



SPIRITUAL
PHILOSOPHER.

Goodness and Truth.

VOL. 1.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1850.

NO. 18.

SPIRITUAL
PHILOSOPHER.

Original.
A CHEERING LIGHT.
BY J. S. FREELIGH.

War, famine, pestilence, and crime,
Sweep darkly down the tide of time;
And fearful scenes of flood and fire,
Earthquake and storm, disasters dire,
In all their varied forms appear,
Dark shadows of the by-gone year.
Fall many a form lies cold and low,
On beds where shining corals grow;
And the ocean murmurs in solemn tones
As it darkly rolls over wrecks and bones.
Amid the gloom, one picture bright,
Will ever shed a cheering light.
Far streaming round the land;
'Tis where benevolence of late,
Has rais'd the lost inebriate
From out his low, degraded state,
Free and erect to stand:
Has rais'd the buried hopes of years,
And smil'd away sweet woman's tears,
And freed the long imprison'd mind,
In thick-ribb'd adamant confin'd;
And roll'd away the gloom
From many a cottage hearth and door;
And where a desert was before,
Has made an Eden bloom.
St. Louis, Nov. 7, 1850.

DEATH.
BY LEIGH HUNT.

Death is a road our dearest friends have gone;
Why, with such leaders, fear to say 'Lead on!'
Its gate repels, lest it too soon be tried;
But turns in balm on the immortal side.
Mothers have passed it; fathers; children;
men,
Whose like we look not to behold again;
Women, that smiled away their loving breath;
Soft is the traveling on the road of Death;
But guilt has passed it! Men not fit to die!
Oh, hush—for He that made us all, is by.

From the Providence Post.
MR. SUNDERLAND'S LECTURES.
THE SPIRIT RAPPINGS.

It is known that Mr. Sunderland advertised to give three lectures upon the Spirit World, in the vestry of the 1st Universalist Church, October 29, 30, and 31, and that during their delivery, *audible responses* had been promised by the *Spirits*.

At the hour appointed for the first lecture a respectable audience of intelligent and apparently candid ladies and gentlemen were assembled, when Mr. S. entered and commenced his address. He stated that he had had in his family, responses from the Spirit World, for a number of months, and having devoted himself to the subject, for a considerable time previous, and visited all the principal places where these phenomena had occurred, he felt himself competent to present it so far as understood by any one, in something like its true light. For communications from Spirits who had departed this life, a suitable *human medium* is necessary; and the persons through whom they respond are chosen by the Spirit Spheres. The person through whom a medium had been afforded in his family was his daughter, Mrs. Margaretta S. Cooper, whom, he expected to be present. He stated that although to the majority of persons a medium was required in order to get communications with the Spirits, yet he believed that some minds were more or less constantly intromitted into the Spirit Sphere, and could, to a good extent, converse with Spirits everywhere. For himself, he knew this to be the fact—he then felt the hand of a Spirit upon his head, to assist and strengthen him in his task. Mr. S. remarked that Spiritual manifestations were no new thing, and cited several historical instances of the fact, among which was the phenomena of witchcraft, and the noises heard by the Wesley family, for a series of years. These were produced by veritable Spirits; but the superstition and childish fears of the people had repelled them. It was only the *mode* of the recent manifestations which was new, viz:—rapping responses to questions, and the alphabet. Mr. S. inci-

dentally remarked that he was admonished by his guardian Spirits that his daughter was then near the place. The audience would probably soon be able to hear the sounds promised. He would say, however, that their promise to respond should always be taken conditionally—they would if they could. This he had learned by long intercourse with them. They never promise any performance unconditionally. One of these conditions was, that the audience should be quiet, and as much as possible, harmonious.

Soon Mrs. Cooper, accompanied by two or three ladies of this city, entered the room, and took a seat in front of the pulpit at the end of a table. (The writer of this is knowing to the fact, that neither Mr. S. nor his daughter had been into the vestry until as above described.) The lecturer addressed the Spirits, and inquired if they would fulfill their promise. Some faint raps were heard by a few, and one person who sat near Mrs. Cooper, declared her chair was shaken by the vibrations. Shortly the responses were heard upon the table by many. Several persons came forward and distinctly heard what purported to be raps made by the guardian Spirits. These manifestations continued for some half hour with but little interruption, and the lecture closed.

I have not attempted in the foregoing, to give in detail the remarks of the lecturer, but only some of the more prominent points, and those briefly. The zeal and enthusiasm evinced by Mr. S. in his subject, indicated an honesty of purpose entirely incompatible with fraud or deception. The audience for the most part seemed satisfied with his effort, and if not convinced, at least much interested.

The lecture on Wednesday evening was more fully attended than the previous one, and the desire to test the "Spiritual rappings," attracted a large number whose views of the subject presented every shade from utter skepticism to the most implicit faith. The remarks were brief, clear, and accompanied with that earnestness which characterizes the man in whatever he undertakes. Mr. Sunderland stated that the Spirits had, before

coming there, directed that the "medium" should sit directly before the pulpit, and that the knocks or rappings would be made upon the pulpit; and he added, that in his opinion, it would be putting it to a better use than was customary. He assured his audience that no attempt would be made to deceive them, and professed himself willing to be branded as a character worse than a thyligal devil, if he were guilty of it.

The responses commenced upon the desk, but were not heard by many in the distant parts of the room. They were finally heard upon the table by most present, and those who wished, came forward and heard them distinctly. The time occupied by Mr. S., was principally devoted to meeting objections, and giving explanations.

On Thursday evening, Mr. Sunderland spoke at some length upon the uses of these manifestations. They were professedly to harmonize and elevate Society—to break down sectarianism, aristocracy and all antagonisms: to establish peace, love, unity and happiness. On this occasion, the "rappings" were said by many, to commence before Mrs. Cooper arrived, and while Mr. S. was speaking. They were afterwards made upon the table and upon the back seats, loud enough to be heard in all parts of the room. In addition to the usual irregular sounds, responses were made in exact accordance with certain signs and motions made by Mr. S. and another gentleman, to him a stranger. In conclusion, the lecturer expressed his thanks to his audience for their attention, and also to the heavenly hosts who had assisted him. Everything had been done as promised; and come what would from opposers, he was satisfied and determined to press forward.

During the stay of Mrs. Cooper here, two sittings were had daily at the residence of Mr. F. Johnson on Point street, for the purpose of giving opportunity to converse with spirits. It was my pleasure to be present at several of these; and so far as I could learn they gave very general satisfaction to the sitters. Through this means, parents conversed with their departed children, husbands with wives, brothers with sisters, friends with friends, &c., &c. On Friday evening, I witnessed a manifestation which was strikingly convincing. When the sitting was about to close, a person requested that if possible, the table around which the company was gathered, might be moved by the spirits; and this request was complied with. The table, while no human being was touching it, actually moved some five or six inches in one direction, and by request was moved back again! On this occasion, one of the most incorrigible skeptics entirely gave in. The responses were also of the most satisfactory kind, and by direction of the rappings, the doors were thrown open that all might come in and witness them. But I shall weary your patience as also the patience of some readers, and will therefore stop, trusting that these manifestations will elicit the earnest attention of every lover of

TRUTH.

Original.

THEOLOGY.

I agree with you, and have not the least doubt of the possibility to commune with spirits, which is not foreign to me, and I can well apprehend your views.

I also agree with you, where you speak "of the infallible inspiration and revealing of God's will, and that truth can only be uttered by receiving it from its own inherent inspiration; and that the fountain of the highest wisdom giveth the highest revelation, by which we obtain the right knowledge to understand God's infinite design; and that the utterance which falls short of that design, cannot be received with full confidence." (See page 23, 2d column.)

Of the "highest wisdom and divine knowledge," I have given out and printed, (German and English) pamphlets, in which I have shown how we may discern the difference between "the wisdom of this world, and the wisdom of God;" and from whence each degree of wisdom has its influence; also, how we may obtain "the wisdom of God," and be influenced by it; who giveth us the ability "to search all things, yea, the deep things of the Deity." (See 1 Cor. 2 chap. 6—16.) My pamphlets give part of the views which such spiritual authors have obtained, who received their influence from the infallible source of the Deity; which giveth us that knowledge, of which you speak in your paper.

For a regenerated soul has, still, the same power as it had in the prophets and apostles; thus the divine revelations are not restricted to those writings which are collected into the Bible. For, if we come to such a degree of union with God, that we obtain intercourse with Him, should then his spirit not have the ability to inspire us, and reveal the mysteries of God through us?

This divine wisdom is, as Wm. Allen says:—"How happy is an intellectual being, who, by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own soul!"

If we can thus commune with God, then we see with our own eyes, and are not obliged to see as the literal theologians see; who only cause us to err, both in theology and philosophy. For when we have become, by our own experience, spiritual philosophers; and can "judge all things," (1 Cor. 2 ch. 15.) And are, as Christ says: "For it is not ye

that speak, but your Father that speaketh in you." (Mat. 10 ch. 30.)

Now, why should not a regenerated soul see the light in which it is, and know its own essence and being? For it is a similitude of the Trinity, and dwells in God; for all that God has, and can do; and that God is in his Trinity, that the soul is in its essence, as the virtue of the tree is in the twig that grows out of it.

If we come to such a degree of experience, that the virtue and love of God is born or dwelleth in us, then we have the ability to give sound lessons; as Madame Guion says:—

"Oh blessedness of all bliss above,
When thy pure fires prevail!
Love, only teaches what is love;
All other lessons fail:
We learn its name, but not its powers,
Experience only makes it ours."

My object is to show how we can by denial and earnest prayer, come to such a degree of experience that all is ours that the prophets and apostles obtained, so that we obtain the Arcanum, and can "speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory." (1 Cor. 2: 7.)

For when we enter into the light of the true wisdom, and receive the light of God, then we have wholly a divine longing, and continually attract in our desire the divine essence.

Yours with respect,

JOSEPH BAUMAN.

Shepherdstown, Penn., Nov. 13, 1850.

ASPIRATION.

The following extract, is from a sermon by Theodore Parker, in the Melodeon, October 17, 1850. Reported in the Chronotype. Read it:—

Then again we all have an ideal of religion which enjoins a perfect love of our fellow men, and the performance of the duties of the immortal soul. It would lead men to seek out some one man superior in all the land, by nature a man of genius, if it be possible, and then will give him the most superior education, which the race and age can afford. He would have him so discipline his mind that he shall be able to advise under calamity and prosperity, and besides all this, he should live in continual intercourse with God, so as to have ever fresh revelations of his sermons, and bring from the treasury things new and old. This is the ideal of a christian minister, but how little is it realized in the man.

There is nothing in history so noble as the ideal, but look at the fact. It is not all truth that men want in churches, it is only some portion of it. And it is not all Protestant truth that is wanted, it must be only the Unitarian or Calvinistic

or other peculiar creeds of a sect. And the Preacher, he must not speak of religion in all its purity and fullness, but he must only preach that which is acceptable, he must not ask for deep piety, he must not clean the whole heart for God, but only so much as is convenient to the worldly inclinations of man. Nor must licentiousness and debauchery ever be assailed, if he preach to slaveholders or the slave-upholders of Boston, he must not preach of the sacredness of human liberty, and must make Paul's epistle to Philemon, another fugitive slave-law, sanctioned by christianity. He must teach that the leading articles in slaveholding newspapers are abler sermons in defence of human rights than any Christian could breathe. He must not speak against and expose the sins of trade. The object of a minister is not, it would seem, to make us better, but to like our sins. How such men might become better, the church a better church, the city a better city, the nation a better state; I do not believe that these questions are ever asked by the controlling men of the prominent churches. But in selecting a minister, the question is asked, in a whisper, "Is he small enough? is he low and servile enough?"

Abstract Christianity is the ideal of the churches of Boston, and Jesus Christ the ideal of a minister. But how different that church and that minister. The most that is asked of a preacher is, that he entertain, strive to keep them awake and pleased. Indeed, I do not know but sleep is not a part of the entertainment. In the ideal, people go to church to be made better, and of course they would be expected to go where they could be made best. But is this the popular motive for church going? No! The Christianity of this state is merely a pretence. Is the usual Christianity preached in the hundred churches of our city, that which condemns actual wrong, and upholds ideal right? Were it so, the Christianity and public opinion of Boston would be ever different from what it is.

The struggle to pursue our ideal, to keep our conduct as near as human frailty will permit in consonance with the dictates of conscience is always beautiful to witness. How beautiful to see a practical adaptation of a life to the words that we hear every Sabbath. "Forgive us as we forgive, lead us not into temptation, deliver us from evil." But how rare is it practically seen. Before such a man, I could even put my shoes from off my feet. But how many men are there who forgive as they hope to be forgiven? How many desire to be kept from temptation? How many are there who wish to avoid evil? How many are there even who would wish such a one, with an earnest, self-respecting, pure heart, to be even a father, a brother, a husband or a wife? How many fathers would encourage such a suitor for their daughter, whom he loves as dearly as himself? Only in the absence of some rich, frivolous and empty-hearted lover. The hypocrisy which pretends love to men, and yet countenances despotisms, oppression, and names it democracy, the hypocrisy which worships with the lips, and only

demands earnestness for vulgar things; the hypocrisy which puts us to open shame, there is no constable, no force, no law to put it down.

Original.

FROM ILLINOIS.

Dear Sir.—I cannot but hail with joy, any new effort which promises any influence in turning the current of our knowledge, or literature, from sensuous into *Spiritual* channels. Your paper, as a medium for disseminating spiritual truths, can be of great service to the world; but to be the *Philosopher*, something more must be arrived at, in order to see the application and learn the value of those truths.

Those spiritual manifestations which have, of late, come to the light, are somewhat in the line of "miracles," they compel our attention; but the history of "miracles," even those said to be wrought by Jesus, furnish no assurance that they can elevate or purify; however, as far as they go they are invaluable; they are clearly to my mind, providential illustrations of the high and holy truths revealed to us through Emanuel Swedenborg. Those revelations which have remained unknown and might remain so through all time, did not providence in some especial manner open the way to their being more known and appreciated. In fact, it is the only key (these revelations) which can unlock spiritual mysteries; the only philosophy that opens to man's comprehension, God and his works.

Whether your bark is launched on this current, I do not know, but of this I am sure, that if you follow in the direction that spiritual truths lead, you will, ere long, find yourself among the men of the new church.

A. REYNOLDS.

Magnolia, Ill., Nov. 17, 1850.

PNEUMATOLOGY.

Laws of the Spirit World Its external manifestations; the conditions on which they are made; their nature and use.

HARTFORD, CT.

The following article is from the *White Flag*, published in Athol, Mass., from which we have quoted on this subject before. It is a letter from the editor's mother, detailing what she witnessed at a sitting in Hartford, Ct., through Mr. H. C. C. Gordon.

Our policy is to give our readers, every reliable fact that comes within our knowledge, tending to throw light on the reali-

ties and laws of the spirit world. Hence our readers may depend on seeing reported in the *Spiritual Philosopher*, not merely what comes through the circle with which we are immediately connected, but every truthful report, whoever may be the medium, or in whatever locality developed:

Since our last, we have received a letter from our mother, written shortly after our visit to Hartford, as detailed in a previous number of the *Flag*. After our departure, she attended one of the sittings held by Mr. Gordon in that city, and thus relates her experience:—

"We found them almost ready to begin but were refused admittance, as the Circle was made up. Shortly after, however, the lady of the house came in to the room where we were, and I inquired if she could not possibly let me join the Circle, as I had walked some ways and could not call again that eve. She took my name and remarked that she would go and ask the spirits. She soon returned and said that I might come in. They had gone half round the circle when I joined them. The lady at my left had no response; it then came my turn, I asked if there were any guardian spirits who wished to communicate to me, they rapped the number five. I soon heard a knocking. I inquired who it was. The alphabet was called for, and they spelt out that it was my brother. I inquired if it was *David*, it rapped, yes! and before the lady who was writing for me could finish the sentence, I heard a rumbling, as if some one was coming in great haste. It rapped. The lady asked me if I had two brothers. I bowed assent, I then asked if it was *Robert*; thrice loud raps came and then they both rapped together; I then inquired if my *Father* was there? answer was, yes! my *Brother*? yes! my *Husband*? yes! very loud raps, and before I could think, the most beautiful, lively music was heard all around us. I was surprised, and exclaimed, what does this mean? The knocks came very loud, and which I was told, was a signal for me to be cheerful. I asked if that was what the spirit meant, and he rapped yes! I then asked him if it was my husband's spirit to sing the 'Star of Bethlehem,' as I often heard him when on earth. Before the words were out of my mouth, he beat it out as I thought; at any rate there was a tune bent out, but I was so agitated I could hardly sit on my chair. I then asked him if he would sing the last hymn that we sung together on earth, he struck up 'Hark from the tombs,' one verse of which was beat out quite plain. I then asked if William (an infant brother of ours, deceased a number of years ago,) was with him. He rapped in the affirmative. I then asked if my little Alvin (our sister's little child, lately dead) was there. He answered yes! and then a little rapping was heard, as though he was running towards me; I asked if my mother had him, and the usual, yes! I asked then if they were happy and all together, and such a loud and continual rapping, I never heard; I asked them for their signal Husband, 11-11-11—Father,

111-111-11—Robert, 111-111-1—Mother's dropping of water—David, 111-11-2.

The above was a very beautiful manifestation, and coming from the source it does, it goes far, in connexion with some others of a like character, towards establishing our growing conviction, that we are on the eve of a new influx from the spirit world. The signals alluded to in the above communication, will not be readily understood by those unacquainted with the principle of the thing. Every spirit professes to have a particular signal, generally so many raps; one, as in the above instance was a sound like the roaring of water. There is a striking coincidence between the signal of our mother's father, given to her in Hartford as above, and that which was given to us, professedly by the same spirit in Springfield. The signal as understood by us, was—111 1 111 11—as given in Hartford it lacked the 1, between the threes. Any intermediate rap, however, between a number of distinct raps, is generally faint, and might very easily escape attention.

THE ROCHESTER SPIRITS.

No matter how much odium may be heaped upon Mr. Greeley for his *isms*, he is certainly a candid and honorable man. Whatever is new or unexplainable, he is willing to investigate. He is entirely divested of that shallow-patedness characteristic of some of our brethren in this State, and knows more in one day than his traducers can possibly know in a week. Hear him on the "Spiritual Manifestations," and the Fox family.—*Derby (Ct.) Journal*.

"We publish this morning a letter from a friend who has lately visited the Fox family in Rochester, and witnessed the 'Spiritual Manifestations,' so called, there taking place. We vouch for the perfect honesty and truth of the writer, as we already have done for the integrity and good faith of the Fox family. There we stop, awaiting more evidence. That *some* influence, outside of and unconnected with the volition of the family, causes these 'manifestations,' we are confident; what it is, we have yet to be assured. We shall continue to publish the testimony of observers of this phenomenon from time to time, and request those who write us to send as much of what they have seen and heard, and as little of what they guess about it, as possible. Let us observe and report only a while longer.

"Our cotemporaries who so eagerly laugh at the falsehood that the Fox family had quarrelled, and that an explanation of the 'humbug' was about to be made by a part of them, will not, of course, publish anything contradicting his infamous libel. Having determined, regardless of evidence, that the family *must* be imposters, because the current heory of those who believe in the verity of the manifestations *can't* be true, they feel justified in making any assaults on personal character that sustain their heory. No matter—our columns are till open to statements of fact tending to shed light on these singular occur-

ces, whether on one side or the other. And it is but justice to the family to state that at present there are not less than forty or fifty families—probably many more—in which 'manifestations' are from time to time taking place similar in general character to those reported as occurring in theirs. Several of these families had never heard of the 'Rochester rappings' when the like just commenced in their own dwellings. If all this can be the result of imposition and collusion, then it will be hard to rely on human observation or human integrity hereafter.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 30, 1850

ANGELS.

All who have ever listened to those heavenly sounds, satisfied that they come from the spirit world, know very well what question is generally started up first for an answer. "Who are you?" "What spirit is it now responding to me?" And because a direct answer may not have been given by raps, to this interrogatory, now and then, it has happened that one has gone away dissatisfied.

But listen! Have you a father, mother, brother, sister, child, husband, or wife in the spirit world? And do you not know, that the *spirit* of that mother (if in *conscious* existence) *loves* you more than any other spirit can love you? Well, if you do not love the spirit of your mother enough to know her from the other spirits, or enough to believe that you have a mother in the spirit world, what evidence, pray, would you ask for? You want to *know* if, indeed, it be the spirit of your "mother, dear!" Would the solution of a problem in mathematics, or astronomy, or chronology, prove this? Suppose the angel were to rap the time when it left this sphere, or its age, or your own? This might prove its *knowledge*, but nothing more. It would not demonstrate the *relation* or the *love* existing between you and the spirit from whom the response comes. If the response be given to gratify your love of the *spiritual*, it must be in the language of love. If your question be the language of *doubt*, or distrust, the answer may either be withheld or be very different from what you anticipated.

Now as to the processes by which we *know* the angels, who offer to communicate with mortals:—

1. We know what members of our families have left this sphere, and gone into the spirit land. Or, if we do not know definitely, we may know with certainty concerning some, perhaps the nearest.

2. We know in the use of our external senses, what the "noises" we hear purport to be, and from whom they purport to come. The circumstances of the case will assist in

determining, whether the sounds we hear, be made by any human being or not.

3. When satisfied that the sounds come from the spirit world, we have next to ascertain the relation which the angel holds to us, and this *relation* determines whether the question be *appropriate* or not.

Here then is the centre of the circle where we should commence our inquiries, as to the *laws* of the spirit spheres. And now, if you can see yourself first; if you can measure your own stature; if you can determine your own spiritual *capacity*, you may form some idea as to the best process by which you can ascend to spiritual *manhood*. Thus I reason of myself. Is my own mind evenly balanced? Have I correct views of the *beginning*? Have I commenced in harmony, or discord? Am I influenced by concordant *associations*? Do I receive my spiritual food through harmonious mediums? And is my *spiritual* digestive organs in harmony? Or if you are compelled to admit that you do not know what is meant by these terms, why then, of course, you must wait and learn. You will stumble, it may be, like the little one, in its first attempts to walk. But, nevertheless, you will *learn* by experience, to exercise your caution and every other faculty, which fits you for the various relations of life.

And here, perhaps, I should say, that my friends in different localities, who have asked me for explanations of seeming discrepancies, will understand my design in these remarks. The following letter may be taken as a specimen of what I have received on this subject:

Nov. 19, 1850.

Friend Sunderland.—We are having interesting times here at present. There are six or eight "mediums" in the city; and within a week, I have not failed to get responses, when seated with my family at the table. They are loudest when we are taking no notice of them. How do you account for that?

Several nights ago, we had a communication from what purported to be the spirit of George Washington. The responses were very loud, and the signal resembled the discharge of small arms. The next day he spelled out, "Look well to your country," and answered some test questions correctly. At Mrs. T.'s circle, however, on Sunday, what purported to be my father, told those present, (I am informed,) that it was not George Washington, but a Geo. W. *Somebody*, with whom I had been acquainted. Last night, my father gave me his signal, and insisted that it was Washington,—that he had made no statement to the contrary! &c. Mr. T. (father of the first medium discovered here) sometimes *pretends* to be my father, and spells out "W" as his name; but I have never obtained from him my father's signal, that I know of. How shall we account for these discrepancies?

I answer in a similar manner, to that in which we account for discrepancies in *theology*, or the teachings of theologians. There is but one God, one nature, one religion, one origin of all things, and one destiny! Now suppose some spirit from one of the other planets, were to visit this earth, totally unac-

quainted with the different theological views which prevail here. And suppose this spirit had little or no external senses, by which he could at first, distinguish one theologian from another. But all the different sectarian preachers of christianity could see this spirit *asking for information*, and were each to approach him, for the purpose of teaching him, would they all tell the same story about themselves, or about God, think you? Don't we know that they are now in the constant practice of *contradicting themselves and one another*? And, if they were to attempt to talk to the spirits of another planet, would they, could they do less?

But, I shall be reminded, that "the lowest in the spiritual, is above the highest in the animal;" and that, therefore, all that comes from the lowest spiritual sphere, should be more harmonious than the highest in the animal kingdom. Well, so it is, as sure as the vegetable is above the mineral, and the animal is above the vegetable, the spiritual is above the animal. Not that there are no human beings, who are not in knowledge above some spirits who have left the body. I have already stated, what all admit, in regard to the degrees of knowledge and goodness, which appertain to *infants*, and *all* who make up the spirit world. But when we speak of this world, which we now inhabit, we call it animal, in contradistinction from the one to which we are progressing, which is spiritual. And hence, though some men now in this world, may know more of some things than *infants* in the next, yet it is true, that the *harmony* of the first or lowest spiritual sphere, is far above the highest, that can be affirmed of the animal. It may then be a sufficient answer to our esteemed correspondent, when we say that we are all, constantly liable to err, when we "travel beyond the record," or when we listen to spirits, of whose relation to us we know nothing at all. We have before attempted to show, that we should not only confine our intercourse to our own guardian spirits, but we should never put *inappropriate questions* to them. And a little reflection will be sufficient to show, that many questions may be put to them, which are no more appropriate than one of Euclid's problems would be here, when submitted to an infant. So that if you go out of your own circle, you are liable to be led astray. In doing this, you naturally attract around you, other spirits who have not progressed far, and who, if they answer your questions, may not be any more able to tell you *why* they do so, than you are to tell why they respond to you at all. All spirits, in making responses, (without regard to what is communicated) obey the general laws of progression, which have brought the spiritual and external into such a state of proximity as allows or enables them to make noises which call attention

to the spirit world. When you hear the rap at your door, you know some one is without who desires your attention. And as this is the first and grand object of these spiritual manifestations, we should be satisfied with this knowledge, till the laws of progression carry us forward, and develop the spiritual in us, to comprehend the spheres as we progress into them.

INFORMATION.

Our friends must not expect us to notice the various misrepresentations that have been, or may be made, either of myself personally, or the mission which I am laboring to fulfill. Nor does Mr. A. J. Davis need our contradiction of the misrepresentations that are made about him. Among the many truthful and excellent things written by Mr. Davis, is that classification he has made of the persons who attempt to interest public attention as "lecturers," on "mesmerism," or under whatever name, new or old, the subject may be presented. He says:—

"A few words by way of classifying believers and operators. These are of three classes. The first class, are *mercenary practitioners*, who commit to memory a few fragmentary facts in science, who claim extraordinary or supernatural powers for their subjects,—who give public and vulgar exhibitions,—who employ chicanery and ignoble plans,—who traffic with, and play fantastic tricks with their subjects,—and who injure the truth, by producing these three effects, *Superstition, Skepticism, Disgust*.

The second class, are *doctrinal practitioners*, who pervert and misinterpret principles and results,—who labor to make the phenomena subservient to and illustrative of theological dogmas, who receive, modify, or reject, as sectarian education may sanction;—who conceal, misstate, and magnify disclosures; and who retard the progress of truth by producing these three effects, *Credulity, Distrust, Enthusiasm*.

The third class are *free, firm, fearless advocates of truth*, who search into, and look facts in the face; who investigate deeply and declare their impartial conviction; who are swayed by no trivial experiments, who collect and arrange facts, and declare a consistent and harmonious system, and who accelerate the progress of truth by producing these three effects, *Reason, Respect and Inquiry*.—*Univ. Lectures*, Vol. 1, page 8.

The above is all, and will probably be the only notice we shall feel disposed to take of the matter to which we have referred.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.—A people's treasure is in useful labor; there is no wealth, and can be none, but what it creates. Every good, great or small, is purchased by it. Savages, with boundless territories and fertile lands, are indigent and often destitute, because they work not. A single day's labor of a peasant or a mechanic, tends to relieve human wants, and increase human comforts. It produces that which is not to be had without it, and to which tons of glittering ore can contribute nothing. In fine, there is no wealth but labor—no enjoyments but what are derived from it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRUTHFUL NARRATIVE.

The setting sun beamed in golden light over the country; long shadows lay on the cool grass; the birds, which had been silent through the sultry heat of the day sang their joyous evening hymn; the merry voices of the village children sounded through the clear air, while their fathers loitered about enjoying the luxury of rest after labor. A sunburnt traveller with dusty shoes walked sturdily along the high road; he was young and strong and his ruddy cheeks glowed in the warm light; he carried his baggage on a stick over his shoulder, and looked straight on towards the cottages of the village; and you might see by the expression of his face that his eye was earnestly watching for the first glimpse of the home that lay among them, to which he was returning.

The same setting sun threw his golden beams over the great metropolis; they lighted up streets and squares, and parks, whence crowds were retiring from business or pleasure to their various places of abode or gay parties; they pierced even through the smoke of the city, and gilded its great central dome; but when they reached the labyrinth of lanes and courts which it encloses, their radiance was gone, for noxious vapors rose there after the heat of the day, and quenched them. The summer sun is dreaded in those places.

The dusky light found its way with difficulty through a small and dim window into an upper room of a house in these lanes, and any one entering it would have thought at first it was void of any living inhabitant, had not the restless tossing and the oppressed breathing that proceeded from a bed in one corner, borne witness to the contrary. A weak, sickly boy lay there, his eye fixed on the door. It opened, and he started in bed; but at the sight of another boy, a few years older than himself, who came in alone, he sank back again, crying in a plaintive tone, 'Don't you see her coming yet?'

'No, she is not in sight; I ran to the corner of the lane, and could not see anything of her,' replied the elder boy, who, as he spoke, knelt down before the grate, and began to arrange some sticks in it.

Everything in the room bespoke poverty; yet there was an appearance of order, and as much cleanliness as can be attained in such an abode. Among the scanty articles of furniture, there was one object that was remarkable as being singularly out of place, and apparently very useless there; it was a large paper kite, that hung from a nail on the wall, and nearly reached from the low ceiling to the floor.

'There's eight o'clock just struck, John,' said the little boy in bed. 'Go and look once more and see if mother's not coming.'

'It's no use looking, Jem. It won't make her come any faster; but I'll go to please you.'

'I hear some one on the stairs.'

'It's only Mrs. Willis going into the back room.'

'Oh dear, dear, what shall I do?'

'Do n't cry, Jem. Look, now I've put the wood all ready to boil the kettle the minute mother comes, and she'll bring you some tea; she said she would. Now I'm going to sweep up the dust, and make it all tidy.'

Jem was quieted a few minutes, by looking at his brother's busy operations, carried on in a bustling way, to afford all the amusement possible; but the feverish restlessness soon returned.

'Take me up, do take me up,' he cried; 'and hold me near the broken pane, please, John;' and he stretched out his white wasted hands.

John kindly lifted out the poor little fellow, and dragging a chair to the window, sat down with him on his knee, and held his face close to the broken pane, through which, however, no air seemed to come, and he soon began to cry again.

'What is it, Jem?—what's the matter?' said a kind voice at the door, where a woman stood holding by the hand a pale child.

'I want mother,' sobbed Jem.

'Mother's out at work, Mrs. Willis,' said John; 'and thought she should be at home at half past seven; but she's kept later sometimes.'

'Do n't cry,' said Mrs. Willis's little girl, coming forward, 'Here's my orange for you.'

Jem took it, and put it to his mouth; but he stopped, and asked John to cut it in two; gave back half to the little girl, made John taste the portion he kept, and then began to suck the cooling fruit with great pleasure, only pausing to say with a smile, thank you, Mary.'

'Now lie down again, and try to go to sleep—there's a good boy,' said Mrs. Willis, 'and mother will soon be here. I must go now.'

Jem was laid in bed once more; but he tossed about restlessly, and the sad wail began again.

'I'll tell you what,' said John, 'if you'll stop crying, I'll take down poor Harry's kite and show you how he used to fly it.'

'But mother don't like us to touch it.'

'No; but she will not mind, when I tell her why I did it this once. Look at the pretty blue and red figures on it.—Harry made it and painted it all himself, and look at the long tail!'

'But how did he fly it? Can't you show me how poor Harry used to fly it?'

John mounted on a chest, and holding the kite at arm's length, began to wave it about, and to make the tail shake, while Jem sat up admiring.

'This was the way he used to hold it up. Then he took the string that was fastened here—mother has got it in her chest—and he held the string in his hand, and when the wind came, and sent the kite up, he let the string run through his hand, and up it went over the trees, up—up—and he ran along in the fields, and it flew along under the blue sky.'

John waved the kite more energetically as he described, and both the boys were so engrossed by it, that they did not ob-

serve that the mother so longed for, had come in, and had sunk down on a chair near the door, her face bent and nearly hidden by the rusty crape on her widow's bonnet, while the tears fell fast on her black faded gown.

'Oh, mother, mother!' cried Jem, who saw her first, 'come and take me—come and comfort me!'

The poor woman rose quickly, wiped her eyes, and hastened to her sick child, who was soon nestled in her arms, and seemed to have there forgotten all his woes.

The kind good natured John, had meanwhile hung up the kite in its place and was looking rather anxiously at his mother, for he well understood the cause of the grief that had overcome her at the sight of his occupation when she first came in; but she stroked his hair; looked kindly at him, and bid him make the kettle boil, and get the things out of her basket. All that was wanted for their simple supper was in it, and it was not long before little Jem was again laid down after the refreshment of tea; then a mattress put in the corner for John, who was soon asleep; but the mother, tired with her hard day's work, took her place in the bed by the side of her sick child.

But the tears that had rolled fast down her cheeks as her lips moved in prayer before sleep came upon her, still made their way beneath the closed eyelids, and Jem awoke her by saying, as he stroked her face with his hot hand, 'Don't cry mother; we won't touch it again!'

'It's not that, my child, no, no; it's the thought of my own Harry. I think I see his pleasant face, and his curly hair, and his merry eyes looking up after his kite.' It was not often she spoke out her griefs; but now, in the silent night, it seemed to comfort her.

'Tell me about him, mother, and about his going away; I like to hear you tell about him.'

'He worked with father, you know, and a clever workman he learned to be.'

'But he was much older than me.—Shall I ever be a good workman, mother?'

The question made her heart ache with a fresh anguish, and she could not answer it; but replied to his first words, 'Yes, he was much older. We laid three or four children in the grave between him and John. Harry was seventeen when his uncle took him to serve out his time in a merchant-ship; Uncle Ben; that was ship's carpenter, it was that took him. The voyage was to last a year and a half, for they were to go to all manner of countries, far, far away. One letter I had. It came on a sad day; the day after poor father died, Jem. And then I had to leave our cottage, in our own village, and bring you two to London, to find work to keep you; but I have always taken care to leave word where I was to be found, and have often gone to ask after letters. Not one has ever come again; and it's six months past the time when they looked for the ship, and they don't know what to think. But I know what I think; the sea has rolled over my dear boy, and I never

shall see him again—never, never in this weary world.'

'Don't cry so, mother dear; I'll try to go to sleep, and not make you talk.'

'Yes, try; and if you can only get better, that will comfort me most.'

Both closed their eyes, and sleep came upon them once more.

It was eight o'clock in the morning, when the little boy awoke, and then he was alone; but to that he was accustomed. His mother was again gone to work, and John was out cleaning knives and shoes in the neighborhood. The table, with a small piece of bread and a cup of blue milk and water on it, stood beside him. He drank a little, but could not eat, and then lay down again with his eyes fixed on Harry's kite.

'Could he fly it,' or rather, 'could he see John fly it?' That was of all things, what he most longed to do. He wondered where the fields were, and if he could ever go there and see the kite fly under the blue sky. Then he wondered if John could fly it out in the lane. He crept out of bed and tottered to the window.

The lane was very wet and slushy, and a nasty black gutter ran down it, and oozed out among the broken stones. There had been a heavy thunder shower in the night; and as there was no foot pavement, and what stones there were were very uneven and scattered, the black pools lodged among them, and although it seemed impossible for a boy to fly a kite there—for 'how could he run along holding the string?' he would tumble among the dirty pools. There were only four children to be seen in it now, out of all the numbers that lived in the houses, though it was a warm summer morning, and they were dabbling with naked feet in the mud, and their ragged clothes were all dragged. 'Mother would never let him and John do like that.'

Still he stood, first examining the window, then looking at the kite; then putting his hand out through the broken pane, and pondered over a scheme that had entered his mind.

'John,' he cried, as the door opened, 'don't you think we could fly Harry's kite out of the broken pane?'

At first this idea seemed to John perfectly chimerical; but after some consultation and explanation a plan was devised between the two boys, to complete which they only waited for their mother's return. They expected her at one, for this was only half a day's work.

Jem was dressed when she returned, and his excitement made him appear better; but she saw with grief that he could not touch his dinner; and her anxiety about him made her less unwillingly than she otherwise would have done, consent to the petition he made, that 'only for this once she would let him and John fly the kite outside the window.' She stifled her sigh as she sat down to needle-work, lest she should cast a gloom over the busy preparations that immediately commenced.

The difficulty had been how to get the kite out, because the window would not open. To surmount this, John was to go down to the lane, taking the kite with

him, while Jem lowered the string out of the broken pane.

'When you get hold of the string, you know, John, you can fasten it, and then stand on that large stone opposite, just by where that gentleman is, and hold up the kite, and then I will pull.'

All was done accordingly. John did his part well. Jem pulled; the kite rose to the window, and fluttered about, for the thunder had been followed by a high wind, which was felt a little even in this close place, and the boys gazed at it with great pleasure. As it dangled loosely by the window in this manner, the tail became entangled, and John was obliged to run up to help to put it right.

'Let it down to me again when I have run out, said he as he tried to disentangle it; and I will stand on the stone, hold it up, and you can pull again. There's the gentleman still, and now there's a young man beside. The gentleman has made him look up at the kite.'

'Come and look, mother, said Jem; but she did not hear. 'The young man has such a brown face, and such curly hair.'

'And he's like—Mother, he is crossing over!' cried John. He has come into the house!'

The mother heard now. A wild hope rushed through her heart; she started up; a quick step was heard on the stairs; the door flew open; and the next moment she was clasped in her son's arms!

The joy nearly took away her senses.

Broken words mingled with tears, thanksgivings and blessings, were all that were uttered for sometime between them. Harry had Jem on his knee, and John pressed to his side, and was holding his mother tight by the hand, and looking up in her face, when at last they began to believe and understand that they once more saw each other. And when he had to explain how the ship had been disabled by a storm in the South Sea; and how they got her into one of the beautiful islands there, and refitted her, and after six month's delay, brought her back safe and sound, cargo and all; and how he and Uncle Ben were both strong and hearty.

'How well you look, my dear boy!' said the happy mother. 'How tall, and stout, and handsome you are!'

'And he's got his curly hair and bright eyes still,' said poor wan little Jem, speaking for the first time.

'But you, mother, and all of you, how pale you are, and how thin! I know—yes, don't say it—I know who's gone. I walked all the way to the village, and found the poor cottage empty, and heard how he died.'

'Home! you went there!'

'Yes, and the neighbors told me that you were gone to London. But I slept all night in the kitchen on some straw. There I lay, and thought of you and of him we had lost, and prayed that I might be a comfort to you yet.'

'I had a hard matter to find you,' he said, 'You had left the lodging they had directed me to at first.'

'I left word where I had come to.'

'Ay, so you had; and an old woman

told me you were at No. 10, Paradise Row.'

'What could she be thinking of?'

'No one had heard of you in that place. However, as I was going along back again to get better information, keeping a sharp look out in hopes that I might meet you, I passed the end of this lane, and saw it was called Eden Lane, so I thought perhaps the old lady had fancied Paradise and Eden were all the same; and sure enough they are both as like one as the other, for they are wretched, miserable places as ever I saw. I turned in here, and No. 10 proved to be wrong too; and as I was standing looking about, and wondering what I should do next, a gentleman touched my arm, and pointing first at the black pools in the broken pavement, and then at this window, he said—I remember his very words, they struck me so—'Do not the very stones rise up in judgment against us! Look at those poor little fellows trying to fly their kite out of a broken pane!' Hearing him say so, I looked up, and saw my old kite—by it I found you at last.'

They all turned gratefully towards it, and saw that it still hung outside, held there safely by its entangled tail. The talk therefore, went on uninteruptedly. Many questions were asked and answered, and many subjects discussed; the sad state of poor little Jem being the most pressing. At the end of an hour a great bustle was going on in the room; they were packing up all their small stock of goods, for Harry had succeeded, after some argument, in persuading his mother to leave her unbecomingly lodging that evening, and not to rest for one more night for poor Jem in that poisonous air. He smoothed every difficulty. Mrs. Willis gladly undertook to do the work she had engaged; and with her he deposited the rent, and the key of the room. He declared he had another place ready to take his mother to; and to her anxious look he replied, 'I did good service in the ship and the owners have been generous to us all. I've forty pounds.'

'Forty pounds!' If he had, said, 'I have got possession of a gold district in California,' he would not have created a greater sensation. It seemed an inexhaustible amount of wealth.

A light cart was soon hired and packed, and easily held not only the goods (not forgetting the kite), but the living possessors of them; and they set forth on their way.

The evening sun again beamed over the country; and the tall trees, as they threw their shadows over the grass, waved blessings on the family beneath, from whose hearts a silent thanksgiving went up that harmonized with the joyous hymn of the birds. The sunburnt traveller, as he walked at the horse's head, holding his elder brother's hand, no longer looked anxiously onward, for he knew where he was going, and saw by him, his younger brother already beginning to revive in the fresh air, and rejoicing in his mother's expression of content and happiness. She had divined for some time to what home she was going.

'But how did you contrive to get it fixed so quickly, my kind, good boy?' said she.

'I went to the landlord, and he agreed at once; and do not be afraid, I can earn plenty for us all.'

'But must you go to sea again?'

'If I must, do not fear. Did you not always teach me that His hand would keep me, even in the uttermost parts of the sea?'

And she felt that there was no room for fear.

A week after this time, the sun again lighted up a happy party. Harry and John were busied in preparing their kite for flying in a green field behind their cottage. Under the hedge, on an old tree trunk, sat their mother, no longer in faded black and rusty crape, but neatly dressed in a fresh, clean gown and cap, and with a face bright with hope and pleasure. By her was Jem, with cheeks already filling out, a tinge of color in them, and eyes full of delight. On her other side was little Mary Willis. She had just arrived, and was telling them how, the very day after they left, some workmen came and put down a nice pavement on each side of the lane, and laid a pipe under ground instead of the gutter; and that now it was as dry and clean as it could be; and all the children could play there, and there were such numbers of games going on, that they all said it was the best thing they had done for many a day; and so did their mothers, too, for now the children were now not crowded into their rooms all day long, but could play out of door.

'Depend upon it,' said Harry; 'it is that gentleman's doings that spoke to me of it the day I came first. This good old kite has done great service, and now it shall be rewarded by sailing up to a splendid height.'

As he spoke, he held it up, the light breeze caught it, and it soared away over their heads under the blue sky; while the happy faces that watched it bore witness of the truth of his words—that the good old kite had done good service.'

Harry lived many years after to bless his mother, and though he followed the sea for a time, was enabled through prosperity to engage in business, whereby he could remain at home with his widowed mother, to cheer and make glad her declining days. Little Jem, the sick one, with the comforts of life and the kind attentions of a benevolent physician, was in a few months so far restored to health as again to be out in the open fields and mingle with the merry shout of the village children his voice. Three years from that day had passed away, years marked with happiness to all that household when the mother was called to go down the shadowy valley no more to return. By her side, in all the noble dignity of a pure and generous manhood, stood her sailor-boy, to wipe the cold damp sweats as they gathered on her brow; her other children, too, were there. But in that room was one, more to her than all of earth. It was her Saviour; He in whom she had long trusted for pardon and for salvation, to cheer and make bright her descent into the grave.

As the sun, on the Saturday eve which preceded the first Sunday in Advent, was sinking beneath the hills of the West, gilding the mountain tops and skirting the horizon with its golden light, she called her children to her bed-side and addressed them in the following language. 'My dear children, I shall not live to see a great many more suns rise and set, and then you will follow me to the grave, but my spirit will not be where my body shall be laid. The spirit is what lives after the body has decayed, and that shall live in heaven where the pure in heart alone dwell. For many a past year it has been my happy privilege to know in whom I have believed, and that He is able to keep me unto the perfect day. I desire, as you think of your departed mother, that you will not forget to place your trust in that same good being she did, and so live, that when your summons shall come to quit this mortal clay you may be prepared to go, in the full confidence that he in whom you have trusted is also able to keep you unto the perfect day.

On the next evening at 8 o'clock the mother fell asleep in death. And though it has been several years since, her sons all live to bless a kind Providence that gave to them such a mother. Harry has again resumed his old occupation of going to sea; the other children are living in the same town, much respected and, so far as the temporal blessing of life are concerned, are doing well.

Who in looking back to childhood's days, and bringing recollection to bear cannot see many things in this story which they can apply to themselves.—Some have passed through poverty; others through sickness and sorrow, similar, and there are some who, as they read these words, will feel that the benedictions of such a mother are falling on their heads. The words, too, of advice given, when the parting in death took place, are all familiar. May they be heeded by us so that when the summons, 'to go hence and be no more on earth,' shall come to us we may welcome it with joy.—*Chamber's Miss. Jour.*

SUBSTITUTE FOR BLOWING ROCKS.—We have before published a recommendation of building fire on rocks desired to be broken, as a substitute for blowing with powder, but the following article from the *Albany Cultivator*, points out the manner of doing it and the advantages thereof so clearly, that we copy it for the benefit of our farming friends:—

"In 1843, we were clearing a piece of ground of stone by the aid of the drill and powder. One very cold day, a fire was built upon a rock, which was, perhaps, four feet in diameter, near the wall where we were at work. By means of the heat there were large scales loosened on the top of the rock, which were taken off with a crowbar, and used for filling up the centre of the wall.

Subsequent to this, a fire was built upon the same rock, and some time after, the scales being removed it was ascertained that the rock was broken through in two different directions, dividing it into four nearly equal parts.

The quarters being left with face sides, fitted them admirably for laying into wall. From this time henceforth, the drill was dispensed with. Experiment showed that one man could carry a sufficient quantity of wood to break any rock, which a farmer might be desirous of removing from his fields. Another great advantage was, that wood of little value such as old pieces of rails, stumps, and the like, might be used with advantage and economy.

There is one point which must not be neglected, if success is expected; that is, to keep the rock clear of shells while heating. To do this with facility, the tools required are a sharp iron crowbar, and a pair of large tongs.

As soon as any shells are found to have started up, the fire should be removed with the tongs, and the scales carefully taken off with a bar. This is the only secret in the process. The object is, that the heat may be applied directly to the solid rock. The fire should then be replaced with the tongs, and so on until the stone is broken. Throwing on cold water is superfluous.

One man can attend twenty of the fires, or one man can perform as much work in this way as ten will with drills. The beauty of the process is, that it is performed comparatively without danger or expense. **DENNIS JOHNSON.**

M. Airy Ag. Institute, Pa., 1850.

We have seen rocks broken by the process above described, and we endorse what our correspondent says in regard to it.—*Albany Cultivator.*

"He who clothes the poor, clothes his own soul. He that sweetens the cup of affliction, sweetens his own heart. He that feeds the hungry, spreads out a banquet more sweet and refreshing than luxury can bestow."

A writer in the *New England Farmer* says, that mildew on gooseberry bushes, may be prevented by placing half a pint of rock salt around each bush, at a little distance, of course.

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