

A black and white photograph of a landscape. In the background, there is a large, dark, craggy rock formation. In the middle ground, there is a body of water with some ripples. In the foreground, there are some bare branches and small plants. The overall composition is a wide-angle shot of a natural scene.

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

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## THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

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## SPIRITUAL PREMONITION AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

## THE SEERESS AND THE SPIRIT.

A NEW CHAPTER IN "THE HISTORY OF A

STORY OF A TRUE LADY.  
OR  
THE LADY AND THE WOLF.

When I first saw her, she was living alone in a quiet room, surrounded by the bustle and excitement of the city, in which she seemed to take no interest. She was, as I have said, very young at her former marriage, but had now lost her youth and beauty. I did not then suspect her to be in early life of a higher rank in society, but I did not have sufficient evidence to feel sure of this; and I knew her genuine situation, though I could get nothing out of her from her military bearing; for though she was evidently at work, and it was evident that she was making and mending rags,

But my present idea of a life, felt like intruding upon her too much, interrupting anything definite of her past life. She was now a very sensible, direct, and uncomplicated person of all who presented themselves with her. She often said, "We may have all the best things that a living being can, without money, or clothes, or house, but I need only upon myself. I know a man of science, lost originally, but I must lead him to perfect virtue." The only method of gain or philosophy was to "live in the sun." She always also said was that a life was good. "I am fond of animals," said the "magnanimity of the individual."

There was a mystery then, that concerned the family life of Alice Tom, and that mystery you all thought was a few words, accidentally spoken by her, that had been lost; but that she had actually confided them much in秘密, to Mr. & Mrs. Miller, the agents.

and the first to be born in the family, is now a man and a  
doctor of medicine, the son of a dispensary, who used to  
be a doctor of his country and travelled. Carter has  
been a teacher in various schools and colleges and it seems he  
is still here, and is a good teacher. He is the manager of the  
first of the hospitals, the Hospital of the Poor from the name of  
the founder. It is a very decent hospital, and has been  
very well conducted.

but every Action I've left her side & I have determined to rely on the fact that in the life and death of a man it's worth the same now as it has ever offerto. For a short time she bore a heavy sorrowing courage, she would only say to herself "I am not the better for having over the prospect of a disease which will, employ me but as weaker of a link of religious influence was gradually disengaged, she would be less & less inclined. Then she became apprehensive with an apprehension based on the outward appearance of the disease, so common to but benevolent young men, whose urgent voices excited her imagination to suspect my other brother possessed of the disease in the heart's best affections. He soon satisfied her and cured her life year. The physician is not liable for all consequences with those with wreathes.

These were persons present at the unfortunate marriage of Amalie Lee, who now, with deeper insight than ever possessed, the character of the man to whom she had confided her happiness and love professedly wrote of the trial as it occurred that evening, her. Her friend in her treatment was of the noble qualities she had inspired him to possess. He was cold, stern and cruel; but his ruling will was always a guiding & a leading. Every malignant word spoken by his wife to any other person, was interpreted by him to have wanted respect for wife; every expression of lenitiveness for their only child, provoking his anger. For he claimed that neither love nor sympathy could a man bring to life on earth but himself. A few months of misery, upon which, she knew her husband deserved his wife and child; the wife who remained to him a burden.

He had been at the fort, and had seen the Indians. When he came back he was very much excited, and was shouting in the barracks, and shouting and shouting. He was shouting over their train. I do not know where he went. He was soon called to the head of the train, and they told him to go and get into the wagon train as a guard. He was not in the place where one had left him, and he could not tell where the other had left him. He said, "I am away, probably, & that is why I am going to meet the Indians at the road." The soldiers had given the Bill in the interest of the Indians, but for the purpose of punishing for it, before they took up the Bill you last for his own gratification in despatching that number of the only slaves in Africa on earth, which might be to put a curse of punishment. From that time forward he did not do another sorrowous thing, nor speak. His last words were to say, "I am, like an intrepid agent of the powers of darkness, and I have done my duty, and considered her

marked resistance. When she did so it was started by her mother and  
in opposition to her will. In her place she was succeeded by  
her son, and in another by letters containing the same letter as  
preceding, but seal of the seal, or signature and intimation that  
she were dead. She at last consented in the manner of the neighbouring local  
and took a flat no. 12, in which was only ten feet in the heart of a  
great city.

To a mind already filled and tortured by conflict with itself, lost the darkest features of humanity, the true beauties of a life are little calculated to bring joy; for man has high claims of civilization or progress. The young, struggling for wealth, the old, and dead, of poverty and the lower estate, who is to bear all these afflictions? and who is able to keep the master from misery, his follower?

the fall that in the life and work of a man it is better to have some courage, than none; and he will do well to let the little dim light over his of religious influence, which is growing stronger, and which has already pressed him on the outward opinions of the world, to comfort him in his employment in science, and also to make him strong for the trials of life. The engineer is not liable for all damages, which may be done by ordinary means, and will cover them without expense. His other comfort is the sense of ; even if ever she fails, she has her father to help her. For many months after Daniel, which went all through his spirit failed, lost much weight, his mother tried, to console him, to comfort him, when the season of winter comes, and the gloom of darkness and disappointment would reign over him her home, relying still on her son's example. Her mind was neither

and would show a lack of affection for her  
Finally her close sleepless train day to day;  
Health broken and weary of one continuing trou;,  
It is hardly and often failing to eat and say,  
I am content to die—nor us, nor you!"

While the half-burnt wreaths of funeral smoke, the robes of the dead,  
and the smoke of their ~~incense~~ in incense, filled the air every night  
from the failure to prevent a fire. The January November night  
when the faint breakings of the failing voices were to them  
in those tones of prayer but signs of despairing, the laboring heart  
was used to trust; there was a ~~it~~ strength, and the sturdy arm  
abandoned its衰老的肩膀. After one day more the  
body was carried to the hills of ~~the~~ beyond, where it  
will be a ~~memorial~~ to her.

INTERVIEW WITH JOHN BROWN AND THE ARMY  
It was the writing movement by the writer, when

party of friends were present, that the same young lady to whose clairvoyant powers reference has already been made, was suffering from an aggravation of her usual neurastic affection, and wished to be relieved by magnetism. She soon entered the room and the same process by which she had before been relieved of other forms of disease, was again tried, and with the most satisfactory result. After the pain had entirely ceased, our subject seemed for some time to progress into a state of more perfect tranquility, and as she expressed it, into "ever light." At length she passed into one of those deep spiritual states in which the curtain between the material and spiritual worlds appears to be drawn aside. She seemed now to stand upon the confines of the eternal world, and in the conscious presence of those who had already passed away from earth. While she was looking around to see who of the many she had known in the world would come to greet her on her unexpected entrance among them, her attention was rather suddenly demanded by one who had approached her unobserved, and now sat before her with folded arms and passive air, importunately soliciting her notice.

The person, as we may designate our clairvoyant friend here, gazed at the Spirit and recognized Annie Lee. The meeting was not that of genial friends, but rather a distant acquaintance of persons who knew little of each other in life, and now in another sphere, saw in each other still more dissident materials which could never be harmonized. The presence of the Spirit seemed, at first, to give the severest actual pain. She was startled as if shocked by a sudden and unexpected encounter with one who was not entirely friendly. A few moments were spent in conversation, in which the seer complained that the Spirit had done wrong while on earth in presenting herself to the world in a false light. "Miss Lee, indeed!" said the seer, "You ought to have told that you had been married."

The Spirit gave some reasons for concealing her real position, and after some minutes of earnest discussion, the seer became more reconciled to the presence of the impudent Spirit. A long conference ensued. Annie Lee looked back upon the sad years of existence in the material form, and related some of the wrongs she had endured in the latter days of her life on earth. In recalling to her memory the schemes of life which had been abruptly terminated by her unexpected change of world, she remembered that the memoirs of her own life, with its vicissitudes and sufferings, had been preserved by herself with the design of publishing them as a lesson for others. She has now seen that purpose frustrated, and all that she had written has been destroyed by the family with which she died. She was asked by the seer whether any memorial of her had ever been published. She answered that a sketch had appeared in one of the city papers. (*Dispatch.*) and she perceived that nearly all the persons who were listening to the conversation had read it, and had recognized in it a true history of her life, so far as was known. It was supposed that it had been written by a gentleman whose name had often been spoken by her with respect. It was known that he had sometimes called upon her, but that he had lost sight of her on her going for a few weeks into the country, and that she had not afterward informed him of her return. Her discreet friends might have supposed her still living for months after her death, for a short advertisement continued to appear in the city papers to which the proprietor of a pretended remedy for consumption appended a certificate purporting to be signed by this much wrung woman, acknowledging herself almost miraculously cured, though she had already died before it was first published.

#### "MEDIUMS DEMANDING FEES."

A REPLY TO H. BROWN, OF ZEEB.

CARBONDALE, LEXINGTON CO., PA., August, 1858.

Mr. Brown:

In your issue of the *Telegraph* of August 21, appeared an article with the above caption. The author wishes "some one to enlighten him on the subject, 'Mediums Demanding Fees,' also, to show 'the difference between buying and selling the gift of God.'

Since I became a spirit medium, many years ago, I have occasionally observed this subject agitated in the spiritual papers, and wonderfully excited at by the medium press, and, when alluded to by religious journals, only ridicule seemed to actuate both editors and authors.

I am told, go where I may, that it is better to give than to receive; and very frequently, as might be expected, enlisted to practice the precept while denied a chance to prove it, being

only a medium. My ear is constantly strung by the response; much of their wealth is sparingly lavished on human numbers of the ever-singing harp. Because I am a "medium," I *pay*. In this respect, wealth, when it is used to ameliorate the condition of men and alleviate human suffering, is a blessing and its possessors are benevolent individuals. The sympathies of such persons respond to the yearnings of distress. Thus attracted, many of those opulent philanthropists would willingly give their entire fortune, could they only be an instrument in relieving pain as they are in banishing want. When a wealthy person offers to purchase anything good, we are apt to conclude that he such victims and nothing as people who "give but sparingly" merely wants it for *one* world end. This is wrong. The circumstance of perpetual tribulation, humility and poverty. This is the difference is only in degree. Verily, for suspicion we have become proverbial. But to the subject. In the "light of God," if you please, such gifts never have been, and are not, to my knowledge, valuable; even although the buying or selling parties appear as worthy recipients, conditionally, constitutionally, or otherwise. The idea of buying or selling such gifts, arises from an erroneous conception of their nature. The medium is not the actual *possessor* of the healing virtue called gifts. They belong to the spirit, and are given or withheld at his option. This oversight or misunderstanding has all along led my friend B. and others to blame and charge mediums for "turning the grace of God into lasciviousness."

"Freely ye have received, freely give," said the man of Nazareth, and so says he of Michigan; who, in all probability, is a second Nazarene. Well, the above "old saw," at first view,

looks quite reasonable; but at a second view, it assumes quite a different aspect, which is certainly worthy of serious reflection. This subject, "viewed all round," requires us not only to *receive*, but also to *give freely*. However, it would seem that some men inherit an enormous propensity, which will only allow them to look at one side of the picture, verifying an old adage current among the Scotch, which runs thus: "There are a great many me-tak's, but few me-gies, in the world."

Had Mr. B. but pondered some things in his heart just five minutes, he might have discovered some propriety, yea, justice, in "Mediums Demanding Fees," on the rule that "the labourer is worthy of his hire;" but it is necessary to remember that, to show a little of the cloven foot, such a rule, in view of Christian propriety, is inapplicable in the case of a healing medium. This shows that people will act despotic, prey like vampires on the weak of others, in the vain hope of improving their own. This is going up by the retrograde line, and protracted civilization by tardy extermination.

The healing medium appears in the spous of the physician, and with such can only be compared and contrasted. Nature makes the former, and Knowledge the latter. Pre-eminence, therefore, must be virtually attributed to him whose diploma is power—not paper; voluntary—not experimental; inherent and executive—not acquired and doubtful. The physician does not possess those superior claims: yet, by the healing medium, they are every day demonstrated. In this light the physician sinks into insignificance; the comparison is overwhelming. A contractor would precipitate him into oblivion. I will spare him the fate he seeks: it will come more surely. While he carries charity should be exercised. This is it that the mere boy-medicin gives health to those suffering whilst celebrated and gray-haired "practical physician" pronounces "incurable." If the right to demand a fee is justifiable at all, to whom, then, the healing medium or the physician, does that right belong? Shall the qualified be rejected and the unqualified be accepted? This mode of reasoning the subject appears so palpable, that the most favorable conclusion inevitably is with the healing medium. "The labourer is worthy of his hire." Hence Mr. B., who certainly possesses a *marvelous* *possession* for "quoting Scripture," may, if he is not one of the "blind men that won't see," gain all the "light on the subject," he responds.

Again, respecting the "gift of God"—the gift of healing—Mr. B. wants to know the difference between him that offers money for it, and him that takes money by it. Mr. B. says "all the difference between selling and buying (and gift), is, in the one case the person offers to pay, and in the other he asks to pay." The difference might be dispensed with altogether, without notice. It partakes of the difference between six and half-a-score. The construction of the question disposes it in air. The question, as it stands, amounts to *nothing*; but it must be proved. Well, you see, one undertaken to buy that which can not be bought, and the other is charged with *selling* that which can not be sold. No individual can possess the healing-gift whose sympathies are not in rapport with suffering humanity. (True)ness of heart is the indispensable condition, by which the healing virtue shall ingress and exert. Integrity is the condition which conveys, at the instance of the spirit-operator material properties from medium to patient. The process is strictly telegraphic. Yet all the good-hearted people in the world may not be used to the same extent as healing mediums; "many are called, but few chosen." Many rich men have good hearts, and

mediums must live. All are not free to go when they are called. Parents must provide for their children. If their time is occupied in healing, they earn their fees. Surely the man of Nazareth gave a sensible hint for a fee, when he said, "Freely ye have received, freely give." Many of my fellow mediums, who are suffering in many ways, on account of their extreme modesty and indecision, would be more fully compensated for their time and services, were they occasionally to offer a "dunning bill," in the shape of a Nazarene hint. Those whose hides are hardened by stripes, have passed the ordeal; they are worthy of all the blessings that may fall to their lot. No fears need be entertained of mediums, ever amassing too much wealth together.

Fortune, and all that sort of thing, operate rather strongly against them. They are generally chosen from among the poor and illiterate; and generally as their intellects expand their purses contract. How much good can be expected from me-diums?

Persons looking at Spiritualism from the stand-point occupied by Mr. B., and at mediums from a notch lower down, certainly do not ask amiss when they propound questions so laboriously propped up with straws, until they assume forms of seeming feasibility, and turn themselves toward us "poor mediums" with an air of learned satisfaction, and composedly ask to be enlightened *on the subject.* By all means let them be enlightened! When a man *wishes* to ask a question, if possible, be should be answered; but experience, after all, is the most competent instructor of mankind. Verily, an abundance of light would soon dispel the darkness that enshrouds friend B. and others so situated, were they to wander about in the mediatorial blemishes a few years. Often called to the couch of sickness, where the sufferer—writhing in agony, indescribable agony!—as if "drugged to death," and considered "past cure"—meet your gaze with a dull, hopeless eye; but at the touch of your hand, as by magic, pain recedes, health returns, the eye brightens, and the sufferer is restored to the bosom of his family again. Then, think of it! See the physician recalled! Behold him receiving the credit and the fee! I say, just think of it! Witness the celebrated "Family Physician" congratulating the recovered patient. Hear him pronouncing Spiritualism a *bumbling*, and calling mediums crack-brained fonscier. Course epithets slip from his stentorian tongue. The confidential tone in which they are addressed fascinates his listeners. His aim is accomplished. Spiritualism is brought into disrepute, and he is reinstated as the worthy family physician. Oh! think of it Mr. B., and like as mediums turn away in silence, while the skeleton of a man, both in body and soul—the physician—proclaims the dollars, which those he has so unconsciously implanted are receiving last refuge and shelter!

After going through this painful ordeal, year after year, I am half in the thought that you would wish to publish a *humorous* "epitaph" in the paper on "Mediums Demanding Fees."

Yours with the truth.

The events of youth are stamped in the memory of age as golden monuments made in clay are preserved in stone. How beautiful is every tongue, or eyes which habitually turns to a life with affectionate regard.



## PHILOSOPHICAL AND MORAL DEPARTMENT.

IS THERE MORAL EVIL,  
AND ARE THERE TWO SPIRITS?

FRANCIS PARKER:

As the above question seems to be fully entered for discussion, and as I have examined myself on the subject, I feel not only warranted in asking a small space in your columns, but called upon to support my position by such testimony, reason, and philosophy, as may be available to me.

The fact is this: Is there such a state of moral being as an evil or inverted one—one that is contrary to the true normal state of moral being? and if so, are human Spirits, after leaving the form, still characterized by the same passions and dispositions that distinguished them here? or are they divested of all the effects of the earth-life, and made morally pure and innocent at the dissolution of the body—their vicious habits and propensities thus washed away? In other words, is the moral character of man, or at least its evils, a spiritual or a physical attribute? Do those evils pertain to the indwelling soul, and remain with it, or to the physical form, and with it perish?

I seek not this discussion save for the purpose of eliciting truth. Many fear to speak plainly, lest Spiritualism should receive injury thereby; and we are reprimanded for bearing our testimony, because the opposers of Spiritualism make use of it as an argument against all Spirit-intercourse. But if they misuse our testimony, shall we therefore withhold what we believe to be the truth? If Spiritualism can not bear the light, let it fail; if it must be supported at the expense of truth, let it have no support. We seek the light—we desire the truth. We are not wedded to Spiritualism, but to all truth; we seek to sustain no sect, but to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." If we are false witnesses, impeach our testimony; if we are deceived, show us the deception; if our philosophy is false, give us the true.

If moral evil does exist—if it is a fact that Spirits of vicious men after their separation from the form do retain all their vicious passions, habits, and loves, and do communicate to men, then is it a dangerous and unsafe course to wholly ignore the existence of evil and of evil Spirits? If it is not a fact that man must inevitably progress to purity and harmony, regardless of the invasions and falsities of his earth-life—but if it is a truth, that the Spirit of man will continue to pursue the same course there that he was pursuing here, until he voluntarily reforms and becomes regenerate, and that the impetus in any given direction is constantly augmented by every step taken in that direction—then is it most important that the doctrine that natural progression alone must, and inevitably will, lead the spirit to a state of purity, harmony, and angel-hood, should be plainly disproved and fearlessly met and resisted.

I have no controversy with any man; but seek only to combat error, and expose what I believe to be a most subtle and dangerous delusion. I do not aim to be a croaker over imaginary evils or to search for unreal terrors, and dwell on theills, rather than the good, of men and Spirits, but would simply and plainly state to others that which, without my seeking, and contrary to my most cherished faith and hopes, was forced upon me—a firm conviction of the existence of moral evil and evil Spirits.

With a few remarks in reply to Bro. Bly, I will close this article. He is mistaken as to my being confined in a "sectarian shell." This, he appears to think, is the cause of my peculiar belief. He supposes I have not "progressed" out of my sectarian bondage—that I am still circumscribed by my hereditary faith. This, however, is not my case. Spiritualism found me decidedly sceptical in sentiment. I rejected the Devil theory entirely, and fully embraced the "Harmonial Philosophy," and the doctrine of "natural progression." I believed that ignorance was the only sin, and that men were rather unfortunate than guilty, for their crimes; that they were naturally right, and would naturally and inevitably become pure, benevolent and good. I cordially hated all sectarianism and sectarians, and despised the clergy with a will. I did not, do not, and never intend to, belong to any external church, or subscribe to any fixed and arbitrary creed. I regard all the race as a unit in their natural rights, and a knowledge but one grand distinction between men, that of *merit* and *evil*. I do not, as Bro. Bly insinuates, measure others by myself, calling them good or bad, as they please or displease me. Perhaps Bro. Bly recognizes no other standard of right than this; if so, he is not to be censured

for continually charging its use upon us who believe in the existence of moral evil as well as good. But I claim that there is an inevitable and universal standard of *good*, by which we must try ourselves as to moral state, and which will determine, as far as it is possible to be determined, that of others. This I shall endeavor to make apparent in a future article.

As to my peculiar place of mediumship, I will only say, that I have never been a public medium, nor ever in this manner, attempted to convince any "skeptical neighbors." Not only have I never given any "tests," but have myself never seen any *spiritual* manifestations that would convince me of the existence and presence of departed Spirits. My firm conviction of their intercourse with men is not derived from any external tests, but from known principles and from an *internal* conviction and experience, which, to me, is more sure than any external evidence can be, when applied to Spirits and spiritual things. I have an internal consciousness that I have held communion with disembodied Spirits, and that none of them were of such a character, that were they in the body, I should most unquestionably call them vicious. And I suppose it is by this internal consciousness or sensing alone, that the real state of a Spirit can be known. Hence those who have witnessed the physical manifestations, and those only, have no evidence of the existence of evil Spirits. And hence, also, the more pure and God-like one becomes, who it is internally holds communion with Spirits, the more apparent and marked will be the consciousness of this evil state of Spirits when such are present. In this sense I said, "If he will search for truth, moral purity, love and harmony, and oppose the opposite, something of evil will develop itself." It is so here, and must be so there. I disclaim all pretense of being better than others, for I fall far short of filling the standard of good. And I am convinced that others do also. And anything short of a *full* measure is evil in the degree in which it is short. I have discovered the beast in my own eye, and am endeavoring to cast it out; and I seek in all charity and kindness to point out to my brother the mote in his eye.

As to the sin of these things which I enumerated as having been done and said through me, one of them I do most undoubtedly call sin, namely, swearing. As to the others, I remark, that I did not seek Spiritualism to be converted into a puppet for the amusement of others, nor to seek such diversion or senseless amusement, as I could have far better obtained at an Ethiopian concert or a common circus. I sought for knowledge from higher intelligences—knowledge of the Spirit-home, of its laws, and the state of its inhabitants. I sought to learn something of the country whither I was tending, to discover some of the great truths of being, the realities of life, and of destiny; my relation to the All-Being, the All-Good of the universe. And last, though not least, I desired to learn the state of an honored mother, an angel infant son, and of many friends departed to that mysterious land. I would clasp again the fraternal hand, feel the presence of my boy, my beautiful, my idolized, and once more receive a parent's blessing. But when I sought for fruit, my mouth was filled with ashes; when I asked for bread I received a stone; when I looked for wisdom, folly roared around me. What wonder I was disappointed, disgusted and despairing! Who would not have been?

When, after encouraging the influence, induced to do so by the sacred name of "mother," signed to my communications (written mechanically through my own hand), when I found myself continually deceived, and made the instrument of deceiving others; when this influence never left me for weeks together, clutching itself upon me at all times, and under all circumstances, persons using "everybody's friend," and saying very ancient and high Spirits, and when after being detected in all these deceptions, he became enraged and threatened my insanity, and even physical destruction, because I would not farther submit to his control—when all this and much more was the fruit of my search,—I certainly can be excused in calling this influence at least not good; not that of a friend or good neighbor. Not that there was nothing good received also from Spirits, for there certainly was; but there was evil, palpable and apparent to all, mingled with much *oblivion* and exasperation. All this could not fail to destroy my hopes of satisfactorily determining the identity of any spiritual friend, for I was fully satisfied that some Spirits did deceive, and did persecute our friends, with the intention of destroying.

But the most unpardonable of all these persecutors was the attempt to *wrest* from me the control of my own will. This attempt was most desperate and pernicious. I shall speak on this subject further in a subsequent article.

Our aim is truth. What we combat is error and wrong, not man. I would like to hear the testimony of others on this subject.

J. T. CALKIN

## ITEMS BY THE WAY.

## WARS IN AUGUSTA AND VICINITY.

FRANCIS PARKER:

BOSTON, September 2, 1858.

Permit me through the columns of your valuable paper to make note of a few items, which may not be altogether without interest to some of your readers. If notation is not always *notable*, it may yet not be unnoticeable.

I have just returned from a short lecturing trip, and visit to down East—to Augusta and the neighboring vicinity. Get but once outside of the area of that town, yet still in Kennebec county, say ten miles or so, and you sight soil where seed sown emphatically falls upon stony places. A more uninviting tract of country I know not of than is thereabouts. It has, indeed the merit of ruggedness and ruggedness (everything has its merit), and seems, in places, to be sown with rocks and boulders, as you would a piece of land with corn grains or the seed of wheat. I wonder if some of the primeval battles they tell of as occurring between the gods did not come off in these localities? I say woe must it have been unto the head that struck one of these *crushers*. Still, amid all this unpromisingness and sterility warm hearts are embodied; though as to the heads—how clear or illuminated they are perhaps the less said the better.

Augusta itself is a sizable town, intensely exercised in trade, and the "get-and-grab" game. Notwithstanding, however, the faith of facts we have, and the faith of an interfor life are not absent. In truth, there is not a little spiritual belief present. Yet the tremendous authority of churchianity confronts the investigator at every step. The spirit of Orthodoxy and the spirit of trade and traffic, and "dicker" and "barter, strike hands to keep the thing afar off. But it is so audacious and persuasive that it glides or walks in, and can not be kicked out by priest, politician, or Mr. Moneyman. I am told that it has put its consecratory hand upon even some of them, who are wrapped around with the dignity of the State's Legislative and clerical life. A few lectures from time to time, at lengthened intervals, have been given, I am informed, by Miss Sprague, Miss Gibson, and others, and so public attention has been arrested. I suppose by and by, judging from the like thing come upon other places, "writs of execution" will be issued against the "hull" community. Several very excellent mediums, among whom may be named Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Keen, Mrs. Anthony and others, afford to the candid and seriously inquiring and courteous mind, private opportunities of communing with the spiritually living. But seven or eight regular piles of stones—churches I should say—in a population of eight or ten thousand, with big psychologic powers, tell the good people to beware of the demoniac and unclean thing, and many reverently fall down before and obey its words. But like the little Dutch boy, whipt and sent to the corner by the paternal one, for swearing, a tremendous and silent *hiss* is kept up by the souls of men. I think, the question of a man's income, however, is the more potent here, as elsewhere. I can feel, indeed, for such who would be free, but dare not.

It is to be regretted, if anything is, that some of the nominal Spiritualists in Augusta, keep aloof from the cause in its public presentation. By and by the swell and rise of the spiritual tide will float these, as others, off the sand-bars of fear and policy. The Rev. Sylvester Judd, a noted Unitarian preacher, now translated, once was stationed in Augusta, and must have now and then, from what I can gather of the genius and development of the man, made his hearers a little uneasy. But his gentle, loving, yet individualized nature, made him eminently acceptable. Mr. Judd, I think, must have caught some of the beams of the dawn fast full floating us now. The neighboring towns of Hallowell, Waterville, and Skowhegan, and farther on, those of Belfast and Bangor, are quite exercised at times by facts and so-called fancies from the empire of the invisibles.

While I tarried at Augusta the Dayport boys, whose manifestations, notwithstanding the diversity of opinion as to their authenticity and reliability, are so striking, made a visit thereto, and stirred the place by the things done at their sittings. As usual the cry of "humbug," "deception," etc., was freely indulged in, and one legal man, more cynical, I believe, for assumption and bravado than for ability or a paying "practice,"

threatened to head a band like unto himself, and ride the medium out of town on an elongated piece of wood, commonly called a rail. But the boys are brave, and know how much power there is in such *troops*—legal or illegal. Unfortunately the Spirits were not as successful as usual in their general efforts, though they considerably disturbed skepticism on the first occasion of their sitting, and so rushing through a wide open place—*I mean in the moral sphere*—the unbelieving had a mind to scatter and dissipate, as you would a flock of wild geese, Spirits, mediums, and manifestations.

## STATE OF THE CAUSE.

Throughout all this Commonwealth and Vermont, the cause is marching in triumph. Almost every town of any considerable size in the Bay State, has its regular spiritual meetings and lectures. I am told that the land of the Green Mountain boys is fairly lit up by the light of the blessed faith, as if unquenchable fires were kindled by the immortals on its mount-tops, and were blazing in and through all its valleys. Does not the serene atmosphere that flows around all that region, pure and stimulative as it is, favor spiritual mindedness, largeness of soul, and the reception of heaven's breath of inspiration? So we see amid the highlands of old Scotia prevalences of second sight (or clairvoyance) and a high, steady, moral characterestic. Men are impinged by the invisible fingers of climate and the Spirit of place, as by them gone before.

## LECTURES—MR. MANSFIELD'S REVIEWER.

Here, in this city, lectures, as you are aware, have been discontinued for some week's past, but will be resumed on Sunday week next. Mrs. Henderson, whose gentle and spirited utterances clarisactive in the theologic sphere, speaks during this month at the Melodeon. Mr. Mansfield, whose peculiar mediumship and its results have attracted so much attention, has returned, after a few week's relaxation (or mediatorial taxation) to his old post, where, like as from a gentleman as he is, "folks" can "try the Spirits." I can not resist the opportunity here presented, to bear my testimony to the markedness and reliability of Mr. Mansfield's mediatorial works. Having occasion some weeks since to address a friend in the other life, I penned and sealed up several questions, one of which was of that private nature that I did not particularly wish to be known. Brother M. kindly set for me, and soon that left hand finger-telegraph of his was working, while the right hand, wrote a *response* to my interrogations. Each question was taken up and answered in its order appropriately—the private one treated in a particular way—"private" written over its head, and alluded names left blank in the answer, just as I desired. Then the name of the communing Spirit was subscribed to the whole. What a wonderful eye brother M. must have, to look through envelopes and see questions; and such *tremendous* penetration of intellect to hit right so oft in the answering thereof. Some of the friends have felt unfavorably toward Mr. M.'s claims as a medium, but I think it is all resolvable in this wise: No medium works but fails at times, or makes mistakes. The atmosphere, the mediatorial physical condition, but partialness of Spirit-control, these and other causes, now and then, prevent entirely satisfactory or complete and full responses. I never heard of the medium who is "*sore as fate*."

## THEODORE PARKER.

The opportunity was afforded me, on an occasion or two, to listen to the promulgations of that representative man, Theodore Parker. It certainly must delight the lover of vast intellectualism to hear this teacher, and not less, at times, the religious and devotional—the rationally religious mind. Mr. Parker seems to me to present one of the best specimens of a class of individuals whose front and coronal cerebral compartments harmoniously unite and work, and bring forth the products of the soul. Were it not that all men, teaching as he, are *misled* in their places of use, we should pray that this man might come to believe in the facts and philosophy we have and enjoy. Says he: "When a medium tells me he sees Spirits around me, I place the same faith in his asseverations that I do in the recorded miracles performed by the man Jesus," or words to the same effect. It is needless to remark that that faith is very slim and slender—next, in fact, to nothing, or none at all. So Mr. Parker in his treatment of the life and character, and reputed acts of Christ, fails, I think, to admit much which is fit to be admitted upon the basis of such spiritual operations, the like of which we may see and believe. But while the Spiritualist apprehends should Mr. Parker fail, I yet, he can not, if he have appreciation,

but be delighted by discourse packed with well defined and bold thought, and exhibiting a grasp of mental and a mental *and* *destructive* power unequalled in this country, perhaps since Webster. It is a splendid sight to witness of a Sunday morning—two thousand people, fine minds at that, congregated to pay strictest attention to a memorable man, and inspired. Men that get education in the sphere of a national religion.

## EDUCATION AND SPARK'S BOOK.

Concerning education, whatever tends by its teaching power to call out the God in man, is noteworthy. Now, our spiritual literature lacks not fine, nor to say profound, works, such as address the soul with the grand command of affluent suggestion. Among these, I may say, there is one which, it seems to me, ought to find its way into the hands of every advanced and searching Spiritualist. Why it does not meet with more general favor I suppose is because of its novelty, originality and ridiculousness. I refer to the work lately come through the mediumship of Mr. Spear, and entitled the "Educator." Does any one wish to get an idea of the designs of the higher and superior world, showing a plan and an aim in wisdom in all this movement, now and prospective? Let such get a copy of, and read, this book? It is true its style is not very literary, and many of thought are thrown out, seemingly without appropriate connection or co-relation to other thought in it, but, nevertheless, it will, I think, abundantly repay serious and candid perusal. It is eminently suggestive, and has a tendency to make a man think, if he never thought before. Yet, generally, none but open or advanced minds can grapple with its muscular thought and substance.

## THREE KINDS OF MEDIUMSHIP.

In this connection, I would remark, as it appears to me, that three apparently distinct mediatorial highways are presented to the investigator of Spiritualism, opening to him quite different walks, yet, perhaps, and doubtless converging at length. Here we have the products of Mr. Davis, which, perhaps, have exerted more of a harmonizing, organizing influence on the modern American reform and spiritually-minded mind than those of any other writer. He has lifted from the cold, *wintery* realms of materialism on the one hand, and opened up the pathway of a beautiful and progressive destiny on the other. Memorable in character as a harmonious man, he yet does not *abandon* the *religious* and *devotional* soul—such, rationally so. Then Mr. Harris stands forth as the representative of the "Christian Spiritualist." Or have I listened with delight to the magnificent roll of his fervid, emotional and splendid eloquence, till some allusion to the especial authority of Biblical Literature, or of the ex-

brain, and dimmed and darkened the influence of his otherwise energetic thought and fiction. He is, it seems to me, addressing the religious mind, as yet *unconscious*, and is calling attention to the *beauty* of the religious unfolding, first and *last*, and then to that *Celestialism*—fact treading upon the heels of Spiritualism—which shall at last, through trial and change, consummate and culminate the cause. He speaks with a voice of eloquence for the *New Church* and its authority, but speaks from the sphere of *previous ingrained belief*, as did Swedenborg before him.

And last, and I estimate not least, friend John M. Spear, who is so strangely misunderstood and misappreciated, presents to us claims as the *forerunner* and initiator of that grander dispensation to come, the like of which, as to whose *completeness* characteristic, the world has never yet beheld. I refer to the trinity-disposition of *Truth*, *Love* and *Wisdom*. The aim of this is pre-eminently *practical*, and as some one Divine plan, formed in angel-consciousness, must be applied, so we have the incipient unfolding of them even now. Love is suffering and submissive. We do judicial and executive, but Truth, backed by these two, and its child, is Executive, and is clothed upon with power, force or authority, to carry out and enact the will of God to man. This Trinity recognizes, each in its sphere, and conjoined, Science and Religion; and it seems to me it is given to it to construct that *New Order*, which shall be the mother of the New State and the New Society. From its capacious womb shall come forth Truth in its celestial, spiritual and natural *consciousness*, completeness, and force, and divinely practical use and power. It is specially that is adaptively spurned even now from the internal by the General Assembly of Congress of exalted ones in the Spirit. We believe Heaven is adequate to its own designs, and that those designs may come

to it as we are prepared to receive them. Elsewhere let us pull our hold in wild destruction, because of confusion increasing and threatening to become worse confounded. Wisdom is a sun that never sets.

Now, with respect to these three movements, or any other, I can not but think they are graduated, as originated, and guided and directed from on high in wisdom. Each one is working in his or her sphere, and doing his or her planned and appropriate mission-work. So I can not to oppose this one or that; but, recognizing of the hand of Wisdom in all and *over* all, am to accept, as in sphere and use, the every one. As to perfect men, I've heard of them, but never saw them, and am very skeptical of their existence. Every man, not one excepted, hitherto or now, but has made a mistake, or committed an error; and, I suppose that the three I've alluded to can not be excepted. Will not this tend to begat charity, this thought and faith—and give a man that broad view that *reach* in all a worker with God? For we Brother Davis has it: "good forevermore overcomes evil." The man that lacks confession, lacks the first element of a rational spirituality—humility. Fraternally thine,

L. J. P.

## PROPOSED SETTLEMENT IN KANSAS.

Humboldt, Atch Co., K. T., August 23, 1858.

## MR. CHARLES PARKER.

I wish to announce to our Spiritualist friends through the *Spiritual Telegraph*, that the town we had in contemplation when I wrote last April, is now permanently located, and will be ready for settlement soon. The name is Celestia. The site comprises an elevated tract of three hundred and twenty acres of prairie, on the Neosho, near a large body of timber. It has many natural advantages, and is in the midst of a good farming district. The lots will be large, the streets wide, and several squares will be given for parks, schools, and charities. We will select a square in an elevated part of the town, to be occupied as soon as possible by a Spirit-room or temple. The town company are reformers (Spiritualists and Vegetarians) and will be very liberal in giving shares to those who take an interest in building up the place. Shares of five lots each will be given for erecting two story dwellings, and additional shares for stores, shops, machinery, etc. One hundred shares will be given in this manner to the first applicants, improvements to be made in a specified time. Prairie claim are vacant now. Timber claims within a mile, or nearer, if desired, can be bought at from \$300 to \$500, according to the amount of timber and improvements. I have received a great many letters of inquiry from Spiritualists, most of whom I think will join us.

Many questions are raised in reference to health. The health of this locality is much the same as that of other new countries. The plague is common at this season of the year. Come and effect are inseparable everywhere. Using water from rivers and creeks, and eating too much pork during the warm season, is apt to produce sickness. Then to put all trust in medicine men, and none in nature, as a health restorer, is still worse. The use of mineral and vegetable poisons as restoratives, when health is lost, is often productive of sad results.

It may be well here to state (as many inquiries have been made concerning the Neosho being navigable) that a number of the citizens of Humboldt, five miles above, say they will build a steamer to run on the Neosho next spring, to connect the New Orleans trade with that place. The weather for the past few weeks has been extremely dry and warm, but rain has come at last to cool the air and make it pleasant for the remainder of the season. Crops are good. Provisions can be purchased at moderate price. We expect a large fall emigration to the Neosho Valley. Fall is the proper season to emigrate to Kansas. The nearest navigation at present is Kansas City, on the Missouri River, one hundred and twenty-five miles from Humboldt.

W. H. ADAMS.

## THE END OF ALL THINGS.

Everything in existence, from the primitive rock to the human spirit—the same or ultimate of nature's productions—is composed of matter.

If, therefore, every human soul contains a certain amount of matter, however small, when it leaves the earth for the higher spheres, the territorial part of the universe *loses* that amount.

If this removal is to occur, the time must arrive sooner or later, when all terrestrial matter will have been exhausted of soul-composing atoms, and consequently reproduction of the human species must cease.

WILLIAM KNICKERBOCKER.

Woman's eye appears more beautiful when it glances through a tear, as the light of a star seems more brilliant when it sparkles on a wave.



and the world is not only by his servants during the season of harvest, constitution and as much out of season and out of place, as snow storms in August.

How happy should! How bitter a

parent is of wretched corrupt rags, or uncongenial relations, from giving birth to children; others

are the result of exploits of a boy fifteen years old,

the care of the father, ought to limit the number of their

children, and the condition of the city. He first tried

to get a child, then satisfied his shaggy

and constantly increasing families. If the posterity in such

cases, deserved to it for the delight of witness

and pleasure, it may be to raise his little sister, by

the time he died in a store he had heated

for the sake of the fire, it is surely failed. Now whose

fault is it that a person for terrible deeds so com-

monly receives? Yet the father of such a

child, and his wife, and daughter receives the

same reward of community!

Indeed, it is said, "The crime of a child descends to the parents."

In a word, the best and easiest prevail,

despite of the evil of the inheritance. It is a sacrifice

to bear of erring parents, but to have erring children is not

any less so, but a fault—the source of manifold crimes,

and a curse. Let society demand of every married pair

that they never bear a illegitimate progeny, the germs

be rootless, and there will be no curse in their produc-

tion and offspring than this.

Round the idea of God's holy holiness, of God's own natures

totally depraved coming down from the hand of infinite wisdom,

and teach that in the body and soul of the child will be mis-

ture the infinite mass of virtues, and a change will soon be

told.

The child is the parent for evermore! The chil-

dren is the education for a life-unrighteous, unlesioned, and often

misled by a single exasperating parent! Does that poor, bed-

ridden youth, whose frame is racked by pain, and whose life

is a parent's disease, one that parent are thanks for ex-

istence? Does another bad, born with his father's thirst for

strong drink, or his vindictive temper, or that was with the

man, and stamped not only on his countenance, but upon

every fiber of his soul, one a weight of gravitate to the being

so calculated in his frame, the fruits of their own excesses?

Yes, verily, and if were not certain of such a fate, a bitterly

would the author of his being. Who can envy that parent

whose child is never had been born?

We can not take up from them the strawberries from

them! And we can not comfort the young of scrofula

with the words of the fathers of the church, where flesh and

and the spirit—where flesh perhaps impeded it—might

be given to the Ontario with a thumb, as to produce

the greatest of blessing! Or that man with ungovernable

propensity to sin, control a life's existence a bur-

den to himself, was well desirous of dying in his own

bedroom, and happy belief! Our medium, insane

and delirious, is associated with leaving these

children to a world of misery, and a curse of

destitution with them! And happy were

we to isolate and pass on social and misanthropic, or

or any other malignant propensities to whom existence can

ever be a blessing!

A true majority of the scattered ones of the world, receive

from the same class, gambling bells and brothels of our

country, I tell you truly the inmates of these

houses are born for the very destiny we now see them filling

the dungeon, the gallows, and the Lanes

as a scourge generation!

Many of the doomed ones never chose their destiny. It was

of the mothers of this host of victimized, existence cursed

ones that the jail and poor houses, and hospitals, or

the schools of our country, gambling bells and brothels of our

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## SPIRITUALISTS AND CONVENTIONS.

MR. PARTRIDGE:

*Dear Sir.*—It may be that I am expected to notice the article of Theodore Gurney, which appeared in the *TELEGRAPH* of the 4th inst., under the above title. And if I now do so, it is not because I attach any great importance to my opinions, because they are mine. I change my opinions so often, that I have ceased to place any value upon them the moment I am offered a reason for discarding them. I do not know that I hold any *opinions*, about which I should think it worth while to quarrel. As to Spiritualists meeting in free Conventions, to discuss matters of reform, I am sure I am perfectly willing that they should do so. I would not hinder them, if I could. And yet, I doubt the wisdom or expediency of such Conventions.

I may be a *conservative*—an old fogey—I should not wonder if I was. And yet I am none the less a man, with all the tender sympathies of a man; and I have labored and suffered for the common good. Still, I differ with my friends upon many subjects which receive the assent of the popular mind. I am principled against slavery; but I can not concur in the spirit and action of the Anti-Slavery party. I think them politically and morally wrong. I am in favor of a temperance reform, but I would strenuously resist what is called "prohibition." The Constitution of the United States forbids the enactment of sumptuary laws; and the whole tenor and purpose of our institutions are repugnant to the idea of declaring what a man shall eat or drink. There may be despotism of law as well as of person. But I will go heart and hand in procuring a law to punish drunkenness. This is a misdemeanor; but drinking spirituous liquors is not; nor can it be made so by the combined efforts of all the Legislatures in the Union.

Nor do I believe in the theory of A. J. Davis—a man to whom I feel greatly indebted for his writings, and whom I personally respect as a gentleman—and Mrs. Farnham, that the human race is to be regenerated through harmonious and happy conjugal relations. My observation contradicts that notion. No possible combination of handsome men and women can insure to us a handsome offspring. And the same holds true of good and lovable men and women. Out of twenty such unions, fifteen will result in the production of badly organized children. Thus it is that Nature delights in contradictions, and fulfills at least a wiser purpose in perpetuating inequalities of capacity and condition.

I might go on to show—as I think I can—that social evils are predetermined and incurable, though not, for that reason, incapable of certain modifications and meliorations. Why, that grand truth which Spiritualism it has propounded, that this earth-life is a *Rudimentary State*, is a bitter mortification of all our theories of universal equality of rights, possessions and properties, and especially of that specious notion that because man is a progressive being, therefore he is destined to reach perfection here in his moral and social condition. Sir, the evils of life have too important an office to perform in our education, ever to be eliminated from this state of being. We must mitigate, and bear them as we can; but we can never remove them. A Rudimentary State implies their presence. Religion and civilization may do much for us; but they can not set aside the decrees of Omnipotence; they can not abrogate the laws under which we live and act. All men are selfish, and through a wise provision of Nature, subserve the general good by means of the particular interest. We need that our communities should be more extensively pervaded by the sentiment of justice. But in view of the complicated wants of society, who will say what Justice is?

Now, Sir, I am not opposed to Conventions and Reforms, although I do not concur in their modes of action. Let them go on. But I had rather that spiritualism were not made to bear the burden of their vagaries. I confess I do not understand what your correspondent means when he speaks of the danger of spiritualism becoming *sectarian*. Spiritualism is a great Fact—a Philosophy—Truth now seeking exposition and development. There can be no sectarianism connected with it in any way; nor can it ever become in any sense exclusive. It has no church—no priesthood—no denominational character. It never can have any such a thing as utterly impossible. But it has a work to do, and a reputation to sustain. Spiritualism may be, personally, free-lovers, abolitionists, women's rights, and whatever else they please. But Spiritualism may not be *so* without losing all claim to the respect and confidence of society.

those who are not free-lovers, etc. Therefore, I say, it is—or seems so to me—wrong to pledge it to any of these movements, or to make it implicitly answerable for them.

Beside, it is premature to promise that Spiritualism shall do this thing or that thing. It gives rise to inordinate expectation. I hear people saying, "Why, I don't see that Spiritualism makes men and women any better." Suppose it does not; has that anything to do with the facts of Spiritualism? Is Spiritualism any less a truth? If we compare Christian countries with those that are not Christian, may we not say, "We do not see that Christianity makes men and women any better?" Where it has no *moral* influence, it does not make them any better. It does not follow that a man is necessarily any better because he is religious. Nor will it follow that a man shall be any better because he is a Spiritualist. The natural inference will be, that he is. But neither you nor I have any right to pledge Spiritualism to do any such good work for him.

I like your leading article, "Will Spiritualism Reform the World?" But, Sir, if you suppose that Spiritualism, any more than Calvinism, is going to change man's nature, you will find yourself mistaken. To those who can receive and appropriate the great fact; to such, it will be of inestimable benefit. But to the great masses, it will be a day's wonder. It will wear out their interest. Men and women, in the gross, will always be about the same—circumstances and conditions being the same.

But, Sir, what is Spiritualism? Is this question yet fully answered? I think not. And should it not be fully answered before we attempt to use it as an instrument to turn the world upside down? You say that it makes known the fact that Spirits communicate with men. But does it tell us *who* and what the Spirits are? It is presumed that they are the souls of disembodied mortals. But that is *presumption* only. We have no proof of it, so far. And what are Spirits? It still leaves open the question of man's immortality, the greatest question of all. In this I am deeply interested. Let us explore it—prove it, if we can—take nothing for granted.

H.

## THE ANGELS' BOWER AND MOVEMENT.

## AN APPEAL.

In as much as a perpetual effort has been made during the last year, and is still being made, to communicate to *Spiritualists and the world* intelligence which purports to be from an angelic source, with regard to the celestial order on earth by which the race is to be harmonized into a universal brotherhood, called by the ancients the Kingdom of God; and whereas, a special effort is now being made to prepare a room in New York for the transmission of this important intelligence, it is deemed possible and quite probable that this purpose might be furthered by a brief sketch of the manner in which the idea of this Spirit-room first originated, which is as follows:

About eighteen months ago, one night, as I lay in bed, I awoke with a vision before me; I saw in an adjoining room, my parlor suspended on the walls, what appeared to be a bunch or cluster of bushes, with a small light the size of a lamp, in the center. This vision at first was very dim on my mind, and excited little or no special thought. But it appeared to me on subsequent nights on a more elaborate scale, and I became seriously impressed that it meant something, and was anxious to know its meaning. It appeared to me from time to time afterward, until it spread itself over the entire walls, ceiling and part of the floor. But everything was indistinct and unintelligible to me. All I knew about it was that it had a spiritual significance, and I was influenced, as I might be impressed, to go to work at it, and its meaning would by degrees come to me, as I progressed with the work.

I accordingly went and purchased material which consisted in a barrel of woolbush and some other evergreens, a large quantity of artificial leaves, paper, etc., and with these commenced embodying the vision as it appeared to me; and after laboring almost incessantly night and day for about five weeks, I succeeded in filling the entire room, the walls, ceiling and floor being completely covered with concentric circles, diagrams, emblem, etc., purporting to be a pattern of the celestial order of heaven which is now to be on earth. The walls were first carelessly and loosely hung with white paper; afterward the representations were placed on the paper made of artificial paper leaves, the color of the whole being white green and yellow; the white representing purity, the green nature, the yellow (gold) holiness. On the floor were emblems which consisted of human figures varying in size from life to that of an infant, in the midst of representations of trees, clouds, etc. These last representations and emblems had direct reference to the order of, and principle that purported to be the resurrection of the dead as taught by Christ and his apostles, and how to be made plain.

When I had the whole finished I found, to my utter astonishment, that I had represented my own dead children, seven in number, at my head and sides; that it was a representation, at the same time, of every father and mother of the entire race in what

is called the resurrection room. In front of the emblem was the motto:

"THE BEGINNING OF THE FATHER'S WILL BEING IN EARTH AS IN HEAVEN."

The representations were now complete, but they were only a trifle compared to what seemed constantly projected in vision before me. But I could put up no more for want of room. I kept up the representation a few weeks, during which time I was visited by what purported to be an angel of God, who was commissioned from the Most High to give the order and the keys of the kingdom and the resurrection of the dead, being a pattern by which the entire race is to be harmoniously (in due time) united as a Universal Brotherhood on the earth, being a condition looked for by all the people of God since the world began.

I was, however, soon impressed to remove the entire arrangement, which I was informed (although sublime and gorgeous spectacle) was rudimental, premature, and was only, as it were, a tithe to what was to follow, when a room in a more conspicuous place, and one more convenient for the public, could be procured. This entire arrangement was kept a profound secret to everybody except a few friends. I was, however, impressed to preserve a copy of the arrangement, which, with much more, is to be put in another room, so soon as some person or persons, will assist me. To procure such assistance is the sole object of the present meetings, and also of this article. There are a few obscure persons associated with me in this movement, but I am the communicating-medium to the world. Hence I take the liberty here to say that the above knowledge is for the race, and will be given so soon as the room can be prepared. The intelligence is of such a sublime character (being as it is of God the Most High) that it can only be effectually taught by the aid of symbols and other peculiar arrangements, as dictated by angels, in a prepared room. I want then, in short, some persons to furnish means to prepare said conditions for this heaven-sent blessing to man. It would cost, if properly arranged, from one hundred to one thousand dollars. It can be effectually commenced with one hundred—it being a progressive thing—subject to perpetual enlargement, corresponding to the tabernacle and temple of the Children of Israel, but nothing like them—there being also with us what purports to be the ark of the covenant of the new era or dispensation, as predicted by the prophets. Any responsible person of good moral character, who will assist me in this most noble enterprise, will, it is confidently believed, confer on himself and the race an inestimable blessing. I give my services free to him who will help me. He will be remunerated by a proper fee of admission to the room when prepared, which room will serve as a high school to all who wish to learn the true character of angels and God; also the relation man sustains to them, and his true and final destiny on earth.

I. VAN DEES, 164 Taylor-street, Williamburgh.

## A VISION.

'Twas on a Sabbath calm and sweet,  
I wandered to a lone retreat,  
Within a quiet little dell  
Where all around the branches fell,  
Forming a tent secure from sight,  
Through which the sun with softened light  
Looked down as when it sinks to rest  
Within the cradle of the West,  
A babbling brook was near at hand,  
Which flowed so gently o'er the sand.  
It just the slumbering echo woke,  
Which seemed as though a Spirit spoke,  
As its low murmur caught my ear,  
And seemed my lonely heart to cheer.  
For long I'd battled with the world,  
The flag of truth I held unfurled,  
And with a firm and steady grasp,  
I bore it upward to the blast,  
And on its ample folds, I trace  
The words "PROGRESSOR OF OUR RACE."  
And with a firm and fearless eye  
That would not countenance a lie,  
I strove to teach mankind to think,  
Nor shrink themselves on rule's brink  
When they by doing what is right  
Might wing their onward, upward flight,  
To an eternal world of joy,  
Of happiness without alloy.  
But men looked on and called me mad,  
And with a lengthened visage ad,  
Warned all to heed not what I said  
Who would not into vice be led.  
But as I still reclining lay,  
The little brook pursued its way,  
And murmured forth its welcome note,  
Which on the summer zephyr float  
Unto my ear, and fill my heart  
With courage new in every part.  
I hear my guardian spirit say:  
"Brother, go on; pursue thy way;  
For though dark clouds will sometimes cover  
Yet in reverse there is a crown;  
Then hold out faithful to the end,  
Willing a helping hand to lead,  
And from the hand of Christ thy Lord,  
Receive it for thy just reward."

YORK CENTRAL, August 1, 1858.

It is not high crime to rob a robbery and murder a murderer, to destroy the peace of society. The culture goes up, jesters are fondly quaffed and trifling, and trifling, are the ticklings best for a fight. In middle summer, and autumn, are the worms that crawl into all social happiness.



you get him to the saddle faster than the girth. Be careful how you do it. It often tightens the colt when he feels the girth binding him so strongly, the saddle not being on his back. You should bring up the girth very gently, and not draw it too tight at first, just enough to bend the saddle over. Move him a little, and then tighten it as tight as you choose, and he will not mind it. You should see that the pad of your saddle is straight before you put it on, and that there is nothing to trip him in him, or to catch a hold of to his back. It should not have any loose loops on the back part of it to flap about and scare him. After you have saddled him in this way, take a switch in your right hand to tie him up with, and walk about in the stable a few times with your right arm over your saddle, taking hold of the reins on each side of his neck with your right and left hands, thus matching him about in the stable until you teach him the use of the bridle, and can turn him about in any direction and stop him by a gentle pull of the rein. Always牵 him, and loose the reins a little every time you stop him. You should always be alone, and have your colt in some light stable or shed, the first time you ride him; the loft should be high, so that you can sit on his back without endangering your head. You can teach him more in two hours' time in a stable of this kind than you could in two weeks in the common way of breaking colts out in an open place. If you follow my course of treatment you need not run any risk, or have any trouble in riding the worst kind of horse. You take him a step at a time, until you get up a mutual confidence and trust between you. If and how? First teach him to lead and stand hitched; next acquaint him with the saddle, and the use of the bit; and then all that remains is to get on him without scaring him, and you can ride him as well as any horse."

## SALT MINES IN CRACOW, POLAND

Bayard Taylor in a letter to the *Tribune* published Aug. 10 says:

After descending 210 feet we saw the first veins of rock salt in a bed of clay and crumbled sand stone. Thirty feet more, and we were in a world of salt. Level galleries branched off from the foot of the stair case; overhead a ceiling of solid salt, under foot a floor of salt and on either side dark gray walls of salt, sparkling here and there with minute crystal. Here was the chapel of St. Anthony the oldest in the mines—a Byzantine excavation, supported by columns, with altar crucifix, and life size statue of saint, apparently in black marble but all as salt as the walls, as I discovered by putting my tongue to the nose of John the Baptist. The humid air of this upper story of the mines has damaged some of the saltnit. Traces, especially in running away like a dipperdale, and all of his head is gone except his chin. The limbs of John are dropping off as if he had the Norwegian leprosy and lousy as has desperate than his gridiron could have made, running up and down his back. A Bengal light burned at the altar brought into sudden life this strange temple, which presently vanished into sudden darkness, as if it had never been.

'I can not follow, step by step, our journey of two hours through the labyrinth of this wonderful mine. It is a bewildering maze of galleries, grand halls, star-caves and vaulted chambers, where one soon loses all sense of distance or direction, and drifts along blindly in the wake of his conductor. Everything is a solid salt, except where great piles of brown log-had been built up to support some the sloping roof or vast chasms left in quarrying, had been bridged across. As we descended to lower regions, the air became more dry and agreeable and the saline walls more pure and brilliant. One hall, 100 feet in height resembled a Grecian theater, the traces of blocks taken out in regular layers representing the seats for the spectators. Out of this single hall 100,000 cwt. of salt had been taken, or enough to supply the 10,000,000 inhabitants of Austria for one year.

"After we had descended to the bottom of this chamber, a boy ran along the bridge above with a burning Bengal light, throwing flashes of blue lustre on the obelisks on the scented walls, vast arches, the entrances to deeper halls, and far roof, tinted with the picks of the workmen. Presently we entered another and larger chamber yawning downward like the mouth of hell with cavernous tunnels opening out of the farther end. In these tunnels the workmen half naked, with torches in their hands, wild etc. fire work, and the strings of our (which here so reverberate) in the upper and air give a rough representation of the infernal regions.

\* A little farther we struck upon a lake some fathoms deep, upon which we embarked in a heavy square boat and entered a gloomy tunnel, over the entrance of which was inscribed, in soft letters, "Good luck to you!" Midway in the tunnel, the walls at either end were and duly illuminated, and a crash, as of a hundred cannon, hollowing through the hollow vaults shook the air and water in such wise, that our boat had not ceased trembling when we landed in the further bank. Finally, at the depth of 120 feet, our journey ceased, although we were only half way from the bottom. The remainder is a wilderness of shafts, galleries and smaller chambers, the extent of which we could only conjecture. We then recurred through scores of tortuous passages to a large vault where a lot of men, naked to the hips, were busy with pick, mattock and wedge, blocking out and separating the solid pavement. The process is quite primitive, scarcely different from that of the ancient Egyptians in quarrying granite. The blocks are first marked out on the surface by a series of grooves. One side is then deepened to the required thickness, and wedges being inserted under the block, it is soon split off. It is then split transversely into pieces of about each, in which form it is ready for sale. Those intended for Russo are rounded on the edges and corners until they acquire the shape of long, coracles, for the convenience of their portation into the interior of the country.

"The number of workmen employed in the mines is 1,500, all whom belong to the 'upper crust'—that is they live on the crust of the world. They are divided into pairs, and relieve each other every six hours. Each pair quantity out, on average, a little more than 1,000 cwt. of salt in that space of time, making the annual yield 1,500,000 cwt. The men were all perfectly sound, healthy-looking fellows, and the older, in answer to my questions, stated their health condition was quite equal to that of other laborers. Surveyed and examined them, and the quality of the temperature of the mines, which stand at 54 deg. of Fahrenheit all the year. There is a fair sample of upper crust as we may suppose it to be a crew of the king. However, no law of any great or form of disease induced by the climate in which the work, notwithstanding where ever air is humid. At ery tail, sum up the whole, I have 2,000 cwt. of salt ready for market."

The wood-work. The wood I may here remark never rots, and will continue to do, retain its quality for centuries. The other is especially nice. The story of men having to be born in these mounds, and then gone through life without ever mounting to the upper world! So the goes smoothly interesting fiction of our youth.

"It requires a stretch of imagination to conceive the extent

the salt bed. As far as explored, its length is two and a half Eng miles, its breadth a little over half a mile, and its solid depth can be It commences about two hundred feet below the surface, and is uninterrupted to the bottom, where it rests on a bed of compact stone such as forms the peaks of the Carpathian Mountains. By

This there is no probability that it again appears. The general direction is east and west, dipping rapidly at its western extremity, so that it may no doubt be pushed much farther in that direction. Notwithstanding the immense amount already quarried, and it will be better understood when I state that the aggregate length of the shafts and galleries amounts to *nearly half a mile*. It is estimated that, at the present rate of exploration, the known supply can not be exhausted under three hundred years. The tripartite treaty, the partition of Poland, limits Austria to the production of the present amount—1,500,000 cwt., of which she is bound to furnish 800,000 cwt. to Prussia, and 800,000 to Russia, leaving 900,000 cwt. for herself. This sum yields her a net revenue from the value of two millions dollars (\$1,000,000) annually.

"It is not known how this wonderful deposit more precious than gold itself was originally discovered. We know that it was worked in the twelfth century, and perhaps much earlier. The popular fable has invented several fables to account for it, giving the merit of its favorite hints. One, which is gravely published in the 'History of Cracow,' states that a Polish King, who wooed a princess Elizabeth of Hungary (not the saint of the Wartburg) in the tenth century, asked what she would choose as a bridal gift from him. To which she replied, 'Something that would most benefit his people.' The marriage ceremony was performed in a chapel in one of the salt mines of Transylvania. Soon after being transferred to Cracow, Elizabeth went out to Wieliczka, surveyed the ground, and, after choosing a spot, commanded the people to dig. In the course of a few days they found a salt crystal which the Queen caused to be set in her wedding ring, and wore it day of her death. She must have been a wonderful geologist for those days. The bed actually follows the Carpathians, appearing at intervals in small deposits, into Transylvania, where there are extensive mines. It is believed, also, that it stretches northward into Russia or Poland.

## SOMETHING ABOUT OYSTERS.

Look at an oyster! In that soft and gelatinous body lies a whole world of vitality and quiet enjoyment. Somebody has styled fossiliferous rocks, "monuments of the felicity of past ages." An undisturbed oyster-bed, is a concentration of happiness in the present. Distant though the several creatures there congregated seem, each individual is leading the beatified existence of an Epicurean god. The world without, its woes and joys, its storms and calms, its pestilence, evil and good, all are indifferent to the unheeding oyster. Unconscious even of what passes in its immediate vicinity, its whole soul concentrated in itself, yet not sluggishly and apathetically, for its body is throbbing with life and enjoyment. The mighty ocean is subser-  
vient to its pleasures. The rolling waves wash fresh, and choice salts within its trench, and the flow of the current feeds it without requiring an effort. Each atom of water that comes in contact with it - deliquescent - evolves its imprisoned air, to freshen and invigorate the creature's pliant blood.

Invisible to human eye, unassisted by the wonderful inventions of human science, countless millions of vibrating cilia are moving incessantly with synchronous beat on every fibre of each fringing leaf. Well might old Leewenhoek exclaim, when he looked through his microscope at the beard of a shell-fish, "The motion I saw in the small component parts of it was so irresistibly great, that I could not be satisfied with that spectacle; and it is not in the power of man to conceive the motions which I beheld within the compass of a grain of sand." And yet the Dutch naturalist, unaided by the finer instruments of science, beheld but a dim and misty indication of the exquisite ciliary apparatus by which these motions are effected. How strange to tell that all this elaborate and infinitesimal contrivance has been devised for the well-being of a despised shell-fish! Nor is it merely in the winged members of the creature that we find its wonders comprising. There are portions of its frame which seem to have no essential purpose in its economy, which might be omitted without disturbing the course of its daily duties, and yet so constant in their presence and position that we cannot doubt their having had their places in the original plan according to which the organization of the mollusk was first put together. These are symbols of organs to be developed in creatures higher in the scale of being—antitypes, it may be, of limbs, and perhaps of glands. They are the "cuckoos of physiology," to be made out in their details elsewhere, serving, however, an end in their presence, for they are badges of relationship and affinity between one creature and another. In them the oyster-eater and the oyster find some common bond of sympathy and distant cousinhood.

But the life of a shell-fish is not one of unvarying rest. Observe the phases of an individual oyster from the moment of its earliest bryo-life, independent of maternal ties, to the consummation of its tiny, when the knife of fate shall sever its muscular cords and doom to entombment in a living sepulchre. How starts it forth into world of waters? Not, as unenlightened people believe, in the skin of a minute, bivalved, protected, grave, fixed, and steady oyster! No; it enters upon its career full life and motion, flitting about in the sea as gayly and lightly as a butterfly or a swallow flies through the air. Its first appearance is as a microscopic oyster chick with wing-like lobes flanking a mouth and shoulders, unencumbered with inferior crural prolongations. It passes through a joyous and various juvenility, skipping up and down as if in mockery of its bold and immovable parent. It voyages from oyster-bed to oyster-bed, and if in luck so as to escape the watchful voracity of the thousand enemies that lie in wait or prowl about to prey upon youth and innocence, at length, havingrown its body, settles down into a steely solid, domestic oyster. It becomes the parent of such broods of better-cherubs. As such it would live and die, leaving its shell, thick through old age, to serve as its monument throughout all time—a tributary toward the era-traction of a single geological epoch, a new layer of the earth's crust—were it not for the gluttony of man who rending this noble citizen of the sea from his native bed, car-

who, tending the tub, sat down in the rear of their respective beds, was  
but interesting to busy cities and the haunts of crowds. If a hands-  
some well-shaped and well-flavored oyster, he is introduced to the pa-  
tient of the rich and noble, like a wit, or a philosopher, or a poet, to  
addITIONAL relish to their repast; if a tall, sturdy thick bac-  
on-skirted individual, who conigrates him to the capacious tub of  
steaming hamoney, from whence doctored with coarse black pepper,  
purple vineger, and eaten partly after the fashion of an Egyp-  
tian king, he is transferred to the hungry stomach of a costermonger, or  
comes the natural result of a successful pickpocket.—Within

## Other Economic Planning in the West

Mrs. Hardinge proposed to lecture in St. Louis during the month of October next. Her Sabbath trips to that period are fully eng-

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January next. Her services up to the present are fully eng.  
but she would be happy to speak during the week day, at any  
one of the Columbiae where her services would be wanted.  
Hardinge's engagement in St. Louis terminates the first Sunday  
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