

The British SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH,

BEING A

MONTHLY RECORD OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

No. 1.—VOL. II.]

OCTOBER, 1st, 1857.

[PRICE 1d.

INTRODUCTION.

In our last issue of Vol. I., we stated that if 300 copies of each No. were subscribed for, we should be prepared to issue either weekly or monthly as the subscribers themselves determined; and further, should it be decided to issue monthly, that the first No. should appear on the first of October. Accordingly we now proceed to publish Vol. II, of "The British Spiritual Telegraph" in monthly Nos., the same in size and price as Vol. I. Although we have not yet received a guarantee for the number stated, yet the general tone of the letters we have received is such as leaves the impression on our mind that it is very desirable to retain an organ to represent our cause, and that, at least we should not be without a monthly.

It is our intention for the future to give a monthly summary of correspondence &c, as the possibility of inserting many lengthy articles will be out of our power, and we would not only desire to retain our old correspondents but likewise to receive many additional ones.

There is also another feature to which we would particularly call the attention of each circle, viz. to forward for insertion the name of the place and the hour at which their circles are held, especially those that are thrown open to the public.

We may state, for the information of our readers, that we have a promise from a member of the Keighley "Original Circle" to furnish us with

a few short letters narrating his own experience in these phenomena in which he promises to include several little incidents and communications which have not yet appeared.

This correspondent is well known to us, and will, we understand, write under the signature of "Adin."

AN INTERESTING CASE.

One of the most interesting cases of modern spiritual manifestations, was by the spirit of Mrs. Nelly Butler in the town of Sullivan in this State. What made it exceedingly interesting was the extensive manner in which she made herself manifest by the exhibition of her own form and voice. She first became manifest by raps and by conversation with her own natural voice in the year 1799; and by the exhibition of her own form in the year 1800. Originally the principal medium was Lydia Blaisdell, who afterwards became Mrs. Lydia Butler. On the 18th of August, 1800, this spirit went in company with Mrs. Butler and forty-seven other persons about a half a mile. Rev. Abraham Cummings, who was uncle to the late Dr. Asa Cummings, wrote a history of the appearances of this spirit, and published it in 1826. He took and printed the testimony of thirty-one witnesses, who had seen or conversed with the spirit in the year 1800. Mr. Cummings in his narrative says: "With all these witnesses I am intimately acquainted. I took these testimonies from their lips, for the most part, separately." After giving the testimony, Mr. Cummings says: "The above witnesses are exhibited not for the want of more, (for more than a hundred have seen the spectre, or have heard her words,) but because repetition is tedious." The testimony, part or all of it, was taken in the year 1800. One witness, Dorcas Johnson, speaking of the manifestation on the 18th of August, says: "There I heard and saw the spectre. Her voice was distinct from any other, and her music the most delightful that I ever heard. When she walked with us, *she moved without stepping*. And when we arrived at the house, by direction of the spectre, given to my brother, James Springer, and by him to the company in our hearing, we opened to the right and left, so that the spectre and Mrs. Butler passed together between our ranks. Then she vanished from my view, and I saw her no more." The testimony of others is equally explicit.

The principal medium soon died, I think in 1801. But the spirit continued to be seen afterwards. Mr. Cummings himself had the pleasure

of seeing her form in July 1806. It appears that the character of each witness was good ; that the spirit was manifested on one occasion in the presence of twenty persons ; and on another occasion in the presence of forty-eight persons. Not all of these, however, saw her at those times. But most of those, who did not see her on one occasion, were permitted to have their vision opened and see her on other occasions.

After waiting twenty-six years, Mr. Cummings felt it his duty to publish the history. He met with great opposition from his family and professed friends. They said he was insane. And as we are credibly informed, the persecution from his infidel friends, did not end in defaming his character by their preposterous charge of insanity : but they proceeded to overt acts, and in imitation of the Catholics burnt up the whole edition of his pamphlet, except a few copies that he had previously scattered. I have been the more particular in relation to this case, because the manifestation by personal form and natural voice was more extraordinary than any other I have heard of, since the personal manifestation of Jesus Christ.—*Woodman's Reply to Dr. Dwight.*

THE THREE PICTURES.

I am a Family man, being the father of thirteen children, and as their mother could not suckle, the miseries of rearing by hand, and the dangers and troubles through wet nurses, are pretty well known to me. Last evening I was thinking of the past, and three scenes were present in my "minds eye;" the subjects were,—Clairvoyant guidance—Medical guidance—and Spirit guidance : as they embraced incidents in my home experience—it appeared to me that if they were sketched, the reader would be interested and instructed—I therefore paint that you may Think.

CLAIRVOYANT GUIDANCE. Being in want of a wet nurse for one of my girls some ten years ago, and being puzzled where to find one; we looked over the "Times" and saw two advertisements, which appeared likely to supply the lack. Having a wholesome fear of phrenological defects, and impurity of blood, we were of course anxious to obtain a wet nurse as near perfection as possible. At that time having a young girl of about sixteen years of age in the house, whose powers as a Clairvoyant were of a superior order ; it was decided on that she be "put to sleep" to give us a description of the two girls. When she was "off" I said Eliza, here are two advertisements from wet nurses, I wish them examined. Go to ———, giving the name and address of one. "I have found her" said

Eliza. "She is seated at a table, and seems annoyed at something.—Now a little girl comes in, she is laying down the law to her—how precise (mimicking her) but she is very natty, very orderly—cant bear a pin out of place,—Her phrenorgans are very good. She is not strong, but her milk is good &c." Well Eliza, now go and see the other girl (giving name and address.) "I have found her but she is a very different sort of a person to the other—a good sort of girl—a better supply of milk, and healthy, but she is very servanty—is not such an one as Mrs. J. would just like to have about her."

Having implicit confidence in the Clairvoyant examinations, though the parties lived some distance off, we decided on No. 1 character. I drove off to the address, and with difficulty found the place in a back lane of a back street. I found it a coal shop, dirty and filthy. Does — —, live here. Yes. Shortly down came a young girl with a broom in her hand—dirty and drabby—much like the appearance of the coal shop. Are you — —? Yes. "Look very little of the prim and natty about *you*," thought I. "But Eliza says she is, and I have never found her wrong." Turning to the girl I said, a lady wants a wet nurse; put your things on and come with me. She did so. Suffice it to say, the girl would give no reference as to character. The Clairvoyant examined her again in an adjoining room—confirmed her previous statements. We engaged her.—The girl's milk agreed with the child; her character for neatness, honesty &c. were perfectly confirmed. We kept her a long time after the suckling days were over, and every now and then, when in Town, she calls to see us.

We sent a person to see the other wet nurse, and found such an one as the Clairvoyant had described.

MEDICAL GUIDANCE. Some three years ago, in consequence of the annoyance arising from the attempt to bring up our last child by hand, I determined on getting a wet nurse as soon as possible after the birth of the child. As soon therefore as the child was born, I went to the workhouse, in the parish of Camberwell—found one girl who was strongly recommended by the matron; not being a judge in the matter, I considered the best and safest plan, would be to bring our family doctor to examine her. He came, put questions &c., and turning to me said, "This girl will do very well." I engaged her, my boy was very healthy, and took the breast freely: but after a few days, it was observed that the nurse only allowed the child to suck at one breast: "Why so?" Because I have more milk in this than the other. In the mean time the child did not thrive, he threw up the milk, and at last it was found that the girls blood was impure, that the concealed breast had an abscess formed, and had been so *before* she left the "house" we of course discharged her. I was annoyed at the want of care evinced by the doctor, and it was not decreased when in the Bill, I saw a fee charged for examination of wet nurse. I then went to "Marylebone House" and the matron there showed me a wet nurse who she said was

quiet and cleanly, and would be a great acquisition; moreover that the doctor, thought highly of her. I took the woman, and in a few days found her a lying cursing, drinking young woman, and with a short supply of milk—we had to discharge her also. The child never rallied from the corruption he had sucked, and he is gone—poor boy.

SPIRIT GUIDANCE. On the birth of my last child, I determined on following my own common sense in the choice of a wet nurse. There is a place in London where wet nurses go with their children for the purpose of procuring situations. I seemed to perceive my way clear to go there. Mrs. J. gave me strict injunctions to see that the girl was healthy—that the milk was good, and that the best test was, the condition of the girl's child. Picture to yourself a benedict in search of a wet nurse for his 13th child. The hour I should be at the institution was 10 o'clock, but to my annoyance various incidents occurred to detain me, so that I could not get there till 12 o'clock—I saying to myself "It is no use going now." Yet I went. While in the street leading to the building, a girl passed with a child: I stopped her,—a nice child—a healthy woman, but I had no heart to engage her; she passed on. I got my clue, I felt my Spirit guide near me. I waited in the street—no one came. Getting tired and faith failing, I happened to turn, and saw another girl in black with a child. I went and stopped her; she was shabby looking and fagged; the child was a poor, sickly, dying little thing. I found by the *influence* this was the girl for my child. I took her to a neighboring Coffee-shop, ordered for her a cup of coffee and bread, and I afterwards found I had given her the only food she had that day tasted. Her child was evidently dying. I left the girl, went into another division in the shop, and put questions to my Spirit-guide as to the girl's fitness for the duties of wet nurse. The answers were clear and decisively—yes. I therefore unhesitatingly took her home, laughing to myself at the sample of a healthy child I was bringing to shew Mrs. J. On reaching home, I related my adventures in search of a wet nurse, saying I had chosen the girl under Spirit-guidance, but further said,—“Let us ask again, so as to be sure.” The *influence* came in my right hand with great power—the several questions put by Mrs. J. as to character, health, habits &c., were answered without any hesitancy—and we engaged the girl (who is still with us) without even asking for her references, and to this hour (6 months after) we do not even know the address of her friends. We find her qualifications as declared,—her child died, our child lives and thrives, a credit to his nurse and a proof of the value of SPIRIT GUIDANCE.

PECKHAM.

J. JONES.

P. S. Without detracting from the skill of medical men, the incident narrated of medical guidance, simply shows, that even men of professional skill—men of science, are at best only poor tools for the deciphering of mental powers and physical ailments. That Clairvoyance is a truth, and that Spirit guidance is

a fact: that the perceptions of the Clairvoyant and Spirit disentangled from flesh and bones, have powers above, — beyond us—and as the magnet sheds an emanation unseen by us, but seen by Clairvoyants; so Human beings shed an emanation unseen by us, but perceived by spirits — *by which they judge of health.* And as the *magnetscope* by its vibrations, shows the strength and power of any phrenological organ;—so a spirit, or a clairvoyant seeing the size and force of the emanations shed from each organ, accurately decides on the mental powers and leading characteristics, of any human being they direct their attention to—so at least I judge.

J. J.

A STRANGE DREAM.

In the night of the 11th of May, 1812, Mr. Williams, of Scorrier house, near Redruth, in Cornwall, awoke his wife, and, exceedingly agitated, told her that he had dreamed that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, and saw a man shoot with a pistol, a gentleman who had just entered the lobby, who was said to be the chancellor: to which Mrs. Williams naturally replied that it was only a dream, and recommended him to be composed, and to go to sleep as soon as he could. He did so, and shortly after again awoke her, and said that he had the second time had the same dream; whereupon she observed, he had been so much agitated by his former dream, that she supposed it had dwelt on his mind, and begged of him to try to compose himself and go to sleep, which he did. A third time the vision was repeated; on which, notwithstanding her entreaties that he would be quiet, and endeavor to forget it, he arose, it being then between one and two o'clock, and dressed himself. At breakfast, the dreams were the sole subject of conversation: and in the forenoon Mr. Williams went to Falmouth, where he related the particulars of them to all of his acquaintance that he met. On the following day, Mr. Tucker, of Trematon Castle, accompanied by his wife, a daughter of Mr. Williams, went to Scorrier house about dusk.

Immediately after the first salutations, on their entering the parlor where were Mr., Mrs., and Miss Williams, Mr. Williams began to relate to Mr Tucker the circumstances of his dream; and Mrs. Williams observed to her daughter, Mrs. Tucker, laughingly, that her father could not even suffer Mr. Tucker to be seated, before he told him of his nocturnal visitation: on the statement of which, Mr. Tucker observed that it would do very well for a dream to have the chancellor in the lobby of the House of Commons, but he would not be found there in reality; and Mr Tucker then asked what sort of a man he appeared to be, when Mr. Williams minutely described him; to which Mr. Tucker replied. Your description is not at all that of the chancellor, but it is certainly that of Mr. Perceval, the chancellor of the exchequer; and although he has been to me the

greatest enemy I ever met with through life, for a supposed cause which had no foundation in truth, (or words to that effect,) I should be exceedingly sorry indeed to hear of his being assassinated, or of an injury of the kind happening to him. Mr. Tucker then inquired of Mr. Williams if he had never seen Mr. Perceval, and was told that he had never seen him, nor had ever even written to him, either on public or private business; in short, that he never had any thing to do with him, nor had he ever been in the lobby of the House of Commons in his life. Whilst Mr. Williams and Mr. Tucker were still standing, they heard a horse gallop to the door of the house, and immediately after Mr. Michael Williams, of Treviner, (son of Mr. Williams, of Scorrier,) entered the room and said that he had galloped out from Truro, (from which Scorrier is distant seven miles,) having seen a gentleman there, who had come by that evening's mail from London, who said that he had been in the lobby of the House of Commons on the evening of the 11th, when a man called Bellingham had shot Mr. Perceval; and that as it might occasion some great ministerial change and might affect Mr. Tucker's political friends he had come as fast as he could to make him acquainted with it, having heard at Truro that he had passed through that place on his way to Scorrier. After the astonishment which this intelligence had created had a little subsided, Mr. Williams described most particularly the appearance and dress of the man that he saw in his dream fire the pistol, as he had before done of Mr. Perceval.

About six weeks after, Mr Williams having business in town, went, accompanied by a friend, to the House of Commons, where, as has been already observed, he had never before been. Immediately that he came to the steps at the entrance of the lobby, he said, "This place is as distinctly within my recollection, in my dream, as any room in my house," and he made the same observation when he entered the lobby. He then pointed out the exact spot where Bellingham stood when he fired, and which Mr. Perceval had reached when he was struck by the ball, and where and how he fell. The dress, both of Mr. Perceval and Bellingham, agreed with the descriptions given by Mr. Williams, even to the most minute particulars.

The *Times* states, that Mr. Williams was then alive, and the witnesses to whom he had made known the particulars of his dream were also living; and that the editor had received the statement from a correspondent of unquestionable authority.

Mr. HUME, THE AMERICAN MEDIUM.

In reply to numerous enquiries respecting Mr. Hume and his doings in Paris, we copy from the *New England Spiritualist*, two paragraphs which will give our readers a tolerably correct idea of Mr. H's mediumistic powers and of the amount of his success.

The first paragraph has been taken from the *N. Y. Evening Post*, and reads thus:—

The uppermost topic here is still the marvellous power of Mr. Home, as the Scotch-America "medium" now writes his name, and this not among the lower and more credulous ranks of the people, but among the most distinguished for intellect, station and knowledge of the world. The friends of the "medium" were in despair, a week or two ago, at the sudden loss by him of his occult faculties, whatever they may be. It seems that the Emperor, when Count de Morny went to see him at Plombieres, imparted to him the extraordinary phenomena he is in the habit of witnessing on the part of Mr. Home. Count de Morny, a confirmed skeptic in all such matters, and by far the shrewdest pate in the Emperor's party, frankly declared to his imperial brother that he did not believe one single bit of all these wonders.

"You shall see for yourself," replied the Emperor.

"That of course, I shall very willingly do," returned the Count; "but I am pretty certain beforehand as to what the result will be."

Last Saturday Mr Home spent the evening at the Count de Morny's. He was in the full exercise of his singular powers, and all the usual "Manifestations" were produced in great force. Crackings were heard in every piece of the furniture, the air grew suddenly cold, invisible hands touched the guests and carried different objects about the room, tables were lifted up into the air by the same agencies, shining hands were seen by many of the guests conversations with "spirits" took place, shades of dead people were evoked, and things mentioned to the host of which he alone could be cognizant. Count de Morny is stated to have become a firm "believer" in the inexplicable powers of the "medium." These odd things have gone on through the whole evening. Mr. Home was so much fatigued by them that his powers suddenly deserted him, as it appears they sometimes do for months together. He had promised to shew these great phenomena at M. Gigoux's, where Larrey, (the great surgeon of the Hotel Dieu,) Chenavard, the well known artist, Count Mitzchek, (son-in-law of M'me de Balzac,) and other distinguished scientific and literary men, were assembled to examine the mysterious claims of the "medium" But Mr. Home was unable to produce a single "manifestation" throughout the evening. His "spirits" had deserted him. In grief at his loss, he determined to leave Paris, and bury himself in some unapproachable solitude. But after a week's incapacity, the "powers" of this problematic personage suddenly came back to him at the Duchess of Hamilton's, (a cousin of the Emperor,) where he was passing the evening a couple of days ago. It appears that the "spirits" have explained to him that it was the great exhaustion produced by his action at the Count de Morny's that had thus compelled them to leave him for a time; and have forbidden his leaving Paris, a project which he has now renounced.

The following is from the *Boston Evening Gazette*:—

Mr. Hume, as we notice by the papers of Baden, is much sought for in aristocratic circles. Recently he paid a visit for the first time to the hotel of Mons. K———, where he went simply as an acquaintance, and not with the intention of trying any experiments. Upon entering the parlor, Mr. Hume felt himself very ill at ease. He endeavored to overcome this feeling, but his suffering seemed to augment. His nerves were agitated, a kind of convulsive trembling came over him, and he strove in vain to calm himself. Those present gathered around him, and asked the reason of his disturbance of mind. Mr. Hume, with a great effort, replied that he had heard a strange noise, and the groans of a man evidently in the last agonies of death. Being unable longer to contain his feelings he made his excuses and retired. On the next day, speaking of his emotion, he remarked that he was positive that some man had met a violent death in the room which he had visited, and this remark led to the landlord's avowal that six years before, in that very room, a young man, addicted to gambling, had blown out his brains, and that the circumstance had been concealed for the sake of the reputation of the hotel. The same papers also remark that, like Swedenborg, to whom he bears a strong resemblance, Mr. Hume is a very small eater,

ROBERT OWEN ON SPIRITUALISM.

“To discover a universal religion is the first step to unity among men, and to a permanent peace for the population of the world; and it must be attained before practical measures can be adopted to construct the surroundings which can alone make all placed within them, to become united, good, wise, permanently prosperous, and happy.

“What, then, you will now ask, is this *true religion*, which is to be accepted by all nations and peoples?

“It is the substance of all religions, without their useless forms and ceremonies.

“It is the daily, the hourly, the unceasing practice of love and charity for all men, irrespective of colour, country, creed, or class; or a never ending desire to promote the permanent happiness of all men, through the life of each.

This will be now soon attainable. The shell and spell of ignorance are broken; and life, liberty, and knowledge will have free range over the earth, directed by wisdom, in peace and harmony.

"This great change, the wonder of all nations and peoples, will be effected through the medium of the, to many, strange and yet little understood *Spiritual Manifestations*.

"The spirits of just men made perfect, will assist, guide, and direct the way to the full and complete reformation and regeneration from ignorance to wisdom of the races of man, thus preparing, through a new practical religion, a new earth, and a new sphere in heaven for those thus reformed and thus regenerated.

"There are spirits now around and about us, Spirits, who, through the aid of superior intelligence and power, have been purified and perfected, who are now deeply interested in forming and carrying forward various measures in different parts of the world, to bring about this great and glorious change for humanity—this new dispensation, and permanent happy existence of man upon the earth, to prepare him at once for the higher enjoyments of superior spheres in heaven. * * *

"Some of you will ask, or desire to ask,—'How do you know that there are different spheres in heaven, or that there is a heaven?'

"This is a very proper question to be asked by those who cannot yet believe in a future state of conscious existence, after we have ceased to live visibly on the earth; and I will now answer it.

"The evidence of my senses, applied with all the acumen and judgment which I possess, has given me the following facts and consequent convictions, as strong as convictions can be made on my mind.

"1st.—That there are certain individuals of both sexes and of all ages, who possess the qualities, unconscious to themselves what those qualities are or how they obtained them, by which various kinds of communications are made by unseen and unknown influences, and sometimes in opposition to the strongest will of the persons possessing these extraordinary qualities; and these persons are called mediums.

"These communications are made, according to the peculiar combination of the qualities mentioned, by tipping of tables, by raps upon them or on other furniture, on the floor or other parts of the house; and through these communications by means of tipplings or rappings when particular letters of the alphabet are pointed to, intelligent communications are made, entirely without the will or knowledge of the medium; and often these communications are most deeply interesting to the persons to whom they are especially addressed.

"Through other mediums, the communications are made by their being compelled to write, without knowing what they write, and often to write in opposition to their own previous views and opinions.

"In many cases, when questions are asked for a good or rational purpose, correct and highly intelligent replies are given.

“When the questions are asked of these invisible and unknown influences—‘What are you?’—the reply by tipplings, rappings, or writings is, through all mediums, in countries the most distant apart,—‘Spirits, who have lived upon the earth and who are now in the world of spirits, having acquired power thus to communicate with you, although to you we are invisible.’

“If you ask—‘what or whose Spirit are you?’—The unknown influence will often give the name of a near and dear deceased relative, who, in reply to other questions asked will give an accurate account of many particulars respecting that individual which you know to be true, and some unknown to you until proved by subsequent enquires.

“Now all this is as certain as that the sun rises daily, and is confirmed by the experience of thousands possessing sound judgments and high integrity of character.

“But that which probably cannot be tangibly demonstrated is—that these invisible influences are the identical spirits of men; that is real men; or if they are real spirits—real men—indeed our real brethren, that they are always truthful in giving their earthly names or in other communications which they often appear anxious, and sometimes very anxious to give to particular persons.

“I can now only give opinions derived from my own experience of these yet natural but extraordinary events, and these opinions should be taken for what they are worth and no more.

“It is frequently found difficult by some persons to obtain any communications through the mediums to whom they apply. At other times, to some persons, perhaps those who are not really seeking for truth, the most absurd and ridiculous replies will be given, there being little or no cordial feeling or sympathy between the enquirer, the medium, and the influence purporting to be some particular spirit or spirits.

“But when there is a real sympathy between the enquirer, the spirit said to be present, and the medium, the communication is generally easily effected, straightforward, truthful, useful, and sometimes highly important.

“There is often much deficiency and ignorance on the part of the enquirer, and sometimes of the inexperienced medium, how to proceed in the best manner to obtain truthful answers.

“Hitherto no discovery has been made, by the learned and scientific opponents of what is now called Spiritualism, of the cause which produces the intelligent and superior replies to the questions asked of these invisible influences, nor any explanation approaching to common sense.

“I have received communications from various influences calling themselves the Spirits of departed friends and relatives, in whom when living I had full and perfect confidence in their integrity, and as each made their communications to me in the character, strongly exhibited, which they possessed when living on the

earth, I am compelled to believe their testimony as thus given ; and as these communications have a good and high character in testifying now to the active exertions made by superior Spirits to assist developed men now to reform and regenerate the human races, I think their direct and uniform statements respecting themselves, are far more worthy of credit, than the random suppositions of those who are evidently ignorant of the whole subject of Spiritualism, and who by their previously acquired prejudices are strongly opposed to admit the existence of spirits, against any evidence that can be testified by human means to the contrary.

“But as this is yet a subject which is generally so little understood, and which in irrational made minds excites only irrational feelings of anger or ridicule, let it remain in abeyance until experience shall give us more facts and knowledge on this complex subject, and let us apply our attention to practical measures of deep and lasting interest to all of our race. This is *now our* business ; and the Spirits by the unchanging laws of their *will-power*, shall ceaselessly take care of their own, and certainly perform their duties to us.

SPIRITUALISM IN LONDON.

A letter published in the *N. Y. Tribune* says : —

“After a temporary discredit, Spiritualism in London is again coming into vogue. Wonderful things are told of symbolic drawings involuntarily traced, under certain conditions, by a stripling — son of Dr. James John Garth Wilkinson, the well known translator of Swedenborg, to whose robust and imaginative intellect so high a compliment has been paid by Mr. Emerson in his “English Traits.” Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton and Mr. Ruskin, among other notabilities, have been to Hampstead to see the drawings — Sir Edward viewing them with child-like wonder, and Mr. Ruskin, with his art-critic’s eye, pronouncing them unprecedentedly and superhumanly beautiful.

A FACT IN CLAIRVOYANCE.—When Monsieur Six Deniers, the artist, was drowned in the Seine in 1846, after his body had been vainly sought, a somnambule was applied to, in whose hands they placed a portfolio belonging to him : and being asked where the owner was, she evinced great terror, held up her dress as if walking in the water, and said that he was between two boats under the Pont des Arts, with nothing on but a flannel waistcoat ; and there he was found.

MONTHLY SUMMARY.

Extracts from private letters.

No. I.

"I have enjoyed the perusal of the *Telegraph* as a rich mental treat, and when it is brought to an end shall regret it as a departed friend of inestimable worth; still I do not for a moment wish its continuance under the circumstances.

As to the future, I leave it to your judgment. At the commencement, you will remember, I suggested a monthly instead of a weekly publication: you, however, were more sanguine and thought a weekly one would be supported; time, has, I regret to say shown that you were wrong. Now, however, I cannot say what to recommend, but leave it to you. If a monthly publication is decided upon, I shall, God willing, be a subscriber, and if it ceases altogether I shall bear the loss with patience."

No. II.

I shall be most happy to see the *Telegraph* continued either in monthly or weekly parts, but I think the *former* is preferable. The result of a months investigation of each circle would be far more interesting than perhaps a single sitting in a week. Besides Spiritualism is not like telegraphic news in papers, which loses its freshness if a day late.

The hint for each to put their own experiences into private circulation is a good one, and I find is being acted upon by Mr. Scott, of Belfast, whom I met for the first time a few days ago. He has all his experiences and Spirit teachings printed on separate sheets and preserved.

I am ready to join in any project to have the *Telegraph* continued either weekly or monthly as the majority may seem disposed to agree to and *you* see it can be done to remunerate you, but I dont see we can expect it to be continued otherwise.

No. III.

"I am sorry that *The Telegraph* does not pay; I should like them weekly, but should not advise you to continue them if they are not remunerative, but whether they come out weekly or monthly, you can send me two dozen.

[We have a few more extracts from the letters of other subscribers which we think may be usefully brought before our readers, not merely to show the estimate placed upon the *Telegraph*, but because of the useful suggestions they contain. They shall appear in our next. Ed]

Poetry.

THE CHRISTIAN CHILD TO HIS MOTHER.

My Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-Law Rhymers.

Mother! I come from God and bliss—
 Oh, bless me with a mother's kiss!
 Though dead, I spurn the tomb's control,
 And clasp thee in the embrace of soul,
 Nay, do not weep!—No cares annoy,
 No terrors daunt thy buried boy;
 Why mourn for him who smiles on thee?
 Dear mother? weep no more for me.

Where angels dwell in glen and grove,
 I sought the flowers which mothers love:
 And in my garden I have set,
 The primrose and the violet;
 For thee, in heaven the cowslip blows,
 For thee the little daisy grows;
 When wilt thou come my flowers to see:
 Nay, mother! weep no more for me.

Christ's mother! wept on earth for him,
 When wept in heaven the seraphim:
 And o'er the eternal throne the light
 Grew dim and saddened into night;
 But where through bliss heaven's rivers run,
 That mother now is with her son;
 They miss me there, and wait for thee—
 Come, mother, come! why weep for me?

I set a rose our home beside;
 I know the poor memorial died:
 The frost hath chipped my lettered stone;
 My very name from earth is gone!
 But in my bower that knows not woe,
 The wild hedge-rose and woodbine glow:
 There red-breasts sing of home and thee:
 Come, mother, come! we wait for thee.

Upper Thorpe, Aug. 7th 1837.
