



SPIRIT WORLD.

VOL. III.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1851.

NO. 3.

NATURE.

HUMAN, SPIRITUAL, DIVINE.

CIRCULAR.

As we suppose it may subserve the purposes contemplated in the following circular, we give it a place in our columns. Our answers to the questions will be found on a succeeding page of our present number:

New York, July, 1851.

Sir.—The undersigned, residing in New York and vicinity, have been requested by a circle of persons interested in the subject, to act as an informal committee, to procure as extensive information as practicable relating to the recent phenomena purporting to be communications from the world of spirits, by means of rappings and otherwise, occurring in various parts of the United States and elsewhere. Having learned that you have enjoyed some opportunities for observing these strange manifestations, they beg to call your attention to the subject, and to solicit answers to the following interrogatories, with the understanding that they shall be at liberty to publish your statement in full or in part. It is their desire to lay before the world a simple collection of facts, with as little as possible in the way of theory. It is deemed important by those who direct in this movement to give the public the means of judging of the reality of these manifestations, and of their spiritual origin, with something of the general character of the communications themselves. Theory is in place only after a sufficient number of facts are accumulated to generalize upon. Your immediate attention and reply to these interrogatories will be esteemed a favor by us. Your statement will be published over your signature, unless you specially direct otherwise.

To refresh your recollection, and not desiring categorical replies, we beg leave to submit the following questions:

How long has the subject of Pneumatology engaged your attention?

Through what kind of mediums have you made your observations?

Have you had communications in different ways?

In how many?

Have you had them through the rappings?

In what is termed ecstasy?

By writing?

By seer-vision, the medium being apparently in a normal state?

By mental impressions?

By electrical currents or impressions?

Have you experienced any of these in your own person?

If so, what?

Have you witnessed physical manifestations, such as the moving of articles of furniture, tables, chairs, sofas, pianos, &c. the opening of pianos, the ringing of bells, preventing their ringing when in motion, rapping out tunes, playing tunes upon the strings of an instrument, upon bells, or otherwise, the exhibition of lights, &c. &c.? [It may be well, in some extraordinary cases, to add diagrams to illustrate statements upon this subject.]

If so, what, and under what circumstances,—especially what occurred in darkness, and what in the light?

Have the communications usually been of an elevated character?

Have they, in some instances, been the reverse?

Have you known specific advice and directions given to individuals through these channels, and did they prove important?

Have the manifestations you have witnessed been such as could have been produced by the collusion of parties combined to deceive? Could you discover any motive on the part of persons present to colude for that purpose, and was the character of the parties such as to give any guarantee against such a supposition?

Have the communications been such as to evince a high order of intelligence—was it apparently an intelligence transcending that of the persons present? What facts have occurred to show that such intelligence was not derived from some magnetic communication of ideas from the interrogator himself, or from some other person present?

Have you received correct answers to mental questions? If so, state instances of such answers. Have you received and acted on mental impressions, and been afterward informed that those impressions came from spirits?

Have the communications you have received

proved a general agreement between the parties communicating, or have they shown diversity of views, creeds, and degrees of knowledge among them?

Have you been brought to any conclusions in relation to the whole subject of spiritual existence and communication, which you can state in a few general propositions, without enlargement? If so, please state them.

Will you give in detail such conversations as you may have had, or witnessed, with supposed spirits, (naming the individual spirits,) tending to prove the immortality of the soul, or man's continued personal existence after leaving this body, with the mode of that existence, and the circumstances which surround it?

Please extend the request we address to you to such reliable persons of your acquaintance as have had similar opportunities, avoiding the repetition of testimony to the same facts. Several persons may with advantage, however, simply add their statements that they have witnessed substantially the same developments.

Address your reply to this, and apply for additional circulars, if you require them, to S. P. Andrews, 49 Ann street, New York.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS,
J. ROCKWOOD ORTON,
JOHN F. GRAY,
ROBERT T. SHANNON,
JOHN H. HUNT,
ROBERT T. HALLOCK,
L. N. FOWLER,
SAMUEL T. FOWLER,
CHARLES PARTRIDGE,
WILLIAM J. BAKER,
ALMON ROFF.

[Original.]

"THE PLEASURE BOAT."

Friend Sunderland,—It is an old proverb that "All is not gold that glitters." So, it is not every one who *pretends* to seek truth who is *really* in love of it. It will not be surprising to your readers to be informed that a large majority of the papers of the day deal unfairly with the subject of spiritual communications.—This is known, and even expected. But when an editor, claiming to be *par excellence*, in all matters touching a free interchange of thought and expression, denies to his readers a fair and candid reply to

his own articles, which had appeared from time to time, under the specious pretence that the communication was long, or that it did not prove anything to the point—it is well, then, I think, to let the world know this, that their true and real character may be known.

Some time in the month of March, I think, (I have no date of it,) I wrote a communication for the Portland "Pleasure Boat," which consisted of a reply to various objections frequently urged by the editor of that paper to the "spiritual rappings." The communication was as brief as I was capable of making it, consistent with a due regard to point and perspicuity. After the lapse of about six weeks, the editor announced to his readers that he had received a communication from South Hingham, on Spiritual Knockings, which he must decline publishing, owing to its great length and for the reason that the writer had offered no proof to sustain his position. This editorial occupied about a column and a half, partly of criticism and partly of propositions of what he would do about visiting Hingham to hear the rappings for himself. The conclusion of this article contained a request that I would reply to him immediately, and let him know what I would do with regard to complying with his propositions. I wrote a very short reply by the next mail, and also requested that if he did not publish my communication he would return it, with the other, by mail, as I had no copy of them on hand. And now, from that day to this, not a word has been said in his paper giving his readers the least idea that he has ever received any reply from me; and he has never taken the trouble to return either of my articles, as I requested. Such is the man who claims to be a reformer, and in favor of free discussion.

Yours, &c. J. CUSHING.

South Hingham, Mass., July 6, 1851.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

It was a universal belief among the ancient Persians, that every human being was attended, during life, by one or more of the inhabitants of the spirit world; and that the attendant angel, or agent, as the term implies, was selected from those who had been their most intimate friends while living. Nor is this faith confined to the Persian nation. From the creation of the world to the present time, those who have recognized immortality as a truth, have believed firmly in the ministration of guardian angels. And the idea is one supported by true philosophy, sound reason, and divine revelation. This theory, so beautiful to the enlightened understanding, so consoling to the afflicted, and the truth of which having been attested by universal belief, in ages past, has been absolutely demonstrated, even to our external senses, in the present. It is no longer a matter of faith—it is knowledge; not to all, but to very many in the most intelligent and refined circles of society. It is a beautiful truth, and worthy of the highest intellect—a faith at once elevating and purifying. Who would not be restrained from sin, under such a belief? Who would not pause before com-

mitting a disreputable act, if fully convinced of the fact that the spirit of some dearly loved earthly friend still walked lovingly by his side? Would the incendiary apply the match at midnight, in the presence of an angel witness? I can conceive of no stronger restraint to vice—no greater incentive to virtue—than would be produced by a full belief in the truth of the angel ministry. It is a universal law, in nature, for the higher to superintend the lower; and it is on this principle that the spirits of our departed friends, having entered a higher sphere of existence, are prepared and qualified to watch over their friends on earth. We have all been looking for heaven, and the reason why we have not sooner found it is because we have looked for *too far off*.

We are just beginning to understand the import of these words, "The kingdom of heaven is within you." We may become hardened and seared by the cares of life, and our spiritual perceptions may be clouded by sin, still there are times when the dear memories of other, and perhaps better days, come thronging back, displacing, by their gentle influence, all thoughts of evil, and then it is that we feel unmistakable evidence of the presence of our soul-companions. The vilest criminal was once an inoffensive child, and he, at times, may feel something of this holy influence. In the language of Whittier:

"Not wholly can the heart unlearn
The lesson of its better hours,
Nor yet has Time's dull foot-step worn
To common dust that path of flowers."

There is no soul on earth so low as not to contain the germ of angel purity. The circumstances and influences which surround it may be unfavorable to its development, but this furnishes no proof of its absence. It must, some time and some where, according to the eternal purpose of Him who made it, grow into beauty and perfection. True, our brother has sinned, but God only knows how strong he was tempted, or how often he resisted before he fell. True Christian charity should embrace the world, and the Christian's hope should be for all mankind. Behold that pale and careworn mother. Her son has sinned and fallen. But has she forsaken him? No! Disregarding the sneers of the crowd, she follows him to the court room—sits by his side while the judge pronounces his doom—follows him to the prison—walks by his side to the gallows, and when the last sad act in the drama is ended—when the form she pressed to her bosom in childhood lies cold and lifeless before her, she kneels upon his grave, and prays that she may meet her child again in heaven. And this is only the manifestation of human love.

Shall the Infinite Father of all do less than that poor finite mother? Let us then continue to hope, not for a chosen few, but for all our Father's family. And let us remember, amid all the discouragements and afflictions of life, that we are not alone. Though every earthly friend has departed, and every earthly hope has perished, still remember that you are not alone. Morning, noon, and night, the spirits of the loved in heaven shall hover

round you, and at death receive and welcome you to the soul's eternal home.

GILBERT THAYER.

Dedham, Mass., March 10.

—Norfolk Democrat.

ANOTHER EXPLOSION.

"Moy Brother," alias Heman Barr, is out in the New York Express of Saturday last, with another *expose* of the spiritual rapping. He publishes what purports to be a statement of Mrs. Norman Culver, who is a sister of the wife of Mr. David S. Fox, brother of the "Fox Family" sisters. This he dishonestly heads, "Extracts from the deposition of Mrs. Norman Culver," when it is a mere statement, not sworn to, and garbled extracts at that. This Mrs. Culver pretends that Catharine Fox made the "awful disclosure," that the rapping was made with her toes. Among other things, she says it is necessary to warm the feet often in order to make the sounds, and that Catharine told her she sometimes had to warm her feet three or four times during an evening. In regard to this latter statement, we will say that we have been in a room with Catharine and others, where it was so cold that the ladies present all wore their shawls, from seven o'clock in the evening till one o'clock in the morning, when the sounds were almost constantly going on, and during which time she did not go out of the room, and had no access to fire. But the most important statement in the whole, is the following:

"Catharine told me that when the committee held their ankles in Rochester, the Dutch servant girl rapped with her knuckles under the floor, from the cellar. The girl was instructed to rap whenever she heard their voices calling the spirits."

We were present at those investigations, and can state, for the information of those who are disposed to rely upon such a statement, 1st—That not one of the investigations took place at the house of the Fox Family; 2d—The Family did not know where the investigations were to be held until the committee called for them to go; 3d—They did not take place twice in the same house or building; 4th—The first place of investigation was at the hall of the Sons of Temperance, the second at the office of Vice Chancellor Whittleby, and the third at the rooms of Dr. J. Gates, at the Rochester House; 5th—They had never, up to that time, had a Dutch or any other servant girl in their house; and 6th, (a fact quite important,) Catharine Fox was not in Rochester at any time during the investigation, but was with our own family, in Auburn, seventy miles distant! So much for this great confession. It sinks the two impostor brothers still deeper in disgrace.

Mrs. Culver is one of the most susceptible Mesmeric subjects in the world, and it is not unlikely that a man of Burr's character might make her say what she did not mean, as we know other persons have the power to do so with her. If we add to this the fact that, at the outset, she owns to having helped in the deception, and that there has long been a family difficulty, the whole story will look rather suspicious, aside from what we know to be false.—*Providence Mirror*.

EDITORIAL.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1851.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

The following statements are in answer to the questions in the circular on the first page of this paper:

1. The subject of Pneumatology has engaged my attention for more than twenty-five years; but more especially for the last ten years.

2. I have made my observations by studying cases of *Insanity, Monomania, Dreaming, Visions, Second Sight, Fits, Convulsions, "Revivals of Religion," Somnambulism, Ecstasy, Clairvoyance*, and by what are called "spiritual concussions" or "rappings."

3. I have witnessed, and experienced in my own family and person, the manifestations of force upon physical bodies, by what purported to be spirits who departed this life. I have been taken hold of, struck, my clothes pulled, with great force. These things happened under circumstances where it was not possible for any human being to deceive me in respect to what was done.

Spiritual manifestations have been continued in my family for the space of about one year. During this time a common centre table has been moved, turned over, shaken, made to vibrate or dance, raised up from the floor, some hundred of times, without human hands. Once it was moved across the house and back, a distance of about fifty feet. The windows and floors have been opened; a hand bell has been rung, thrown about the room, and finally rolled up in the silk apron of the medium. I have heard tunes evolved by spirits, and drummed out upon the table. Chairs and other articles of furniture have been moved. Books and papers have been taken from the hands of skeptical spectators who were present. Letters, and the entire names of spirits have been written on cards and on paper, by an invisible power. The spiritual manifestations in my own family, of which I speak, have been made in the light; none, or very few, in the dark.

4. All the communications I have witnessed in my own family, have been of an elevated character.

5. I have known specific advice given to mortals, through these channels, (spiritual sounds,) which proved to be of great importance.

6. The manifestations of which I speak (comprising some thousand, in all,) could not have been produced by any human means whatever. True, some few mortals have attempted, when at my house, to imitate the spirits, but they have been unsuccessful.

7. The communications have been such as to evince, in some instances, a high order of intelligence, and in all cases a knowledge of the spiritual world far above the intelligence of the mortals present. I infer that the manifestations could not have originated in human beings, from the following facts:

First—Intelligence has often been communicated by the "sounds," of which no mortal present had any memory or knowledge.

Secondly—The manifestations of force over physical objects. This is not done by the mind of mortals without physical contact.

8. I have had answers to mental questions, and have had questions answered when alone with my daughter, (the medium,) while she was in a state of natural sleep, and utterly unconscious that I was holding any conversation with the spirits.

9. I have found views unconsciously developed in my own mind, upon which I have acted, and have afterwards been informed by the "sounds" that those views were communicated by spirits.

10. All the communications I have received, or witnessed, from the spiritual world, have seemed to indicate "a diversity of views and degrees of knowledge" and goodness among its inhabitants.

11. Thus far, in my experience and conversation with spirits, I have been brought to the following conclusions in respect to "spiritual existence:"

I. That man, as to his spirit, is in the spiritual world, as he is in the physical world with regard to his external body. Consequently, mortals are constantly in juxtaposition with congenial or associate spirits.

II. The spirit lives after death, and is never subject to decay.

III. Our relations, or nearest friends, when they die, become our guardian angels, and watch over and assist us.

IV. Each mortal attracts spirits whose affinities are congenial with his own, and who exert more or less influence in the development of his character. This influence is mutual—mortals act on spirits, and spirits on mortals.

V. Death makes no change in man's character. It puts him in a new and higher sphere of existence, which is progressive in correspondence with the laws by which his existence was at first commenced.

VI. The laws of eternal progression have brought about a state of proximity between mortals and the spiritual world, which allows of communications from spirits to man's external senses.

VII. Communications from spirits cannot be depended upon, in themselves, con-

sidered for goodness and truth, any more than we depend upon communications from mortals. When addressed to man's external senses they are attended with many antagonisms which render it more or less difficult to arrive at a satisfactory knowledge, either of the person communicating or of the meaning and intention of what is said.

IX. Spiritual communications are never made directly to mortal's external senses, from spirits who are high in respect to knowledge or goodness. The disparity between the spheres filled by mortals and such spirits, renders this exceedingly difficult or impossible.

X. These facts should render mortals cautious in asking or receiving advice from spirits of whose personal identity they can know very little or nothing at all; and careful, also, in applying to such spirits the names of particular individuals long since passed from this world.

The grand design in these spiritual manifestations to man's external senses, is to make known to mortals the existence, character, and laws of the spiritual world.

Such, in brief, is the substance of conversations I have had with what I believe to be spirits who have departed this life, tending to prove, beyond all doubt in my own mind, "the immortality of the soul, and the circumstances which surround it."

Respectfully,

LAROY SUNDERLAND.

28 Eliot street, Boston, Mass.

 QUERIES.

For obvious reasons, we put the views here suggested, in the form of queries merely. Of one fact we are fully satisfied, and that is, that the highest of mortals as yet know but very little of the laws of the spiritual world. But we are in the way of learning, and shall comprehend more, by and by. We desire to know how it is, and hence we state our queries, in order to assist others in their investigations:

1. That in the spiritual world there are spirits who are media for communications with mortals, in strict analogy with what takes place in the external world. Mortals cannot converse externally, without an external medium; and the same is true of spirits—they cannot speak to man's external senses, without a spirit, who is a medium for them, the same as mortals are media for mortals.

2. Circles are formed by spirits, for communicating with mortals; and to this spiritual circle the spirit-medium bears the same relation which the human medium does to the human circle.

Communications to and from spirits are the most satisfactory when there is the ut-

most harmony in both circles, the external and spiritual; and especially between the external and spirit mediums. As there are, properly speaking, two circles, so there must be two mediums, and if one be absent, no satisfactory communication can be had.

4. Manifestations have been made by spirits (like many at Stratford, Ct.) where there was no external medium at the time. In such cases, spirits make use of spirits as media. But such manifestations are, of course, irregular, as they are made without any human medium. In such cases, spirits do not always know precisely what they do, or how it affects mortals when it is done.

5. There are precisely the same, or similar diversity of views, among spirits, as to media, and communications with mortals, that we witness among ourselves. The same skepticism as to the possibility of communicating at all, the same queries as to why it cannot be done without a medium, and why not at one time and place as well as another!

6. If the above be true, then we can the more easily account for the great diversity in the communications made to mortals. One circle has manifestations of martial music, and sounds associated with war and bloodshed. Another circle call around them spirits who answer to the names of Judas Iscariot, St. Paul, St. John the Divine, St. Luke, and Daniel the Prophet. Another circle get responses confirming their views of Mormonism; and others might, in the same way, get spirits who would confirm Mahommedanism or Hindooism! And hence we see how easy a matter it must be for a sectarian preacher to call around him *sectarian spirits*, and get "sounds" from them confirmatory of his sectarian notions. We have seen accounts of one who is preaching, at the present time, in Western New York, and under the assurance, from this class of spirits, that he is *inspired* by them! Without any doubt, he is influenced by spirits! "Inspired," of course! And the style of his utterances abundantly show the source whence his inspiration comes. Mortals who are receptive of fanaticism and fables from the spiritual world, will always find spirits low enough to make "sounds," and to give them all the "inspiration" they want.

At first thought it seems, indeed, marvellous how any intelligent mind could be familiar with the recent manifestations from the spiritual world, for a week, and not become cognizant of the danger here alluded to. But then, on further reflection, we think we perceive how it is, and we no more marvel that each mortal acts out his own *idiotism*, than we do that he acts or thinks at all.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM SPIRITS.—We notice communications published in some of our contemporaries, said to have been made by spirits; but it is not said how those communications were made, whether by influx, by writing, or by "sounds." We have received a number of articles for publication, which we are assured were made for this paper, by spirits, but we are not told how they were made; and unless we know in what manner such communications are made, it is not very easy to place a correct estimate on them. When certain media write articles, or utter them, and tell us that they are moved to do so by spirits, we desire to know this fact, as it makes the communication so essentially human, that we doubt the propriety of calling such communications *spiritual*.

A paper is published in Western New York, purporting to be "dictated by spirits," but what is meant by this we are left to conjecture. There is not a paper published, and there never was a letter written, but what might be said to be "dictated by spirits." And when we are told that a certain paper is, par excellence, "dictated by spirits," and this is said under circumstances which would lead us to infer that all its words and sentences had been spelled out by the "sounds" made by spirits, it seems to us that a species of deception is practiced, whether designed or not. In speaking, therefore, of communications from spirits, and especially when furnishing such for publication, we should, in all cases, say how they were made; and it is desirable, also, that the name of the medium should be known, as well as the names of the mortals who witnessed the communication when made.

SECTARIAN TESTIMONY.—The Wheeling (Va.) Luminary, published and edited by Mr. J. B. Wolff, bears the following testimony against sectarianism. Mr. Wolff says of himself:

"Nearly all our religious associations—our whole religious life—has been developed among the Methodists, and for seventeen years we have zealously labored to extend their sphere."

And yet he thinks there may be more hope of "Infidels" than of the great "mass of professing Christians." He has become convinced of the reality of the spiritual manifestations, and speaking of them, says:

"Our position is now taken—we abide this, regardless of consequences. We believe that every man who insinuates or asserts that mediums make these sounds and impressions, and are therefore tricking us and the public, utters at once a falsehood and a slander; even the declaration of their belief to that effect, in the absence of evidence, amounts to the same thing. No man has a right to believe, in the absence of evidence, unless he knows the parties

guilty of fraud; and even then he has no right to assert that a liar never tells the truth. We ask no stronger evidence of the injustice of mankind, than our experience presents in connection with those manifestations; and the most painful part of it is, that there is more candor in liberal Infidels than in the mass of professing Christians.

Look at the different churches! They fail to meet the wants of humanity; they do not even provide for the temporal wants of their own fraternities. Their ministry have been the source of all theological errors, have caused nearly all the divisions in the body of Christ, have sanctioned, under different forms and at different times, the most revolting cruelties and injustice; have lent their influence to the propagation of intemperance and slavery; and at this hour, if Christ did not come in the way they have prescribed, it would be hard to tell which sect would be more rabid in its desires to drive him away. As a proof, we would only refer to the sermons preached in this city against these spiritual manifestations, by men who have not patiently and honestly investigated them, denouncing on current rumor and garbled misrepresentation; look at the fact that several of our clergy in this city have refused to investigate these phenomena when invited to do so."

RAY OF LIGHT.—The following ray of light is from L. Bas, late Principal of the East India College:

"Our holy faith tells us that heaven is peopled with the friends and guardians of man; that heaven is agitated, if I may so speak, by perpetual sympathy with what is passing here below. The blessed ministers of God are doubtless dwelling in secure and unutterable bliss. But the very life of their joy consists in this: that they behold the face of our Father, which is in heaven, and from them the glorious splendor of his countenance is reflected back. So that we may conceive the realms of light to be filled with resemblances, faint and imperfect though they be, of the supreme and consummate Goodness. And hence it is that these children of light, these images of the divine love, are incessantly bending forward from their abodes of glory, and turning with watchful looks towards us, who, by our natural birth, are the heirs of sorrow and corruption.

CHEAP POSTAGE.—The new Postage law went into effect on the 1st day of July, and for the benefit of our readers we condense, from the official tables, a summary of its provisions:

Prepaid Letter Postage.—Every letter of the weight of half an ounce or less, sent for any distance less than 3000 miles, is to be charged three cents, and for every additional half ounce, or fractional part thereof, an additional rate of three cents is to be charged. Letters sent over 3000 miles are to be charged double the above rates.

Unpaid Letter Postage.—Upon all letters, the postage of which is not paid in advance, five cents postage is to be charged for half an ounce, for any distance less than 3000 miles, and ten cents for every letter sent more than this distance.

Drop Letters deposited in any post office, for delivery only, are to be charged one cent.

Newspapers.—Weekly newspapers can be sent by mail to all subscribers in the county

in which they are printed, *free* of postage; out of the county, for any distance not exceeding 50 miles, five cents per quarter; over 50 and not exceeding 300 miles, ten cents; over 300 and not exceeding 1000, fifteen cents; over 1000, and less than 2000, twenty cents per quarter. The postage upon daily newspapers, for any distance less than 50 miles, is twenty-five cents a quarter, in advance; over 50 and less than 300 miles, fifty cents per quarter.

Transient Newspapers.—When sent any distance under 500 miles, must pay one cent an ounce, in advance; over 500 and less than 1500, double that rate. The same rates of postage are also to be charged upon transient magazines, books, and engravings.

Magazines published monthly or quarterly, are to be charged half a cent an ounce for any distance under 500 miles, and twice that amount if sent more than 500 miles, and in all cases a quarter's payment in advance.

CORRESPONDENCE.

181 Broadway, N. Y., June 4, 1851.

Dear Sir,—I was born of strictly religious parents, and, when young, had to say my lesson from the old "Westminster Chatechism," every Sunday, besides learning my Sunday School lesson; and by the time I was twelve years of age, I could repeat most of the four Gospels. And although I never went through what is called being "born again," yet I was induced to enter the church at the age of twenty-one. But notwithstanding the education which I had received, and the many theological books which I had read, I could not, after all, bring myself to realize the existence of a life after the death of the body. I said I believed it, and yet I truly did not. And I presume there was never a person who more earnestly prayed for light on this (to me) all important subject. The future was my dread; and thus it remained until chance brought me in contact with Psychology, and the writings of A. J. Davis, and kindred subjects.

But the truth of these things, manifested in Psychological experiments and the statements of Davis and other clairvoyants, seemed to want something to overwhelm the timid and lukewarm believer, and I can hardly describe the joy I felt at the first intimation I received of the "rappings."

I at once, as it were, intuitively felt it to be true; and since this first dawning of the new light I have been profoundly interested in everything connected with the subject; and I can truly say that this is the first dawning of light from the future that ever crossed my path. Hence, every pamphlet and newspaper article which I have ever seen upon this subject, I have devoured with the greediness of a dog; and you would laugh to see me when I get your paper, to witness how I go at it! Everything must give place until the contents are known, and I generally read everything in it before I stop, even to take a change of position!

I will here give you my opinion of the merits of this little, unpretending sheet, (although I wish it were three times the size,) and I would say the same to any other person.

I am much pleased with most of the editorial matters. Your article of "What is it?" I thought to be *capital! capital!* I have also been much pleased with the articles from Mr. W. S. Courtney. I have felt particularly interested in communications from individuals, describing what has occurred in their various localities, because it seemed as if we wanted facts. It is in this respect, if in no other, that I have thought your paper to be preferred to another devoted to this all-important subject. Articles of a controversial character, it appears to me, might be dispensed with for the present. Do not let us so soon get to quarreling among ourselves. If others differ a little in abstract points, or seem inconsistent, why, let it pass. Human nature is full of inconsistencies. We must recollect that our spirits have but recently been ushered into being; we have yet thousands of years to learn. We could not expect to know all at once.

And after all, it is the strangest thing to me that this subject is treated with so much indifference, particularly by intelligent men and women, who have fathers, mothers, and children gone from this visible existence, I know not where, (for I am of the opinion that the Bible throws no *certain* light on this subject.) Editors of newspapers, and men of scientific attainments, have, with some rare and noble exceptions, pronounced the whole thing a humbug; and thus they are satisfied to let it rest; They go plodding along after the dollars and cents, as if this was all the future they wanted. But I want your paper to be continued. I do not know how I should get along without it. Something tells me that this cause will have gained much strength within one year from this, (Mr. Burr's toes to the contrary notwithstanding.)

An intelligent neighbor of mine, (Mr. Price,) has just returned from Boston, and was present at several sittings at your house. He is fully satisfied of the honesty of the spirits in the body, who were present, but further than that, to him, all is mystery. I wish my business would slack up a little, I would soon pay you a visit. I long to get you by the hand, and witness the manifestations at your house.

I am, with sentiments of regard, your most humble servant, A. G. B.

Pultneyville, N. Y., July 1, 1851.

Respected Friend,—I discover, from the "Regenerator," that friend O. S. Murray has had an interview with his son. You have no doubt seen it. He now says he is for investigation of the subject; has heretofore called the "rappings" a "humbug." In every direction there seems to be a spirit of enquiry and investigation, which is all that is necessary.

In Chenango, N. Y., there are several "mediums," who are making considerable excitement on the subject. I hope you will find good encouragement for the coming volume.

I am, most, sincerely, yours,

JNO. REYNOLDS.

New York, July 6, 1851.

Dear Sir,—I have received the copies of the third volume of the Spirit World, which you sent me; and it will afford me much pleasure to assist you and the heavenly hosts in its circulation. At present, my neighbors are not sufficiently interested in this subject to give it that attention which its importance demands. But still my hopes are bright for the future.

Fraternally yours,
G. SWEET.

Portsmouth, Va., July 7, 1851.

Dear Sir,—I am an humble seeker after truth. I long ago laid aside that would-be-philosophy that condemns everything as false which does not tally with our pre-conceived notions, or which pronounces everything impossible for which we cannot comprehend the "why and the wherefore." This is but learned ignorance and scholastic egotism, for none have the vanity to deny that there are still "many things in heaven and earth which are not dreamed of in our philosophy."

I have, for many years, been a diligent student of Phrenology, Physiology, Electricity, Psychology, even into the higher realms of Clairvoyance—and the more I drink of these living waters, the more I thirst after knowledge.

I have diligently examined the writings of Mr. A. J. Davis, and am delighted with and convinced of the truthfulness of many of his declarations, such as the unity of nature—the successive and progressive stages of creation, which are so demonstratively impressed upon each rocky page of the earth's primeval history, as deciphered by Geology—the capacities of mankind for the enjoyment of the highest social bliss, when they shall have been properly developed—man's sublime destiny, both temporal and spiritual.

But there are very many doctrines which I am afraid of, which, I fear, would retard rather than help on the reform of the world.

But this is not the object of this letter. I have often seen you abused, and your paper ridiculed, by editors, especially concerning the matter of spiritual communication. I am not at all convinced of the fact, but I will not condemn that which I do not understand. It certainly appears to me *impossible*, or, at least, *very improbable*. Yet in Pathetism and Clairvoyance I have often seen that accomplished which appeared equally beyond the scope of possibility.

I hope that this is so, though I have as yet no evidence of it, for it would demonstrate the greatest and most important problem of life, viz: the *immortality of the soul*. I am a firm believer, "the wish may be father of the thought." I know that my belief rests on "faith and hope," and a few analogies which I see, or imagine I see, in nature.

Davis's Revelations have opened to me an extended range of thought—has collated immense series of evidence, all pointing in the same direction. Now, if those sublime teachings were confirmed by satisfactory communications from the

spirit land, it would give me the most exquisite delight, the most transcendent joy, and arm me with a philosophy which would enable me to smile complacently at all the petty ills of life, and to march rejoicingly on in the journey of life, buoyed by anticipation as a happy "welcome home."

I am your sincere enquirer, &c.,
BERNARD FAUTH.

South Abington, Mass., July 8, 1851.

Mr. Sunderland,—I was very much pleased on receiving the first number of the third volume of the Spirit World. It gladdened my heart. May its course be onward and upward. The people of this place are much interested in the spiritual manifestations. We have them here, and we have had the table moved by spirits in my house.

Yours, &c. AARON THOMAS.

Providence, R. I., July 8, 1851.

Brother Sunderland,—I need not say how very glad I am to see that the Spirit World is to go on. That its friends in the spirit land were in favor of its continuance, I never doubted; and it is pleasant to know that there is a prospect that those who sympathize with its objects on earth, are not to prove indifferent to its support. May it, indeed, be well sustained; and may you be encouraged, and enabled to give yourself up to the glorious work which so much needs you. For though you treat so much of *spirits*, I doubt whether you have yet become so ethereal as to live on air, or to maintain yourself differently from other human beings. Food and raiment, and the means of procuring both, are still a *sine qua non* in your case as in that of all other reformers. May your subscribers do their duty to you, that you may the better do yours to them. Reciprocity and mutual co-operation—each one working where he can, and helping his neighbor work where himself cannot—these constitute the true philosophy of human action.

Then, long life and success to your little sheet! It does, indeed, tell of the spiritual world. It tells of those who have laid aside the mortal form, and put on the robes of the heavenly. It tells of those who once dwelt with us, but who now live above us—and *being* above us, they delight to be still with us. For those who are above love to stoop to those who are beneath. "Gone, but not lost," said Payson, speaking of such; but we will say, *not even gone!* O, no! they are still here. Still here to comfort, to teach, and to bless us. Still here to inspire our hearts with resolution, and nerve our souls with courage, and help us to grow up into the good, the true, the pure, and the divine.

Yes, your little paper is an angel of "Goodness, Justice, Truth." It comes to us with tidings from the upper spheres. May it prove a herald of peace to full many a weary pilgrim. May it go forth on its errand of blessing, to scatter far and wide the knowledge of man's true spiritual nature, to bring the race up from the gross materialism, and base sensuali-

ty, and low degradation of the by-gone ages, and to hasten the day when the terrestrial and celestial shall be made one, that the earth-children shall shake hands with the angels, and talk with them face to face, and naught but the river of death between. And may I be permitted, now and then, to contribute my mite to its columns to aid in accomplishing this great result.

Most truly your friend,
JOSEPH TREAT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SCIENCE, EDUCATION, HEALTH.

[Original.]

DEARLY LOVED ELIZABETH.

Soft the summer breeze is stealing
As an infant's earliest breath,
O'er thy grave, where I am kneeling,
Dearly loved Elizabeth.

As the sunflower, sunward turning,
Seeks the light it followeth,
So my soul for thee is yearning,
Dearly loved Elizabeth.

Pausing weary, pale and lonely,
While the night-dew gathereth,
I am thinking of thee only,
Dearly loved Elizabeth.

O, I would it might be given.
Here to lift the veil of death,
That I might behold in heaven
Dearly loved Elizabeth.

Where Love's hopes are never blighted,
And the flower ne'er perisheth,
May our souls be re-united,
Dearly loved Elizabeth.

Dedham, Mass, July 6, 1851. GILBERT.

THE LOVE OF MONEY.

There was certainly a critical time, when the world was entirely happy, and blessed with content, when there was no cheating, slandering, envying, nor robbing and plundering one another, and consequently no pillories, whipping posts, &c. Covetousness was not known in those days, but nature was liberal to all her sons, and gave a splendid subsistence to every diligent hand. Men cropped the sweets of the earth and had it for their pains; no landlords then oppressed their tenants, to fill their bags with wicked gold. Priests did not sell their faith for lucre, or maidens their virginity for pride. No son cut his father's throat to come at bags, nor mother bawded for her daughter, to share the reward. Such a time was, but historians have been so negligent as not to transmit it to these sinful times. However, since we have the liberty to guess, I shall build upon a very strong presumption, that it was before the invention of money; and it has puzzled some great philosophers to find out, whether it has not destroyed more people

in the other world, than gunpowder has in this. As soon as this wicked mammon sprung up among men, they left their Maker's Image to worship Caesar's; then sprung up corruptions in the world, and the dark seeds of covetousness, usury, extortion, cheating and knavery, began to grow apace. Here was one cutting his neighbor's throat for being richer than himself; and another selling his soul that he may be richer than his neighbor.—Justice was bought and sold like a pig in the market, the greatest bidder went away with it. Money made a man righteous, and poverty made him a rogue; the sin offering of the poor was despised, but the fat sacrifice of the rich perfumed it with the incense of the altar. The temple became the priest's shop, where religion was sold by retail, according to a laudable expression of a famous author—

"Natural religion easy was and plain.
Misery made it fabulous, priests made it gain;
And next the sacrifices were prepared,
The priests eat roast meat, and the people starved."

Money was both religion and laws—no penny, no pater-noster; no money, no justice. A bad cause and a big purse, was sure to carry it from a good cause and a light purse; and to this day, if you have retained a counsel, it is a thousand to one that he forgets your face, if you don't give him a second token to remember you by. If covetousness be the root of all evil, 'tis money that is the root of all covetousness. No sooner was Dei Gratia stamped upon these enticing metals, but people forgot in their prayers, and paid all devotion to mammon, wicked mammon. Selling and buying became so vehement among men, that for interest they sold one another; example, Joseph was sold by his brethren; Judas sold his Maker; the S—n sold their King; and how many Judases of our age have sold their country! Would you corrupt a man's honesty or a woman's virtue,—tempt with money; 'tis a charm so strong there is no withstanding it. Would you have your neighbor's throat cut, money will do it. Would you lay with your neighbor's wife, money will introduce you. It is the key to a statesman's breast, and lets out all his secrets; it will bring you to my lady's bed and keep my lord's mouth shut. 'T will make the crooked straight, and the straight crooked. Let a woman have a good portion, and though she is deformed as a crooked billet, she will go off, though others both beautiful and virtuous, for want of it, stick at hand.

Let a powdered coxcombed beau, with round shoulders and a hatchet face, have a gilt chariot and a fine equipage, the people will show their judgement and say, "There goes a pretty gentleman," though he is extremely like a dog in a doublet, or a hog in armor. A man that has money is equal to any post, while his wiser and honest neighbor is neglected and despised for the want of it. In short, money is a bewitching thing, and they are mad that set their hearts upon it.—Riches are a perplexed state; and a little with contentment, is better than all the wealth in the world. In my opinion he was a happier man that sold his flesh to a Jew, than the extorting infidel that

bought it. Murder, whoredom, treason, felony, &c., are the offspring of Satan; and money is the grand parent of them all. The usurer gets over his bags and prays to this effect:—

O, Satan! I this aid implore,
That thou wouldst yet increase my store,
For much does always covet more.

Thou first inventor of all coin,
Still let thy earthly blessing shine,—
Give me but gold and I am thine.

I crave no blessings mortals prate on,
My bags are what I most debate on;
Then fill me them, and take me, Satan.

In the meantime his servants pray as heartily for food, and with his neck as long as his bags, for not keeping a better house; but 'tis no wonder he neglects their bodies, when the same reason makes him forget his own soul.

A rich man is a mere ship in the tempest, always tossing and tumbling in the perplexity of his affairs, and if he chance to meet with some unexpected ill-fortune, he sinks downright, and becomes miserable; he is always accompanied with fear and concern, and even in the calmest of his business, is never truly contented; while a man in a moderate condition, that carries all his wealth about him, enjoys himself with a thousand times the satisfaction. The careful father, like a truly wise man, breaks his rest, discomposes his mind, and makes his whole life uneasy, to get an estate for his son, who spends it like a fool as soon as he is dead.

Were money a blessing, the Jews would never be so universally rich; and he that lives on a piece of bread and cheese, and is content, may be a happier man than he that lives in a palace: though there are a great many that are happy and don't know it, and great many wretched and won't believe it.

There is a poet which says:—

That woman and silver in one age were born.

I thought it never could come without bringing another plague with it; or if it did not come in with fornication, it has debauched many a strapping jade since. To sum up all the evils that money has been the occasion of, would swell to a volume. O, money, thou art the devil; but the best on't is, thou dost not much hurt some sort of people.

Money is dirt, which were they wise,
Men would all such dross despise;
That hast, since first 't was understood,
More mischief done by half than good;
It has towns betrayed, and murder'd kings,
With many other wicked things;
It loots has into places got,
And turned the more deserving out;
For that corrupting, wicked gold,
Whole fleets and armies have been sold,
Father and son has set at strife,
And raised and stir 'twixt man and wife,
Made matches that went cursed odly,
And sometimes has seduced the godly;
So to conclude the ills about it,
The world had better been without it.

We publish a variety under the head of "Miscellaneous," in order to suit the tastes of a large number of readers. We must remember that literary tastes differ not less than that sense which appertains to food.

CONJUGAL CONCEALMENTS.

One of the small *restaurants* of Asnieres, usually very crowded on Sundays, when the weather is fine, was, a short time since, the theatre of a tragi-comic scene.

M. D—, a merchant retired from business, just married to a woman, young and pretty, amiable and rich, was, notwithstanding, far from being completely happy; so true it is that perfect happiness is seldom the lot of mortals here below. M. D—, under a calm, placid exterior, concealed a passion of which his wife was not the object, and yet it was a very honest and harmless passion, for it was for rod-fishing. M. D— had counted too strongly on his power to extinguish his love for aquatic sports by the more dazzling one which had led him to commit matrimony. For a long time he resisted the powerful temptation continually before him in the shape of fishing-tackle, but one unlucky day he met an old sporting comrade in whose company he had many a time and oft repaired, rod on shoulder, to Asnieres. The friend in the course of their conversation recalled so many pleasant recollections, so successfully combated all our hero's scruples, that the following plan of operation was finally agreed upon. M. D— was to pretend to go to Orleans on business, but instead of so doing was in reality to meet his friend at his house, whence they were to depart, equipped as on former occasions, for Asnieres. At night, M. D— was to sleep at his friend's house, and return on the Monday morning, precisely as though he had gone to Orleans.

No sooner said than done, and our two friends, on the following Sunday, posted on the shore of the islet nearest the bridge, were holding their rods majestically over the water, when M. D— suddenly casting his eyes towards the opposite shore, uttered an exclamation of horror as the fishing rod fell from his hands.

He beheld his wife sauntering arm-in-arm with a stranger. His friend, biting his lips, feigned not to recognise Madame D—, but the husband could not doubt, and his passion for his wife, which for a moment had been placed below, soon assumed its natural importance over his love for rod-fishing. To the great disgust of his friend, he rushed in search of a boat to cross the Seine. When he reached the shore, Madame D— and the cavalier who accompanied her were just entering the small *restaurant* of which we have spoken, and ordering a *dejeuner* to be served in a *cabinet* looking on the water. M. D— had the *cabinet* shown him, and in a state of agitation which may be imagined but not described, even in the case of a determined angler, rushed into the *cabinet* closely followed by his friend. He commenced by very loud-toned re-primand, and there is no knowing to what extent his rage would have carried him, had not his wife by a single word restored calm to the troubled scene.

"My good sir, and husband, I have the honor of presenting to you my brother, who has just arrived from England, and whom you have never known. And now will you have the goodness to inform me since when Asnieres took the name of Orleans?"

The confusion of M. D— may be readily imagined, more particularly as the scene had gathered together a very respectable audience. But after the first moment of embarrassment the husband resumed his gaiety, and confessing his fault told the whole story, considering himself very fortunate that his wife, like him, had not *peche* (*peche*, in a double entendre, means either sinned or fished.)—*Journal de Havre*.

PERSEVERANCE.

There are in this city gentlemen who can recount more instances of misfortunes, and more triumphs over them, than perhaps any other on the face of the earth. Men who have come here after many a manly struggle elsewhere, and after many varying successes and disappointments, have occasionally found themselves above their bad luck apparently, and on the high road to wealth. In an hour they have found themselves prostrate, burned out, flat. The next day saw them start again in the race, nothing daunted, determined to conquer in the strife. And such will conquer. Disaster itself cannot keep them down.

One of our well known auctioneers, who can sell at as good a price as any other, either his goods or his friends, informed us that the recent fire which swept his place of business as clean as wind and flames could do it, was one of his oldest and most frequent customers—it has taken his whole stock just twelve times, that being the number of times which he had burned out. Yet the next day his sign was hung out on the abode where his jests were as frequent and light spirited as if neither smoke nor flame had passed near him. Such a superiority to misfortune is better and more valuable than the richest mine in California. A happy spirit cannot be purchased. This is the spirit which will not only deserve success, but commands it.

We wish to give one instance out of the many abounding in our midst. The name of the Parker house is known as far as the name of San Francisco. It was the first considerable house in the city. Its fate has been a chequered one. We do not know exactly the cost and history of it, but for a year and a half past it has been about this. It was purchased on the 20th of December, 1849. It was then paying \$15,000 per month rent. On the 24th of the same month it was burned down in the first great fire which visited the city. It was built up again at a cost of \$40,000, and was ready to be opened on the 4th of May, 1850, when it was burned down again. Once more it was built up, at various times a portion of it converted into the "Jenny Lind Theatre," and more recently the larger portion was in a good stage of progress towards completion of a beautiful and capacious theatre with three tiers, when the last fire of May 4th once more and for the third time laid it in ashes. The building of the last structure and the various changes and improvements must have cost the proprietors, Messrs. J. B. Hart and T. Maguire, more than \$100,000. The income from the proper-

ty would have paid off all its debts in four months. The fire at once blotted out all its receipts. But now mark the spirit which rules in California. Already the proprietors have a new building in progress. The lumber is on the ground. The workmen are framing it. A wooden building is to be first erected, to be followed just as soon as possible by a substantial "sure enough," fire proof brick building, which will be erected over the wooden one, and which will contain an elegant theatre capable of seating three thousand persons.—*Alta California*.

THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

On a surface of two square miles it was ascertained that fifty thousand men and horses were lying! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle was reduced to litter, and beaten into the earth; and the surface trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by the cannon wheels, strewn with many a relic of the fight. Helmets and cutlasses, shattered fire-arms and broken swords, all the variety of military ornaments, lancers' caps and highland bonnets; uniforms of every color, plume and pennon; musical instruments, the apparatus of artillery, drums, bugles; but good God! why dwell on the harrowing picture of a foughten field?—each and every ruinous display bore mute testimony to the misery of such a battle. * * * Could the melancholy appearance of this scene of death be heightened it would be by witnessing the researches of the living, amid its desolation, for the object of their love. Mothers, wives, and children, for days were occupied in that mournful duty: and the confusion of the corpses, friend and foe, intermingled as they were, often rendered the attempt at recognizing individuals difficult, and in some cases impossible.

* * * In many cases the dead lay four feet deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, when exposed for hours to the murderous fire of the French battery.

Outside, lancer and cuirassier were scattered on the earth. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen in the bootless essay, by the inner files. Farther on you saw where the cavalry of France and England had encountered; Chasseur and Huzzar were intermingled, and the heavy dragoon, with green Erin's badge upon his helmet, was grappling in death with the Polish lancer. * * * On the summit of the ridge, where the ground was cumbered with dead, and trodden fetlock deep in mud and gore, by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick strewn corpses of the Imperial Guard pointed out the spot where Napoleon was defeated. Here, in column, that favored corps on whom his last chance rested, had been annihilated; and the advance and repulse of the Guard was traceable by a mass of fallen Frenchmen.

In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made; for there the Old Guard, when the middle battalions had been forced back, attempted to meet the British, and afford time for their

disorganized companions to rally. Here the British left, which had converged upon the French centre, had come up; and here the bayonet closed the contest.—*Maxwell's Victories of the British Army*.

MODESTY AND VANITY.

Wisely said the famous thinker of old, that there is oftentimes as great vanity in retiring and withdrawing men's conceits from the world as in publishing them; and extreme vanity does sometimes borrow the garb of an ultra modesty. When I see people haunted by the idea of self, afraid to speak, lest they should not be listened to; spreading their hands before their faces, lest they meet the reflection in every other face, as if the wide world were to them only a French drawing-room, paneled with looking-glasses; always fussily putting their obtrusive self behind them, or drawing over it a scanty drapery of consciousness, miscalled modesty; always on the defence against compliments, which is as great an error as, and a far more vulgar error than mistaken flattery for sympathy; when I have seen this, and how often I have seen it, allied with power and talent! I have been inclined to attribute it to immaturity of character—to a sort of childishness, or what is worse, a want of innate integrity and simplicity. It seems to me, that instead of stopping to calculate the little or the much we can do, we should all, according to the diversity of the gifts which God has bestowed, bring the best that is in us, and lay it a reverent offering on the altar of humanity to burn and enlighten, or if that may not be, at least to rise incense to heaven.—*Mrs. Jameson*.

THE FORESTS OF ENGLAND.

In this country our timber forests have been esteemed of small value, and an incalculable amount of timber trees have been wasted in years back. Gradually, however, timber of all descriptions is growing scarcer and more valuable, and before many years, the man who wishes to leave a fortune to his children and grand children, can do it no surer way than by planting suitable land, at accessible points, with good timber trees.

Some of the largest fortunes of the English nobility have been realised from forests planted by their ancestors. A great deal has been written, by men who knew nothing about the matter, in relation to the parks and preserved forests of the English nobility as if they occupied land merely for the pleasure of the rich, which ought to be thrown open to cultivation. In conversation with an intelligent Englishman, some time ago, we were assured by him that the country, as well as the present owners of those valuable estates, owed a debt of gratitude to those who planted and first preserved the grounds. In many cases lands which were of little value half a century ago, were enclosed and planted with timber trees, and are now of inestimable value, yielding some of the finest timber in the world and affording the richest grazing for cattle.

The wealthiest of the nobility receive

cattle into these enclosures for pasture, and in many of these most valuable and beautiful enclosures, you will see all around the gates and on the outer row of trees, printed notices that a certain number of animals can be pastured on the ground.

The immense commercial and naval marine of England, as well as its dense population, has rendered timber of all kinds one of the most valuable and saleable products of the soil. It is preserved and watched as carefully as gold.

The amount of timber alone consumed in England, is estimated at \$115,000,000 a year, about equal to the whole value of the foreign imports of the United States; and of this amount the utmost efforts of the farmers and the nobility is only able to supply about \$80,000,000 of home grown, leaving about \$35,000,000 in value to be imported. Forty oaks are computed to an acre in these planted and preserved forests, which are appraised at \$2200 on an average.—*Newburyport Herald*.

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