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[Original.]

"THE APOSTOLIC SPIRITS."

Dear Sir,—There was a time when you and I were to some extent acquainted; and though you may not now remember me, I still cherish towards you a high degree of friendship, esteem, and admiration. The first exhibitions of Magnetism (Pathetism, if you like it better,) I ever saw, were at your rooms in the Granite Building, Chamber street, New York city, in 1843, where I received instructions from you in that science. I frequently saw you in the office of "The Magnet," and once met you at your house in Varick street. I have a distinct recollection that you, at that time, were friendly to my views in relation to the Second Advent, I being an avowed Millenarian. And I am happy to find, after the lapse of several years, that though on religious views we have both undergone a radical change, we are not now very far apart. Revelations of the nature of the soul from persons in the abnormal state, and investigations of spiritual phenomena, together with other influences, have effected an entire change in my religious views, and led me forth from the gloomy depths of a soul-chilling theology into the dawning light of a system of glorious truth.

In relation to the spiritual manifestations I have seen but little, but my faith has been strong. Until the present week I have never had but two interviews with the spirits, and those not of a very satisfactory character. One of these interviews was at the "Golden Gem," under the direction of Mr. Fishbough, about six weeks ago. On Wednesday last I went again. Only one person besides myself (Mr. Roff) applied for admission. Mr. Fishbough and the medium entered the larger room, and presently returned with a message admitting Mr. R. to the circle, but communicating to me the following: "Tell him that, at present, efforts are being made to overthrow this circle, and innocent persons are made the instruments through which these efforts are made. Tell him to come again. In due time he shall see for himself. Tell him to resist all evil thoughts and influences,

pray to God for light, and humbly ask God to give him truth." Mr. F. stated to me that it was intimated that I had brought evil spirits with me!

In the afternoon I returned, and was admitted with a number of others. One young man was excluded, much to his regret, as this was, perhaps, the only opportunity he could have to see the manifestations. We seated ourselves around the table, ten in number, including Mr. Fishbough and the two mediums, Mr. Bloom and Dr. Guy. Mr. Fishbough asked Dr. Frisbie to read a chapter, and the first medium directed, in writing, the 17th chapter of Luke to be read. Before Dr. F. commenced reading, the same medium wrote, in large letters, "Death," and with a very sorrowful countenance held it up to the Doctor's view. This was understood to mean that the Doctor's adopted daughter, who was then lying very low, was about to die. After the reading and prayer, the first medium grasped the hand of a lady who sat on my right, and in a few brief and solemn words exhorted her to become a follower of Christ, pointing to a cross on the wall, made by two careless strokes of a lead pencil, and beseeching her to *bow before that cross* in humble submission to the commands of the Saviour. He next seized me by the hand, and made a similar exhortation, commencing in these words:

"Your guardian spirit, who has watched over you from infancy, now, for the first time, through this mortal addresses you. You came here this morning, but evil spirits accompanied you. This afternoon I came with you." I was then exhorted to "search the Scriptures," "bow before the cross," (pointing to the cross pencil marks on the wall,) "become an humble follower of Jesus," &c. "This," said he, "is the second coming of Christ."

During all this time the second medium was in violent agitation; but soon after the exhortations of the first medium were finished, the second medium grasped my hand, and continued the admonitions at some length. I was told to "beware of vain philosophy, which had led me away from a diligent search of the Scriptures," and the exhortation was concluded in these words: "What is that to thee? Follow thou me: I am the way, the truth, and the life."

Other manifestations, of a similar character, took place, accompanied with *strange gesticulations, violent striking of the hands on the table, rolling of the eyes, clasping and kissing the Bible, praying, &c.* I was pointed to the 15th chapter of Luke, containing the parable of the prodigal son, as containing suitable instruction for me. Three chapters were read by direction of the spirits, two hymns sung, and two prayers made, besides the repeating of the Lord's prayer by the mediums in unison, and the pronouncing of the benediction, *before the sitting was closed*, by the first medium. The whole affair partook of the character of a highly excited religious meeting. Little opportunity was afforded for putting questions of any sort, much less test questions. Everything seemed to be an appeal to the feelings and not to the understanding.

The second medium wrote the following, purporting to come from St. Luke:

"There are some present who shall not see death."

"True," exclaimed the first medium, smiting the table, "but shall put on immortality." When asked by Mr. Fishbough whether the Apostle had any communication to make to him, the medium whispered, "Feed my lambs."

The following communication was made to Dr. F.: "Soon she [meaning Mrs. F.] will follow." At this he was very much affected, but was presently consoled by another communication, saying "Soon, to spirits, does not mean what it does to mortal." It means that she will be taken away first." At the conclusion of the sitting the mediums hugged and kissed one another affectionately, personifying, as I supposed, the spirits of St. John and Luke.

On the following day I called again at the rooms. Four gentlemen besides myself, and three ladies, were waiting for admission. The message came that the spirits wished to develop and correct the mediums, and consequently could admit only two of the ladies and none of the gentlemen; but we were all invited by the *same spirits* to come to-morrow morning. The next morning two of us went, but the spirits *did not keep their appointment*. They wished and intended to do so, but "God had otherwise directed. God's will be done." We enquired if we should come in the afternoon. On being

again consulted, the spirits said "No." One gentleman present said it was to try our patience, perhaps. I told him I thought my patience was tried, sure enough, for I had come four times and been sent away three, and the probability was I should not come again. I then told Mr. Fishbough that I believed in spirits, but that the directing spirits of this circle I verily believed were humbugs; and if it was an evil spirit that prompted me to speak thus, so be it.

Now it is far from my intention to question the sincerity of the motives of the gentlemen who compose this circle, nor the reality of the spiritual communications. I am disposed to believe both; but from what evidence was afforded me at that sitting, my understanding is neither convinced of the genuineness of the "apostolic spirits," nor of the truth of their revelations. I confess that I was filled with trepidation at the exhibition, and I might easily have given way to my feelings, as did others in the circle, who were affected even to tears. But I have seen the same exhibitions and felt the same emotions before, only in a stronger degree, in a protracted meeting; and the time has gone by for me to become converted again through the medium of my feelings alone. And I apprehend that Mr. Fishbough himself has received no higher demonstrations of the truth of the communications he receives in that circle, than many of the religious sects are constantly receiving of the truth of their various systems.

Sincerely yours,

WM. HENRY BURR.

New York, Nov. 8, 1851.

THE SPIRITS AT WOONSOCKET.

[CONTINUED.]

Friend Sunderland,—From a remark you lately made to me, in conversation, I suspect I ought to state here definitely, that the mode of communication at Woonsocket, and at the villages generally up and down the Blackstone, is *tipping*, not *rapping*. Occasionally a spirit communicates by rapping, which is of the clearest, most satisfactory kind; but so far as I know, tipping is the rule, and rapping the exception. To the question, "Why do you tip the table instead of rapping upon it?" the spirits have replied, "To defeat those who try to imitate the raps."

When John Boardmon first communicated to me, the tipping (upward,) and the pounding (downward, upon the floor,) were so violent as even to terrify and annoy the mediums, who would shrink back, their countenances indicating the strongest desire to have the table move less violently. They stated to me that one table had been "used up"—*racked to pieces by the spirits!* The one then in use was a large, heavy, pine table, for kitchen service. I should not wonder much if that one is demolished by this time, as it had already commenced splitting near the centre at one end. My wife and sister (constituting, with myself, the

only visitors,) were both skeptical, and I judged by Mr. Boardmon's emphatic movements, that he was trying to pound the skepticism out of their heads. After some thirty minutes, I asked him if he would, through the remainder of the sitting, move the table more gently. Answer: "Yes." From that moment, though he had to answer me more than thirty questions, every one was answered in the most gentle manner. Afterwards, at the request of my wife, the two mediums sat at opposite ends of the table, both the table-leaves being down. The table did not tip; and the failure, I think, can be accounted for on philosophical principles. I then requested both mediums to sit together at one end, their hands resting about exactly over two of the table legs. In less than one minute the opposite end began to rise slowly, and after having reached an elevation of about fifteen inches, it descended with such violence as to drive a large screw up through the table, near the end. To determine the importance of this experiment, I put both my hands firmly upon the extreme end of the table, (allowing myself a larger lever "purchase" than the mediums had,) and carefully rested my whole weight upon my hands. The table did not tip. I then varied the experiment; keeping my hands in the same position, and throwing my whole weight upon the end of the table. My weight, (one hundred and fifty-six pounds,) thus increased by the momentum given to it, was barely sufficient to raise the opposite end of the table two or three inches from the floor. When the spirits tipped the table fifteen inches, there was not the least muscular or nervous effort perceptible in the mediums. When I tipped it three inches, taking to myself a very perceptible advantage in respect to the length of lever, I exercised considerable muscular power; and it is but fairness to say that my tip was decidedly "discordant."

August 31.—Date, mediums, place, visitors, all identical with the last recorded. [The fact is that my last communication to your paper ended in the middle of a sitting.] With a desire to harmonize the proceedings after my mother had finished her communication to me, the music lovers called for singing. The spirits concurred. "Will you beat time by tipping the table?" "Yes." Singing. Spirits beat time very incorrectly. Favorite spirits, who had beat time admirably, were called. Singing again. Time once or twice beat well, but most of the tunes shockingly. Remark by a visitor (myself): "I believe Mr. W.'s guardian spirit beat that tune." Instantly the table tipped in confirmation of the remark. [Note.—Nothing is more common than for the spirits, when the attention of the whole circle, mediums and all, is actively engaged in conversation, to "mix in," with perfect ease and propriety, answering this, that, and the other question affirmatively or negatively; precisely as an intelligent and talkative person will often do in company.] "Are you Mr. W.'s guardian spirit?" "Yes." A laugh.—Mr. W., with much incredulity: "Well, if I have a guardian spirit here, do fetch him on." "Will you spell out your name

for Mr. W.?" "Yes." Spelled "Parley Green." Mr. W. desiring to know the occupation of Parley Green, on earth, a dozen different ones were called, and "No," "No," "No," was constantly replied. "Will you spell it out?" "Yes." Spelled "Tarvern-keeper." "How many years have you been in the spiritual world? Please tip, and we will count." Tipped thirty-five times, with perfect regularity, pretty fast, giving a kind of sudden impulse to the thirty-fifth movement. "Age?" "Thirty-eight years." "Place of residence; was it in New England?" "Yes; in Vermont." By this time the company were in a brisk conversation on the subject, Mr. W. still manifesting utter disbelief in the whole business. As they were making ready to call another spirit, I asked them to wait. "Perhaps Mr. W.'s guardian spirit has a communication to spell out." "Yes," was responded. Communication: "YOU MUST BELIEVE ME." Good! Mr. W. deserved that reproof, for he had in effect said, over and over again, to his guardian spirit: "Parley Green, you are a humbug; don't believe a word you say." John Boardmon called: "Do you remember a promise you made me, last evening?" "Yes." "Will you spell out some word indicating to me the subject of that promise?" "No." Singing. A few other questions to the spirit. Good night.

"Tuesday Night." Placed paper and pencil on a stand near the head of my bed, in anticipation of a specimen of writing from John Boardmon. Disappointed.

September 4. Mediums—Mrs. Manton Greene, with her brothers and sisters. Mary Greene to her brother Manton; "I want you to pray to God, and for yourself." William Joslin to his brother James: "O, James, I be happy. Praise God. I want you to meet me in heaven." [These two are brothers of Mrs. Manton Greene.] Guardian spirit of Douglas Jourdan called. Spelled "Qakdmrw." &c. Remark: "That is some mischievous spirit; he don't mean to spell any thing." "Are you a good spirit?" "No." "Do you wish to communicate anything?" "No." "Well, then, please to take yourself out of this house!" [This peremptory order was given by Israel Greene.] All hands taken from the table. A pause. Hands on the table again. Another guardian spirit of Douglas Jourdan called. He spelled his name, "Daniel Taylor." Communication: "Protect yourself in the way of the Lord." [Note.—Daniel Taylor was a workman in Blackstone, known to Douglas, but not a relative. Did not know whether he was living or dead. Douglas believes in the spirits about as much as he believes the "moon is green cheese."] Mrs. Ballard, to her son Alvin's mental questions: 1, "Yes." 2, "Yes." 3, "No." 4, "Yes." 5, "No." 6, "I do not know." 7, "Yes." [Note.—Alvin's mental questions referred chiefly to the happiness of his relatives in the spirit world.] Mr. Ballard to his son Alvin: "Are you happy?" "No." "Do you want to come back?" "No." "Do you enjoy more happiness now than you did on earth?" "Yes." John Boardmon called: "Do you wish to communicate to

* But you do not say how the tippings are made! Are the medium's hands on the table or off? Is the table touched by mortals at the time?—Editor.

me by alphabet?" "No." "Shall I ask you some questions?" "Yes." "Well, I want to know if you did not promise to write for me?" "No." "What! Did you not communicate to me, last Saturday night, at Willin Vose's?" "No." "How many times have you ever communicated to me?" "Twice." "But who was it that promised to write for me between twelve and two o'clock, Tuesday night?" "Devel." "Devil! Who's he?" "Was it the devil?" "Yes." "How many devils have you there? Please tip the number, and I will count." Tipped *fifty* times, with regularity and precision. "Whom do you call devils? Is any person with an unfriendly or mischievous disposition, a devil?" "Yes." "Are the devils happy?" "No." "Will they ever be happy?" "Yes." I felt a little nerved, and called my mother: "Is John Boardmon here?" "Yes." "How long have you been acquainted with him?" "Seven years." "Is he one of my guardian spirits?" "Yes." "Is he a good spirit?" "Yes." "What sphere is he in?" "Sixth." John Boardmon re-called: "You call yourself John Boardmon; is that the name you bore on earth?" "No." "Very well, I am not particular about names. Let me have your signal, that I may not be deceived again." [Tipped the table up nearly one foot, and held it there.] "I don't think much of that signal; I have seen it given two or three times before. Will you give me another?" "Yes." "Give me a signal which I have not seen before." [He then tipped the table a few inches, slowly, and brought it down heavily upon the floor.] "Is that your signal?" "Yes." "I should like to see it again." [Gave it two or three times.]

September 6. Mediums.—Mrs. Willin Vose and a female relative. Guardian spirit [mother] of Willin Vose called: "Has James W. Greene any guardian spirit present?" "Yes." "How many?" "Three." "Is his mother present?" "Yes." "Do you know the name of either of the others?" "Yes: Luther Young." [He answered a few questions. Said he was a distant relative of mine.] My mother called: she re-affirmed all she had said before of Mr. Boardmon. In asking for his earthly vocation, I named a dozen or fifteen before that of "minister." This one she instantly affirmed by a vehement rocking of the table. In asking what denomination he belonged to, I named the principal ones in New England, but she constantly negatived them all, till "Universalist" was named, and that she emphatically pronounced correct. "How many years did he preach?" "Seven." "May you not mistake the number? Might it have been nine years?" "Yes." John Boardmon called: "Please give me the new signal you gave me the other night." [Given at once, and correctly.] "Do you know that I have been talking about you?" "Yes." "Do you wonder that I should question my mother in regard to you?" "No." "Did you meet me here one week ago to-night?" "Yes." "And promised to write for me?" "Yes." "Well, you have not fulfilled your promise. Why did you not

* See subsequent reference to these italics.

write?" "BECAUSE I DID NOT TRY." "Make a promise, and not try to fulfil it! Will you spell out the reason why you did not try?" "Yes." Spelled: "THE MEDIUM WAS THOUGHT TOO SKEPTICAL." [Mr. Vose, the medium, then remarked: "He throws the blame upon me, and perhaps justly. I did not believe he would write." From the time the promise was made till 'Tuesday night,' I thought much upon the matter, and became fully convinced that Mr. Boardmon either could not or would not write on paper."—Query: How could the medium's opinion affect the ability of a spirit to perform an action in a place which is over a quarter of a mile distant from the medium?] "Will you ever write for me?" "Yes." "Will you state the particular time at which you will write?" "No." [I then informed him of everything that was told to me September 4th—how he was called "devel," &c. &c. Said that was not he, but an undeveloped spirit in the first sphere. I read to him every question and answer recorded on that occasion, asking him at each answer recorded, "DID YOU GIVE THAT ANSWER?" The result was, that he claimed to have spoken only where the questions and answers are printed in italics.]

Singing of several hymns and songs. Time beaten to perfection. Some tunes were hurried, then sung very slowly, then regular time—but the spirits beat right in every case. A tune marked two, three, four, &c., beats to a measure, I beat in a very different manner, requesting the spirits to beat, not as the tune was marked, but as I beat. They made not one failure; and remember, the mediums were both incapable of beating time correctly. In the excitement of conversation, the circle arose irregularly, one after another, and prepared to go. Mr. Vose kept on talking, but had not risen from the table. Just as we were approaching the door, the table tipped up and remained so! "Why, we ought to say 'Good night' to the spirits!" "Yes," was responded by the spirits. All re-seated at the table, which tipped for each one of the circle to say "Good night."

I cannot say this is a finishing-up of my observations at Woonsocket, but I cannot write more now. At a convenient time I shall be most happy, friend Sunderland, to avail myself of your invitation to continue my conversations with John Boardmon, by means of your valuable medium.

J. W. GREENE.

Boston, Nov. 3, 1851.

[Original.]

COMMUNICATION.

Brother Sunderland,—I forward the following communication to you for publication. It was written by a spirit purporting to be Dr. W. E. Channing, through my daughter, Mrs. Lewis, and, by his request, is forwarded for the Spirit World. As the communication speaks for itself, I offer no speculations in regard to its origin or production. Hundreds have been written in the same way, in my family, each bearing the impress of their high source, and teaching us the wisdom of the celestial spheres. I sincerely desire

to see your paper abound more in communications from the spiritual world, come they in what way or shape they may. Voices from on high are daily uttering words of deep significance to the children of men; and the aspirants of a higher life rejoice to hear the varied language heaven utters. Man's philosophy and theory of that language fail to satisfy, and seem to forestall the wisdom from above.

When heaven needs man's help to explain its laws, conditions, and relations, then "the wisdom from beneath" may shape and fashion its speculations, and rear them up as a proffered substitute for the science of angels. But till then let the lower exercise humility and become the recipient of holy principles leading on to a higher life.

Truly your friend,

T. J. SMITH.

Morris, Oct. 28, 1851.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATION FROM DR. CHANNING, THROUGH S. H. LEWIS.*

"Oh, call it not sleep! Oh, call it not death, Though the body is now of sensation bereft; The spirit, the soul, and glorious mind Dwell now in the brightness of matter refined.

It is hovering o'er you, and joyously sings, And wide through the heavens its harmony rings; 'Tis redeemed, 'tis redeemed, from sin and the tomb, And in gardens of grace shall evermore bloom.

Transplanted by Thee, O, Great Father of light, No more shall it droop beneath Error's dark blight, But free as the air, and bright as the sun, Shall it ever speed on till its mission is done.

Yes: along that grand and glorious pathway of spiritual intelligence, shall the glad spirit speed on in the way of life and truth. Onward and upward, through sphere after sphere, filled with love and wisdom, pressing toward the goal of eternity, and drinking in light at every step. This shall be its glorious career. God guides and directs; Christ aids in the plan, and spirits fulfil the decree. They instruct angels—angels those in the higher sphere, and so on down to the lowest grade.

The lower grades are those who, having left the world in an undeveloped state of morality and spirituality, are still held down by the clogs of their own imperfections, and supposing themselves as happy as they can be, see no necessity of progression; and in endeavoring to converse with mortals communicate their own false and erroneous ideas, thus causing misapprehension in their minds, and filling them with doubts. That they do tell untruths we know, and these are the results of their undeveloped state. They do not this in order to deceive. But you should be careful not to receive or believe such communications, as they do harm, if believed. But, I entreat you, do not reject the low spirits, for conversing with elevates them. Receive them, but believe not their untruths. You can easily detect them, for nothing lofty ever comes

* How was this made? By tipping, with the hand on the table? By writing, or the sounds?—Ed.

from them. They are progressing as fast as possible. Therefore treat them kindly, and you will have your reward, not only in the consciousness of assisting them, but in the approbation of high spirits and in frequent communications from them to assist you in overcoming your erroneous views and pointing out the right paths for you to pursue.

Hold your minds open to conviction; establish no positive belief, for new things come to light every day, and what you thought yesterday positive evidence, you find to-day completely in the back ground. Contend not one with another, ye who harbor this glorious faith, for no one is wholly right, and no one wholly wrong. Keep your eye on the star of truth, and progress steadily on in spiritual knowledge.

From one who loveth mankind too well not to endeavor to advise them for their good.

[Original.]

"THE SUPPER WITH SPECTRES."

This article in the last "Spirit World," communicated by J. G. D. excited my curiosity somewhat, and while I was at the house of an excellent medium for communication from spirits by the sounds, and was speaking of it to the heads of the family, Eliza, the communicating spirit, was accidentally asked if she knew any thing about it. She said she did, and that it was part true and part false.—Well, said I, can you tell us the real truth of the matter? Yes, and so saying, the alphabet was used and the following sentence spelled out:

"He was dreaming, and walked in his sleep."

This was quite a surprise to me, for I did not go to ask anything about it—never thought of such a thing—and was only telling the story to the family present, when it occurred to me to ask Eliza.

Now, this medium was good, honest, trustworthy, far from deception as possible, and does not make a business of such communications. And the whole thing was accidental and artless on our part. I confess myself somewhat surprised. Is this so? Could it be so? Refer to the last paper. It is stated that the Rev. gentleman *did not go to sleep*, and the supper was before he retired for the night. But then it is also stated that just before the occurrence, he had "read and meditated until his excitement passed away, and a sacred calm gradually settled upon him." He might, then, have fallen asleep in his chair, or on his couch, which, it is said, was "luxurious, and to one tired as he, extremely inviting to repose." He might, then, have forgotten his sleep in the fright of the occurrence. All the circumstances were calculated to raise just such a dream. He was told the house was haunted—he feared the aspect of things—he suspected the virtue of his host—he thought of murders—the night was stormy, with dreadful thunder and lightning—he had just been to one supper—and he was fatigued with a day's journey. Now then, why should he not have fallen asleep and dreamed of the "spectre

supper"? Perhaps his real supper had something to do with it.

The story is certainly horrible, fatal too as it was, far exceeding, in fearfulness, brevity and despatch, any that is recorded in Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature." And it seems well authenticated. And it really confirmed my faith in the powers of darkness. But now, if he was only dreaming and walked in his sleep, matters are much altered. He might have been subject to sleep-walking. Would that this might meet his mourning widow, that she might reflect upon it. The communicating spirit whom I consulted, said he actually went, in his sleep, into the spacious hall mentioned, but partook of the supper there, in spectre. Was the Rev. gentleman present by his spirit to tell her? It was, then, a "spectre supper" indeed. Nothing could be more natural than that he should wake up in the room below, and then go into his chamber, and think he had gone down awake.

I confess, the explanation seems to me more reasonable than the story. And it may be that many of these horrible ghost stories can be accounted for on similar principles. I believe in evil spirits, that is, such kind of evil as we have in this world, not yet outgrown in the spiritual world. But I am of opinion that they have no power to harm or do mischief to any but those who are like themselves, either in general character or in certain similar states at times. Why should such a horrible phalanx of devils from hell be permitted so to besiege that poor preacher? I doubt it. Nor do I think there is any hell in the next world, so bad as the hell in this. Some genteel villains who have revelled in wealth in this world, may, on finding themselves stripped of their external possessions, and reduced to living on their interiors, find but little to live on. They may think it worse, for a time. But it will be better, even for them, if they did but know it. On the whole, I am of opinion that in this world is the worst hell in the universe. But, as we cannot depend upon all reports of the spirits, what shall we make of this explanation of the "spectre supper"? Would it not be well for persons in different parts to question the spirits about this and other like cases, and compare notes? And yet, as there are undoubtedly false and evil spirits about, and we cannot implicitly rely upon any spirit, or any man, or any seer, great or small; and there is some danger of talking with spirits; where shall we go, but to the Lord, relying humbly on Him, and exercising our own reason to decide in all cases?—The explanation of this horrible story is certainly curious, "He was dreaming, and walked in his sleep." The story is more like a dream, to me, than anything else.

W. M. F.

Cambridge, Nov. 10, 1851.

To me it is highly probable that the suggestion of this spirit, "Eliza," gives the true solution of that "spectre supper." But then I suppose it was a mere suggestion; for how did that "Eliza" know? She was not there at that time. Nor

have we any evidence that she ever communicated with any other spirit about it who did know.—Editor.

[From the Anti-Slavery Bugle.]

SPIRITUAL.

I want it *distinctly* understood, that the questions to which I received answers by means of "raps," through the medium, Mrs. Fish; that I *know* she could not have the *slightest* conception of what was in my mind. It is unnecessary to say she knew nothing of me; all who are particularly interested will be aware of that. But "to make assurance doubly sure," I concealed from her my name, and scarcely spoke about anything but the matter in hand, and very little about that—nothing that I remember, only remarking that it was new to me, and I didn't know how to proceed. It was announced that my guardian spirits were eight in number—all present and willing to communicate. All will know upon whom I *first* called, beginning, "Is the spirit I am thinking of present?" But first let me say here, that the sounds had all been made under the table, previous to my question, and that first, before putting it, I *wished* (mentally) but without thinking to produce any change in their locality, that they might be made as far from any one present as possible, and immediately I heard strong distinct "raps" on the ceiling over head, in answer to my question. Three emphatic, *deliberate* "knocks." I then asked mentally, "Is it the spirit of J—?" The same "raps" in answer.

Question.—"What did you wish to say, when you were about to die?" The response was a call for the alphabet, through which was immediately spelled, "I wanted to speak of the future, and the glories opening to my view."

Question.—"Were you with me in a dream when I asked you to meet me in Rochester?" Another call for the alphabet, and "Yes" spelled out, to my disappointment, for I thought "Y" was beginning "You," the commencement of another sentence. I was confused, and asked at random, "What state are you now in?" but thinking "state" was not the word, changed it to "sphere." A call for the alphabet, and the following sentence most emphatically "rapped":—"You do not understand. I am in the fourth degree of the fifth sphere."

After the answer was made out I read it aloud to the company, but without telling what my question had been. Mrs. Fish remarked, "There is sense in it; but I don't know as it is an answer to you or not, or whether you put a question." I told her, in the beginning, I should ask questions mentally; but as she was talking in the mean time, could not know whether I was silently waiting or endeavoring to elicit communications. The idea of "degrees" was new to her as to me. The Posts, her intimate friends—most respectable and excellent people, as a few happen to know—are well aware that she has paid but little attention to the study of spiritualism, and has never read Davis's Revelations. I would first say that in putting the question about the "sphere,"

I did not expect to receive an answer through the alphabet, but had made it thus, (so that a negative or affirmative only would be required.) "Is it 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, or 7th?" A slight "rap" at 5th, and a sort of echo, which made it uncertain whether it was 5th or 6th. Then the call for the alphabet, as I have stated.

While some remarks about this last communication were being made, another call for the alphabet, so strong and marked as to be startling, and "I watch over you," given.

I asked a great number of so-called "test questions," receiving invariably correct answers; but as these are to me the least important, I shall defer them until personally interrogated, as they would occupy far too much space here.

At the second interview we were greeted, upon taking our seats, with a regular tumult of "raps," which it was in vain to think of interrupting for some time. I asked Mrs. Fish what it meant. She replied she did not profess to know, but it had always seemed to be an expression of joy, and the presence of many spirits. During an interval the alphabet was called for, and "Dear friends, it is very pleasant to spend an hour in holy conversation," communicated. This did not seem to come from the one I had been conversing with, and I enquired "May I be informed what spirit?" &c. An affirmative. Then, *Question*—"Will the name be given through the alphabet?" Negative. But nevertheless it was called for, and instead of a name, "Write names." I wrote a great number, and when I came to "Susan," quick, animated "raps" assured me it was right. Then the following sentence from the same one, professedly: "You will soon have satisfaction, my friends. This is the beginning of a glorious era. The veil that separates us is soon to be withdrawn, and we will mingle in intercourse hitherto little known to mankind." She had "Nothing more," as the "raps" indicated, to say, and I asked, "What spirit will now commune with me?" I was requested (by "raps") to point to names, and instead of J—, as I longed it should be, there was no response at his name, but quick repeated "raps" when I pointed to the name of "Mary Ellen." I was taken by surprise, but asked at random, "Shall I give M. E.'s love to her parents, when I write to them?" Before the question was fairly framed, mentally, a shower of little "raps" replied, and after a short interval, a call for the alphabet, and "Say I am always with my dear parents." More was received, but I cannot in this tell the half.

I shall make no comments, but leave all to dispose of these facts in their own way, after reiterating that I *know them to be facts*. We had another interview with a less powerful medium, Mrs. F. from Auburn, but, though less satisfactory, was rendered very rich and piquant by the presence of that rare original, Sojourner Truth. Her matter-of-fact, simple-minded manner of seeking intercourse with spirits, was amusing beyond description. The sounds were faint and low, and given at long intervals, although a complete circle was formed around the

table. Sojourner stuck to the belief they could be better heard on the table, and while she listened with all her soul, part of the time with her ear on the floor, called out very unceremoniously, "Come, spirit, hop up here on the table, and see if you can't make a louder noise." She came to Rochester with Thompson, and is engaged selling her narrative. We hear, from all lips, rejoicings over his magnificent triumph in this place.

E. A. L.

[From the Norfolk Democrat.]

EAST BOSTON.*

Mysterious Occurrences of Olden Time.

"Month 11, day 18, year 1643. About midnight, three men, coming in a boat to Boston, saw two lights arise out of the water near the North point of the town cove, in form like a man, and went at a small distance to the town, and so to the South point, and then vanished away. They saw them about a quarter of an hour, being between the town and governor's garden. The like was seen by many, a week after, arising about Castle Island, and in one fifth of an hour came to John Gallop's point, (again.)

The 18th of this month two lights were seen near Boston, (as is before-mentioned) and a week after the like was seen again. A light like the moon arose about the N. E. point in Boston, and met the former at Nottles Island, and there they closed in one, and then parted, and closed and parted divers times, and so went over the hill in the island and vanished. Sometimes they shot out flames, and sometimes sparkles. This was about eight of the clock in the evening, and was seen by many. About the same time a voice was heard upon the water between Boston and Dorchester, calling out in a most dreadful manner, Boy, boy, come away, come away! and it suddenly shifted from one place to another a great distance, about twenty miles. It was heard by divers godly persons. About fourteen days after, the same voice, in the same dreadful manner, was heard by others on the other side of the town towards Nottle's Island. These (prodigies) (proceedings) having some reference to the place where Captain Chaddock's pinnace was blown up a little before, gave occasion of speech of that man who was the cause of it, who professed himself to have skill in necromancy, and to have done some strange things in his way from Virginia hither, and was suspected to have murdered his master there; but the magistrates here had no notice of him till after he was blown up. This is to be observed that his fellows were all found, and others who were blown up in the former ship were also found, and others also who have miscarried by drowning, &c., have usually been found, but this man was never found."—*Winthrop's New England*, vol. ii. pp. 152, 153.

*NOTE.—Nottle's Island, or Maverick's Island, is now called East Boston.

The greatest height of visible clouds does not exceed ten miles.

UNITY.

ATTRACTION, HARMONY, HEAVEN.

[From the Spirit Messenger.]

ALONE.

BY GILBERT THAYER.

Addressed to a deeply-loved Wife, who was born into the Spirit World some eighteen months ago, aged twenty-two years.

Within my closely-curtained room,
I'm sitting all alone to-night,
And on the deep external gloom,
There comes no ray of cheering light.

The breeze has rocked itself to sleep
On the blue bosom of the sea,
And stillness reigns supremely deep,
As if the world had ceased to be.

O, if one word was ever spoke
By angel lips in mortal ears,
I would this silence might be broke
With voices from the seraph spheres.

Come thou, my heart's first, only love,
Thy chair is vacant by my side,
Come from the spirit realms above,
Come thou, my soul's unchanging bride.

Come when the toils of day are done,
And bring forgetfulness of pain,
For I have loved thee, dearest one,
As I shall never love again.

SECTARIANISM.

BY A. J. DAVIS.

It is well known by all the inhabitants of Christendom that the world is full of sectarian jargon and bitterness; and that very conspicuously before the world are arrayed, in bitter and uncompromising hostility, two powerful forces, viz: *Protestantism* and *Catholicism*.

In order to bring these religious institutions distinctly before your minds, I will describe their leading characteristics.

Catholicism is a system of supernaturalism. It claims to be the "One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church"—based upon supernatural authority, claiming unending infallibility. It denies the right of individual judgment upon religious subjects; but inculcates the virtues, charities, and hospitalities of Christianity through the agency of *popes, bishops, and priests*, who profess to have their authority direct from the supernatural source.

Protestantism is also a system of supernaturalism—I mean when considered as a whole. It claims to have discovered the true import of the Sacred Scriptures. It is based upon a supernatural foundation, but encourages the right of private judgment upon all subjects pertaining to religion and conscience. It likewise inculcates the virtues and charities of Christianity through the medium of *clergymen, schools, and colleges*.

Now, I am not impressed to consider the minor points of either Catholicism or Protestantism, nor the different views which one party or the other entertains concerning the truest method of biblical

interpretation. For there have already been too many churches built, and too many salaries paid, to have these small and insignificant affairs discussed. But I have only to do with the *foundation* upon which these two very popular institutions stand. It is essential to understand here what is very generally overlooked, that both of these gigantic religious organizations are struggling to maintain an everlasting posit on upon the same, identical basis. There is one foundation; and it is not large enough to sustain two such stupendous and inharmonious superstructures. Hence it inevitably follows that one or the other, or both, must fall forever—leaving the ground to be occupied by one only. Now the question is, which of these religious institutions is first destined to decay?

Let us leave this question unanswered for a few moments, and turn our thoughts in another direction.

It is well known by the clergy and people generally, of the present day, that there is rapidly growing a spirit of rationalistic or philosophical Christianity.—This is the Harmonial Philosophy. It stands upon the revelations of Nature, and upon the foundations of the highest form of Reason. It does not deny the virtues, charities, truths, or liberalities of any known religion; but simply rejects everything which claims to be intrinsically based upon the miraculous or supernatural. It looks upon the moralisms and precepts of Christianity as a natural development of a well-balanced mind—or more properly as an unfolding of *truth* in the general progress of mankind. It regards all the real miracles, prophetic powers, &c., as explainable upon philosophical principles; and holds to the doctrine of human progress and universal improvement in the constitution of things.

Now it will be perceived that the declarations and positions of this Philosophy are clear, and positively antagonistic to both Protestantism and Catholicism. It is essential that you keep your minds now upon this point. I say—the rationalism of this day is positively opposed to the two great forms of religious belief. Because, as I before said, the quarrel between Protestantism and Catholicism is sustained on the desire which one party has to *supplant* and *transcend* the other; for they stand upon the same foundation. A *supernatural religion*, based upon and supported by *miracles* equally supernatural, is the basis of both superstructures. There is no denying this plain fact. I would not be understood to consider Catholicism as good in all respects as Protestantism; for it is clear that the latter has wrought many improvements in the form of religious worship, has abandoned many expensive and unnecessary ceremonies, and encouraged individual education and private judgment in scriptural reading.

But mankind are now more civilized and advanced in arts and sciences than in any former era. Men understand each other better, and the great laws of nature are more easily and generally comprehended. The shackles of bigotry and intolerance drop off as the cause of freedom advances; and all members of humanity

—of Christendom especially—are becoming more thoroughly reasonable and baptized in the pure waters of wisdom.

Now here is the point—men are becoming more reasonable! The fate of Christendom depends wholly upon this one fact—that men are *realizing* their manhood and becoming intelligent and strong.

Among other revolutions which await the higher portions of mankind, is a religious one, which will be more powerful than any known to history. And it will principally all be effected by *reason*. One party will reason philosophically, the other theologically; both will reason correctly from the premises assumed. You may be assured of the truth of this startling event. I say startling, because it will be accompanied with war; for politics are inseparably connected, all over the world, with religious systems. Religion will develop reason; but politics will impel the masses to unsheath the sword and to stain the bosom of Nature with blood! Friends of progress! be not discouraged, for the final crisis must come!

Concerning so-called revealed religion the majority of the people will reason thus: We believe Christianity to be a *supernatural* development of truth. There are truths our feeble reason could never discover—such as the character of God, the doctrine of immortality, &c. Hence, they say, a *supernatural* revelation is essential to our safety and enlightenment. (Remember, friends, that thousands of Protestants will and do reason in this way.) And looking about on either side, they will say, But what means all these sects? Is this the result of religious liberty? Nay, it is *religious anarchy*! And wherefore? Because all Protestantism is in error. We have a supernatural religion, but we have been striving to comprehend a supernatural matter, with our common, natural judgments! This is unreasonable! I say—this is unreasonable; and it is all chargeable upon Protestants. They have been very inconsistent. They believe that Christianity is a *supernatural* revelation of supernatural truth; and yet they have the presumption to think that every man should read this supernatural revelation to please himself. Now I am impressed with the conviction, that no natural judgment is adequate to the just understanding of supernatural things. If Christianity is a system of supernatural truth, then it requires a supernaturally illuminated mind to comprehend its import and areneal bearings. In this matter, the Roman Catholic religion is altogether more consistent than the Protestant religion.

But it may be said that Christianity is only natural truth, supernaturally revealed. Now, by taking this position, you clearly admit that the entire system would eventually have been unfolded by the general progression of humanity. If Christianity is a system of natural truth, then it would have naturally come forth like the sciences of Astronomy, Geology, &c., in the common course of things.

But if it came through a miraculous channel, or was divulged through the agency of supernatural means, then it

evidently requires the same means to enliven it and spread it triumphantly over the earth. Friends, do you apprehend the full bearing of this reasoning?

Let us take an example. Suppose you construct an engine; you adjust the parts, introduce the vapor, and the wheels turn. Now what would you think of the mechanic who insisted upon making a steam engine go by *water power*? You would doubtless consider him ignorant or insane. Now, apply the same reasoning to Protestantism. Protestants believe that Christianity was introduced and set in motion by supernatural and miraculous means; and yet they reject the means by which the whole system was originally moved, and try to keep it in action by *natural* and *common* causes. In this matter of theoretical consistency, I affirm, Catholicism has always been, and is now, far in advance of Protestantism. For if we have a *supernaturally revealed* religion, we should have a class of men *supernaturally endowed*, or ordained, to understand it, and to impart its wonderful truths to mankind. While Protestantism is divided and subdivided into many conflicting sects, the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church stands perfectly unmoved and unchanged. Now, why is this? The reply is plain: simply because that church is, and always has been, perfectly consistent with its assumed premises. It stands, like Protestantism, upon a supernatural foundation. Its doctrines are derived from the Bible, which is claimed to be a supernaturally derived book; hence it requires a class of regularly inspired men to divulge its great teachings to men. This class of men should take charge of our souls; and we should not interfere with religious doctrines, only so far as the supernaturally inspired men shall desire and command. Now, be it remembered, the Catholic church is in possession of this class of inspired men. There is a great organization of *popes* and *bishops* who claim to have *supernatural* authority, from Peter the first to the present time. The supernaturalistic chain is complete. To be consistent, then, let us leave conflicting Protestantism, and go back to the bosom of the Mother Church.

Here, friends, you have a brief synopsis of the simple process which will take place in thousands of Protestant hearts. It is now occurring, privately, all around the world. There will be a great *reaction in favor of Catholicism*! The One, Holy, Catholic church is destined to spread rapidly throughout many of the territories of Christendom, simply because one party in Protestantism will see their inconsistent position in matters of religious theory. But another party has appeared—the Rationalistic Christians, or *Harmonial Philosophers*! This form of religion unqualifiedly rejects all supernaturalism. Hence, Protestantism and Catholicism, as religious institutions, are alike repudiated. It does not make every man's judgment his only guide in matters of importance, but asks, "Where shall we find the most truth, the highest wisdom, the noblest religion?" It has this desire for its eternal magnet—hence it interrogates the boundless fields of Nature with an honest soul

and lofty brow. This is perfect and immutable freedom! Anarchy can never invade the principles of this party, for it is based upon NATURE and upon Nature's God!

We have now obtained the final reply. *Protestantism will first decay*; because it is to be divided into two parties; one party will go back into Catholicism; the other will go forward into Rationalism. And then, after a succession of eventful years, a political revolution will hurl the Catholic superstructure to the earth, and the prismatic bow of promise will span the heavens. The children of earth will then be comparatively free and happy, for the Millennial hour will have arrived, and there will be something like a realization of peace on earth and good will towards all men!—*Hartford Times*.

INSPIRATION.

BY REV. DANIEL FOSTER.

I believe that *all* truth is the word of God. All may hold communion with God, even as the child may commune with the fond parent. The laws of this intercourse are simple and obvious. The child experiences the love of the parent, in kindness bestowed, and this experience begets an affection in the heart of the child. Love naturally induces those who feel its power to seek the society, and sympathy, and counsel of the loved one; and dear friends commune with each other, though ocean's fathomless waves roll between their respective places of abode; by the thoughts of tenderness; by the sympathies of spirit; by the fond memories of past association; by familiar objects, which remind of the absent friend; by mutual longings of soul, and by numberless spiritual affinities, which annihilate distance, and bring together, into the closest union and harmony, loved ones who are far, far away from each other in their bodily home. You have a child, a parent, a companion, in heaven. You forget not that dear one, though in another world. Neither can you be forgotten in the spirit land by those now there, whose love was once yours. You are conscious of a spiritual communion with loved ones who are far away. And can you not commune with your heavenly Father? Can you not be glad in the seeing of Christ, your elder brother, in whom you behold the brightness of the Divine glory? Infinite Goodness is ever near unto you, near to each one of the human family, whether dwelling on this earth or in the future state. Now then, if you turn to your heavenly Father with filial desire and love, you shall be blessed with the presence and instruction of the Divine Spirit. This presence and instruction constitute inspiration. Those are divinely inspired with whom abides the Divine Spirit. This spirit enters all hearts which open their doors, and remains while it is a welcome guest. But this presence does not insure you against mistakes of judgment, of faith, of practice. Its presence is manifested in a firm purpose, an earnest effort to do right—a life of love. Abraham was doubtless a child of God, and guided, more or less,

by God's spirit; but in no such way as to destroy, or diminish at all, his own freedom and responsibility in each act of his life. In just that way you may be and should be inspired. It is absurd to suppose that one age has had a monopoly of inspiration. Moses was inspired, and he expressed many sublime and precious truths. But he was biased, and went wrong in many of his views, as I have shown. This could not be prevented by the Divine Spirit, for Moses was free, and acted freely in the founding of the Jewish state. The writers of the Old Testament followed out the principles of the Mosaic code; and some improved very much upon the Law which was given by Moses. This is especially true of Isaiah, the most sublime and heavenly-minded of all who wrote the Old Testament Scriptures.—The evangelists and the apostles were still more under the influence of inspiring truth. They drank more constantly at the fountain of truth, and their teachings were not marred so radically with erroneous views as were the instructions of the Old Testament. Besides, they preached and wrote in a certain stage of the world's progress, which demanded an application of truth, in many respects, different from that which our times need and demand. My liberty is not, then, to be circumscribed by the rules which they enacted. I think I can show, to the entire satisfaction of any candid, intelligent mind, that the Jewish apostles were influenced by prejudice, on some momentous questions, to such an extent as to vitiate altogether their testimony on those points. Paul's views of woman furnish a case in point. The views entertained by the apostles of the divine character and government, views drawn from the Old Testament Scriptures, which they regarded, in common with their countrymen, with an undue reverence, caused them often to err when preaching what they called "the terrors of the Lord." They were inspired, I admit; but in no sense in which you may not be. Other men, for instance, Confucius, Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Kempis, Swedenborg, Penn, Wesley, were inspired men. Mrs. Fry, in Newgate, was full of inspiration, as she sought to reclaim the wretched, degraded prisoners of that English hell from the ruin of unrestrained sin. Howard, in the dungeons of Europe, was inspired and sustained by the Divine Spirit, in the prosecution of his self-denying, heavenly work. Clarkson was inspired, when pleading and wearing himself out in behalf of the despised negro. Every good man is inspired. Every good word, and thought, and deed, form a part of the great inspired work which is going on, and will go on, till all wrong and wretchedness are no more. *Revelation, like life itself, is, of course, progressive.* What folly to confine God to any book, and make that the Alpha and Omega of truth! I receive Christ's teachings as infallible. He occupies to my soul a position which no other teacher does. Give me the words of Christ, and I receive them as wholly true. But remember, we have only reports of his instruction, made after the establishment of the new faith, by men who report from memory the words

of Him who spake with such wonderful power. These reports are evidently not infallibly correct. They are made by good men, and are, in the main, no doubt, correct so far as they go. We are fully competent to make the discovery for ourselves of mistakes in the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. God has not left himself without a witness.

How, then, shall we use the Bible? I will use it as I would any other book claiming to be the word of God. I will try it in every statement, doctrine, command, threatening, and in its spirit, by Christ and my own conscience. What will not stand the most searching test of such a trial, I reject. Whatever truth I find there, I receive, and just as gladly do I receive it from any other source. I have no blind reverence for the Bible. I do sincerely believe in the pressing necessity of the emancipation of the human mind from the influence of this common idea that the Bible is the word of God. The demand of this day is for the gospel, the whole gospel of humanity, from the pen of every ready writer whose heart is filled with the divine love, from the tongue of every eloquent speaker who is united to Christ, and from the life of every one, however humble, who is desirous of living, in all things, as duty now demands. It involves God in an inextricable maze of partiality and injustice, to suppose that human welfare and the future and endless happiness of man are dependant upon the possession of a book which was not finished till four thousand years of human action had passed, and which is not yet in the hands of one-third of the thousand millions of men who are at this hour moving on to their eternal award. You need not be alarmed at my rejection of the full inspiration of the Bible. Be earnest, and honest, and patient, in your search for truth, and nothing but truth, and you will rejoice, as I this day do, in the glorious liberty of brotherhood with Christ and sonship with God.—*Liberator*.

PRECIOUS PROOFS.—There is, after all, something in those trifles that friends bestow upon each other, which is an unfailing indication of the place the giver holds in the affections. I would believe that one who preserved a lock of hair, a simple flower, or any trifle of my bestowing, loved me, though no show was made of it; while all the protestations in the world would not win my confidence in one who sets no value on such little things. Trifles they may be; but it is by such that character and disposition are oftenest revealed.

HOPE.—A bright and beautiful bird is Hope; it comes to us mid darkness and storm, and sings sweetest when our spirits are saddest, and when the lone soul is weary, and longs to pass away, it warbles its sweetest notes and tightens again the slender fibres of our hearts that grief has been wearing away.

A pint of water converted into steam fills a space of about 1800 pints.

EDITORIAL.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 13, 1851.

PROSPECTUS.

FOURTH VOLUME.

THE SPIRIT WORLD,

DEVOTED TO THE EXPOSITION OF THE

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE RATIONALE OF ALL THINGS,

NATURAL, SPIRITUAL, DIVINE,

THEIR

Essence, Form, and Use.

A Faith which teaches *Individual Sovereignty* as the True Doctrine of MANHOOD, and *Eternal Progression* as the Destiny of the Race.

Discarding Sectarian Dogmas, this paper acknowledges no authority but SUPERIOR WISDOM, in *Theology, Science, and Government*. It contains Authentic Records of the New and Wonderful Manifestations now in the Process of Development from the INVISIBLE WORLD, tending to show the Certainty of IMMORTALITY, and what Man's Condition is after Death. It aims at the most satisfactory solution of the

GREAT PROBLEMS OF THE AGE,

In respect to the just Rewards of LABOR and the RE-ORGANIZATION OF SOCIETY, so as to Harmonize the Antagonizing Interests of all in a state of Attractive Industry, Sufficiency, Happiness, and Unity.

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THE SPIRIT WORLD.

Having, in our last issue, so fully explained the conditions upon which we shall attempt the further publication of this paper, we have now only to remind our readers of that work which they will be expected to perform before we shall decide to make any further sacrifice for its continuance.

Thus far I have done even more than I promised; while some, who at first encouraged me to commence this paper, have done less than they authorised me to hope for; and a few have done nothing at all.

Though I do firmly believe that there never has been a time when this paper was so much needed as now, yet I am sure I never should have incurred the responsibilities of its publication, had I not anticipated greater harmony among the friends of the new Philosophy in its support, than I have found thus far in my labors. But since my

prospectus was first issued, not less than six other similar papers have been started in different parts of the country, each one asking for patronage of the same class of people, and not one of them sufficiently supported to give it permanent healthy existence for a year. Hence, as was to be expected, some of these papers have been suspended, to appear no more at all. And my opinion is, that at present there is not strength enough among all the friends of the Harmonial Philosophy to support more than one or two papers. And though I suppose the Spirit World has had, for the past volume, a larger list of subscribers than any other similar periodical, yet I am unwilling to encourage the hope that it will be continued unless I can have as many as fifteen hundred subscribers at least. Or, what would be still better, if each of our present subscribers were to double their subscriptions, (as some have already done,) it would put the paper upon a permanent basis, and settle the question of its continuance for years to come.

Upon the threshold of the most important developments that have ever attracted the attention of the race, a *free, fearless, independent* paper, like this, is wanted, certainly by the few who can appreciate the great work to which it is devoted. For, certain it is, that spiritual manifestations to man's external senses are now extending all over the world. They are witnessed in some form in almost every State in the Union. True it may be, that most of these manifestations are in a low form, and scarcely rise above what is common to *infancy* in knowledge of the spiritual world. This very fact it is which, enhances the necessity for such a paper as we propose this shall be. For if *infancy* needs the help of superior wisdom to guard it against the evils to which it would otherwise be exposed, so does this Infant Dispensation, this new Philosophy, need the united guidance which results from a large and matured experience in the laws of the spiritual world. It is for the want of this experience that so much is now taken for *spiritual* manifestations which results mainly, if not wholly, from an excited nervous system. Witness the communications made by clairvoyants and the so-called mediums whose nervous systems are abnormally excited, and which are obsequiously *received*, either as infallible revelations of the Divine Will, or veritable manifestations from pure spirits, without any admixture of the human medium through whom they are made. Witness the *credulity* with which communications are received in different localities, all purporting to come from the spirits of "Apostles and Prophets," and from Swedenborg, and even from Jesus Christ! And these

"Apostles" are multiplied like the frogs of Egypt, all over the country, and telling as many different stories as there are mediums sufficiently low to receive their utterances. Nor does it seem to tend, in the least, to open the eyes of those who receive these "*apostolic*" communications, that the "St. Pauls," "St. Lukes," and Swedenborgs, are multiplied to such an extent all over the land. That they are not the same spirit responding in different localities, is evident from the fact that they themselves say so; and also from the many different doctrines which they teach. Indeed, their assuming *authority to teach* at all, is *prima facie* evidence against them.

Witness, also, the avidity with which communications are published from apocryphal spirits, where the names of particular persons are used, when there is not the first particle of reliable authority for so using the names once borne by mortals on this earth. Surely there are states in human progression to which it may be proper to apply the terms, sectarianism and fanaticism.

That the present Dispensation, important as it confessedly is, should not be known, and scarcely appreciated at all, by the great mass of the race, is not marvellous, when we take into consideration how it has always been with Nature's efforts. To what an extent was Jesus appreciated by his contemporaries! How small the number who really knew who he was, and heartily co-operated with him in the great work it was his mission to perform! And so it must be admitted that the great mass of mortals, at the present day, are not advanced sufficiently above *infancy* to appreciate the Harmonial Philosophy. They do not really believe in any spiritual world, nor do they begin to comprehend what is peculiar to a state of manhood. They are attracted mainly by the external. The almighty dollar has charms for them. Spiritual philosophy is far too high for the mass.—Man's progression is slow, when compared with developments which are below him. There are but few advanced in years, but "here and there a traveller" who has a just idea of that other world to which all are bound. Well, it is a matter of gratitude that there are so many. Sure we are that the number will never be less; and under the conviction that we have done all in our power to make this number what it is, we feel a satisfaction which is sweet, indeed, and an ample compensation for all we have done and suffered in the prosecution of our labors.

W. M. FERNALD is in readiness to lecture in any town, on Spiritual Science and Philosophy.

INFORMATION.

Authority.

In a preceding number I referred to the answer which my spirit son (died when an infant, sixteen years since,) gave to this question: "What is your *authority* for believing as you say you do, about Jesus Christ?" I quoted that answer from memory. On looking over the record I made of it, at the time, I find that I did not give it exactly as it was made to me. The answer, as it was spelled out to me, reads as follows:

"In our circle we are instructed by spirits that are higher than ourselves, that Christ is God."

Love, beyond Death.

"We miss our pure and gentle one—her foot-fall on the floor,
And that bright smile of happiness we'll gaze upon no more;
And those sweet songs she used to sing, no more shall they be heard,
And hushed for aye the melody of each remembered word.
Oh! there are tones at midnight, oft upon the trembling breeze,
Soft spirit-music mingling with the winds among the trees;
And fancy oft will trace amid this music strangely given,
The sad sweet voices of the dead come back to tell of heaven!"

"Evil Spirits."

There was a good article on this subject, by "V. C. T." of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in the *Spirit Messenger*, of November 1. In so good an article we were surprised to see so much of an endorsement of Cahagnet's "Celestial Telegraph," a book that we consider so nearly worthless that we could not quote from it as worthy of any authority at all. Horace Greeley has given it as his opinion that the Adele of whom Cahagnet makes so much as a clairvoyant, was not (at least when he saw her,) entranced at all. And whether she was or not, she teaches the doctrine of *transmigration*, or that man, as such, had a previous existence to the present form—[page 112.]

Had I recorded *all* the accounts of another world given me by the thousands of somnambulists whom I have entranced, I could have made a book twice the size of any yet published on this subject.

Lorenzo Dow.

I was well acquainted with this eccentric individual, have read his writings, and often heard him preach. The "characteristic sermon," said to be from his spirit, published by our cotemporary in Springfield, is no more like Dow than it is like the style of Osceola. From the beginning it has been quite common for certain mediums to have visits from spirits purporting to be Lorenzo Dow. Those who can believe all

this cannot be far from receiving the oracular announcements of the Auburn circle.

Is the Sunbeam Triune?

Professor Johnson says, "That there is not only in the sunbeam a ray of light and heat, but also a chemical ray, which varies in different seasons of the year and in different latitudes."

And why not? The Deity is triune—Love, Will, and Wisdom. Nature, in its three kingdoms, and in all its ramifications, is triune.

Another Discovery.

A man in Chelsea, Mass., has published a long article on the "rappings," in which he congratulates himself and the public on his having made the following marvellous discovery: "There is *Intelligence* in electricity"!!! And what are called spiritual rappings are "all produced, first and last, by electricity." It does not appear that this Mr. Vose is, himself, at all familiar with the subject of electricity, or that he ever attempted to test the *force* that makes the sounds, by an electrometer. Indeed, he had not heard the sounds an hour, before he came to the grave conclusion that "there is intelligence in electricity, and the rappings are produced by it." Whereupon the New York Herald, Express, and Boston Times, denounced them (the rappings,) as a "humbug"—that is, electricity is a humbug.

Great Mistake.

Many suppose that the sounds, called spiritual rappings, can never be produced without the medium comes in contact with the body on which they are made. This is a great mistake. The sounds have been made in our family, from the first, (now for more than a year,) without any physical contact between the medium and the table or floor on which the sounds are made. The first that we heard in our family were made without any table, or circle, and made on the window, then on the floor, and finally on a cradle. We find, as a general rule, the body upon which the force is exerted must be (as the spirits say,) "within the sphere of the medium." Some mediums, we know, cannot get the sounds unless they put their hands on the table. But this proves nothing in regard to those who can. And when mediums are isolated, as we have seen them, and get the sounds while they are touching an electrometer, without moving it in the least, it *proves* that the force which makes the sounds is not electricity.

How do you account for it?

When mortals believe and call the force which makes the sounds, "electricity," how are we to account for it, that mediums who

do this should get the sounds? Answer—in the same way that we account for it when mortals call for the spirit of a dead horse, and get the sounds. No doubt but Mr. Vose, of Chelsea, (if he has got the sounds in the manner he describes,) is obsessed by spirits precisely like himself, and they love to confirm him in his error. So when he calls it "electricity," his associate spirits rap, and say Yes, Yes—being just as really deceived as he is himself.

A Pleasant Visit.

Attracted by spiritual affinities, we visited a neighboring town (by the Fitchburg railroad,) on the 8th of November last, where we spent Sunday with a large number of believers in spiritual manifestations. These friends have adopted, and they carry out fully, Fourier's principles of association, and enjoy among themselves a degree of harmony which it is truly delightful to contemplate. True, they are sectarians, but from no other class of people have we seen manifested a more sincere and truth-loving spirit. And while no other *sect* (as such) has, as far as we know, shown any interest in the new spiritual developments which have attracted so much attention, recently, throughout the country, this one has, from the first, hailed these manifestations with unaffected joy, as the harbinger of a new and glorious dispensation.

We held five sittings for spiritual communications (by the sounds,) among them, which were, indeed, most delightful, beyond the power of language to describe. At one of them nearly seventy were present, to whom these sounds were entirely new; and never shall we forget the candor and solemn love which were manifested on that occasion for that which appertains to the spiritual world.

Visit to the West.

This question has occupied my mind for some time. At present it looks as if I should soon comply with the invitations extended to me by numerous friends in the far West, to visit that region of country for the purpose of giving lectures on mental and spiritual science. But where I shall begin, and when, I cannot determine till I shall have heard more from my friends in the various localities where it is desired I should come.

Low and Disorderly.

So we denominate those mortals who question apocryphal spirits in regard to the character of human beings, of whom neither party has any knowledge. Thus the question is asked of spirits about A. J. Davis, or any other mortal, and the answer always (or nearly so,) is but the echo of the views entertained in the circle at the time.

In Auburn, Mr. Davis is said to be an infidel, (by the apostolic spirits,) and in other circles, far above that, he is said to be a very good man.

Infallibility.

Our objection to *sectarianism* is, that it makes a God of man or a book like the Bible. It puts a mortal, or a mortal's work, in the place where God should be. There should be nothing between the divine and the human understanding. We may receive the divine from mortals or spirits whom we believe to be above us; but if we allow them to be *INFALLIBLE*, or assume that they could not "make mistakes," we put them in God's place, or make a God of them. Thus Prof. Bush (N. C. Rep., Nov., pages 508-9,) says:

"We are forced to regard Swedenborg's teaching to be the genuine *INFALLIBLE* truth of heaven, which we do not for a moment presume to question. The purposes to be answered by his mission forbid us the thought that he was left to commit mistakes or teach false doctrines."

This is pure *sectarianism*. It is precisely what Mohammedans say of their prophet—what the Methodists say of Wesley—the Mormons of Joe Smith; and all sectarians believe the same of their leaders, or those mortals who wrote what they call their "Infallible Rule of Faith and Practice."

The Problem of Evil.

We define evil to be the want of progression. There could be no progression without its opposite. Why, then, ask the question as to the *origin* of evil? What is the origin of darkness? of cold? of angular motions, in contrast for the circular and spiral? what is the origin of infancy? of weakness, in opposition to strength?

Mr. Fernald says, "Man was so far discredited from the Divine, that he *LOST* (by a necessity which God could not prevent,) a portion of his perfection." And this is spoken of the human race. But how could the race lose that which it never possessed? How can an infant be said to have lost manhood?

To Subscribers and Friends.

Heretofore this paper has depended, principally, on the pecuniary responsibility of its editor and publisher for its continuance. *Hereafter, it will depend on you.* Every dollar sent me shall be expended in its support. I have trusted you for one year and a half. I have done all, and more, than I promised. I do not ask you to trust me. I only say that if you send me your money, I will do the best I can, and issue this paper weekly or monthly, as I may be enabled to do by the funds furnished me for this purpose. What is your answer?

"Taught by the Lord alone."

Swedenborg often speaks of his having been "taught by the Lord alone," but he says, it was "*mediately through his word.*"

From this we understand that the human writings, comprising what are called the Bible, stood between Swedenborg and God. The Bible was written, transcribed, collected, corrected, arranged, and printed, by human beings, from first to last. It is well known that the New Church holds, as an essential article of its creed, "That the Scriptures are the *only* fountain of truth, and the ultimate authority in matters of faith."

The "*only* fountain of truth?" A book, written and printed by human hands, the "*ONLY* fountain of truth?"

Authority of Spirits.

During the time that we have been conscious of open intercourse with the inhabitants of the spiritual world, no spirit or angel has ever offered to teach, dictate, or instruct me as to what I should believe on theological subjects. When I have questioned a few as to what Swedenborg calls "doctrinals" and "the doctrine of the Lord," they have answered with apparent reluctance; and on one point they have all affirmed what I do not believe; that is, the views uttered by them I did not receive, if I understood all they meant by what they said. (But of this I have some doubts.)

These are Swedenborg's words:

"I have had speech, with spirits and angels, now for many years, neither has any spirit dared, nor any angel wished, to tell me anything, still less to instruct me concerning any things in the Word, or concerning any doctrinals from the Word, but the Lord alone has taught me."—D. P. N. 135.

"Danger."

In what sense is "speaking with spirits" attended with danger? We fully appreciate the reasons assigned by Swedenborg, *why* it is so to those who are not permanently good, and fully instructed in respect to the laws of the spiritual world. But in what sense is it dangerous for such as are not prepared for it? Perhaps we should say that it is so in the same sense—that it is attended with *danger* for a child to be born of ignorant and vicious parents? It is attended with danger for ignorant people to hear the preaching of *sectarian* teachers? And so it is for children to do many things peculiar to childhood. Fixing the eyes upon the noon-day sun is attended with danger.

Individual Sovereignty.

As this is the true doctrine of manhood, so it is easy to see that it must be equally true of all in the spiritual world. Hence,

from the first it has been our object to have *all* spirits and angels, high and low, in respect to Goodness and Truth, utter just what they please. The first utterance they made to me, was, "We will be judged by our works." Hence, I have said to them, one and all, Manifest yourselves in your own way—by sound, by inspiration, by obsession, by impressions, by dreams, or in any other way you choose. I yield to spirits what I claim for myself—individual sovereignty; freedom of opinion, freedom of action, and freedom of utterance, in any way that may suit our love. All that spirits do or say, and their manner of saying it, must be judged of according to *Use*.

Explicitness.

Persons who write accounts of spiritual manifestations should aim at *explicitness* when speaking of that which cannot be correctly understood without it. Thus, one says a "communication was made by the spirit purporting to be A. B., by writing, through C. D." But this is not definite, as it may mean one of six different things:

1. Writing done by spiritual hands, as when the pencil is moved upon the paper, without being touched at all by the medium.
2. When the hand of the medium holds the pencil, and the hand is said, by the medium, to be moved by the disembodied spirit.
3. When the medium writes by *inspiration* of the spirit.
4. When the medium is inspired or *impressed* by the spirit, and the hand is mechanically moved to write.
5. When a mortal writes, and audible sounds are made by spirits, indicating approval, or affirming what is said.
6. And when the medium *unconsciously* writes, and then supposes it is done by spirits. That certain persons often do things unconsciously, and then erroneously suppose they were induced to do them by some extrinsic cause, I know from an experience of many years. Indeed, what is the history of withcraft, but accounts of persons who erroneously *imagined* themselves operated upon by human beings at a distance from them, and who were as far from having really exerted any such influence as if they had never been born?

The Celestial Life on Earth.

We have an excellent article from W. S. Courtney, Esq., on this subject, for our next number. He has written many good ones before—this is one of the best. It is worth the price of this paper. In a private note accompanying it, he says:

I wish to show more clearly that the *Divine Being*, apart from His moral and

natural character, sees not, neither knows, evil nor false. That as a God of *Ends*, and seeing from the Inmost, He sees all things as "very good;" whereas the current Christendom, instead of regarding His greatest means as means, namely, evil and false, or the hells, mistakes them for *Ends*, which arises altogether from their studying and knowing Him *alone* in His natural and moral character. For it is an axiomatic truth, all the world over, and the universe through, that "an evil eye alone sees evil things." God, therefore, to see and know evil, as an *End*, must be evil Himself. But, accustomed as we have been, to contrast the moral life with the selfish, in which it has every advantage, therefore, without looking further, we have concluded that it is the "summum bonum" of existence. This, however, is a fatal error, and heavily fraught with deplorable consequences to God. But in order to see these consequences and imperfections of the moral life, we must rise above it—dominate it—and have some increment of the celestial life; and those who have, will appreciate these articles.

This world, itself, has come up out of savagism, or rather, saurianism, and like man, is going forward in the regeneration or development process, to the celestial trine. Very true, in this great passage of the race out of Egypt to the promised land, there is great tribulation—great temptations, revulsions, &c., and many of the leaders will have to lay their bones this side. Yet the mass will pass over Jordan, and possess the country. It is not true, as is generally held by New Churchmen, that the first men on this earth were celestial men. Swedenborg nowhere says so; but on the contrary, says they were totally without good and truth, savages, barbarians, &c., which is meant by the earth being without form and void, and darkness being on the face of the earth.—[Vide Apoc. Ex., 1 vol., p. 519, or No. 294.] The N. C. has confounded the first men on this earth with the first church, which was a celestial church. I wanted to show this grand regeneration or going forward of the race, from cannibals to celestial men, but had to deny myself for more important matter.

Mistake Corrected.

Our correspondent, J. W. Greene, wishes to correct a mistake he made in his letter (Oct. 25, 1851,) in relation to W. Vose, of Woonsocket. He now finds that Mr. Vose is no sense an infidel, but has always been a believer in Christianity.

Harmonial Philosophers in Boston.

The friends of the Harmonial Philosophy in this city and vicinity, male and female, ought to hold regular meetings for consultation and mutual encouragement. Those friendly to this call will please leave their names at this office, and we hope arrangements may be made which will enable us to announce when and where meetings will be held.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Milwaukee, Oct. 24, 1851.

Friend Sunderland,—In your number for October is a sentiment which I either do not understand, or with which I cannot, at present, agree, viz: that experiments in Psychometry, or those of the Baron Reichenbach, would be productive of little or no results, "if performed without the knowledge of the patient." How much does this expression mean? If it only means that a susceptible subject, coming in accidental and unconscious contact with an autograph, would not be conscious of any effects from it, it is undoubtedly true, simply because his attention being occupied with other things, and his mind not being attentive to the sensations produced, he would not heed them. But how can the fact of his knowledge that an experiment is being tried, produce sensations which so wonderfully correspond to the character of the writer? Or when a medicine is placed in his hand, how can his knowledge of the fact that an experiment is to be tried, produce nausea if it happens to be ipecac, or sleepiness if opium, especially when the medicines are so mixed and distributed that no one knows one parcel from another? That one would experience an effect because he expected one, is probable enough; but how he should *always* experience the appropriate effect from a magnet, crystal, or autograph, is inconceivable to me. I would be glad to see your explanation.

J. S. D.

Brother D. is referred to my last work on Pathetism, (1847) pages 53-56, 109, for an answer to his queries. His use of the word "*always*," shows the chief difference (if any there be,) between him and me. When a case is presented to me that is "*always*" perfectly reliable, I shall not differ with him very much. The faculty of Intuition I believe in as fully as he does.

—Editor.

Marlboro', Chester Co., Pa., }
10th mo., 25th, 1851. }

Esteemed Friend,—The Harmonial Philosophy goes bravely on in this vicinity. There are four spiritual circles in this section and surrounding districts; and I think the principles are quietly and secretly gaining ground, although there is much opposition brought to bear upon them. I am much interested in the Spirit World; it is doing a good work here. May it be blessed with a long life in its mission of goodness.

VINCENT BARNARD.

Quinebaug, Ct., Nov. 3, 1851.

Dear Brother Sunderland,—Still feeling a deep interest in all things relating to the spiritual world, to which we are all so rapidly hastening, I snatch a few moments from the busy cares of the present life, to communicate to you a few facts in relation to the progress of the new developments in spiritual things which are now taking place in our vicinity. While the great mass of men around us are, or

appear to be, totally indifferent to all things but gain—there are a few, here, who think they are drinking in, from the deep and pure fountains of eternal truth, satisfying draughts of wisdom and true holiness. Sneered at and derided by those who profess better things, we put our trust in the Infinite, and still look upward. Oh, when will poor, blind, infatuated mortals learn to seek for truth in God's great book, *Nature*, so widely spread that its open leaves are ever before us, written in no unknown tongue, but in a language so plain that all men can read it! Dear brother, then let us thank our God for one thing—*Progression* is the eternal destiny of man. "He will have all come to a knowledge of the truth."

I will now relate a few incidents that have taken place under my own observation, which have done much to satisfy me of the truth of the "manifestations."—Spending a few days in Massachusetts, recently, I visited the grave of a dearly beloved mother. It seemed to me, while standing by that holy spot, that the spirit of my mother was really present, and knew all my thoughts. I plucked a sprig from a rose bush growing upon her grave, as a memento of the sweet intercourse I then seemed to hold with her, intending, should I again attend a "sitting," to use it as a test. A few days after this I was unexpectedly invited to attend a sitting in a friend's house. The medium, a person with whom I had not the slightest acquaintance, could not have known aught of myself or my friends in the spiritual world. A spirit purporting to be my mother, wished to converse with me. I put a few questions, and the answers were correctly given. I then said, "If this is really the spirit of my mother, will you give me, this evening, satisfactory evidence of the same?" The answer was, "Yes." I then asked a few other questions, when it occurred to me that I had the rose sprig with me. I took it from my pocket, and the table immediately commenced "tipping." In reply to all questions asked in regard to it, the answers were very earnest and correct—and then, as though to make the matter entirely plain, and to satisfy me beyond a doubt, the table commenced and tipped sixty-one times, unasked. I did not ask her to tell me her age. Do not know as I thought of it until it began to tip. Most in the room at once exclaimed, "What can that mean?" I replied, "I think I know what it means." The answer was, "Yes." I have no doubt it was what it purported to be—"my mother dear."—What else could it be?

I have many facts in my possession which go as strongly to prove the truth of these things as the one I have stated above. At a sitting at my house, some time since, we had clear evidence in the following manner: My wife was skeptical in relation to the matter, and said she had a test question she wished answered, which she would tell no one. Accordingly, at the sitting, a spirit purporting to be her mother, wished to communicate with her. She said, "Mother, will you repeat to me your dying words, that I may believe?" Answer, "Mary, I am going to leave you, but I leave you in the

hands of God,"—her mother's dying words—and added, "Believe, my dear Mary, that it is the spirit of your dear mother, because I love you."

What spelled that sentence but her mother's spirit? Answer, ye cavillers at God's truth. No one knew the words but herself.

Yours, for truth,
C. J. B. WATERS.

Wauconda, Ill., Nov. 13, 1851.

Mr. Sunderland, Sir: I have investigated both what is called the spiritual rappings and writings, and have had all my questions answered correctly, excepting when evil spirits interfered.

The first time I investigated the rappings, was at my neighbor's house. I went there skeptical as could be. We sat around the table, and raps were heard. I thought the medium made them with his hand under the table. The raps, apparently, were under the end of the table where I sat. The medium said to me, "There is a spirit present that wants to converse with you." So I began to ask questions, and feeling under the table to see that no one touched it. I can surely say that every one of my questions were rapped out correctly. The spirit which I was conversing with, purported to be my guardian. I asked her if she would go home with me, and rap for me at my house. I, not feeling satisfied, she said she would the next night. The next evening I retired to bed, and thinking of what she had promised me, raps were heard, apparently on my pillow, very faintly, and sounded like drops of water falling on my pillow.

Yours, truly,

WHEELLOCK W. PORTER.

Rochester, Monroe Co., N. Y. }
Nov. 18, 1851. }

Dear Friend,—Situated as I am, poor, old, lame and sick or unwell, a great share of my time, since here, prevents me from knowing much about the progress of spirituality, save what occurs within my own family. Be it known to thee that between three and four months since my wife, according to the ardent wishes of my heart, became a truthful medium for spiritual manifestations and communications. Not after the original manner, by sounds or rapping, but by the vibration of the hand and arm. Spiritual presence has often been indicated by shocks that have caused a trembling of the floor, and the next symptom discoverable is an influence or vibratory power descending her arms, from her shoulders to her fingers' ends. Hence, the greatest intelligence is manifested by answering mental questions by any person in the room, who by this mysterious agency is permitted to ask them. Note, in all cases we observe that hearty or true responses are given for the affirmative, by perpendicular motions, bringing the hand down firm on whatever substance it rests upon; and the negative is designated by horizontal movements of the hand—also all doubtful things. The departure of spirits is known by their seizing her hand while lying in her lap, and carrying it spirally up to the extent or length of her arm, and gradual-

ly releasing the influence which she sensibly feels diminishing from her shoulders to her fingers' ends. I particularise thus on account of not having witnessed the like in any other medium. We find it best to invoke no spirit whatever, but when any voluntarily appear, and spell out their names by the alphabet, or impress our minds with the same, we then attend to the calls of our spiritual friends, and very often to our consolation, edification, and satisfaction. We need no table to set by, nor yet a circle of congenial friends, on these occasions. It is all the same with us, whether by day or night, providing the mind of the medium is unmolested and free. Such, friend Sunderland, is the happy lot of ours; and I can assure we enjoy it with grateful hearts. And but for this blessed privilege of conversing with our spiritual friends, at pleasure, we should be unhappy, taking into consideration our temporal affairs. This, from thine and the friend of the human race—an old man, who, for more than thirty-five years, was a firm believer in the total annihilation of the human intellect at the dissolution of the body, but now a progressionist.

JOHN S. CLACKNER.

Greensboro', Henry Co., Ind., }
11th mo., 28th, 1851. }

Esteemed LaRoy Sunderland,—We have the spiritual rappings here, no mistake. They came just about the time the rappings at Crawfordsville, Ind., said they would—four months from that time.

Ten or twelve of us formed a circle, and held our meetings twice a week, at one another's houses; and in about two weeks after commencement we got them. The spirits named several other mediums besides our own; and others, who had never heard the raps, formed another circle, with the newly-named mediums, and they soon got them. It is now in a number of families in this village, and is spreading out in the country. At first we had to sit about an hour before we would get the sounds, but now we get them nearly or quite as soon as we sit around the table.

The spirits said, at the commencement, that they would communicate at some future time, more intelligently, and spell by alphabet, and make physical demonstrations, when the medium is more developed and we better prepared for it. I have heard hundreds of questions answered, mostly true, as far as we knew the facts. The spirits say the incorrect answers we got at a former sitting, were occasioned by lack of harmony among ourselves. They told us what the lack of harmony was, and in whom it was, that we might know the better how to harmonize ourselves. Last night, at my house, we had a physical demonstration. The dining table was moved round, back and forth, eight or ten times—sometimes twelve inches or more, and sometimes when nothing touched it except the medium's fingers. There are several mediums pointed out in this place, who are to be writing mediums; one of them is not to be a medium for sounds, but he is to be a medium for writing only. Our Mary Jane Rich is to be a writing medium; she

is now a medium for sounds. It is much satisfaction to me to communicate with my former wife and my children and grand-children who are in the spiritual world.

SETH HINSHAW.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SCIENCE, EDUCATION, HEALTH.

EARLY LOST--EARLY SAVED.

Within her downy cradle there lay a little child,
And a group of hovering angels, unseen, upon her smiled;
When a strife arose among them—a loving, holy strife—
Which should shed the richest blessings over the new-born life.

One breathed upon her features, and the babe in beauty grew,
With a cheek like morning's blushes, and an eye of azure hue;
Till every one who saw her was thankful for the sight
Of a face so sweet and radiant with every fresh delight.

Another gave her accents, and a voice as musical
As a spring-bird's joyous carol, or a rippling streamlet's fall;
Till all who heard her laughing, on her words of childish grace,
Loved as much to listen to her, as to look upon her face.

Another brought from Heaven a pure and gentle mind,
And within the lovely casket the precious gem enshrined;
Till all who knew her wondered that God should be so good
As to bless with such a spirit a world so cold and rude.

Thus did she grow in beauty, in melody, and truth,
The budding of her childhood just blooming into youth;
And to one heart yet dearer, every moment than before,
She became, though we thought fondly, heart could not love her more.

Then out spoke another angel—nobler, brighter than the rest,
As with strong arm, but tender, he caught her to his breast,
"Ye have made her all too lovely for a child of mortal race,
But no shade of human sorrow, shall darken o'er her face.

Ye have turned to gladness only, the accents of her tongue,
And no wail of human anguish shall from her lips be wrung.
Nor shall the soul that shineth so purely from within
Her form of earth-born frailty, ever know a sense of sin.

Lulled in my faithful bosom, I will bear her far away,
Where there is no sin, nor anguish, nor sorrow, nor decay;
And mine a boon more glorious than all your gifts shall be—
Lo! I crown her happy spirit with immortality!"
Then on his heart our darling yielded up her gentle breath,
For the stronger, brighter angel, who loved her best, was Death.

CABINET.

The following Mineral, Antique, and other curiosities, are for sale at this office:

EGYPTIAN LACHRYMAL. Very ancient.

COPPER ORE, from Cuba.

Beautiful specimen of AGATE.

FLINT ROCK, from Africa.

SEA SHELLS, taken from the "Deep Cut," Madison, Ind., 160 feet below the top of the Mountain.

CURIOUS. SEA SHELL, from Covington, Ky.

PETRIFIED WORM, from Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CORAL, from Mt. Adams, Cincinnati, O.

SEA SHELLS, petrified, from the hill on which Cincinnati is built.

CLAY FORMATIONS.

LAVA, from a Volcano in the Sandwich Islands.

PETRIFIED TEETH, from Madison, Ind.

FOREIGN COIN.

ARABIAN COIN.

CHINESE COIN.

ROMAN COIN.

EGYPTIAN COIN. Very ancient.

COIN found where the ancient Library was burned in Alexandria, Egypt.

MODEL ENGLISH COIN.

ANCIENT COIN.

IDOLS, made of Copper, taken from Egyptian Mummies.

INDIAN BREAD, made from pulverized roots. From South Sea Islands.

LEAD ORE.

CONTINENTAL MONEY.

PETRIFIED WOOD.

PETRIFIED LEAVES.

QUARTZ.

MOAIC, from Smyrna.

EGYPTIAN CLOTH, very ancient.

EGYPTIAN GRANITE.

PEARLS.

SEA SHELLS, great variety, from every quarter of the globe.

The par value of the gold and silver coins in this collection, is about \$30.

HEAT.

Heat is the prime agent employed by the Almighty Creator to call vegetable life into existence, to develop vegetable form, to effect all vegetable changes, and to ripen all vegetable produce. All these effects are performed most efficiently in the case of every plant, at some different temperature or degree of heat; and he who ascertains most correctly those heats, has taken a gigantic step towards excellence as a gardener. An uncongenial heat is as pernicious to vegetables as to animals. Every plant has a particular temperature, without which its functions cease; but the majority of them luxuriate most in a climate of which the extreme temperature does not much exceed 32° and 90°. No seed will vegetate—no sap will circulate—at a temperature at or below the freezing point of water. No cultivation will render plants, natives of the torrid zone, capable of bearing the rigors of our winters, although their offspring, raised from seed, may be rendered much more hardy than their parents. Others are capable of resisting the greatest known cold to which they can be exposed; yet all have degrees of temperature most congenial to them, and if subjected to lower temperatures, are less or more injured, proportionately to the intensity of that reduction. If the reduction of temperature be only slightly below that which is congenial, it only causes the growth of the plant to diminish and its color to become more pale; this effect being now produced by the plant's torpidity, or want of excitement to perform the requisite elaboration of the sap, as it is by over-excitement when made to vegetate in a temperature which is too elevated.

If blossoms are produced at all, they are unfertile, and the entire aspect of the plant betrays that its secretions are not healthy, and its functions are deadened. Mr. Knight says, "that melon and cucumber plants, if grown in a temperature too low, produce an excess of female blossoms; but if the temperature be too high, blossoms of the opposite sex are by far too profuse." The drier the air the greater is the amount of moisture transpired; and this becomes so excessive, if it be also promoted by a high temperature, that plants in hot-houses, where it has occurred often, dry up as if burned. The just y lamented Mr. Daniell has well illustrated this by showing that if the temperature of a hot-house be raised only five degrees, viz. from 75° to 80°, whilst the air within it retains the same degree of moisture, a plant that in the lower temperature exhaled fifty seven grains of moisture, would in the higher temperature exhale one hundred and twenty grains in the same space of time.

Plants, however, like animals, can bear a higher temperature in dry air than they can in air charged with vapor. Animals are scalded in the latter if the temperature is very elevated, and plants die under similar circumstances, as if boiled. MM. Edwards and Colin found kidney beans sustained no injury, when the air was dry, at a temperature of 167°; but they died in a few minutes if the air was moist. Other plants, under similar cir-

cumstances, would perish probably at a much lower temperature; and the fact affords a warning to the gardener to have the atmosphere in his stoves very dry whenever he wishes to elevate their temperature for the destruction of insects or other purposes.

Some plants, like some animals, are able to endure a very high degree of temperature. Sir Joseph Banks and others have breathed for many minutes in an atmosphere hot enough to cook eggs; and I have myself travelled in Bengal breathing air, without inconvenience, which rendered the silver-mountings of my green spectacles too hot to be borne without their occasional removal.

So do certain plants flourish in hot-water springs of which the temperature varies between the scalding heats of from 150° to 180° of Fahrenheit's thermometer; and others have been found growing freely on the edges of volcanoes, in an atmosphere heated above the boiling point of water. Indeed, it is quite certain that most plants will better bear, for a short time, an elevated temperature which, if long continued, would destroy them, than they can a low temperature. Thus a temperature much above the freezing point of water, to orchidaceous and other tropical plants, is generally fatal if endured by them for only a few minutes; whereas a considerable elevation above a salutary temperature is rarely injurious to plants. But this is not universally the case; for the elegant *Primula marginata* is so impatient of heat that, although just about to bloom, it never opens a bud if brought into a room in which there is a fire.

The temperature should always be regulated in our hot-houses with a due regard to the light. At night it should be so low as to put the circulation of the sap into a comparative state of rest; and in dull days the temperature should be full 10° lower than in those of bright sunshine.—*Working Farmer.*

The sources of heat are not so well understood as its effects. Chemical changes are continually going on, both in plants and soils, and but few of these can occur without rendering *latent heat, present or sensible heat*. Most substances contain heat which is *latent*, and which may be rendered *present or sensible heat*, by lessening their bulk.

Thus sulphuric acid may seem cold to the touch, but if one gallon of this acid be mixed with one gallon of water, the one will be partly absorbed by the other, and although the result will equal the weight of both, the bulk will be much less; while the latent heat belonging to the missing part of the bulk, will be present heat to the mass, and thus the mixture will be nearly as hot as boiling water.

Such liberations of heat must take place, whenever two substances combine, which occupy less space after their combination, than when separate; and such combinations are continually going on, both in the soil and in plants.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

The sun-flower not unfrequently measures fifty inches in circumference.

VEGETABLE EATERS.—We have never yet met a single Grahamite or vegetarian who was a hale, hearty person.—*Pittsburg Saturday Visitor.*

Mrs. Swisshelm has evidently never seen "all the world and the rest of mankind." She has never seen the brawny arms of the Highland Scotchmen who never taste meat more than twice a year, and that on "holidays"—their chief living being "brose," composed of oat meal mixed with water; and a more manly, hardy race never pressed feet upon the soil. One of them said to us, once, "We ne'er ate meat until we came to America, and I can safely say we ha' ne'er been so weel for't." About a year since we saw a family consisting of a father, children, and grand-children. The father had not tasted food for forty years, and the children and grand-children had never eaten it, and a finer looking group the State of Pennsylvania (they were from that State,) cannot show. Some hundred of others are known to us who have ceased making walking sepulchres of themselves for ten, fifteen, and from that to fifty years, and they are of the most healthy and intelligent of the world's inhabitants. We should not refuse to exhibit our health, strength, and powers of endurance with any grease, gravy, beef, pork, or other carcass devourer that Mrs. Swisshelm may bring along, of equal size and similar vocation, although we have discarded the use of such things, with tea and coffee, for the last eleven or twelve years.—*Providence Mirror.*

This Mrs. Swisshelm is probably a descendant of old Esau, whose "hand" was said to be "against every man, and every man's hand against him." A phrenologist examined her head, a few years since, and not giving her quite as much intellect as she thought she possessed, she expressed great dissatisfaction—of course.

EVADING THE DEATH PENALTY.—An apparatus to prevent death by hanging is said to have been used at Armagh, in Ireland, in 1764. Thomas O'Neale, who was capitally convicted of stealing a mare, was ordered for execution. The sheriff, accordingly attended with a proper guard, saw him to the place of execution, and after some time spent in prayer he was turned off. Having hung about half an hour he was seen by the sheriff to move his neck as though he wanted to ease himself. On that the sheriff immediately ordered the executioner to strip his coat and waistcoat off. Nothing appearing, he ordered him to strip off his shirt, which the executioner seemed very reluctant to do, saying that stripping him would be indecent, and that his time of hanging had nearly expired. The sheriff insisted that it should be done; but the executioner was very dilatory in doing it, in hopes that the hour would expire. When he had stripped off the shirt there was discovered a collar of iron about his neck, which was fastened to two straps that

went under his arms, which two were fastened to four others that went round his body; there were likewise fastened two that went to the bottom of the feet, and underneath these were two plates of iron nearly as large as his feet; and there went up each thigh another strap which met and went round his waist. On the sheriff seeing this, he immediately ordered the straps to be cut, and stayed with him full four hours and a half, and commanded the guard to attend all night. The next evening he was cut down, and instantly buried.

THE QUINCE.—Of this fruit there was never, perhaps, a larger quantity raised in New England, than the present season. Every bush appears to have been laden. Whether this abundance of Quince is to be attributed to its productiveness this year, or to the increased number of bushes now in bearing, or to both of these causes united, it may be difficult to say. But one thing is evident, that as the demand for the quince is, and must be, a limited demand, the supply cannot be increased to any great extent, to pay for its production. The price is already far lower than usual—at least one-third less, on an average, than heretofore. We say, therefore, that its cultivation, unless a foreign market should be opened for it, cannot well be increased to a profit, and that the same reasons cannot be urged for its increased cultivation, as for that of other fruits. A half-bushel of quinces is about all that most families want—and that only for preserving. But of apples—especially winter apples—the demand is, and is likely to be, fully equal to the supply. The same space of ground occupied by quince bushes, can, we think, be more profitably filled by the Baldwin or other popular winter apple trees. Let our cultivators, and especially our farmers, be cautious and not enter largely on the orchard culture of the quince, but confine themselves to just enough to help sell their other fruits?—*Journal of Agriculture.*

LOVE-SICK NIGHTINGALE.—Newly caught nightingales are what the bird-dealers call "rank." That is, they are full of snatches of rapturous song, and eager to join their mates directly on their arrival. There is no difficulty in ascertaining this latter. The voice of the lover while paying adoration to his "soul's idol" is heard both far and near. It breaks out in transports of unrestrained melody and innocent playful joy. Then do they at once commence the arduous duties inseparable from a wedded life. The females build, lay, and go to nest almost immediately. Hence the males, when caged, sing—not to please themselves, nor their new masters: no—every note, every inspiration they draw, are all intended for the ear of their betrothed—their first their only love. Constancy such as this is rarely known. Indeed, full many of these lovely warblers fall lifeless from their perches soon after they have been caught. They sing their own "death song," in hope that its inspiring melody may reach the ears of

those they so idolize, and from whom they have been so remorselessly torn. Vain hope, truly!—*William Kidd, in the "Gardener's Chronicle."*

LARGE MAP.—A map of France is now being engraved under the superintendence of some of the officers of the French army, which will be composed, when finished, of 268 sheets; 149 of them are already finished. It is estimated that the necessary surveys yet to be made will require a period of five years, and the engraving nine years. The work was commenced in the year 1817, and the cost is calculated at 10,196,180 francs. The number of officers engaged upon it altogether, up to the present day, amounts to 2,249.

NEWSPAPERS IN CALIFORNIA.—There are twenty-one newspapers published in California—one religious, eight political, and twelve neutral, or nominally such.

TO REFORMERS.—The attention of all persons, men and especially intelligent women interested in the elevation of their sex—is challenged to the examination of the new principles of the Science of Society, as developed in the following works:

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