if with great effort, and she sank back motionless, her hand still clasped in mine. I felt the clammy dew of death steal upon my brow. I heard words of comfort spoken by my own lips, yet dictated by the Spirit of the Lady Helena.

It was receding from me. I gasped for breath—not that I suffered, but such a transfusion of soul was a spiritual effort only accomplished by a severe exercise of the mental will, and the struggle found the body weak. At least it was over. I sighed deeply—my pulse wavered, stopped, fluttered, and was still. I felt that I was dead!

From the Lady Helena's beautiful but tearless eyes I gazed upon my own inanimate body, robed in the serene and quiet garments of the grave. From beneath her long widow's veil I smiled to hear the whispered remarks upon the singularity of my death, and the Lady Helena's no less singular recovery.

From her lips I spoke words of strange import, which they heeded not, save as the ravings of a mind distracted by grief—when only joy at the habitation I had obtained for her happy soul and mine was felt.

At first our union was strange, but in time we became accustomed to it; my powers of intellect, softened by her feminine grace and beauty, were improved and beautified.

I became proud of the wild beauty of the Lady Helena, had, while her earthly husband, scarcely comprehended its wondrous intensity, so absorbed was I in the contemplation of the exalted sublimity of her soul.

By my spiritual youth and rejuvenating power, how transcendently lovely she became! all bowed beneath the sway of the Lady Helena.

Suitors and wooers innumerable, have bowed before my shrine, beseeching the Lady Helena's smile and favor; they viewed her widow-faith as extraordinary, for they would call her—I mean myself—a young and charming widow. Never had we been so truly wedded. It is the Lady Helena's snowy hand that pens these records; it is the Spirit of her Israel that gives that hand its life.

The Lady Helena's own Spirit is blest and happy. I hear her murmur in the quiet starlight nights. I hear her whisper words of thanks and deep love to my soul, that has again made the Lady Helena what she was—aye, more than she could have been.

We have waited patiently (the Lady Helena and I) for our summons during many long, yet peaceful years; when they come, we shall yield joyfully. We have no fear of death—we know what it is—we have felt it. My body and her soul.

BALTIMORE, 1854.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1854.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Jeremiah C. Bell, Williamsville, Conn.: Judge Edmonds desires us to say that he can not visit your place for the purpose indicated in your note. Reason, time absorbed by other engagements.

THE TRIBUNE'S OBJECTIONS.

We have never been so unreservedly devoted to any single principle or measure as to pursue it to the utter neglect of all other ideas and interests; nor are we now disposed to push the spiritual idea blindly or without a wise reference to its relations, bearings, and results. Some persons are neither accustomed to lead off in a tangent, nor to follow those who do. We belong to that class. If we sometimes ride our hobby, it is never without a bridle nor in the dark. Others who are not particularly interested in our safety, are at liberty to "apply the spurs," if they will; but if we consent to ride, we must guide the animal. At the same time we shall be obliged to any one who will actually point out a better road than the one we are inclined to pursue. It is frankly acknowledged that we are exceedingly fallible, and have need of wise counselors, but we also need to be satisfied that the course proposed presents a shorter or more agreeable method of securing the same results. These remarks are elicited by an article that appeared a few days since in the editorial columns of the *Tribune*. After referring particularly to the "Sacred Circle," and incidentally to other spiritual periodicals, the editor (Mr. Greeley, we suppose) concludes with the following observations:

"The *Spiritual Telegraph* in this city comes nearest the point of any we have looked into; but it, like the rest, is mainly occupied with 'Spiritual' or 'Harmonical' Philosophy, and hardly devotes a fourth of its columns to matter of interest to those who doubtfully ask, 'Are these things so?' Under this policy, the 'Spiritualists' are rapidly becoming a mere sect, with a 'philosophy' which answers to other sects' theology, and a tendency to split into a dozen smaller and narrower sects, mutually hating and hating. If they have any new facts calculated to prove beyond dispute that he who died yesterday is consciously near and interested in those who weep his loss, seeing all they do and guarding them against evil, there are fifty thousand people in this city, who would grudge no time nor money to be enlightened and convinced by them; but, until so convinced, all talk to them of the 'Spiritual Philosophy' is of no more interest or value than an opium-dream."

We are pleased to reciprocate the editor's preference, and will here say what we have so often expressed in private, namely, that the *Tribune*, all things considered, approximates our ideal of what a newspaper should be nearer than any other journal now published. We think it represents with more than ordinary fidelity the diversified thought and action of "the living age," and while there are some things in its columns which, to certain readers, are "of no more interest or value than an opium-dream," they may be, for ought we know to the contrary, of paramount importance to others. We find some bold assumptions, defective logic, and pointless objections even in the *Tribune*, and among the latter we class some of the editor's objections to the *TELEGRAPH*, which we now propose to consider.

It is admitted that about one fourth of our paper is occupied with the narration of such facts as are directly calculated to interest and convince "those who doubtfully ask, 'Are these things so?'" This estimate of the proportion of space and labor devoted to this object may be about right, and we honestly think that this is as much as is either profitable to our readers or ourselves, and far more than many who doubt and repeat the *Tribune's* query have yet attempted to profit by. We have substantial reasons for this opinion, which we proceed to offer. At least four fifths of our patrons are already fully satisfied that departed human spirits hold daily intercourse with men in the body. Of course they do not need to be convinced of that fact, and were we to follow the *Tribune's* suggestions, and devote our entire space to the bare recital of such phenomenal occurrences as are especially calculated to assault and overthrow popular skepticism, our paper would cease to interest a large majority of our readers. They believe in spirits and in the actual demonstrations of their presence among men as truly as a large proportion of the *Tribune's* patrons believe in the *Whig* party. Now those who are satisfied that such a party really exists, doubtless feel a far deeper interest in Mr. Greeley's illustrations of its essential principles and obvious bearings on the material interests of the country, than they possibly can feel in any results elicited in a circle of congenial politicians, and tending only to prove the existence of such a party. True, there may be some serious men outside who are unsettled on this point, and many more who cavilingly inquire, "Is there a *Whig* party?" But do they read the *Tribune*? and, especially, do they pay for it? If not, it probably would not pay the proprietors and editors to devote their columns entirely to that class to the utter neglect of the thousands who support their enterprise. Be it remembered, then, that with the mass of our readers, as with ourselves, the *Tribune's* question is already answered thus, *These things are so*. Moreover the existence of Spirits, and the general principles which regulate their intercourse with men are far more real to many people than the organic forms, the flexible faith, and ephemeral phases of all political parties.

It is implied that we should occupy the remaining three fourths of the *TELEGRAPH* with facts to prove the fundamental proposition that intercourse between Spirits and men really exists. Such a suggestion from an experienced and able journalist is calculated to excite surprise. Would the editor of the *Tribune* recommend this course in the treatment of other subjects? Suppose the professors of electricity and chemistry should neglect to explain the principles which govern electrical phenomena and the laws of chemical affinity, disregarding also their practical bearings, and laboring only to prove that such principles, laws, and facts exist, what great good could they reasonably hope to achieve? It appears to us that with respect to the believers in such sciences, their labors would be rendered superfluous by a foregone conclusion, at the same time those who could decide without investigation that electricity and chemistry are "humbugs," would not be likely to examine and weigh the facts which go to establish the contrary. There are persons who do not yet credit the revelations of geology, or believe that the sun is the center of the solar system. But must the geologist refuse to talk of the earth's strata, and to consider their relations to cosmogony, and the astronomer suppress his elucidation of the sublime laws of planetary motion until all the skeptics are converted? If not,

why should we be required to withhold our views of the general philosophy and moral inculcations of Spiritualism?

But we shall probably be told that these are not parallel cases; that the sciences referred to are already established, while the alleged fact that Spirits communicate with mortals is not. How, we would respectfully inquire, are the facts and laws of those sciences more fully established? If Spiritualism has its foundation in truth, it of course rests on a firm basis. Does the number of believers establish the truth? Some men appear to think so, and hence virtually adopt the sentiment, whether in science, law, or religion, that *vox Dei* depends on *vox populi*. But if the question is to be determined by the number of believers, spiritual intercourse is quite as well established as the sciences referred to, for a much larger number of persons—we include the men of all ages and countries—have believed in such intercourse than have yet entertained the present systems of electrical, chemical, geological, and astronomical science. Is the truth established by the number of living witnesses to the facts and experiments which illustrate that truth? If so, Spiritualism is doubtless better established than the above mentioned sciences, for where one person has examined the different geological stratifications, witnessed the facts in chemistry, or performed the ordinary experiments in electricity, hundreds have personally observed the spiritual phenomena of ancient and modern times; and for every one who has seen the sun and stars through a telescope, we will furnish at least one who has looked into the invisible heavens by the opening of the inward sense, or by some other form of actual intercommunication with the Spirit-world.

For more than two years we have been publishing from two to six columns of facts weekly, and so far as our knowledge extends, the secular press has never so much as taken six examples on which we are accustomed to rely for evidence of spiritual intercourse, and proved that they can be satisfactorily explained on any material hypothesis. We may err in judgment, but in this respect we think the *Tribune* is unreasonable. Why call for more facts before even an attempt is made to dispose of one in a thousand already cited. A man might as well have called for rain in the midst of Noah's flood, and refused to believe in water as long as he could keep from drowning.

But the *Tribune's* remarks respecting the sectarian tendencies among us are also manifestly erroneous and unjust. It charges that, "the Spiritualists are rapidly becoming a mere sect, with a philosophy which answers to other sects' theology, and a tendency to split into a dozen smaller and narrower sects, mutually hating and hating," and the reader is left to infer that all this legitimately flows from Spiritualism, which is certainly a great mistake. Herein consists the injustice of which we complain. We are not disposed to dogmatize, and will not assume that all who entertain the spiritual philosophy are free from the evils which prevail elsewhere in society. How could they be? It is probable that many are still characterized by contracted views and an ignoble spirit; but we most emphatically deny that the principles of Spiritualism favor such tendencies. On the contrary, the spiritual idea is opposed to all arbitrary forms of faith, and to every species of despotic authority. If, then, its adherents are divided in their views, and rancorous in spirit, it is doubtless because a great truth has not yet had time to redeem them from the evils that are in the world. The Spiritualists are converts from every sect in Christendom; they are continually coming out from all the churches, from the ranks of Deists and Atheists, and from among men of every other shade of religious and irreligious belief, and how in reason's name can they be expected to coalesce in a day?

It appears from the New Testament that in the time of the apostles, the Jewish and Gentile converts to Christianity had an angry controversy about the use of certain meats and the observance of particular days; and it finally became necessary for Paul to interfere for the purpose of reconciling the hostile parties. Moreover, some of the churches made a Bacchanalian revel of the Eucharist, and according to the apostolic statement, were accustomed to eat and drink most intemperately, "not discerning the Lord's body." But did the *Tribune* ever refer to the quarrels and the grossness of primitive Christians in such a way as to leave room for the inference that it ascribed those evils to Christianity? We presume not. The prevailing public sentiment would not justify such carelessness in that direction; but, for the present, it will sanction it when only Spiritualists are to be traduced or left to suffer from the unrighteous imputation. Is it fair or just to talk in this loose way about Spiritualism, leaving the world to conclude that it is itself the source of all the inharmonies which prevail among the believers? This sort of *lopus lingua* or *penna*, as of late exhibited in the *Tribune*, seems to be characterized by too much method to accord with our ideas of fair dealing.

PERSECUTION IN TROY.

The Troy *Daily Whig*, of June 1st, contains a communication from Miss MELINDA A. BALL, late First Assistant Teacher in the Principal Department of the Seventh Ward School, addressed to the Board of Education of that city, from which we learn that Miss BALL was dismissed by a vote of said Board, for the reason—as expressed in the vague and indefinite language of their resolution—that her "usefulness" had been "materially and prejudicially affected." The gentlemen of the Board were profoundly silent respecting the circumstances which contributed to impair the usefulness of Miss B. in her capacity of teacher, simply, we doubt not, because there were no such circumstances, and for the obvious reason that her usefulness was in no way diminished. Error and cowardice are wont to hide themselves and their deformed children by any mean device which will serve the purpose of even temporary concealment. The Board of Education had not the moral courage to state the real causes of their unjust and dishonorable proceedings, and hence in a covert and dastardly manner they attempt to blast the name, reputation, and prospects of a young lady whose qualifications as a teacher are unquestioned, and whose character is above suspicion.

It may be interesting to inquire into the cause of this persecution. What actuated the magnanimous gentlemen who compose the Board of Education in Troy to pass resolutions respecting Miss BALL, couched in such ambiguous and doubtful terms that others are left to suspect—if they are so disposed—that her usefulness has been impaired by some impropriety of conduct? What prompted them to outrage the spirit of our institutions, to libel their own teachers and mothers, to dishonor the cause of popular education, and to assail an intelligent, beloved, and unoffending woman? Why, simply this: Miss BALL is INTERESTED IN SPIRITUALISM! and altogether too unselfish and sincere to conceal that fact, or to condescend to a miserable time-serving policy in order to preserve her place. For this she was dismissed; not that the slightest act unworthy of a pure and high-minded woman had

tarnished her fair fame. It is not even pretended that she had ever inculcated her spiritual views in the school, or out of the school in presence of her pupils. Indeed, the following testimony from two members of the aforesaid Board of Education sufficiently proves the contrary:

Troy, Feb. 16, 1854.
We, the undersigned, Members of the Board of Education of the city of Troy, hereby certify, that Melinda A. Ball has been a faithful, competent, and successful teacher during the last three years in which she has been engaged as First Assistant in First Ward School No. 1, and she has never to our knowledge either expressed her own religious sentiments, or spoken disparagingly of those of others in the presence of, or to, any of the pupils consigned to her charge, or belonging to that school.
J. D. GREEN,
DEXTER MOODY.

It should also be observed that one hundred and eleven persons, principally patrons of the school, including Rev. G. C. Baldwin, Rev. J. C. Waldo, H. S. Benedict, and Francis Wariner, disapproved of the action of the Board, and paid a merited compliment to the character and capacity of Miss BALL, which we copy as follows:

Troy, Feb. 16, 1854.
The undersigned, having a full confidence in, and high regard for, the abilities of Melinda A. Ball as a teacher, and her character as a person, and feeling satisfied with the manner in which she has, during the last three years, discharged her duties as First Assistant in Principal Department of First Ward School No. 1, do hereby signify their regret at her removal, and their disposition to retain her in the situation as teacher which she now occupies.

In her communication to the *Daily Whig*, Miss BALL evinces her ability to encounter the whole Board; indeed, we question if the combined talents, freedom, and integrity of all who voted to dismiss her are equal to her own. Miss B. has the spirit of her ancestors, and is worthy of the country and the institutions which the Board of Education in Troy has defamed and violated by its unrighteous deed, and its persecuting and unholly spirit. We copy the closing portion of Miss BALL's letter, which will be found to contain a just and very spirited rebuke:

I am thrown out of employment, my character defamed before the public, and why? because I have done wrong? No, but because I believe wrong—in the opinion of the Board. Have the Board of Education become the regulators of the consciences of those in their employ? Do they propose to decide what is, or is not true in matters of belief? Have they any established religion by which teachers are to be tried before they are eligible to office? Would it look well for an anti-sectarian, anti-Catholic school system to have any? If they have, ought it not to be more consistent, so that one committee should not instruct a teacher to disbelieve the Bible, and another direct her to swallow it whole, unseasoned and undigested by the first spice of reason, or the least grain of common sense? Do the Board mean to say by this act that no teacher shall hereafter dare to attend upon the meetings, or investigate the subject of Spiritualism under pain of excommunication? Is this our boasted land of liberty, where petty tyrants have such mighty power? If so, thank God that I am the first martyr. It is a cowardly, unprincipled spirit that would tremble at the uplifted heel of religious intolerance, and it shall never make me swerve, though it crush me in its path. I do not know but that the public may like towards teachers; if they do, I could not well serve them. Perhaps it is the spirit of '76 that stirs within me, for my grandfather's file led a patriot band "in the days that tried men's souls," and my mother has often chanted over my cradle "The Anthem of the Free;" and I have sung "They have left unstained what there they found, freedom to worship God," until the spirit of freedom and of song has swept a chord that seemed to press "the ground whereon they trod" with the feet of a cringing slave.

Self-respect and a clear conscience make a quiet pillow, even though the head be weary and the heart be sad; and if some of my friends would try it once, they might not think it quite so preposterous that the white-winged seraphs of another sphere should sometimes linger there to impress them with their own pure thoughts, and inspire them with their own exalted pleasures.

These remarks, as a whole, do not apply to all the members of the Board of Education, as I was at first led to believe by their committee. There are those in that Board who, if they had any philanthropic designs toward the world, which they thought could best be subserved by crucifying Spiritualism, would attack its principles like men, and not make their thrusts through the person of an inoffensive woman; and then, as if afraid of meeting an avenger, cover up the deed by libeling her character in the public papers. There are men in that Board who, I feel thankful to believe, look upon the deed with scorn, though they were passive actors in the scene; and I could hope that those might publicly express themselves, that the innocent might not be condemned with the guilty.

We live under a government which tolerates all religions, and what authority have those who claim to represent the interests of popular education in this country to interfere with the constitutional and inalienable rights of any one? Especially what excuse have they for thus attempting to coerce the conscience and to violate the deepest religious convictions of an unoffending woman? Shame on the men who thus dishonor their humanity! Miss BALL believed in the guardianship of angels—that they watch over the world with an unsleeping vigilance—perhaps, that they came to her; but the majority of the aforesaid Board are so hostile to any such angelic ministry or heavenly interference in human affairs, that they at once conspired to crucify her and her beautiful faith. Thank Heaven they are both immortal! and they shall live and triumph—sublimely triumph—when this act of intolerance is everywhere condemned, and religious bigotry, oppression, and cowardice are scourged, naked and howling, from the high places which they have rendered dishonorable and loathsome by their presence.

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

SEVENTY OF THE TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND.

Some time since, in speaking of the rapid growth and irresistible power of Spiritualism, we estimated the number of persons previously holding deistical and atheistical sentiments, who had embraced the cardinal principles and doctrines of the spiritual philosophy, at 200,000. The Boston *Investigator* thought this estimate was wholly improbable, and the editor had the frankness to say so, in terms which certainly appeared quite civil and polite, after giving audience to the ordinary theological fulminations. It will be recollected that we copied the *Investigator's* strictures two weeks since, and appended such remarks of our own as the occasion seemed to require. A correspondent, whose letter is herewith submitted, assures us that over seventy of the two hundred thousand, who either have been, or are now being spiritualized out of their former material views, reside in his place, and are already numbered among the readers and patrons of the *TELEGRAPH*. Our Burlington friend has undoubtedly discovered one cause of the alleged increase in the *Investigator's* circulation—namely, the general fairness and ability which characterize its management; but there is probably another reason—pardon the seeming egotism of the suggestion—we refer to the influence of Spiritualism and the *TELEGRAPH* in liberalizing the public mind. We incline to the opinion that the vicinity of Winsted, Conn., could furnish at least thirty more converts to the spiritual philosophy, and thus make up the first hundred. What have brothers Turner, Moore, and Whiting to say on this point? And is it true that the Spiritualists in that region, who formerly

held to the views of the *Investigator*, are unstable and vacillating as might seem to be implied by our cotemporary? Our acquaintance with them abundantly assures us that they are not so; and "every day's report" leads us to apprehend that in order to "keep probability in view," we shall soon be required to extend our limits with respect to the number of such converts.

WEST BURLINGTON, Otego Co., N. Y., June 4th, 1854.

MESSES. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:
I noticed that article, with Mr. Seaver's remarks, in the Boston *Investigator*, and fancied the secret of the *Investigator's* subscription list swelling was owing more to Mr. Seaver's conducting and editing a most capably able paper, than that there was no accession to Spiritualism from the ranks of deism and atheism. For every one of his subscribers here (of whom I am one) take also the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH*, and are honest investigators of the hypothesis—some even being mediums. Nevertheless, they take the matter remarkably coolly and philosophically, as deists learn to do, and are not that "constantly scurrying" kind to which he refers. I could give you the names of more than seventy deists and atheists in this vicinity (for they are more numerous than orthodoxes here dreamed), who have for two or three years been carefully investigating the claims of Spiritualism, and so far as they have demonstrated, have embraced the doctrine. The case was about this valid: At first we considered it very much of a humbug (that stereotyped labor-saving word), its tendency being to demonstrate the fallacy of a material doctrine with us, viz.: that the soul, or whatever term it may be designated by, so far as its individuality was concerned, at the physical dissolution, became, to all intents and purposes, annihilated. This certainly is a forbidding doctrine, and we would not believe it were we not necessitated to give credit to those things for which we have the strongest proof, and we will hail with joy any irresistible evidence demonstrative of the spiritual theory. When we find men of the intellectual acumen and standing in society of Judge Edmonds, N. P. Tallmadge, Robert Owen, etc., to declare they have investigated the claims, and find them valid, in view of the scathing fire of bigotry and superstition they must inevitably draw upon themselves from the mass who never investigate, and whose articles of faith may be centered in this small word, "popularity." We made up our minds that it was at least becoming, in humble individuals like ourselves, to investigate the matter, or else be very modest in our denunciations. Consequently we have embraced all the means accessible for so doing, and are now as honestly and thoroughly analyzing Spiritualism—claims to the soul's immortality—as we have hitherto done with the reverse hypothesis. Meanwhile, we have had much and interesting experience tending to demonstrate an invisible and more highly unfolded intelligence than we find upon this plane of development. I will not trouble you to read these, as you have them by wholesale from all parts of the country. I will simply say this—which is not only the sentiment of my soul, but of vast numbers heretofore doubtful upon this point—that when I rest assured of the immortality of the soul, I will hail that period as the brightest era of my earthly existence.

Yours, truly,
W. P. SMITH.
Friend Smith talks like a sane and loving man who values life, and earnestly desires to be delivered from the dominion of death. He will rejoice above all things to know that he shall live forever, for a fellowship with kindred natures. We have conversed with some men who seemed to cling to their materialism as though it was precious in itself and consoling in its influence. Alas! the most hopeless slaves are those who hug their chains.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

AUBURN, N. Y., June 6, 1854.

BRO. BRITTAN:
Our little party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Chapin, Henry Ward Beecher, myself and wife, met in the chambers of Chambers Street yesterday morning at 6 o'clock, and proceeding on our way, we arrived here about 6 o'clock P.M. After tea, in company with Dr. Robinson, we walked out and met Gov. Seward, who kindly invited us to his house and through his garden. The grounds around his splendid mansion measure several acres, and are beautifully laid out and covered with flowers, fruits, and garden vegetables in great variety, together with numerous shade trees, some of large growth, all of which he informed us were set out and planted by himself or under his direction.

The Temperance Convention at Auburn came off this day. The people began at an hourly hour to pour into the city from the regions round about, and at eleven o'clock it is estimated that five thousand persons were on the ground in front of the Theological Seminary, where the speaking was to take place. After a few preliminary remarks by the President of the day, Dr. Robinson, and others, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was introduced, and spoke in one unbroken chain of argument and eloquence two hours in length, and strong enough to bind King Alcohol a thousand years; after which the Convention adjourned to partake of a sumptuous dinner which had been provided for the occasion.

At three o'clock the multitudes again assembled on the ground in greater numbers than before, when Rev. E. H. Chapin was introduced, and for more than an hour the discharges from his exhaustless magazine of eloquence and logic came thick and fast, until it seemed as if every barrel and hog-head of liquor in the land was riddled, and the empty casks held up before us as emblems of departed spirits. It is no common occasion that brings Chapin and Beecher into the field, and there are probably no two men in the country more successful in inspiring the heart of the true reformer, and in opening the visions of men to see the physical evils of the world and the spiritual hosts that gather to battle against them. With such champions no cause can fail, or fail to accomplish its purpose. The multitudes were delighted with the intellectual feast, and it seemed difficult to decide which of the speakers was most admired.

It is truly delightful to see men like Chapin and Beecher, supposed to entertain opposite theological views, meet, travel, and converse together like brothers; regarding the world from a common stand-point, and laboring for a common cause—to reform and elevate our common humanity. It is a prophecy of a reform which shall bring all denominations and Christian ministers upon one common platform, around which people of every nation, kindred, and tongue shall meet together in harmony and love. Yours fraternally,

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

REMARKABLE CURE.

Mr. Joseph N. Estes, of Albany, called on us a few days since, and related a brief but deeply interesting spiritual experience. Mr. E. assured us that he was formerly, and for nine years, affected with a scrofulous white swelling on his left lower limb, for which medical and surgical skill could devise no remedy. He suffered much pain and expended much money, and after all was a confirmed cripple, and reduced to a living skeleton, weighing only about eighty pounds. He was in this miserable condition for some time, when one day, in answer to his intense yearning for relief, a Spirit came to him and told him what to do. He obeyed, and was entirely cured, so that he now walks with as much freedom and elasticity as any other man.

Mr. Estes is at present a healing medium, and proposes to use his powers to relieve the afflicted in this city. His advertisement, giving his location, terms, etc., will appear on the last page of our next issue.

FACTS AND REMARKS.

CONFERENCE OF JUNE 8TH.—At this conference (at the office of this paper), Mrs. THOMAS, a speaking medium from Ohio, was influenced to speak in development of the views of the Spirits with whom she is associated. Their mission was to labor for the union of the philosophical and the religious element in man. It was urged through her, that reason alone was not sufficient to govern the mentality, or lead to truth unimpaired by error, nor yet would the religious instincts lead to that result unless they were modified and enlightened by reason. She recommended habitual prayer to God as the means of procuring direct influx from him, while the observing and reasoning faculties were kept constantly active in gathering impressions from things in the outer world. Dr. THOMAS (of this city) thought there was as much difference of opinion in the other world respecting the matters just spoken of, as there was among men in this life, but thought that the views of the previous speaker were scriptural. He was one of those who believed in direct communication with God, and believed that Spiritualists should continually aspire to the use and religious practicalities of this outer spiritual unfolding, and that if they did not, even what they had ultimately been taken away from them. S. B. BRITTAN considered the Deity the ultimate source of all things, but argued that he did not in any case communicate directly with man, but always through intermediate agencies. W. FISHER addressed a series of questions to Mr. Brittan, implicitly affirming that there is no such thing as quantitative comparison or intermediate gradations between the finite and the absolutely Infinite, and that if God did not directly communicate with the smallest being or atom in his universe in the degree of that being or atom simply for the reason that he is so high above such, then for the same reason he can not communicate with the universe as a whole, or with any thing beneath himself, seeing that all things are equally small and low in comparison to himself. C. D. PIERCE, of Stonington, Conn., made some remarks on the use of the physical manifestations, as bearing not only on the faith and hope of so-called infidels, but also of the church—and mentioned a spiritual demonstration, which will be related in a separate paragraph. Mrs. BERRY, a speaking medium from St. Louis, was then influenced to deliver a somewhat lengthy address, in which she spoke after speculating upon the being of a God, and the mode of his existence and government; took the ground that man could only understand God by understanding himself; that Jesus Christ was only a savior in the sense of an exemplar; that man's whole duty consisted in the obedience of natural laws and in doing good to the neighbor; that by the knowledge and obedience of such laws, man now might perform the same wonders of healing that Christ and his apostles performed; that the only way to get rid of the acknowledged deceptive communications that come from the other world is to banish all deception from this world, etc. After a few more remarks from Dr. Thomas, to the effect that Jesus Christ clearly claimed to be something more than merely a good man and powerful magnetizer, the meeting closed.

ANOTHER GOOD TEST.—Mr. C. D. PIERCE, of Stonington, Conn., called at the conference of June 8th, that a medium, some time since, came to the town in which he resided, and among those who resorted to her was a certain skeptic in relation to immortality. He questioned, through the medium, what purported to be the Spirit of his mother, who stated to him that she had passed into the Spirit-world in 1841. This the gentleman declared was erroneous, and of this he was so sure that he had, in erecting the gravestone of his mother, caused to be inscribed upon it that she died in 1840. On returning home, however, he reflected upon the matter, and thinking it barely possible that he might be mistaken in his impression, concluded to go and inquire of his aunt, who lived some two miles distant. On asking her when his mother died, she promptly answered that it was in 1841—just as he had been told by the Spirit. Here is another one of the numerous instances in which truthful communications have been given by the purported Spirits, which can not be referred to the mind of the medium. Its effect was to make an undoubting Spiritualist of the one who received it.

MOSE'S GHOST.—The following curious fact will come under the head of what the Germans call *doppelgangers*, or double personal appearances. On a plantation in Virginia, in the immediate neighborhood of the former residence of my informant, was a half idiotic negro boy named Mose, about eight or nine years of age, whom the two sons of the planter, from twelve to fourteen years of age, delighted to tease. One time these two boys were out in the field, and distinctly, as they supposed, saw Mose lying by the side of a hay-cock; and, for sport, started and ran after him for the purpose of catching him. As they started, Mose started; and, to their surprise, succeeded in keeping a certain distance before them. They ran for several hundred yards, until Mose came to the barn, around the corner of which he suddenly disappeared, and on not being able to find him, the boys, for the first time, bethought themselves that, while apparently fleeing before them, he had not touched the ground! It was afterward found that Mose was at the house all the time this occurrence was taking place. The apparition was equally distinct, and presented an identical appearance, to both the boys who had pursued it.

SIGNIFICANT TOKEN OF RECOGNITION.—A lady, whose word may be relied on, has just related to us the following incident: She was some time since in consultation with a seeing medium. After the latter had described several Spirits, who presented themselves before her, the lady requested that some one of her Spirit-friends would come and make himself or herself known by some characteristic token which she had not been previously thinking of. The medium presently described the Spirit of a man, and said that he came *whistling*. The description was recognized as that of her husband, who had passed into the Spirit-world several years before, whom the medium had never seen or heard of; and the whistling reminded the lady of the fact that some years before her husband's death, he had lost his voice, and could orally communicate only by whistling, which was his usual method.

FOUND BY A SPIRITUAL IMPRESSION.—A few days ago, a friend of ours suddenly missed his spectacles. As he had had them out a short time before, he knew that they could not be far distant, and every place was ransacked where it was thought there was the least probability that the article might be found. The search, however, proving entirely fruitless, was abandoned. Afterward, the wife of our friend sat down, and fell into a half-sleeping state, from which she was aroused, as it were, by an interior voice speaking to her, and saying: "Arise, go and look in the garden path, and there you will find the missing spectacles." She accordingly went, and looked in the place indicated, and found the spectacles, though by an external thought, no one would have conceived it probable or possible that they could have been there.

SPIRITUALISM IN TORONTO.

TORONTO, March 31, 1854.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

In reading the columns of the TELEGRAPH I find communications from every part of the United States, but none whatever from Canada. Now, Sir Editors, do not suppose for one moment that we have no spiritual communications in Canada. We have several writing mediums in Toronto, one gentleman who is partially inspired, one lady who is a speaking medium, but not fully developed. There have been some strange demonstrations. One took place on the eve of the 16th of March. Several persons were sitting around a table, when the table commenced moving. It was told us that if we would wait twenty-two minutes, we should have a very different demonstration from any that we had ever witnessed. At the expiration of the time mentioned, I observed that the Spirits had disappointed us, and that the Spirit who had promised to do something different from other demonstrations, was not here. Instantly there came a voice distinct and close in answer to me, "Yes, I am!" This voice was so distinct and clear, and uttered in such a peculiar tone, that it removed my last doubt in reference to its spirituality. After this there commenced a course of demonstrations that was truly wonderful. One of the ladies was raised up out of her chair; the chair moved back to the wall of the room. One of the gentlemen saw a glorious circle of bright Spirits; he knelt in adoration before them, in doing a beautiful prayer. Immediately he saw a lovely group of children. We all saw and heard enough to satisfy the most skeptical in reference to the spirituality of the phenomena.

The greatest trouble here is the fear of public opinion. The next great obstacle that we have to contend with is the opposition raised by the ministers of the Gospel, alleging that it is the devil. Some of the first men in this city are believers, but are afraid to come out. Others desire to believe, but want some special manifestation to themselves. In my own family circle they have done all that they have promised to do.

Yours in the truth, OROSCO.

Philadelphia and the South.

FROM OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENT.

MEETINGS AND LECTURES.—Within the last three weeks we have been favored with several important meetings at different points in the city. First came the lecture of Mr. Harris on Thursday and Friday evenings, May 4th and 5th. Mr. Harris was particularly happy in the choice and manner of treating his subjects on both evenings. At times his imagination and poetic temperament exhibited itself in lofty flights of eloquence and beautiful imagery. His discourses, notwithstanding, were eminently practical.

On Saturday evening Franklin Hall was filled with a large and intelligent audience to hear a lecture from Rufus Elmer. They were well paid for their attendance. He took up the subject of the agreement between ancient and modern manifestations, and in his plain, quaint manner of discussing it, produced a strong impression on many who had never thought of the subject of Spiritualism in the light in which he presented it. On the subject of discarnate manifestations he gave many useful and common-sense hints, as also on the excess of confidence some people are disposed to have in all that comes to them under the guise of spiritual manifestations. He also spoke of the influence of diet in preparing persons for spiritual impressions; referred to several cases that had come within his knowledge, and more that were well authenticated, where mediums had been developed by fasting, or living on a light, vegetable diet. He gave his early experience, which not only interested, but amused the audience. The hall was crowded during the delivery of his lectures.

Mr. Elmer also addressed large audiences on Sunday morning and afternoon, to the manifest satisfaction of his hearers.

On Sunday evening T. L. Harris lectured at Sansome Street Hall, one of the largest in the city, and on this occasion it was filled to its utmost capacity. Extra seats, stools, etc., were brought in requisition, and every aisle was occupied, while large numbers were obliged to remain standing during his long discourse. His discourse was characterized by beautiful flights of fancy and much genuine eloquence and sound philosophy. He took up various events which had characterized the different eras in the world's progress down to the present time, showing that the time for a more intimate knowledge of, and connection with the world of Spirits had arrived. It was also needed, he thought, to stop the rapid march of infidelity and disbelief in immortality which was fast overreaching the civilized world, for the want of tangible evidence. From the number in attendance, and the interest manifested, not only at this meeting, but at the previous ones, we may safely say that Spiritualism in Philadelphia is enjoying a "revival" which is healthy and substantial.

MEETING OF THE CONFERENCE.—Sunday evening, May 14, at Franklin Hall, Susan Cox, sister of Rev. Samuel H. Cox, D.D., of Brooklyn, was the first speaker. She did not fully endorse modern Spiritualism, but had felt called upon to come there and speak. She said it had been many years since her heart first felt spiritual rappings, but they were not external raps, and she exhorted her hearers not to believe in Spirits until they had internal evidence of their presence. Her discourse was not a very connected one, and was delivered before the regular organization of the Conference.

After she had finished, Mr. Rhen, President of the Harmonical Association, stated to the audience, which was a very large one, the object of these meetings, which was mainly that of relating facts and experiences in spiritual phenomena. After reading the rules of order,

Prof. Rhen said there had not been sufficient decision on the part of persons really convinced of the truth of Spiritualism. He thought the attempts, in a great many cases, of believers to guard against the possibility of deception, operated against belief, especially in those who were present, and not believers. He thought that some simple rules, observed in all circles, would prevent any necessity of this constant effort to guard against it. If, for instance, the card did be used, and while the hands were on top of the table, and the table raised up under it, there could be no such moving by the hands. He stated several other ways in which the matter might be so arranged that believers need not be constantly acting the part of skeptical investigators. These precautions would leave no room for doubts in the minds of any who might be present. He said that when he read Prof. Faraday's account, he at once adopted it without hesitation; but when he made an investigation of the matter for himself, he found his mistake. One of his experiments was to place four billiard balls on a table, and on them a plate on which the medium's hands were placed, so that the table could by no possibility move from motion of the hands. He found that, notwithstanding this precaution, the table would move, and after repeated experiments of this kind, the theory of Faraday was completely exploded. He spoke of his observations of several phenomena attributed to Spiritualism. The shaking of the hands, and many similar manifestations, he regarded as merely nervous excitement, and not at all the work of Spirits.

In regard to a belief in Spiritualism tending to produce insanity, he looked upon it as rather calculated to cure insanity. If any thing was calculated to produce such a state, he thought it was that theology which either left the subject in doubt, or held up to the mind the awful dangers of a future existence to which they were exposed.

THE SPIRITS "MOVING THE FRIENDS."—The Friends (Hicksite) yearly meeting was in session here during last week. On Thursday, that body which has so often been "moved by the Spirits" in former times, was sorely exercised on the subject of modern spiritual manifestations. It was one of the "concerns" of those having the preparation of the "general epistle," to other meetings in charge. A caution or denunciation of believing in Spirits now, was introduced into that document. This "moved" several members to speak against the committee undertaking to instruct others in what they were totally ignorant of themselves. The spirits of the Friends waxed warm, and it is reported that the debate continued throughout the day and a part of the next. How the matter ended I am not informed, but as "the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom," it will do good. More on this subject hereafter.

CAUTION FROM SPIRITS.—At a meeting of the "Morning Star Circle," May 6th, the following interesting communication was given by a Spirit to the members of the circle:

"It is better, in all cases, that the different affections of the mind be permitted to act, than every development may be secured.

"An undue development of any affection of the mind, is not a healthy development. It will be best for all persons who are susceptible of spiritual impression, that they should still continue to interest themselves about the concerns and cares of life.

"All should endeavor to dwell harmoniously together; then the mind will be in the condition to receive impressions, but if suffered to be unduly exercised even in that of the love to God, it can not be readily impressed, but an excessive and deranged action may be mistaken for spiritual impression."

SPIRIT CURES.—C. H. De Wolfe, of Oldtown, Me., writing to the *New Era*, gives an account of a remarkable cure which he, acting under spiritual impressions, had performed upon a boy far advanced in a scrofulous and consumptive disease, and which the physicians had given up as incurable. In the same paper, the editor mentions the cure, through Mr. Atkins, a medium of Boston, of a girl who had for two years been greatly troubled with neuralgia, and by it had finally lost her speech. After trying every other means for restoration, she finally submitted herself to spiritual treatment, and her pains were entirely relieved, and her speech restored in one week.

Mrs. THOMAS, a speaking medium of a superior order, is now holding sances in this city, and answering the questions of those who resort to her for instruction on philosophical and religious subjects. She claims to be under the guidance of a class of spirits who, while in the flesh, dwelt in all parts of the world, and who have now forsaken former errors and attained to a plane of celestial truth. The object of the communications given through her are to rationalize religion and spiritualize philosophy; and they are to be commended for their high degree of intelligence and their eminently pure and exalted practical tendency.

FOURTH OF JULY IN OHIO.—We learn that there is to be a grand celebration by Spiritualists at Chagrin Falls, Ohio, on the next anniversary of our Independence, at which Judge Edmonds, Gov. Tallmadge, and others, are to speak.

On the 24th inst., and the week ensuing, Judge Edmonds is to address the farmers of the Genesee Valley in their barns and groves at Byron and its vicinity.

Original Communications.

WE WILL MEET YOU.

BY R. H. BROWN.

From the eternal,
Primal, aetheral,
Star-crowned spheres above us,
Where the pure and holy angels live,
The Spirits of the friends who love us,
Sweet melodious answers give
To those, who calling
From this dark and mournful shore—
Bedewed by tears forever falling—
Entreat them, if forever more
Their souls are lost,
Gone out like sparks, dispersed like dew—
Or if by anguish tost
They write on beds of fire,
In the great gulf of Tartarus blue,
While far above their heavenly Sire
Hears, unmoved, their piteous cries,
As murmuring round his throne they rise.

Responses to our sad appealing,
From the bending heavens stealing,
Sweeter than the voice of many lutes,
The hymn of birds at daybreak,
The breathing of melodious fays,
Or songs that dying cygnets make,
Saying to us, "Brothers, fear not,
We dwell in peace in realms celestial;
And though our forms, beloved, appear not
In our elder homes terrestrial,
Yet we often hover round you,
And when from bonds of earth
The gentle angel hath unbound you,
And in the new and second birth
Your souls rejoice, then we will meet you
Upon the bright immortal shore;
With glad embraces we will greet you,
Upon our starry thrones beside us seat you,
And God shall part us nevermore."

DETROIT, April 12, 1854.

ITINERANT ETCHINGS OF URIAH CLARK.

NUMBER THREE.

NEWPORT, R. I., May 23, 1854.

It was a bright, beautiful afternoon, the 16th, when Henry C. Wright, A. J. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Mettler, with myself, leaving Hartford, found ourselves in the rural Eden of Ward Cheney, in South Manchester. Inhaling the inspiration of May scenes and songs, and mellowed by the social influences of noble, congenial souls, I enjoyed a season sacred in memory. We had an attentive audience in the evening, and after I had used an hour, Mr. Wright followed a few moments. Friend Davis persisted in silence, and plead too much of the *external* to offer any thing from the *interior*.

Parting with Hartford friends in the morning, and the Cheney house in the afternoon, though not without emotions of unexpressed gratitude and regret, in the evening I found my way to Norwich. I spoke in the Town Hall on the evenings of the 17th and 18th. Rain prevented large audiences, but I found a few earnest friends pledged to the ranks of spiritual freedom. The sacrificing zeal of Dr. Bulkley, Mr. Stewart, and some others, whose names are on the roll of heroism, gives assurance that the cause of progress in the old town of Norwich need not despair even against the formidable odds with which it is compelled to contend. Here, as in many other places, the friends of inquiry are puzzled with certain singular manifestations. The patience of some circles grows exhausted because every manifestation is not of a high, intelligent order, or because, in the process of developing mediums, there are some strange and unintelligible phenomena. Now, if all investigators will only remember that many of the present manifestations are only initiatory, and that perfect revelations are impossible without mediums of perfect organizations and developments, they will never be lost in perplexity nor flag in the pursuit of higher demonstrations.

A sail down the Thames on the morning of the 19th, and from New London to Stonington, was a refreshing change from railways. Looking over the waters of the Sound off to the east, where the Atlantic spreads its infinite waves, dotted with barks floating like angels along the horizon, I felt the interior life expanding with great thoughts and emotions, and filling with a consciousness of the stupendous realities of a surrounding yet limitless universe. If but a glimpse of the ocean can thus inspire the soul with thrilling ideas of the sublime and infinite, what emotions may arise in contemplating an eternity of celestial realities peopling the unexplored spaces of immensity!

Sunday, the 20th, I spent in Providence. The friends of spiritual inquiry in this city are numerous, yet few only are united in any harmonious action. While I was located here in the winter of 1850 and 1851, the whole city became excited with interest in the manifestations then first appearing; but many were influenced only by a superficial curiosity, which ended in no substantial faith. I then gave four Sunday evening lectures in the pulpit I occupied. The church was crowded every night, and the multitude who dared to hear found little or no fault. Yet those lectures cost me the severest penalties. It was announced abroad that I had espoused the cause of the rappers, and I received solemn letters as well as personal visitations, warning me of the danger of abusing my ministerial position. Some attempt was made to dictate and alarm me, but I was brainless enough in policy to heed the call of conscience and run the risk. A year after, while located in Chicopee, I gave three of the same lectures, for which I was visited with rebukes, maledictions, and calumnies, which were subsequently followed up with a vengeance that aimed to strike the most sacred relationships of social life! I then announced my determination to occupy no pulpit which insisted on the application of a gag to freedom of speech and inquiry on any subject deemed of public interest.

Some of the Providence friends hold regular meetings Sunday afternoons and evenings in Mr. D. B. Harris' office of the *Rhode Island Freeman*. I attended in the afternoon, and was impelled to occupy most of the time, though Mr. Harris, Drs. Arnold and Webster, and other acceptable speakers, were present. In the evening I spoke in Mr. John R. Lester's Hall to an audience gathered on an hour's notice, and was heard with good heed. On liberty being given toward the close, Mr. Lester was called up, and offered some very appropriate remarks. Mr. Lester has long been known as one of the most eminent and zealous Universalists in Rhode Island, and a prominent member of the Second Society in this city. He is still a Universalist, and makes no profession of spiritual philosophy, yet he has passed through experiences in sectarian society and clerical management well calculated to cause serious reflection in regard to the rotten and unjust policies often sanc-

tioned merely for the good of the cause, no matter how dark or damning may be the wrong inflicted on individuals. We trust Mr. Lester, with many others, may yet find the highest spiritual emancipation.

I enjoyed a congenial evening with Mrs. Whitman, the poetess, at her rooms, together with Mr. Wm. Pabodie and a select circle. Mrs. Whitman is one of the most perfectly developed normal spirits of our country, and her wide reputation as a gifted sister of the muse, should commend her faith in higher spiritual philosophy to the attention of dribbling geni who are wont to write doggerel abuse.

A charming sail down Providence River and Narragansett Bay yesterday afternoon ended by landing me at Newport wharf, where I found Dr. W. F. Reh in waiting to conduct me to his magnificent Water-Cure establishment, under the promise of affording me the richest vegetarian bill of fare to be tolerated by his rigid and efficient code of practice.

Last night I addressed a fair audience in the Hall of the Bellevue House. But Newport is not far advanced in Spiritualism. The pulpits last winter paid their popular compliments to Spiritualists, and Dr. Reh opened a spirited defense in the city papers, which resulted in leaving a favorable impression among the masses of the people. The Doctor is a perfect model of the truly progressive type of adopted German citizens, and a noble specimen of emancipated manhood. His establishment is finely located, admirably conducted, and during summer is a favorite resort. As to the vegetable diet, I recommend it to patients; but as I am a mere visitor, the Doctor has mercifully allowed me a little grace in the way of fish, black tea, etc., though not without rebuking the carnality of my appetite.

Newport is in preparation for a lively summer season. This afternoon a party of us took a small-boat sail out into the Atlantic Ocean, off Beaver Tail Light-house. In the clear air and sunlight, with blue waves rolling and making wild melody. O, what thoughts, what inspirations leaped from the pent soul as the eye wandered away, till imagination was lost on the shore of infinite lands lying beyond the visible world!

VERIFICATION OF A SINGULAR DREAM.

NEW YORK, June 2, 1854.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Gentlemen—In the following account, written by a relative of mine, of a dream and its remarkable fulfillment, we have an example of the many thousand facts which lie hid in the memories of the people, tending directly to prove that the Spiritualism of our day is new only in its intensity and universality of development.

Yours truly, JAMES L. WORTH.

A DREAM AT SEA.

A gentleman with whom I was intimately acquainted related to me, some years since, the particulars of a remarkable dream which he once had at sea. He was at this time engaged in the China trade, and it was on his return from Canton that the dream occurred. It was not without some hesitation that he brought himself to tell it. He assured me that he had never before related it to any one, and wished it might not be repeated; for he was unwilling, he said, to expose himself to the ridicule which naturally attached itself to the dreamer of strange dreams. It was not therefore until after his death that I felt myself at liberty to mention it, even in confidence, or allude to it in any way. Nor is it perhaps proper, even at this distance of time, to connect his name publicly with the subject; though by withholding it I am well aware that I lessen the confidence that would otherwise be felt (at least by those to whom he was personally known), not only in the reality of the dream, but in the truth of the facts that immediately followed it.

Let it be remembered, however, that I relate the dream and the circumstances as they were related to me—that I transcribe them from memory, and that I hold myself responsible for the correctness of the transcription only.

But to the subject. After stating some difficulties that detained him in his passage down the river, he said, "We left our anchorage at Whampoa (some fifteen miles below Canton) on the morning of the second of October; the wind was light, but favorable, and the weather remarkably fine. Having some commercial papers to arrange, I employed myself the greater part of the day below. On coming upon deck I found we had passed the *outer waters*, as they are called, and were under a cloud of white sail, fairly out upon the bosom of the China Sea, then smooth as a mirror, and gleaming with the yellow rays of the setting sun. I continued on deck, conversing with the officers of the ship, until the close of the first watch, when I went below and took my berth. It was some time, however, before I fell asleep—and even the consciousness of being at sea did not leave me. I imagined, or rather dreamed myself still on deck, watching the course and motion of the ship, and sometimes holding a vague and brief communion with things long past and far away; these, however, were mere episodes—the main current of dream was still upon the *vasty deep*, the wind, the waters, and the world around. All at once a feeling of uneasiness came over me. There was a stir upon deck; the wind had changed, the ship was put upon a different tack, and under diminished sail; there was some invisible storm a brewing, some difficulty ahead—when all of a sudden, a small sail-boat, with a single man in it, hove in sight at some distance over our larboard bow. Though seemingly upon the same tack with the ship, it was perceived rapidly approaching us. In a few minutes it was within a cable's length of us, and apparently coming directly under our bow. The man sitting at the helm remained motionless in his seat, making no effort to avoid the fate that seemed to await him. The scene became more and more painful, until at length the ship was upon it! Then came the cry and the crash! In the midst of which I awoke, glad enough to find it but a dream.

"On coming upon deck the next morning, I was struck with the resemblance between the actual state of things and many particulars of the dream. The wind, the weather, the course of the ship, the sail she was under; the appearance of the clouds, the sea, the sky, all corresponded with the vision of the preceding night. The boat alone was wanting. But other thoughts and other objects soon took precedence of the dream, and of course no mention was made of it. I had scarcely been on deck an hour, when the man at mast-head called out, 'A sail, a sail!' And to the inquiry 'Whereabouts?' the answer was, 'On the larboard bow, some two or three miles off.' On putting the glass to his eye, the officer of the deck described it as one of that class of small river-rigged fishing crafts with which the rivers and coasts of China abound, and which are not unfrequently blown off too far to regain the coast or find their way back. It was soon near enough to be examined by the naked eye, and I saw to my astonishment that it was in every particular the *boat of the dream*. It was standing upon the same tack, under the same sail, with a single man on board, seated at the helm. It was soon perceived that he paid

no attention to the ship. His cap seemed to be pressed down so as to rest upon his shoulders, covering his whole head and face. A rope was made ready to be thrown to him, and he was hailed, but no answer was returned. The boat was soon discovered to be half full of water, and as she was now within a hundred yards of the ship, the word was given to stand by the boat hooks. All hands rushed to the larboard gunwale, and as she came surging up against the side of the ship, the man at the helm sunk down a mass of putrefaction. Another man, half decomposed, was discovered wallowing in the bottom of the boat. The sight was horrible—the stench deadly! The cry from all quarters was, 'Push her off! push her off!' an order that was promptly and vigorously obeyed."

A. J. DAVIS—A CORRECTION.

BRO. BRITTAN:

In the TELEGRAPH of June 3d I find an article entitled "MR. A. J. DAVIS," from your correspondent "PHŒNIX," in which the following paragraph occurs:

"I was naturally anxious to know whether this (Davis') ability was entirely the result of inspiration, or whether it arose in part from the education Mr. Davis might have received, and therefore I visited those persons with whom Davis has resided almost consecutively from the time he was sixteen years of age. This included Mr. Fishbough, yourself, Mr. Green (through his published account), and many others who have been intimate with his habits, etc. All agreed that Mr. D. had never read—so far as they had been able to learn—a single work on any branch of science of which his writings treat so ably. You may judge, then, of my anxiety to see a man so endowed as to be able to give us the views of learned minds in the Spirit-land who had progressed so far beyond the knowledge of those in the form."

The words and phrases which I have italicized in the above extract, represent me as stating or sanctioning, with others, what I by no means intended, though in my brief interview with your correspondent he may have understood me as meaning something like the idea here attributed to me. Permit me, then, once for all, to state distinctly and publicly what I know and believe on this subject.

First, then, I am quite sure that previous to, and during the clairvoyant dictation of, "Nature's Divine Revelations," and for more than a year after the publication of that book, Mr. Davis had never familiarized himself with any book on science, or obtained an insight into the sciences on which his books treat, in any ordinary or exterior way; and from his natural aversion to reading, I am prepared to believe that he has not since that time consecutively perused any scientific treatise, or extensively consulted such on particular points. I know, however, as others know, that Mr. Davis has a remarkable aptness in catching, appropriating, and expanding such matters as his eye may casually rest upon as floating through the channels of newspaper literature, and especially such as may be thrown out by his intelligent friends (of whom he has many) during his conversational intercourse with them. I beg, therefore, to be excluded from the category of the "all" whom your correspondent says "agreed that Mr. D. had been educated solely by his own manifestations," if by "his own manifestations" is meant his clairvoyant powers and spiritual impressibility.

Secondly, I do, however, know that Mr. Davis has in several instances given astonishing evidences of a clairvoyant perception of the contents of books which he had never seen with the exterior eye, and of the minds of persons, near and distant, with whom he had never had any exterior intercourse. But however reluctant I may be on account of personal considerations, truth and conscience compel me to add that those clairvoyant diagnostics often totally fail, or are exceedingly crude, inaccurate, and unreliable, and it is my opinion that, for the sake of his own reputation, as well as to avoid misleading unwary readers, Mr. D. should never venture them before the world without first verifying them in the ordinary exterior way. I think it is on account of these inaccuracies of Mr. D.'s clairvoyant and spiritual diagnostics, and of the reasonings based upon them, and also on account of his distaste for the study of books, especially of a particular kind, that the historical, scientific, and theological statements and theories presented in his writings are, as I am now compelled to view them, extensively vitiated with error, requiring extreme caution on the part of the reader to separate the much that is really true and good, from the much that is erroneous and injurious in its tendency. I can not offer any illustration of this latter remark at present, and will close by avowing my continued kind feelings toward Mr. Davis, who certainly will not object to this candid expression from his "old scribe" and devoted friend,

WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

A VIEW OF THE BIBLE.—Mr. P. G. YOUNG, of Bloomington, Ill., writes concerning the exhilarating effect produced upon the cause in that place by the recent visits of R. P. Ambler, Mrs. French, and Warren Chase, and then proceeds to give his views of the Bible, from his remarks upon which subject we make the following extract, not having room for his more extended elaborations of the same idea:

Our friends accuse us of throwing away the Bible. This is a mistake. Instead of this, inasmuch as a belief predicated upon reasonable testimony is better than an unreasoning and superstitious faith, we, having the former, have also a higher appreciation of Bible truth than formerly. It is not with the Bible, as with the use made of it, that we find fault. To regard it as an *infallible rule*, is to claim for it what it does not claim for itself. If used to perpetuate the doctrine of antagonistic Deities, total depravity, original sin, vicarious atonement, endless punishment, and consequently a partial Deity—then indeed it finds within the human soul no response. But if we look upon it as it is, a record or narrative of spiritual intercourse—a history and demonstration of man's progressive unfoldings, illustrative of the fact that his *theology* is always in accordance with his moral and mental development, then, indeed, it is at once beautiful and instructive.

Mr. G. R. RUNYON, of Pleasant Hill, Mercer County, Ky., writes us a somewhat severe criticism of the article written by H. J. Olcott, and published in our columns some weeks since, sketching the history of James M'Allister and his discovery of the "mental telegraph." Our correspondent seems aggrieved at the intimations given by Mr. Olcott concerning the limited means of mental culture existing in Shaker settlements, and pronounces his article "libelous upon the brotherhood, and an attack on their confessed disinterested benevolence and goodwill to the race." We would give our correspondent's article in full were it not for the fact that all its essential points were previously set forth in a communication from the fraternity to which he belongs. From our personal acquaintance with intelligent members of that brotherhood, we suspect that there must be some serious mistake in Mr. Olcott's estimate of their facilities for mental culture.

Interesting Miscellany.

MY FATHER.

It was a still night, in Spring's last month,
That gave unto my father's arms his first-born;
As he gazed upon the little face, was it a thrill
Of disappointment and sorrow that it was no son
God had sent to his embrace! A fair and noble son
To whom, in the far future, he could look for sympathy
And genial company; into whose manly breast
He'd pour his soul when worn by life's dull toils;
Or moved by sting of dark ingratitude, or child's
By any of the countless ill that "flesh is heir to,"
Perchance, of glad cooperation well assured,
Impart his plans for mutual weal; and more than this,
See him grow to manhood with all human virtues blessed;
Bright intellect, high soul, in short, whatever in boy
Can glad a father's heart!
Ah, no! He took unto his breast that feeble child,
And as he pressed his lips upon the little brow;
He lifted his full soul to God, thanked him
For this lent treasure, and wrote a promise
On the tablet of his heart, that he would guard
His little one, his daughter, that frail, sickly thing,
As "were the apple of his eye." Not even breath of heaven
Should roughly breathe upon that downy cheek;
And through the parted curtains the sweet moon
Shed a holy luster on the scene, as 'twere a blessing!

Years sped, and other babes were given him;
But scarce the pure light of heaven shone from their
Starry eyes, scarce the soft breath parted their dewy lips,
When they returned to "him who gave."
The father clasped closer to his heart his eldest born!

Again 'twas night. A young girl lay upon her couch;
Her dark hair hung disheveled on the pillow; her arms
Circling her flushed face, a white rounded frame;
The blue-veined lids closed o'er the eyes, but not in sleep;
She slept not, save in reason.
Her thoughts were with her childish days,
And girlish friends, and dear schoolmates,
With whom a few short months ago
She had shared in books, and sports, and love!
And from the fevered lips flow snatches of merry song,
Words of fond endearment, and even pleasant laughter,
As though she still listened to playful sallies from those
Loved absent ones. Hush! from the parent's room
What other sounds are those which draw tears
To careful watchers' eyes! Low sobbings of the gentle mother,
And groans of agony from the father's breaking heart!
His step goes heavily through the dim-lighted room!
He pauses, prostrated low before his God; he cries
As though his very soul is passing forth, "O Father, save our child!"
And then striving for the meek, submissive heart
Which ever he has brought before his Maker,
He falters painfully, "and yet, O Lord, thy will be done!"
From thence, through the weary hours till dawn,
Grief's loud wail is hushed; but, oh, urged by fond
Hope, he glides to the bedside of the stricken one!
Turning a wild, questioning look at the attendant's faces,
And one of, such anguish, on his darling!
Morn came, and the sufferer with a calm glance around,
Asked for her parents!

From those parents' hearts
Rose grateful incense to that kind Being
Who ever hears "his little ones!"
Well had that father kept his promise
Made in the natal hour of his dear, only child!
She was all, and in all to his fond, doting heart.
As far as in him lay, and as his judgment said was right,
Her every wish was granted, and when she left him
For another home, her memory told but of his
Great, enduring tenderness!

Near sixty years have laid their snow-wreaths
On thy jetty hair, and left their foot-prints
On thy lofty brow; thy stately form is gently yielding
To their weight, and thy dark eye's glances flash not so oft
With the soul's fire; thy foot trends not as erst
With quick, elastic step; but thy heart,
Oh, noble ear, throbs with its old glow,
And love's light glances warmly
From the soul-bright eye!
Thy child is far from thee, and as her children
Clasp their hands upon her knee, she tells them
Of the pleasant home their mother left,
And what they better love to hear—
Their grandfathers!
And even as we, with quiet and repose steals to the earth,
She bows her heart within her, for well she knows
At that hour her father's knee is bent
Before the "great, white throne!"
With hands folded reverently upon the volume
Whence he has just read Wisdom's lesson,
The high, pale brow raised heaven-ward,
And low-voiced prayer
Resounds within her early home!
Great is thy daughter's love for thee,
But "greater love is this," my Father!
OLD RANCHERIE, CALIFORNIA.

JRANIE DEWE.

mediums; but it is quite probable he will yet be able to satisfy himself in these departments likewise. Last Sunday evening, the Franklin Hall was filled to overflowing, on which occasion the learned gentleman entertained the audience, for about one hour and a half, with the relation of his experience, and the power of electricity, with all its recent discoveries.

ASSOCIATION PROPOSED.

BALLOON SPA, April 27, 1854.

Messrs. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

I have seen lately, in the columns of the *New Era*, some little discussion on the subject of Socialism. I have long felt a deep interest in this, and longed for the time to come when this system could be adopted and successfully practiced, believing that a well-organized community would relieve a large share of the physical burdens that now rest so heavily upon the shoulders of man. The great purpose of life is to develop the mind, and unfold as much as possible our spiritual natures, and the mere sustaining of the body should occupy but a small part of the time that the present false customs of society requires. To young and middle-aged men with or without families, who profess liberal and progressive principles, who can harmonize with others though their opinions may not be the same, and who desire above all things else to advance their interior being, such an organization would be of great utility and benefit. Were any number of such families to select a location where soil, climate, etc., are favorable, and erect an edifice with rooms spacious and pleasant for each, and so constructed that the fire required for cooking could warm the whole when necessary, and the domestic work be all done under one head, with the advantage of washing, etc., they would find so great a saving compared with the present isolated manner of living, that their community could soon surround themselves with every thing that please the eye and elevate the taste, and with comparatively little labor could possess the comforts, and even luxuries that they are now not permitted to enjoy. There is no doubt that this system will in time be universally followed, and if a sufficient number would, through your columns, or by sending in their names, agree to meet in convention and organize such a community, or communities, on a wise, liberal, and proper basis, it would be an important step in practical philanthropy.

Should you think proper to publish this, or a call requesting such to send their names to the Editor of the *TELEGRAPH* as are desirous of undertaking such an enterprise, you would greatly oblige
Yours, etc., P. THOMPSON.

ACCIDENTS.—No accidents are so unlucky, but that the prudent may draw some advantage from them; nor are there any so lucky, but what the imprudent may turn to their prejudice.

Farmer's Department.

CULTURE OF ROOTS.

BY H. C. VAIL.

The season is too far advanced to admit of the successful planting of carrots or beets, and it is entirely too late for parsnips. There have been instances of planting the beet as late as the twentieth of June, but the crop was very light.

We hope that no farmer requires to be convinced, at this day, of the necessity of supplying a stock of roots to alternate with dry fodder for feeding cattle during winter. Therefore we shall not waste time or space in such labors, but presume that from the backwardness of the spring the planting of root crops has been unavoidably neglected by some. Those who were more fortunate, and planted at the proper season, should now give frequent hoeings—if in narrow drills, by the use of the push or scuffle hoe, with which more can be accomplished by one man when skillfully handled, than by five men with the ordinary hand hoe. If in drills twenty inches apart, the new horse hoe, described in our last, may be frequently run through, and thus keep down weeds at slight expense. No crop should be suffered to grow uncultivated long enough to allow weeds to cover the ground. By stirring the soil frequently the growth of the crop is promoted. The carrying off of a portion of the constituents necessary for the plant, in the form of large weeds, is prevented, and the crop is not liable to be smothered out of existence.

Root crops are benefited by the application of one or more top-dressings of soluble manures, during the period of their growth. It should be applied just previous to hoeing or cultivating. The earth should never be drawn about carrots or other roots. Indeed, with the beet, it is no uncommon practice to plant them on a mellow ridge, and as they advance in size, to turn the earth away from the bulb, and thus cause them to take deeper root.

Those persons who have neglected early plantings, may yet secure a crop of roots by planting the ruta baga, white and yellow globe turnip, and the different varieties of common turnips. The ruta baga should be sown at any time from the 1st of June to the 10th of July. The time of course varying with the location and the season.

The soil should be deeply plowed and thoroughly pulverized. If compost manures are to be used, they should be well decomposed and plowed under. Super-phosphate of lime should form one of the principal ingredients in composts added to soil, upon which the turnip is to be grown. If this can not be obtained, add five bushels of bone-dust per acre. If no compost is to be used, the cheapest and best manure is an improved super-phosphate of lime, formed by dissolving bones in sulphuric acid, adding guano and sulphate of ammonia. The English farmers have long since demonstrated the fact, that turnips, grown by the use of super-phosphate of lime, will give greater returns per acre, and of a better quality than when produced by the aid of ordinary manures, or by the use of guano alone. Raw bone-dust may be strewn in the bottom of the drill previous to planting the seed. Super-phosphate of lime may be used in the same manner; but guano, or the improved super-phosphate of lime, or any other compound containing large quantities of ammonia, should be divided with several times their own bulk of soil, and when guano is so divided, it is better to wet the soil with sulphuric acid, diluted with water, previous to being mixed with the guano.

The most immediate and permanent effects will undoubtedly arise from the use of the improved super-phosphate, as in this form the turnip can appropriate the phosphate of lime more readily than when in the more insoluble form as in bone-dust. When used in the drill, an application of three hundred pounds per acre will equal the use of six hundred pounds applied broadcast.

The drills for turnips should be from twenty to twenty-seven inches asunder, and drawn perfectly parallel, so that the crop may be readily cultivated by the use of the horse hoe. From one to two pounds of seed are required per acre. Enough should be sown so as to allow for those which do not germinate and the plants destroyed by insect enemies. It is a good rule to sow a sufficient quantity to give three times the number of plants required, as they can be thinned out much more readily than transplanted into vacant spaces.

The great pest to this crop is the turnip fly, which commits depredations upon the plant as soon as it appears above ground. If they are not attacked by the fly until they make the rough leaf, they will do well enough. To prevent injury from the source, sprinkle the plants with pulverized quicklime as soon as above ground, and while wet with dew.

As soon as possible after the plants make their appearance, run the cultivator between the rows, and when of sufficient size, thin them from four to six inches apart. If allowed to grow too closely they will form a long neck and less bulb. Some growers prefer to thin them to a distance of ten or twelve inches, and allow them to attain a great size.

The ruta baga is fit for storing about November 1st, when they should be pulled, and the tops cut off closely with a sharp knife. They should be stored in cool cellars, or in heaps formed by laying up the roots in an elongated conical form, covering the sides with straw to the depth of two or three inches; then adding a thin layer of soil, which should be increased in amount as the cold weather advances. A straw chimney should be left at the top for venting the mass.

The common white globe and yellow Aberdeen turnips may be planted a few days later than the ruta baga. The ordinary kinds of turnips, of which the true "straw-leaved red top" is the best, may be sown at any season of the year either broadcast or in drills. When sown in drills, the turnips will be of finer quality, and the yield greater than when sown broadcast. Those sown up to the first of August will give a full crop, the latest sown being the best for winter and spring use.

Those sown after that date will be fit to pull late, if the fall happens to be a good one; if not, they may be plowed under early next spring, and thus add some materials to the soil which were abstracted from the atmosphere. Some farmers practice sowing turnip seed among corn, at the last cultivation, and in this way get quite heavy crops.

The KOHL RABI, or as it is sometimes improperly called, the turnip-rooted cabbage, should claim the attention of the farmer. The common varieties are hybrids between the cabbage and turnip; whereas the finer sorts are a cross between the ruta baga and the cauliflower, partaking at once of the hardness of the former and the fine flavor of the latter. For the table, we deem them more valuable than any of the almost numberless varieties of turnips, and so far as our experience and that of one or two others goes, we are inclined to believe them entirely superior for stock. We are not aware of their ever being attacked by insect or disease. They will keep better than any of the *bassica* tribe, while the yield per acre is enormous.

The young plants appear very much like the cabbage. They soon begin to enlarge above the surface of the soil, until at the end of the season they will have formed a large bulb. They should be planted about the same time as the ruta baga turnip, and when of sufficient size thinned to a distance of twelve to fourteen inches apart. During the time of hoeing, care should be taken not to draw any soil to the plant, as it will interfere with the development of the bulb. The soil should be rich; if not, a good dressing of the manures recommended for the turnip should be applied.

To provide this delicious vegetable for family use early in the season, the seed should be sown in the fall, and the plants pricked into cold frames to be kept until spring. This will give the earliest crop. The next may be obtained by sowing the same as for cabbage in a hot-bed in March; when four inches high transplant them. A small seed bed of these plants may occupy a portion of the garden, and wherever a vacant space occurs, the kohl rabi may be transplanted into it, thus providing a continuous supply for culinary purposes. They should be pulled when of medium size, peeled, cut in thin slices, and cooked until tender, when they will be found entirely superior to the turnip, and will be relished even by those persons who despise turnips and cabbages.

The *bassica* tribe are frequently clump-rooted, or, as the disease is termed in England, *ambury, fingers and toes*, etc. The addition of hog manure to soils upon which turnips, cabbage, kohl rabi, or any other individuals of the family are to be grown, tends to produce this disease, hence its use should be studiously avoided.

The importance of plowing deeply is not fully understood, as many farmers believe that turnips do not require deep soils. A recent writer in an English agricultural journal, states that he found that his drain tiles were completely clogged by the roots of a turnip crop growing immediately above them, while other authors have stated that they were to be found five feet in length. If such is the case in soils deeply prepared in England, where the climate is moist, and there is not the necessity of guarding against long droughts, it must be still more necessary with us who are so apt to be subjected to long seasons of parching atmosphere and dry soils.

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