

SPIRIT WORLD.

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NO. 1.

NATURE.

HUMAN, SPIRITUAL, DIVINE.

[Original.]

REVIEW OF DR. GRIDLEY.

BY W. RIMMER.

Dear Friend,—Speaking of Mr. Davis, Dr. G. says, "From his lofty soarings he descends, and sometimes draws the most unwarrantable conclusions of any author I ever read." Mr. Davis's position is, that man is not evil, but that ignorance, superstition, and bigotry have heaped upon society those evils which others have attributed to man's nature. To this Dr. Gridley objects. This being one of Mr. Davis's "unwarrantable conclusions," Mr. Davis teaches that evil results in producing evil. To this he also objects in the following words: "But these are themselves the evils, and not the causes of them; they are the effects, and nothing more." And again, "Did these effects generate their own seed before they existed, and sow themselves? They must, if Mr. Davis's testimony is true." Now, admitting that these effects did not generate themselves—and this is a point about which there can be no dispute, and which we will not have disputed at any rate, nor for any purpose whatever—what does it prove? Let us see—and we will begin as Mr. Davis begins, with ignorance:

Knowledge is the mind's sense of the means, by which anything may be done—science, learning, information. Is knowledge virtue? Is it vice? Has it a moral quality? No! for it is simply an exercise of perception, intelligence, and memory, for the purpose of seeing, knowing, and remembering. It results in nothing until acted upon, more than in placing its possessor in a position to act, if he chooses so to do, in conformity with the laws necessary to bring about a required result. Then if no action, beneficial or injurious, follows unavoidably in consequence of its being possessed, it cannot have a moral quality, for it is without a legitimate moral consequence. It violates no man's right, and no man is benefitted by it, except as stated above. Then, if knowledge, in the abstract, cannot be called a virtue, a want of knowledge cannot be

called a vice. If knowledge is not virtue, being only "beneficial" as the necessary means to a necessary end, ignorance must be only the want of the necessary means to a necessary end. If knowledge results in enabling its possessor to bring about a requisite end, ignorance may result in a failure. Then, as knowledge is the result of experience and observation, before he can acquire it, he must, of necessity, suffer much—suffer while ignorant, while experimenting.

Now, as there was a time when the race was in a savage and ignorant state, and as there was no time when man did not require laws, morals, and social intercourse—food, medicine, and clothing—manufactures, commerce, and the arts; and as a knowledge of them could have been acquired only by experience, he must, at least, on an average, have tried twice before his knowledge became perfect, and have failed once. Therefore, when we consider the number of man's wants, and his ignorance of even the necessity of knowledge, we are compelled to say he has suffered much in consequence of his inability to act in conformity with the demands of his nature. As an inability to act is no sin, suffering in consequence of such inability cannot prove the sufferer vicious. As virtue is a quality independent of success, vice, as a quality or condition, cannot depend upon failures.

If so, then Mr. Davis may breathe again, with the comfort of knowing that although the spirit of the Anglo-American is no purer, no holier, no more the "heir of eternity," than is the spirit of the New Zealander; yet that he suffers less, in consequence of the knowledge he possesses—the hard-earned reward of many a trial, many a failure, and many a mistake; and that the evil now endured by many a race in which Dr. Gridley sees so much that proves man vicious, will eventually become the lesser evil, from which will flow blessings innumerable, the result of spiritual and material civilization—then he may repeat the world-consoling truth, that "Ignorance and its attendant evils are but the natural offspring of rudimental imperfection."

Next in the catalogue comes "superstition." As a man may be ignorant without being a devil, so (ignorance being the cause of superstition or error,) a man may

be superstitious without being evil, if by knowledge alone we can separate the true from the false. Error must be forever the companion of ignorance. If the true leads to happiness, the false must lead to misery. As society, before it becomes perfect, must be imperfect, its want of perfection in all things relating to the soul and God, must be its particular superstition. If so, the very wish a man has to do right, may lead him, if he is ignorant, into erroneous notions concerning the supposed cause of life, and his duty in relation to it. Since he has not the means of separating the true from the false, yet the false notion cannot be evil in the man, for the word "superstition," and the fact, mean error, mistake, and ignorance, and not fraud, deception, and villany. A man need not, cannot lie to himself to be mistaken, i. e. superstitious; the necessity of the case does not require it. If, then, the man is not evil in his motive or condition, he cannot be in its results. Some worship the sun, others crocodiles, others stones, and some few the devil; yet it is all worship.—Though the objects may not have been well chosen, either as to color or smell, yet they are all pure—for God and good is the object, although stones and devils may be deified. It may be the goddess Kali, or the god Jupiter, the thief Mercury, or the lascivious Mahomet, a monkey's tooth, or an onion; yet right is the aim, though wrong may follow; and as such is the intention, it is equally honorable to all, although the particular form of the superstition may have much to do with the happiness of the people. Then from superstitious practices and notions we can infer nothing more against the human soul, than that man, in his attempt to do right, may do wrong,—not that wrong, or evil, in ignorance, superstition, and bigotry, is a principle of nature, but that the road which nature sometimes takes to right, is wrong—that nature's good sometimes jostles nature's truth.

Are we, as a world of people, less ignorant, bigoted, and superstitious, than we were two thousand years ago? That we are, cannot be denied. Thus, evil and wrong cannot be fixed principles; but on the contrary, are mortal, and cannot live, while truth is immortal, and cannot die.

The meaning of the word bigotry is,

"an unwarrantable devotedness to some opinion, creed, or practice." The turning point here seems to be on the *devotedness* of a man to his opinions—for this includes all, as it precedes all. The degree of devotedness being the degree of evil.

Can a man, who *knows* that in relation to a certain subject, his opinion and course is right, adhere too firmly to either? Can truth find in any man too firm an advocate? Should a man give up that which he knows to be true, upon the mere assertion of some other man, that it is not so? Then a strict and firm adherence to what a man knows to be true, is not wrong. A rigid adherence is not wrong, and a man's devotedness to truth proves, if it proves anything—and society says it does—that such alone is virtue.

Now, as a man may think he is right—and have what he conceives to be proof that such is the case, and be mistaken—or be mistaken in his notion of what constitutes proof, or be mistaken in every particular, and still believe it his duty to support and defend what he believes, for right's sake—since the light he has is the best he can have—reasoning from within him and through him, upon the surrounding world—not from the world to him, it is evident that the rule which applied so well to the man who knew he was right, will apply equally well to the man who thinks he is right. The real difference between the two, being found in the mistaken man's ignorance, (which is no sin, you know,) or his want of mental power.

Then a man may adhere firmly, rigidly, obstinately, to wrong, or that which is not true, without being bad or vicious, so long as he believes that that to which he adheres is right.

Then the ignorant bigot is not an evil spirit. A mistaken zealot or enthusiast being the worst—the worst can call him. Ignorance and bigotry may defeat a man's intention; but if his intentions are good, the man is still the victor; and the philosophy of bigotry demands for it, as the first condition of its existence—*honesty*.

West Randolph, Mass., May 25, 1851.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Mr. Editor,—I copy some more of such passages as have especially influenced or pleased me. Segregated sentences of this sort may often, with many, have more effect than connected discourse.

Respectfully yours,

J. G. D.

"The significance of the world is Reason; for her sake is the world here; and when it is grown to be the arena of a child-like, expanding Reason, it will one day become the divine Image of her Activity, the scene of a genuine Church.—Till then let man honor Nature as the Emblem of his own Spirit; the Emblem ennobling itself, along with him, to unlimited degrees. Let him, therefore, who would arrive at a knowledge of Nature, train his moral sense, let him act and conceive in accordance with the noble Essence of his Soul; and as if of herself, Nature will become open to him. Moral action is that great and only Experiment in which all riddles of the most manifold

appearances explain themselves."—*Novalis*.

"Man consists in Truth. If he exposes truth, he exposes himself. If he betrays truth, he betrays himself. We speak not here of Lies, but of acting against conviction."—*Id.*

"The higher powers in us, which one day, as Genies, shall fulfil our will, are, for the present, Muses, which refresh us on our toilsome course with sweet remembrances."—*Id.*

"God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates ever. He in whom the love of repose predominates, will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets—most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity, and reputation; but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates, will keep himself aloof from all moorings and afloat. He will abstain from dogmatism, and recognize all the opposite negations, between which, as walls, his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and he respects the highest law of his being."—*Emerson*.

"The soul gives itself alone, original, and pure, to the Lonely, Original, and Pure, who, on that condition, gladly inhabits, leads, and speaks through it.—Then it is glad, young, and nimble. It is not wise, but it sees through all things. It is not called religious, but it is innocent. It calls the light its own, and feels that the grass grows, and the stone falls by a law inferior to, and dependent on its nature. Behold, it saith, I am born into the great, the universal mind. I the imperfect, adore my own Perfect. I am somehow receptive of the great soul, and thereby I do overlook the sun and the stars, and feel them to be but the fair accidents and effects which change and pass. More and more the surges of everlasting nature enter into me, and I become public and human in my regards and actions. So come I to live in thoughts, and act with energies which are immortal. Thus revering the soul, and learning, as the ancient said, that "its beauty is immense," man will come to see that the world is the perennial miracle which the soul worketh, and be less astonished at particular wonders; he will learn that there is no profane history; that all history is sacred; that the universe is represented in an atom, in a moment of time. He will weave no longer a spotted life of shreds and patches, but he will live with a divine unity. He will cease from what is base and frivolous in his own life, and be content with all places and any service he can render. He will calmly front the morrow in the negligency of that trust which carries God with it, and so hath already the whole future in the bottom of the heart."—*Id.*

"The old Secular or Practical World, so to speak, having gone up in fire, is not here the prophecy and dawn of a new Spiritual World, parent of far nobler, wider new Practical Worlds? A life of Antique devotedness, Antique veracity

and heroism, has again become possible; is again *seen* actual there for the most modern man. A phenomenon, as quiet as it is, comparable for greatness to no other."—*Carlyle*.

"On the whole, wondrous higher developments of much, of Morality among the rest, are visible in the course of the world's doings, at this day. A plausible prediction were that the Ascetic System is not to regain its exclusive dominancy. Ever, indeed, must self-denial, *Annihilation of Self*, be the beginning of all moral action? meanwhile, he that looks well, may discern filaments of a nobler system, wherein this lies included as one harmonious element."—*Id.*

"The hope of the ungodly is like dust that is blown away with the wind; like a thin froth that is driven away with the storm; like as the smoke which is dispersed here and there with a tempest, and passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but a day."—*Wisdom of Solomon*.

"When unrighteous men thought to oppress the holy nation; they being shut up in their houses, the prisoners of darkness, and fettered with the bands of a long night, lay there exiled from the eternal providence. For while they supposed to lie hid in their secret sins, they were scattered under a dark veil of forgetfulness, being horribly astonished, and troubled with strange apparitions. For neither might the corner that held them keep them from fear; but noises as of waters falling down sounded about them, and sad visions appeared unto them with heavy countenances."—*Id.*

"If the mind, which rules the body, ever forgets itself so far as to trample upon its slave, the slave is never generous enough to forgive the injury; but will rise and smite its oppressor. Thus has many a monarch mind been dethroned."—*Longfellow*.

VIRTUE AND TRUTH.

"Ye vainly dream, obscurers of the earth,
That all is tending downward to its fall;
Vain are your scoffs on manhood, and man's worth,
And that great tendency which governs all.

In vain with fading and offensive flowers,
Ye hide the chains of mental tyranny;
The unhealthy spirit, lured to treacherous bowers,
May joy in its free-chosen slavery;

Call what is incomplete, degenerate;
God's children, bastards; and its curses throw
At all who bend not at its temple-gate,
Nor to night's image kneel in worship low.

We see in the unfinished, tottering, frail,
A slowly, surely, sweetly working leaven,
And in the childish dreams of life's low vale,
The faint, but lovely, shadowings-forth of heaven."

Kinker—Dutch Poet.

"Heaven may awhile correct the virtuous;
Yet it will wipe their eyes again, and make
Their faces whiter with their tears. Innocence
Concealed is the *Stol'n Pleasure of the gods*,
Which never ends in shame as that of man
Doth oft times do; but like the Sun breaks forth,

When it hath gratified another world;
And to our unexpecting eyes appears
More glorious thro' its late obscurity."

John Fountain—Old English Poet.

EDITORIAL.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1851.

THE FUTURE.

This number commences the third volume of the Spirit World. The voices of the external and the internal have united in saying "it must and will be sustained." The work upon which it has entered is eternal! It comprehends all that is meant by individual, social, universal HARMONY. Why, then, should its weekly messages of love and good will to man, cease? Are not thousands and tens of thousands now earnestly thirsting for the waters of life? Do they not hunger for that bread that does not perish? And how many thousands, nay, myriads more, having "spent their substance in riotous living," are now famishing for that truth which they, perchance, may find in these columns?

And multitudes more, "an innumerable company, which no man can number," who have vainly sought for satisfaction in the husks of *sectarian* zeal. Like one of old, "being exceedingly mad against" all who differed from themselves, they have "persecuted others even to strange cities," and caused them to be proscribed, slandered, imprisoned, and put to torture and to death. See, how they come! They long for the truth. They hope for future good. They are dissatisfied with the past and the present. Is there nothing better for them? Must this vast multitude be forever augmenting their discordant notes of antagonizing interests? "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together, until now. And not only they, but ourselves, also, who have the first fruit of the spirit, even we ourselves groan, waiting for the redemption of our body;" waiting for those divine manifestations in us, which shall carry us out of the present discords peculiar to our external state or bodies.

Yes, and that better day, that "good time" has indeed come to many who were once tied with sectarian cords. They have outgrown their exclusive notions of Nature, and of its Divine Spirit, as really as they have outgrown the garments of their childhood. They now begin to see that there is more than one sense in which mortals may be said to be infants, and how true it is that "a child may die, an hundred years old."

And then, to the above add the still greater multitudes who have, till now, been denounced by sectarians, as "sinners," "skeptics," and "infidels," without the "covenanted mercies of God;" a class of people who have always formed the vast ma-

jority of the human family, and whose numbers have increased with the increase of the race. All the labors of popes, bishops, priests, ministers, and deacons, and all the "revivals," and Bibles, and tracts; and all the conferences, conventions, camp meetings, prayer meetings, and the like, and all the prayer, and the faith of the whole sectarian world, for the last six thousand years, have never yet been able to put the least perceptible check upon the increase of this class of the human family. The presumption would therefore seem to be, that the race, as such, must sustain some peculiar relation to the DIVINE FATHER, which has not, as yet, been sufficiently recognized in the sectarian creeds. Think, here, for one moment! And then say if a WANT so generally felt, more or less by all, shall not be in some way provided for? If we make a distinction between Religion or the Divine Element in man, and what has passed under the name of Christianity, then it is easy to see the truth of the confession made by a distinguished clergyman, a few years since, when he said that "Christianity had, thus far, proved a failure." But why should we dispute about mere words? The race is yet undeveloped, not progressed very far. It is external, skeptical. The spiritual senses are not yet perfected. It is more theoretical than philosophical; more intellectual than spiritual; more sectarian than liberal. Is there not, in many respects, more slavery than freedom, more belief in evil than Infinite Goodness; and more respect shown for position and wealth than for reason or superior wisdom? Is it not so?

And now, because the race had to be born in order to *be*, and, being *born*, we had to be infants before we could become men, does it follow that when one finds himself approaching MANHOOD, that he should not "put away childish things?" Shall we progress in time, and not in space? Shall we advance in science and stand still in philosophy? Shall we improve in all things except in those faculties that bring us near to the divine? And why, then, (except so far as we are children,) should we be confined to the teachings of one man, or one book? And why, (except in so far as we have not yet advanced from a state of infancy,) should it be necessary for us to argue such questions as these at all?

True, Nature has her alternations, but she does not go backward. We have day and night, cold and heat, sleeping and waking, summer and winter, life and death, infancy and manhood. But these alternations make the *progressions* of Nature. The vibrations of the pendulum cause the revolutions in the wheels of a clock, by which

its hands are carried round the dial, and mark the progress of time.

As near, therefore, as we advance to that state where we become conscious of MANHOOD, we shall enlarge the sphere of our observations. We shall not merely be men in physical stature, but our spiritual nature will demand that range of activity corresponding with its powers, precisely the same as the external body must have air and exercise for its health and symmetrical development.

And now, *lovers of harmony, friends of universal Goodness, Justice, and Truth*, in the heavens above and the earth beneath, this paper belongs to you, and will be just what you please to make it. Though the whole amount necessary for its support has not, as yet, been pledged to me, I am, nevertheless, assured by *Hope*, that its subscription list will soon be doubled, and increased in corresponding ratio with the wants of the cause to which its columns are devoted. I have too much encouragement to think of abandoning this paper for the present. Consecrated as it is, to the most important development that ever attracted the attention of men, it can but continue its weekly visits, bringing messages of love to all. It is an enemy to no one. Having no individual or exclusive purposes to serve, how can it be unfriendly to any other paper or being in the universe of God?

"PRETENDING."—On the 17th ult. the New Hampshire Legislature (the House) adopted a resolution requesting "that the Committee on the Judiciary inquire into the expediency of making provision by law for protecting the people of the State against imposition and injury by persons *pretending* to hold intercourse with departed spirits, and report by bill or otherwise."

There is, undoubtedly, very much which must be set down as *mere pretension*, in regard to *spiritual* matters, in the Granite State. And when that Committee assemble for deliberating on the subject referred to them, let us hope that they may not overlook any class of *pretenders*. There are those who *pretend* to be "filled" with a holy spirit, and who *pretend* to be converted by the Spirit of God; those who pretend to be "moved by the Holy Spirit," and those who *pretend* to love the spirit of liberty, but do not. If need be, let laws be passed "for protecting the people of New Hampshire against injury" from each and all of these and the like *pretensions*.

PLEDGES.—All who remit to us the amount of pledges, should be careful to state whether they have received the first number of this volume, or not.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.—Within the last six weeks these manifestations have very much increased all over the country. Media have been multiplied in various localities, through whom the sounds or concussions are made by spirits; but we do not learn that any considerable advances have yet been made in the reliability of communications, except for the purposes so frequently stated in preceding numbers of this paper.

We think we know, to some extent, how many feel in view of the *character* of certain manifestations, and we can but hope that the columns of this paper will yet afford such some assistance in arriving at correct views on this subject. Let us "judge nothing before the time." If the communications made to mortals, thus far, may have come from one section, so to speak, of the spiritual world, we are not yet prepared to judge of that world as a whole. Let us be patient, assured that all will come right in due time.

POSTAGE!—The postage on this paper is free to all our subscribers in Boston, South and East Boston, and Chelsea. And for any distance not exceeding fifty miles, 5 cents a quarter; over 50 and not exceeding 300 miles, 10 cents a quarter; over 300 and not exceeding 1000 miles, 15 cents a quarter; over 1000 and not exceeding 2000 miles, 20 cents a quarter; over 2000 and not exceeding 4000, 30 cents a quarter.—These quarterly rates must be paid in advance.

FORMER SUBSCRIBERS.—We send this number to our former subscribers, that they may know of our determination to go on with the paper. If they wish it sent to them, they are earnestly desired to lose no time in forwarding the pay, with their names and Post Office address; and when you do so, please to say if you *have received the first number or not*. This paper is sent only to those who pay in advance. See terms on the last page. Can't you raise a club?

MT. VERNON, N. H.—By invitation, the editor gave two lectures in this place, the 21st and 22d ult., on the *Spiritual World*. They were attended by candid audiences, and sensible demonstrations were made by the spirits, so that the sounds were heard all over the hall. It is hoped that the friends of Harmony in that beautiful village will be increased a thousand fold.

"THE SHEKINAH."—It affords us pleasure in having an opportunity of speaking a good word for Mr. Brittan, and C. S. Middlebrook & Co., whose Prospectus will be

found in our present number. Of course we can but wish success to all efforts like those contemplated in the publication of the "Shekinah." The name is an old one, to be sure, but should the work succeed, we doubt not it will contain ideas that are new.

CORRESPONDENCE.—We hope to make this paper unusually attractive, on account of the largeness of the number of its correspondents. It will certainly be much more interesting to read the views of a large number of people from different localities throughout the country, than it would be confined to the writings of one, or a very few persons only.

THE SHEKINAH.—The proprietors are about to issue, under this general title, a Quarterly Magazine, devoted to an exposition of the laws of Spiritual Nature. It will be the object of this work to explain the philosophy of vital and mental phenomena, to present an analysis and classification of the various psychical conditions and manifestations now attracting public attention, and to elevate the human mind to a more spiritual plain. The publishers will aim to furnish a standard work on Spiritual Science—a book which may properly claim a permanent place in the library, and which, in the beauty of its execution and the quickening influence of its spirits, may, in this respect, realize the demands of the age.

The editorial labor of the Quarterly will be performed by Prof. Brittan, who is already extensively known as a lecturer on Spiritual Science, and who will be remembered by the friends of the New Philosophy, as the original and principal editor of the *Universe*, which gained an enviable reputation for its literary and philosophical character, as well as for its pure and catholic spirit.

The pages of the *Shekinah* will be filled with the choicest articles from the ablest writers on the themes of which it treats, and each number will contain not less than one hundred pages of original matter, printed on the finest paper. The first number will be adorned with an elegant symbolic title, engraved on steel by one of the first artists.

Those who desire the work will please send in their names; the subscription price need not be forwarded until the work is issued.

Terms, \$2—payable on receipt of the first number. Address the Editor—S. B. Brittan—or,

C. S. MIDDLEBROOK & Co.
Bridgeport, Conn.

Wickedness, condemned by her own witness, is very timorous, and being pressed with conscience, always forecasteth grievous things. For fear is nothing else but a betrayal of the succors which reason offereth.

He who follows in the footsteps of another will always remain behind.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Lamar, Ill., May 16, 1851.

Mr. Sanderland,—I write to let you know that I will contribute my mite to sustain the *Spirit World*.

I am naturally skeptical. I was "reared" under the old Calvinistic creed, and launched off my boat, with their colors up and flying; but time proved that it failed to satisfy me, and I became severed from all creeds, and for the last fourteen or fifteen years I have stood isolated and alone, and yet not alone.

I have seen many old things passing away; and now the great wonder with me is, how they ever became established in the minds of men. And in the general passing away of old things, is the terror of the great "King of Terrors," Death. Blessed be the God of progress. I think unbelief is growing weak, in this vicinity, respecting spiritual manifestations. The opposers are mute on the subject; and some read, and others enquire. Spirit visitations have come near us, and we have promise of more soon.

Yours, in Friendship,
JOHN H. MUDGE.

Nantucket, May 23, 1851.

Dear Sir,—Shall I presume too much, or too far intrude on your valuable time, should I solicit your attention to a few lines from this ocean Isle, which you once visited? The circumstances attending that visit are still vivid in our memory; and, though several years have passed since that period, yet your counsel and kind sympathies for the afflicted, and the knowledge you imparted to all, except those whose bigotry could not receive it, are not forgotten, but live in the grateful remembrance of those who love you.

The spiritual phenomena which have astonished so many thousands in our Union, are now rapidly spreading on our Island! When your sister, Mrs. Crowell, returned from her visit to your house, early in the spring, she called on me (as she was an intimate friend of mine,) and told me all she had seen in your family, and lent me some numbers of the *Spirit World* which told of wonderful things which had occurred in various places. We doubted not the truth of those statements about the unseen spheres.

About three weeks ago, a married lady who lives in the house with me, noticed when she put her hands on the table, some very low, but distinct raps came under her hands. We moved out the table, and I asked for communications from spirits by the alphabet. We got responses, and the glad news spread.—Three other mediums were soon found, and such communications have been obtained as have astonished the most learned among us, both young and old. The work is progressing. The spirits tell us a new era has begun to dawn on our world. We rejoice to hear it, and will you not, our beloved and valued friend, congratulate us, and communicate to the public, the rapid spread in our ancient town, of this wonderful phenomena? My table has moved several feet, with a man upon it! It moves for the calling of the alphabet, and raps for the negative.

Mrs. Crowell can inform you who is the writer of this, and call to your mind places and persons that you may have forgotten. Yours, with respect,

PHILE ANDREWS.

Bethany, Pa., May 30, 1851.

LaRoy Sunderland,—Dear Friend:—On the 21st of April last, in writing to me, you concluded your letter with the following words: "You may rest assured that it will not be long before you shall have responses from your own guardian spirits, and witness, for yourself, what you read about in the paper."

I now have the pleasure of informing you that your prediction has been fully verified. About three weeks ago, Miss N. Elizabeth Weyant, of Binghamton, N. Y., aged sixteen years, with a brother, aged eleven years, both mediums, came into our county, on a visit. I persuaded the young lady, with some of her friends, to come and stay at my house about a week, that I might, with a number of my friends, have a fair opportunity to test the truth or falsity of these things. My friends, my family, and myself, have seen, heard, and investigated. We are convinced; we ask for no more evidence.

The spirit purporting to be my mother, who left this form thirty-two years ago, answered, without mistake or ambiguity, every test question that I could ask; and I know that no person present knew the correct answers to the questions, which were all asked mentally. My own family could not answer correctly one half of the test questions; and no one of them was present when they were asked.

While the medium stayed with us, our house was thronged. Merchants, lawyers, clergymen, and shrewd, intelligent men and women, on witnessing the manifestations, have confessed them a reality. The medium is remarkable for truthfulness and intelligence, and the responses were prompt, affecting, and truthful.—Had your paper been extensively read, the people would better understand the phenomena attendant upon the communications received. I shall be able to send you a good list of subscribers for the next volume.

The medium is now in Prompton, four miles from this place. She wishes to return home, but so anxious are the people to examine for themselves the truth of what rumor has spread abroad, that she cannot get away. There is much excitement and much opposition, superstition, and ignorance to contend against, but believers are increasing on every hand.

I know, a little, how to sympathize with you, brother Sunderland, for I have been more shamefully abused within a few weeks past, than I ever was before in my life. But let them go ahead—I know that I am right. Permit me, in conclusion, to make an extract from "The Homestead Democrat," of the 21st inst., which is published within three miles of this place. The editor, F. B. Penniman, is a candid and intelligent man, and he replies to a communication wherein the manifestations at my house and elsewhere, are ascribed to Satanic agency, in the following words: "Never having witnessed any of the spiritual manifestations,

we have formed no definite opinion in respect to them; but we are acquainted with gentlemen in this immediate vicinity, who fully believe that they are produced by the spirits of deceased human beings. These gentlemen are as intelligent, as clear-sighted, as quick to detect imposition and jugglery, and as free from fanaticism, or even enthusiasm, as any individual with whom we are acquainted.—They affirm they have held intercourse, by means of these 'rappings,' with the spirits of departed friends, and that the evidence upon which these affirmations rest is so clear and conclusive, as to admit of not the slightest doubt. Of a truth, these are marvellous statements; but they are made by men in whose judgment we, and all the inhabitants of this county, have been accustomed, for a long course of years, to place undoubted reliance.—Have these men gone mad? or are the things they affirm really so?"

I wish to say to my friend Penniman that we are not mad, but speak the words of truth and soberness, and that the things we affirm are really so.

Truly, your friend,

P. G. GOODRICH.

Southwick, Mass., June 2, 1851.

Mr. Sunderland,—Sir: As the second volume of the Spirit World is nearly completed, I wish to say that I hope you will continue the paper. There are some in this place who believe in the spirituality of the manifestations; and if we had a medium here, the number would no doubt be greatly increased. But we have no medium, and nothing is doing except what I can do by argument, from the facts that I have witnessed. I value your paper highly. I wish to take two or three papers besides the Spirit World, from different parts of the country, devoted, in part or wholly, to the same subject. A notice in your paper of a few of the most valuable, for this purpose, and where located, would be very acceptable. I want no sectarianism. I want facts, the naked facts; not a few, merely, that seem to support one sect, and the rest keep out of sight; but let me have the whole truth. Theories do me no good.

I see by Mr. Fernald's last articles that he has probably got bewildered. Your editorials, and the facts contained in your paper, are, to me, nine-tenths of its value. More space devoted to facts, would increase the value to me. Other tastes, however, are to be consulted besides mine. I feel deeply interested in the subject of these communications generally. I wish to see them increasing, both in extent and clearness. I wonder at the opposition to them that I witness. The communications from the spiritual world that I have witnessed at your house in Boston, and at Springfield, have been a source of consolation to me, valuable beyond all price. The facts and circumstances about them were such that I could not have been deceived. I know, as certainly as I can know anything, that there was no deception practiced by the medium; and I do not see how there could be clearer proof of the identity of my children, than the tests that I used. I came with sincerity. I earnestly desired

to communicate with my children. They responded to me correctly about things that no human being besides them and myself knew anything. Let Burr snap his toe-joints, if he pleases; he knows that the sounds are not made by the snapping of joints. The question of our immortality I consider as settled. There is a spiritual world that awaits us. One other truth I consider as also proved by the manifestations, to a very great degree of probability, which is this: The character we form in this world we shall take along with us when we pass into the next. Yours, very respectfully,

AMASA HOLCOMB.

The writer of the above is a venerable and approved minister in the Methodist Episcopal church.—Ed.

New Fan, N. Y., June 2, 1851.

My Dear Sir,—I have known you from the first number of Zion's Watchman, which I took. I have been your steadfast friend through all the changes that have been going on in this world of change. I took your Magnet, and many a time have I wondered what had become of the man who dared to show Israel their sins, and exhort them to repentance? I have not been without my fears as, from time to time, I have almost lost sight of him; for I knew my God and Savior before him, and could not forsake him, although a father, mother, and brothers beloved should forsake him.

I am in the dark as to your views. I hope for the best, still, and shall be disappointed, after all, if you are led to adopt sentiments that shall have any tendency to strengthen the flood of unbelief there is in the world. My view on the subject of your present labors, is, that invisible agents do really make signs, by rappings and otherwise; but whether lying spirits or not, I cannot say. If good spirits, I think they are not perfect in knowledge. I have read but very little on the subject, and am not prepared to give a very intelligent opinion.

Yours, still in Love,

JOHN JOHNSTON.

Woodsonville, Ky., June 5, 1851.

Friend Sunderland,—Dear Sir: I have been an attentive reader of your paper ever since I received the first number of the Spiritual Philosopher. I do not think there has been a sentence in either number of the two volumes that has escaped my attention. I can assure you that I feel a deep interest in its publication, and hope it may be to your present and eternal interest to continue its publication.

I cannot, sir, express to you the satisfaction I have experienced in its perusal. I await its arrival with impatience, and devour its contents with eagerness when it comes. I am a long ways from any of the spiritual mediums, and have never witnessed any of the wonderful and consoling manifestations that have been made in so many different places by the residents of the spirit world to the inhabitants of this mundane sphere. I have given the subject (as far as I am capable of doing without having witnessed the

phenomena,) an impartial investigation, and the result is, I am a firm believer. Indeed, I think if human testimony is worth anything, we have enough of the most unimpeachable character, to establish the fact in the minds of all honest enquirers after truth, that there are audible intelligent communications between the two spheres. But I must say, in all candor, that if it had not been for the writings of A. J. Davis, I, in all probability, should not have been led to investigate the subject as I have done; and I therefore feel grateful to him as the means of directing me in the way of truth. And although I do not regard him as an oracle, nor receive everything that Swedenborg has written, as truthful and divine, yet, I believe they have revealed more truth than all others that have ever written upon similar subjects.

I feel anxious that every one should know the truth; and as one solicitous for the continued publication of the Spirit World, and the dissemination of the glorious truths which I believe it teaches, I send you the following names, all of this place, for the next volume of the Spirit World. Yours, truly,

THOMAS MAYFIELD.

Lyons, N. Y., June 4, 1851.

Dear Sir,—I was taken by surprise at the announcement, in your last issue, of the close of the volume so soon. I was sorry. The paper from which I have derived much instruction and information, must not stop.

The spirits have lately given material evidence of their presence here. A young man, member of an engineering party, while standing under a green tree, had quite a number of sticks dropped from above, about him, in such a manner as to forcibly excite his attention, and convince him (although it was new to him,) that it was done by some agencies other than the ordinary chances of the woods. A night or two after, the door of his room, which was unmistakably locked on his retiring, was unaccountably unfastened and open when he awoke in the morning. This young man is quite the reverse of a "medium," in mind and body. He lost a brother, a few weeks before these occurrences, and probably it was he who thus, by the best means he had, endeavored to attract his attention, and assure him of the substantiality and reality of the new life.

With best wishes, I remain, respectfully,
Jos. G. DALTON.

Yatesville, N. Y., June 4, 1851.

Mr. Sunderland,—I have witnessed the manifestations of those spirits which purported to be good; and I have heard and witnessed those of an entirely opposite character. In one instance, at a place where they were conversing with the spirit of a departed mother of the family, (a pious and devoted woman at her death,) when a different noise was heard than usual on such occasions. We asked if it was a spirit. *Ans.*—Yes. We called several names, but all answered, No. Then we desired it to spell out its name, which it did; and, to our astonishment, it was a

name which we had never expected could be permitted to return to earth, for he died a very miserable, degraded death.—He interrupted us so much that the others left. He was a relative of the family where we were. He said he came to torment us. We asked him of some whom we had good reason to suppose were happy? He would say they were not. He often contradicted himself in his conversation. We laid the Bible on the table. That made him angry. He shook the leaves, and even moved the table, when no visible agency was near it. He desired us to burn the Bible. Thus you can see that he acted the part of the *Evil One*—and a vast contrast exists from those which purport to be good spirits. Therefore we cannot doubt for a moment but that both good and evil spirits come in their true character, without any desire to delude or deceive.

CHAS. W. HOBART.

Milwaukee, Wis., June 11, 1851.

My Dear Sir,—I wish you to consider me pledged for six copies of the "Spirit World," third volume. We have read the first and second volumes, and have been profited; and the good that it has done can only be appreciated when we all meet in the "second sphere." The doctrines of the "Harmonial Philosophy" are taking deep root in the moral soil of Wisconsin, and ere long must manifest itself by its beneficial fruits.

Truly yours,

JAMES P. GREEN, M. D.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SCIENCE, EDUCATION, HEALTH.

THE CHILD COMMODORE.

After a long continental ramble, I was glad to have the prospect of getting home again; but an embargo was laid upon me at Boulogne. It blew great guns from the opposite side of the Channel. The genius of Albion was not just then in the mood for receiving visits, or welcoming the return of absentees; and so the steam-packet lay fretting in the harbour, and rubbing her sides peevishly against the pier; while her intending passengers were distributed among the hotels and boarding-houses, venting their discontent on the good things of the table *d'hôte*, and mounting every now and then to the garret to throw a scowling look to windward.

For my part I had been tossed about the world too long, and bumped too hard against its rocks and snags, to think much of a little compulsory tranquility. On the second day I rather liked it. It was amusing to watch the characters of my companions stealing out from beneath the veil of conventionalism; and it was better than amusing to become actually acquainted with one or two of them, as if we were indeed men and women, and not the mere automata of society. Taking them in the mass, however, a good deal of the distinction observable among them depended on the mere circumstance of age. We old gentlemen sat coolly

sipping our wine after dinner, rarely alluded in conversation to our present dilemma; while the green hands, after a whirl round the billiard-table, drank their glasses of brandy and water with vehemence, and passed a unanimous vote of censure on the captain for his breach of faith and unsailor-like timidity.

"This is pleasant!" said I, smiling at one of these outbreaks, which occurred late at night, "one always meets something out of the way in travelling."

"I never do," replied the gentleman I had addressed; "I find the human character every-where the same. You may witness the same kind of absurdity among raw lads like these every day at home; and it is only your own imagination that flings upon it here a different colour. I wish I could see something strange."

"Perhaps, my dear sir," said I, blandly, "you never look! For my part I never fail to meet with something strange, if I have only the opportunity of examining. Come, let us go out into the street, and I shall undertake to prove it. Let us peep under the first veil or the first slouched hat we meet, and I pledge myself that, on due inquiry, we shall light upon a tale as odd or as wild as fancy ever framed. A bottle of wine upon it?"

"Done!"

"Done, then; but hold what's that?"

"Le paquebot va partir a minuit!"

"Hurrah!" cried the young men. "The storm is not down a single breath, and it is pitch dark! The captain's a trump after all."

Then there were hurrying steps, and slamming doors, and flitting lights through the whole house; then hasty reckonings, and jingling coins, and bows, and shrugs, and fights with the sleeves of greatcoats; and, finally, stiff moving figures mummified in broadcloth; and grim faces, half-visible between the cravat and cap; and slender forms, bonneted, yet shapeless, clinging to stout arms, as we all floated out into the night.

"The diet is deserted," said my friend, "pro loco et tempore."

"Only the venue changed to shipboard," gasped I against the wind. "Remember the first man, woman, or child that attracts our attention on deck." And so we parted, losing one another, and ourselves lost in the unsteady crowd.

The vessel had cleared the harbour before I met with my friend in the darkness and confusion of the midnight deck; and when we were thrown together, it was with such emphasis that we both came down. We fell, however, upon a bundle of something comparatively soft—something that stirred and winced at the contact—something that gave a low cry in three several cadences, as if it had three voices. It gave us, in fact, some confused idea of a mass of heads, legs, arms, and other appurtenances of the human body, but the whole was shrouded in a sort of woolly covering, the nature of which the darkness of the night and the rolling of the ship rendered it impossible to ascertain. I thought to myself for a moment that this was just the thing for my boasted demonstration; but no philos-

ophy could keep the deck under such circumstances; and when my friend and I had gathered ourselves up, we made the best of our way—and it was no easy task—to the cabin, and crept into our berths. As I lay there in comparative coziness, my thoughts reverted to that bundle of life, composed, in all probability, of deck passengers, exposed to the cold night-wind and the drenching spray; but I soon fell asleep, my sympathy merging as my faculties became more dim in a grateful sense of personal comfort.

As the morning advanced, the wind moderated, testifying to the weather-wisdom of our captain; and my friend and I getting up betimes, met once more upon the deck. The bundle of life was still there, just without the sacred line which deck and steerage passengers must not cross; and we saw that it was composed of human figures, huddled together without distinction, under coarse and tattered cloaks.

"These persons," said I, dictatorially, pointing to them with my cane, "have a story, and a strange one; and by and by we shall get at it."

"The common story of the poor," replied my friend; "a story of hardship, perhaps of hunger; but why don't they wake up?"

This question seemed to have occurred to some of the other passengers, and all looked with a sort of languid curiosity, as they passed, at the breathing bundle of rags. After a time, some motion was observed beneath the tattered cloaks, and at length a head emerged from their folds; a head that might have been either a woman's or a little girl's so old it was in expression, and so young in size and softness. It was a little girl's, as was proved by the shoulders that followed—thin, slight, childish; but so intelligent was the look she cast around, so full of care and anxiety, that she seemed to have the burden of a whole family on her back. After ascertaining by that look, as it seemed, what her present position was, and bestowing a slight, sweeping glance upon the bystanders, the ship, and the gloomy sky, she withdrew her thoughts from these extraneous matters, and with a gentle hand, and some whispered words, extracted from his bed of rags, a small, pale, little boy. The boy woke up in a sort of fright, but the moment his eyes rested on his sister's face—for she was his sister, that was clear—he was calm and satisfied. No smiles were exchanged, such as might have befitted their age; no remark on the novel circumstances of their situation. The boy looked at nothing but the girl; and the girl smoothed his hair with her fingers, arranged his threadbare dress, and breathing on his hands, polished them with her sleeve. This girl, though bearing the marks of premature age, could not in reality have been more than eleven, and the boy was four years younger.

A larger figure was still invisible, except in the indefinite outline of the cloak, and my friend and I indulged in some whispered speculations as to what it might turn out.

"The elder sister, doubtless," said he, with one of his cold smiles; "a pretty

and disconsolate young woman, the heroine of your intended romance, and the winner of my bottle of wine!"

"Have patience," said I, "have patience;" but I had not much myself. I wished the young woman would awake, and I earnestly hoped—I confess the fact—that she might prove to be as pretty as I was sure she was disconsolate. You may suppose, therefore, that it was with some anxiety I at length saw the cloak stir, and with some surprise I beheld emerge from it one of the most ordinary and commonplace of all the daughters of Eve. She was obviously the mother of the two children, but although endowed with all her natural faculties, quite as helpless and dependent as the little boy. She held out her hand to the little girl, who kissed it affectionately in the dutiful morning fashion of Fatherland; and then dropping with that action the manner of the child, resumed, as if from habit, the authority and duties of the parent. She arranged her mother's hair and dress as she had done those of her brother, dictated to her the place and posture in which she was to sit, and passed a full half hour—I cannot now tell how—in quiet but incessant activity.

Time passed on; the other passengers had all breakfasted; but no one had seen the solitary family eat. Two or three of us remarked the circumstance to each other, and suggested the propriety of our doing something. But what to do was the question, for although poor, they were obviously not beggars. I at length ventured to offer a biscuit to the little boy. He looked at it, and then at his sister, but did not stir. The proceeding, apparently, was contrary to their notions of etiquette; and I presented the biscuit to the mother "for her little son." She took it mechanically—indifferently—as if it was a thing she had no concern in, and handed it to the girl. The little girl bowed gravely, muttered some words in German, apparently of thanks, and dividing the biscuit among them, in three unequal portions, of which she kept the smallest to herself, they all began to eat with some eagerness.

"Hunger!" said my friend—"I told you; nothing else."

"We shall see;" but I could not think of my theory just then. The family, it appeared, were starving; they had undertaken the little voyage without preparation of any kind in food, extra clothing, or money; and, under such circumstances, they sat calmly, quietly, without uttering a single complaint. In a few minutes a more substantial breakfast was before them; and it was amusing to see the coolness with which the little girl comradely accepted the providential windfall, as if it had been something she expected, although ignorant of the quarter whence it should come, and the business-like gravity with which she proceeded to arrange it on their joint laps, and distribute the shares. Nothing escaped her; her sharp look was on every detail; if a fold of her mother's cloak was out of order, she stopped her till she had set it right; and when her brother coughed as he swallowed some tea, she raised his face, and patted him on the back. I ad-

mired that little creature with her wan face, and quick eyes, and thin fragile shoulders; but she had no attention to bestow on any one but the family committed to her charge.

"This is comical," said my friend; "I wonder what they are. But they have done breakfast; see how carefully the little girl puts away the fragments! Let us now ask them for what you call their 'story,' and get them to relate the romantic circumstances which have induced them to emigrate to London, to join some of their relatives in the business of selling matches or grinding organs!"

We first tried the mother, but she, in addition to being of a singularly taciturn, indifferent disposition, spoke nothing but German. The little boy answered only with a negative or affirmative. The commodore of the party, however, knew some words of French, and some of English, and we were able to understand what she told us with no more difficulty than arose from the oddity of the circumstances. The following is the dialogue that took place between us, with her polyglot part translated into common English.

"Where are you from, my little lass?"

"Is it me, sir? Oh, I am from New York."

"From New York! What were you doing there?"

"Keeping my father's room, sir; he is a journeyman."

"And what brings you to Europe?"

"My father sent me to bring over mother."

"Sent you?"

"Yes, sir; and because my brother could not be left in the room all day when my father was out at work, I took him with me."

"What! and you two little children crossed the ocean to fetch your mother?"

"Oh, that is nothing; the ship brought us—we did not come. It was worse when we landed in London; for there were so many people there, and so many houses, it was just as if we had to find our way, without a ship, through the waves of the sea."

"And what were you to do in London?"

"I was to go to a countryman of ours, who would find me a passage to France. But nobody we met in the street knew him, and nobody could understand what place it was I asked for; and if we had not met a little German boy with an organ, I do not know what we should have done. But somebody always come in time—God sends him. Father told us that?"

"And the little German boy took you to your countryman?"

"Yes, and more than that! He bought some bread with a penny as we went along, and we all sat down on a step and ate it."

Here my friend suddenly used his handkerchief, and coughed vigorously; but the young girl went on without minding the interruption.

"Our countryman gave us a whole handful of copper money, and a paper to the captain of the ship. It was late before we got there, and we were so tired

that I could hardly get my brother along. But the captain was so good as to let us sleep on the deck."

"Your mother was in Germany. How did you get to her?"

"Oh, we walked—but not always. Sometimes we got a cast in a wagon; and when we were very hungry, and would not lay out our money, we were always sure to get something given us to eat."

"Then you had money?"

"On, yes, to be sure!" and the little girl gave a cunning twinkle of her eye. "We could not get mother away, you know, without money—could we, mother?" patting her on the back like one fondling a child.

Such was the story of the little commodore—a story which was listened to not only by my friend and myself, but by at least a score of other persons, some of whom will, no doubt, be pleased to see it here reproduced. A collection was made for the travellers, whose boasted funds had been exhausted at Boulogne; but what became of them afterwards I never knew. When we reached London, I saw them walk up the landing-place—wholly unencumbered with baggage, poor things—the mother and the little boy clinging on either side to the commodore; and so, like the shadowy figures in the "Pilgrim's Progress," "they passed on their way, and I saw them no more."

For my own part, my theory had gone much further than I had thought of carrying it. My friend himself was not more surprised than I by the story of the little girl; and like the Witch of Endor, when her pretended incantations were answered by the actual apparition of the prophet, I was stupified by my own success.—*Chambers Journal*.

[From the Spirit Messenger.]

INTERVIEW WITH THE SPIRITS.

As has been announced in the public journals, Mrs. Ann L. Fish, one of the best known mediums for spiritual manifestations, has recently paid a visit to Cleveland, Ohio, where the subject of the mysterious sounds is being investigated by several of the most intellectual persons in that city. The editor of the Plain Dealer gives the following account of an interview with the invisible agents, at which information was received relating to the principles of spiritual philosophy. He says:

After sitting awhile, and hearing a great variety of rapping sounds, there was a loud knocker appeared, which was simultaneously recognized by several who had heard it before, as the signal of Ben. Franklin. He was a long time questioned concerning spiritual matters, sometimes answering by raps, sometimes using the alphabet. It was in substance as follows:

Spirit is the great positive of all existence, and matter the great negative.—There is an elemental difference between matter and spirit. Electricity and magnetism are always connected with matter, and belong to it. The dividing link between matter and mind is between magnetism and vitality.*

*See editorial, "Identity of Spirits," next week.

There are different degrees of refinement in the electrical and magnetic media. Chemical affinities are electrical and magnetic. Cohesion and gravitation also depend on similar principles.

The time has not yet come when the true philosophy may be explained, but will soon. Investigation and experience will hasten it on.

Repulsion in nature is caused by stronger attraction. The ascension of a balloon from the earth is a fair illustration of the principle of repulsion.

Everything in the universe takes its appropriate place by virtue of its elemental affinities, and can occupy no other place, without changing the relation of itself and every other body in existence.

The earth and every other heavenly body is caused to move in its appropriate orbit by the united action of every other body in existence, and cannot be made to come in contact with other bodies; for the combining influences of all the separate bodies mark out separate paths for each.

Thought is mental motion, and is conveyed from one mind to another through an intermediate medium, which is put in motion by this mental action. This medium, in its refinement, lies between the nervous medium and spirit, and exists in every degree of refinement from the nervous fluid to spirit.

Clairvoyance consists in insulating the mind of the subject, and in proportion as the mind is brought into clear contact with higher refinements of this medium, will the subject become clear-sighted.

Biology, as used by Burr and others, is an improper term. Psychology would be a better word. The word Biology was used to make the subject a humbug.

The phenomena attending Psychological (Biological) experiments, belong to the lower class of Mesmeric influences—and pass from them through every degree, to perfect clear-sightedness.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Bart, having received a letter from a lady in London, in which the loss of a gold watch, supposed to have been stolen, was mentioned, sent the letter to Dr. H., to see whether E. could trace the watch. She very soon saw the lady, and described her accurately. She also described minutely the house and furniture, and said she saw the marks of the watch (the phrase she employs for the traces left by persons or things, probably luminous to her,) on a certain table. It had, she said, a gold dial-plate, gold figures, and a gold chain with square links; in the letter it was simply called a gold watch, without any description. She said it had been taken by a young woman whom she described, not a habitual thief, who felt alarmed at what she had done, but still thought her mistress would not suspect her. She added, that she would be able to point out the writing of the thief. On this occasion, as is almost always the case with E., she spoke to the person seen, as if conversing with her, and was very angry with her. Sir W. Trevelyan sent this information, and requested the writing of all the servants in

the house to be sent. In answer, the lady stated, that E.'s description exactly applied to one of her two maids, but that her suspicion rested on the other. She also sent several pieces of writing, including that of both maids. E. instantly selected that of the girl she had described, become very angry, and said, "you are thinking of pretending to find the watch, and restoring it; but you took it, you know you did." Before Sir W. Trevelyan's letter, containing this information, had reached the lady, he received another letter, in which he was informed, that the girl indicated as the thief by E., had brought back the watch, saying she had found it. In this case Sir Walter Trevelyan was a great distance from Bolton, and even had he been present, he knew nothing of the house, the watch, or the persons concerned, except the lady, so that, even had he been in Bolton, and beside the clairvoyante, thought-reading was out of the question. I have seen, in the possession of Sir Walter, all the letters which passed, and I consider the case as demonstrating the existence of sympathetic clairvoyance at a great distance.—*Dr. Gregory*.

PROSPECTUS—THIRD VOLUME.

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