

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES PARTRIDGE, NO. 3 COURTLAND STREET—TERMS, ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM; SINGLE COPIES, THREE CENTS.

Volume I.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1852.

Number 10.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

GIVEN BY IMPRESSION THROUGH MRS. * * * *

Retributions—There is still Hope—The Returned Wanderer—His Mission—The Atonement—Love, the Supreme Laws—Its Compensations—Much Required where Much is Given—Selfishness worketh its own Punishment—Knowledge of the Spiritual Spheres, a Blessing to Those only whose Minds are Prepared to Receive It—When we Approach the Outcast and the Degraded in the Spirit of Love, Angels Meet Us—The Wanderer from the Way of Life cannot Return Alone, but must bring with him the Comparisons of his Wanderings—We are blessed only in Blessing Others—The Law of Love worketh through All Things to its Fulfillment.

A spirit-form was kneeling beside me. It was a man. My hand was drawn toward him and rested on his head. Then his life, as it passed in review before him, lay open to me also.

I could not, if I would, convey to another more than a faint reflection of what passed through his mind.

The love and tenderness which had surrounded his childhood; the fond hopes of his friends; the golden opportunities of his youth; the noble aspirations of his early manhood, which had attracted to him the love of so many true and earnest hearts—and more than these; the lofty ideal which the consciousness of his own capacities and duties had created,—and then, the selfish, reckless career which in a distant land had hurried him to the grave.

As these memories flowed back upon him like the waves of a great sea, he sought not even in his innermost heart for excuse. Never before had the hidden recesses of his soul opened to such a light; yet he saw not the light, only the depth of blackness it revealed.

I said he sought not to excuse, he felt too deeply conscious of his sin; he had earned the wages—death. He struggled no more against this anguish of soul which came upon him, but he bent beneath it; it weighed him down until he fell prostrate; still he sought no alleviation; he asked not that he might be forgiven; he seemed to feel that for him there was no forgiveness.

Silently my heart had listened to the wild agony of his, yet I felt that even then the light of divine love reached down to the depths of his despair. I sought to raise him, I strove to point upward to that light, but he said, "Leave me to suffer—through suffering only can I atone."

Then a deep sorrow came over me. I felt that it had wounded him, that I had known and spoken of his faults. I said: "Oh let me not wound—let me not grieve you; there is still hope,—and my hand was raised slowly and pointed upward. The impression was gone.

The next morning it returned. It was no longer the despairing wanderer from the divine love whose presence I felt near me; serenity and peace had taken the place of anguish and despair. Love filled his whole being, and in its holy flame the past became again pure. To raise the fallen, to instruct the ignorant, to redeem from sin and degradation through the power of this love by his influence on minds still on earth; this was his mission, thus could he atone. He felt no longer desire to cast aside forever the degrading associations of his closing life, but rather rejoiced that the bond which united him to the past, was indissoluble, for through this could he more easily influence those with whose destiny his own was so united. Love had given him strength to look forward to the end. He had the good, and pure-hearted in Heaven, and on earth to aid him. I saw in his innermost heart that what I had once felt toward asylums. We must be content with what we

him and expressed in these lines were indeed true.

— And when our hearts Beat high with hope, to see the light of truth Dawn on man's darkened path, to lead him on To virtue and true happiness; and when Strong hearts are joining in the strife for right, We will remember thee, and feel that thou In soul art with us, and thy sympathies Shall waken many a heart to virtue's morn, Though thou art absent.

My heart glowed with joy. For I had hoped so much in former years from him (this man) for the cause of human progress; and to my narrow vision it seemed when the grave closed upon him, with all his early promise unfulfilled, as if all that wealth of intellect, that power of attraction had been bestowed in vain.

But, this friend passed from my presence and another spirit came near me to explain the reason of what I had seen,—the moral laws which govern the universe.

Solemn, and majestic, with a measured cadence, like a grand but unwritten poem, came to my innermost consciousness these sublime instructions, which I must impart, as I can translate into words; grateful if to other minds these words suggest what I can so imperfectly express.

Love was shown to me as the law, which was from the beginning—to which all other law must be subservient.

Once before, many years ago, in answer to earnest questioning this was shown to me; rather then as a test to try my own heart, my innermost motives, than as the universal law.

Then Christ made his presence manifest to me, and I saw in him the living embodiment of this divine principle. I saw myself also in this light of divine love. Alas! how seldom, even when the desire to do right had been strongest, could my motives bear this test. I, too, sank in spirit beneath this light, as its clear ray illuminated the past; yet it raised me up. Never have I felt so deep a grief or so divine a joy.

But, now love was shown to be the law unceasing in its demands, inexorable in its penalties, and extending its resistless sway from the highest and most perfect, to the most debased and degraded. To those who live in its requirement, it gives joy, and faith, and courage; to those who oppose and deny it in their lives, its penalties are vexations, disappointments, degradation and despair. The farther we carry our selfish projects the closer do obstructions from this law beset our path, until the wanderer from divine love, turns from the bitter waters of sin, to that fountain which alone can satisfy his thirst.

I saw that of those to whom much is given, much will be required. That he who uses powers, which should be consecrated to the good of humanity, for his own personal aggrandizement, wealth, or pleasure, must render an account of his stewardship, and when he calls his *good deeds* to bear witness for him, the selfish motives which prompted many of them, will stand forth as his accusers, and cover him with shame.

It was shown to me that every accession of knowledge brings with it new responsibilities, and that in our circle, it is not for the gratification of the few, not to show us some glimpses of another sphere, that the knowledge we seek will be accorded us; but that we must first prepare our minds in the spirit of love to act according to the divine teachings, or it were better to be content with what comes through the ordinary avenues of sense. For to the unprepared, the trifling, should the mysteries of the spheres

are able to bear, and be sure that while our own minds are pure from evil thoughts, and the law of love reigns in our hearts, we need fear no injurious influences from without. Evil can not approach us; but love and truth, as water finds its level, will flow to us, and through us to others.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself" is not a far off possibility, it must come near to us. Only in doing thus do we live. And through this love shall the whole human race be regenerated—saved from sin.

If we strive against this law, and with selfishness, or bitterness in our hearts, turn from our brothers, or trample upon them, the bond of love becomes a heavy chain, dragging us down, low as we have trampled them; but when in the spirit of love we turn to the outcast and degraded, we see in them the divine image allied to the highest and purest, and stretching our hands toward them, find that we have approached angels.

Then was shown to me the condition of the person whom I have spoken when he woke to consciousness in the second sphere.

During his life on earth the divine light had shone on his understanding with more than feeble glimpses; but he had raised a screen of sense to hide from its ravages. Now that screen vanished, and he could not shut from this light his past life; he saw the degradation he had brought upon himself; he struggled to cast it from him as though it had never been. The ideal of his youth rose before him, and he said, "that is my true self, I will forget all this, as a foolish dream." Selfishly he turned from those associates, drawn to him in his reckless career, he would leave them to grovel in their low pursuits.

His instincts led him to the good and pure, and these he sought; but the radiance which surrounded them revealed still more plainly his own unworthiness; he saw it reflected back, as in a mirror, from their purity; there was torture in their presence, and he fled from it. Yet he could no more shut his eyes to the light. It revealed to him the mutual degradation in himself and those whom he could still approach without being repelled. He shrank in horror from such companionship, and so he turned to earth. There he could wander unseen by those whom he approached. Here he was beloved—here his errors were forgiven. Yet no! even here—even where he was best loved, and where friendship would gladly spread a mantle over his faults—they rose up before him, and he sank pierced by that divine love which still sought him, which would not let him rest, until he gave himself up to its influence, and turned in humility and penitence to those he has spurned. As he yielded himself to the power of love, his heart yearned toward those still shrouded in darkness. With outstretched arms he turned to them, and lo! angels stood beside him. Love had raised him to that purity and radiance from which selfishness had forced him to flee.

Again, I saw many in the spirit-land still with the screen of selfishness shutting out the light, unconscious, save in uneasy flashes, of any thing higher than occupied them here. These were not unhappy, for they had no consciousness of real happiness. They pursued phantoms which seemed to promise pleasure, and (as we on earth too often do) turned from real good to unsubstantial shadows.

Yet, I was permitted to see that through them still, though all unconscious of its power, striving of the earthly nature to comprehend the law of Love worked to its fulfillment. This might destroy the reason entirely. This is why some mediums become inmates of insane asylums. We must be content with what we

the selfishness and inertia which lurk with more or less power in every human breast—it moves to redeem the world. In every true heart the echo of its trumpet-call to the work, rings unceasingly. And we see the response to that call in ever-renewed exertions for human development and progress. The highest and purest natures still turn with deepest love to the lowest and most degraded. And Christ still, through these, raises the fallen, strengthens the weak, and gives hope to the desponding.

NEW YORK, June, 1852.

EDITOR OF THE TELEGRAPH:

An important admission for each one to make, is, that there may be something he has not yet heard of. This feeling once gained, and the acquirement of facts is easy. Without it, no amount of investigation will profit. These things are as true of what is termed Spiritualism as of any other subject. No matter what we approach, the same frame of mind should prevail. In all my experience I have never found a single person who knew all about the so-called rappings. Nor do I look for it. I would as soon expect to discover a pint cup that could contain a hogshead as to find a mind that could contain or know all of everything. Human capabilities are limited to the powers of the individual. No matter how exalted or debased, how expanded or contracted, no matter what grade or station, the limit corresponds to the power and facilities. As these are finite, their comprehension can never be infinite. It is impossible to conceive of Omnipotence, connected with Individuality. The two are inconsistent. Individuality may be termed the peculiar idiosyncrasies of a particular segment; Omnipotence, the complete circle of immensity. As a part cannot equal the whole, the finite can never equal the infinite. Could an individual in the countless steps of his progression, make the circuit of the circle, his identity would be lost in the vortex of the Universe. There can be but one infinite in anything, and but one infinite in all.

It needs but little proof that individuals are organized; and that the organization determines the character. Nor does it need any extraordinary amount of logic to show, that so long as there is an organization there is a character. So far at least as concerns mortals yet in the body, I think none will find fault with the propositions.

If any doubt their correctness as to the department, to such I would say—A spirit is undoubtedly

something possessing intelligence; and as you

have never seen and cannot even conceive of

such a manifestation without an organization,

you will have to admit the conclusion that that

which can exhibit intelligence is organized.

Take heed! I do not ask you to explain it. I

can't myself. I only ask you to admit a conclusion from which there is no logical escape.

Having admitted the organization, another se-

quence is equally unavoidable, and that is, there

must be a character. If a character, it must

obey the law of existence and manifest itself in

harmony with the organization.

A word as to whether what is called Death

destroys our identity. The evidence of the rap-

pings to many is, that it does not. I might

say for my own part that that evidence proves

the same to me; and I might add that, that is

all it does prove. Was it otherwise, and we

were to test these matters by the variant dogmas

or creeds promulgated, or even the philosophical

revelations, we might give up the labor in con-

fusion. A similar test would prove the non-ex-

istence of our race. Things communicated

which are evidently false, do not prove that

there was no one to communicate. Was it

otherwise, an easy expedient to obliterate an

obnoxious press would be to procure the publi-

cation of an untruth. A lie needs a liar, just as much as a truth a truth-teller. The expression that "we shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye" cannot mean that we shall be placed upon one platform—inflamed with omniscience. The change is but a leaving of the body. If any other could be intended it would be the fulfilment of some natural law. As all laws, *that are laws*, operate equally, the same relative change would occur to all. Hence the individual, John, and the individual, James, though changed, would be relatively to each other, the same John and James. Truly a loss of labor! and such as we are not accustomed to observe. Nature moves evenly, uniformly, and gradually. In the infinite series of her various unfoldings she exhibits one eternal harmony.

If these things are so, (and so they certainly seem to me,) and if mortals retain their identity beyond the tomb, (and I certainly believe they do,) the conclusion is not unreasonable that, that identity is a continuance of the identity here. If this be so, and they can make their existence known to us, their communications would evidently present the same diversity as the organization would compel. Each would make known his own experience, for he would have nothing else to disclose. As each has a different organization which constitutes his identity, each would be led in a different path, and no two would see precisely alike. No number of persons could visit St. James and return with identical experience. Peculiarity of address would command for each a peculiar reception, and the peculiarity of the organization would lead each to a different branch of observation. European tourists in America, carry home their several impressions, and in giving them to the world (do as all mortals do,) describe their own particular selves. It is on this score that a communication purporting to come direct from God is on the same footing with one direct from hell. The message is but the impression of the individual, made up from what he supposes facts. It has no binding force upon those who know not the facts.

Much sarcasm is vented upon what is supposed to be undignified in these matters. A sufficient answer to this is, that men do not and cannot all see alike. As men but speak their impressions, he who sees what to him is uncouth in an exhibition of invisible presence, will best preserve his character for purity and discretion, by observing silence. Some of us value any evidence, no matter how insignificant in itself, which tends to prove our continued existence; and such of us, never find fault with the spavins of the post-boy's nag that brings us dispatches from those who have gone before.

A word in conclusion. All, whether believers or not, should confine themselves to an observance of facts. Theories can and do change, —facts, never. One theory is good so long only as it is not displaced by another. A fact is a fact always. There is no truth in any theory except in its adaptation to a particular mentality. As to that one, it may be all in all, while to the world at large, it may be the philosophy of folly. Observers of facts do not all conclude alike from the same facts. While these remain the same, the theory each builds

thereon is true to none but himself. In a word,

theory is the revealed internal of mortals;

facts are the finger-boards on the high road of nature.

W.M. ALLEN

The observations of our correspondent are conceived in a calm and rational spirit, and they can not but prove acceptable to the intelligent and candid reader. We shall be pleased to hear from him again.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 10.

ALL BEING FREE, EACH MUST ANSWER FOR HIMSELF; AND WHERE NO RESTRICTIONS ARE IMPOSED, NO ACCOUNTABILITY WILL BE ACKNOWLEDGED.

S. B. B.

BODIES AND SOULS.

The inward principle in all things is unfolded progressively, and is made to assume a variety of forms, more or less perfect, corresponding to the interior growth and refinement. Its first and inferior manifestations are seen in the rude shapes of the mineral kingdom. When the superior forms of the vegetable world are developed, the vital principle goes out to pervade and animate the more perfectly organized bodies of the animal creation. The principle of life can not be manifested in the mineral; sensation does not belong to the vegetable, nor intelligence to the animal. It is true that the several kingdoms are so closely connected that it may be difficult, by any process founded on mere sensuous observation, to mark the transition point, where motion becomes life, where life terminates in sensation, or where motion, life, and sensation, combine to develop the true God-image—INTELLIGENCE.

But we are not now concerned in this question. The precise point where the transition occurs is not essential to our present purpose. But we discover a law here, which will be found to pervade and govern all things in being. Existence in all its forms is *two-fold*—the inward principle and the outward expression. The gross material elements are pervaded with subtle essences, and all visible forms are but the diversified and ever-changing manifestations of the interior and endlessly unfolding Life. The vitality of the outward form is gradually absorbed by the spirit. As the former loses its warmth and flexibility, the growth of the latter begins to be checked, so that it becomes necessary to throw off the outward covering of the spirit that it may be clothed with a new and more beautiful form, better adapted to its further growth and perfection. It will be perceived that what we call *death*, or the decomposition of organic bodies, when it occurs in the order of nature, is a certain indication of inward growth and the development of a higher spirituality. It is by the immutable law of Life that all organized bodies are dissolved, each in its turn, as the interior principle in its progress, goes out to mold and quicken other and more congenial forms. Thus it is seen that there is no death, and the transition which is so designated, serves to mark the beginning of a more perfect life.

The comparative perfection of outward forms indicates the several degrees of interior refinement. When the inherent life, as manifested in any organized body, is expanded and perfected as far as the nature of such imperfect organism will allow, the form is dissolved, while the principle is quickened and "clothed upon" by a more glorious body. This idea finds an expression in the language of an ancient spiritual philosopher. "Though the outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed." It is true that the vitality of the body is absorbed and expended by the mind; and when the latter is deeply and constantly exercised, the former is gradually enfeebled. There are cases where the interior action increases in power and intensity, until the spirit is invested with an unearthly strength and beauty, which is often the sure precursor of the transition to a higher sphere.

But RELIGION has, also, an outward form and an inward life—a body and a soul. The spirit is immortal, but the body, like all external forms, may be decomposed. The same law will be found to control the formation and dissolution of all outward forms of religion. History and observation, as well as our own soul-experiences, infallibly indicate that, as the inward principle is ever unfolding, the outward organizations with which the religious principle is clothed, must be changed. The spirit of Religion, like the soul of man and the energizing principle in all things, can only pervade and animate one body, so long as that body is adapted to its growth and refinement. Hence the various forms which Religion has assumed in different ages and countries. A moment's reflection will be sufficient to impress the philosophic mind with the truth that these outward forms have corresponded in their nature and comparative perfection, to the various degrees of spiritual growth and illumination.

I can not withhold the remark, that the same general law will be found to govern all political institutions. When the spirit of the government is no longer represented by its outward structure; when it finds the form in which it is enshrine too narrow or inflexible, to admit of the freedom and expansion required, the old body is dissolved, and is succeeded by new and more beautiful forms.

But in this article we propose to confine our observations to Religion. That the ever-expanding life will destroy the arbitrary form, is rendered certain as the natural and uniform operation of eternally existing laws. The old forms and organisms in Religion have well nigh answered the end of their being. It is not denied that they have served an important purpose in their time, but their existence must soon terminate, for the mission of Sectarianism is about to close. The recording Angel has commenced the last page of its dark history, and the light of To-day shines athwart the portals of its sepulcher. We can not worship there, with those who seek the living among the dead. It is in vain to cling to these old forms. The springs which nourish the soul, making it strong and beautiful, are not found in these. Not without, are the fountains of life and joy, but within is the "well of water springing up into everlasting life."

All existing religious formulas tend to restrict the mental freedom and spiritual development of man. They are, therefore, unsuited to the present age, and by a law which will admit of no exceptions, they must go back, and mingle with the elements of dissolved and forgotten things. An impression is rapidly gaining ground in the church and the world, that the religious principle is about to clothe itself with a new body of more refined materials and delicate structure. The Church of the Future must be built on the same foundation as the Church of the Past. "Other foundation can no man lay," but it is certain that we require a new, and, in many respects, a different superstructure. We must have a church whose articles of faith shall be the moral precepts of Jesus—whose sacred books shall comprehend and unfold the discovered principles and the concentrated wisdom of all ages—whose ministers shall be employed to illustrate the philosophy of the Material and Spiritual Universe, and to instruct the people in the true science of life. In this Church there must be no arbitrary and specific rules, regarding the peculiar faith and speculative opinions of the individual—no compulsive forces or unnatural restraints, within or without—but the members must be drawn together by the principle of spiritual attraction. The union, if real and permanent, will result from natural affinities, and be rendered complete in that Love which is the highest law in earth or heaven.

We want a Church with more soul and less body—one wherein the spirit and the life shall predominate over the letter and the form. A Church whose sacraments shall be feasts of charity given to the poor—whose constant prayer shall be one mighty and unceasing effort to do good, and whose perpetual and eloquent sermon shall be a spotless life. A Church where every true Reformer may have full liberty to utter his own thought, in his own way; and where the pure in heart and the free in spirit, of every name, shall gather to receive instruction.

The Clergy against the Spirits.

The opposition to Spiritualism has no where been more unyielding and uncandid than among a large class of professed ministers of the gospel; and yet, we almost daily hear of some clergyman who has been impelled, by irresistible facts and reasons, to acknowledge its claims to respectful attention, and perhaps made to feel that a calm, deliberate, and religious regard, best accords with the nature of the subject. But those religious and spiritual teachers who have never had any spiritual experiences, are accustomed to say many foolish things, for which—seeing that they know not what they do—we have not been particular to hold them responsible. It is with great reluctance that we include our old friend, L. C. Marvin, of Springfield, Ill., in this class. In a late number of *The Golden Era*, a Universalist paper published at St. Louis, we find an article in which Bro. M. undertakes to spear the spirits with some severity. He supposes that faith in the presence and influence of immortal beings among men would render it necessary to get rid of the Bible! But the necessity, if there be one, eludes the utmost stretch of our faculties. We should as soon dispute the occurrence of 'the flood' because we have an occasional shower in these days; or cast aside the results of all past experience because we have had a little experience of our own. But we will clearly indicate the position of "L. C. M." by allowing him to speak for himself, as follows:

"When I come to believe that immortal beings from the unseen world communicate thus, I cease to be what I am at present. . . . Nay, more—I cast aside the Bible as testimony concerning the future."

Now it so happens that the entire religion of the Bible rests, as we are prepared to show, on the very numerous and diversified spiritual manifestations which occurred in ancient times. And yet, strange as it may appear, if Bro. M. believed, that similar phenomena do now occur, he would 'cast the Bible away' as a worthless thing. But why sacrifice the book which, of all others, contains the strongest and most undoubted evidence of the truth of such a faith?

If a man having an important case to settle—a case involving his highest and most enduring interests—should begin by *lynching the principal witnesses*, and then put them to death, or have them transported for life, we should think he had lost his reason and would probably lose his case. And yet, this is precisely what Bro. Marvin would do. If he believed that "immortal beings from the unseen world" do yet visit the earth, to impart instruction to mortals, he would cast the Bible aside—treat the witnesses, in this most important case, in a rude and contemptuous manner, by throwing away the record of their testimony.

"L. C. M." has heard of several bigotted saints who affirm that if they believed in universal salvation, they would *discard the Bible*, lie, cheat, steal and get drunk; and we well remember that our old friend was always prompt to question the piety of such persons. Answer, "L. C. M.," in the name of reason, is not the foundation of thy *faith* in the Scriptures equally insecure?

Having disposed of the Spirits in four or five short paragraphs, our clerical friend concludes thus:

"And we here risk our reputation as a Prophet that, very shortly, the whole thing and its history will be safely stored away in the archives of sorcery and witchcraft, and thus stand an enduring monument of the deplorable weakness and outrageous folly of a crazy, crack-brained world."

How much "L. C. M." has ventured to hazard, in this case, we are unable to say, not being familiar with the extent of his claims to the gift of prophecy; but if, in spite of modern materialism, he has acquired any reputation in this line, he rashly exposes the same to a severe ordeal; especially is this true, since *the last of the prophets, inspired men and miracle-workers, died eighteen hundred years ago*, since which—according to the clergy—all men who have claimed any reputation as prophets have been impostors. Friend, wherefore dost thou prophecy? Is the spirit of Inspiration risen from the dead? Is the canon of the Scriptures opened, once again? And whose mantle has fallen on thee?

One of the Exceptions.

Most of the Universalist journals treat Spiritualism as a great delusion. To be sure, they occasionally indulge in an eloquent apostrophe to the shades of martyred saints and heroes, but this, for the most part, seems to be intended as a *rhetorical exercise*, and not as the expression of a living faith. The prevailing idea of spiritual realities seems very unspiritual and unreal, often consisting in a special care to keep out of mischief, and in a kind of sentimentalism that talks pathetically about the trials of life, and the happiness after the death of the body.

Among the conspicuous exceptions, to whom the foregoing observations *do not apply*, we are happy to record the name of a Universalist editor at the West—Rev. E. Manford of the *Golden Era*, published at St. Louis. Without waiting for the "rulers of the Pharisees" to believe, he speaks out manfully. We incline to the opinion that he would rather be candid than to be popular. With the evidence he has we see not how judgment can be long suspended. The Editor has made observations during his recent travels, and writes thus:

During our late journey through Illinois and Indiana, we witnessed a great deal of this mysterious phenomena. We heard tunes beat, saw furniture move all over rooms without any human agency. We know that those things were not done by any mortal present. Our senses are our best witnesses—far better than the speculations and conjectures of persons who never witnessed such things. In nearly every village and neighborhood where we stopped, there were Mediums, and these wonderful phenomena were the theme of nearly every man and woman we met. The most remarkable of all we saw and heard was the writing. In Lafayette and Dayton, Indiana, we saw little girls, while under the influence of this mysterious power, write, blind-folded, long sentences, in answer to mental questions of ours, and after finishing them dot every i and cross every t, and they would do all this as quick as we could with our eyes open!

Here is something for thought and investigation. Notwithstanding all we have seen and heard, we have not been able to form any opinion relative to the cause of these wonders. Many very intelligent persons are fully satisfied that the cause is really what it purports to be—spiritual. It may be so; we do not know. Our mind is open to conviction; we wish to know the truth. We think those are unfair who condemn this mystery, because some who have tried to investigate it have become insane. Persons of excitable minds, by too intense mental application on any subject, good or bad, true or false, may become insane. It is only a short time since a beloved son of Br. I. D. Williamson had reason dethroned by too close an application to scientific studies. We read an account recently of a celebrated mathematician being driven to insanity by a discovery he made in mathematics. Now, shall we condemn all the sciences, pronounce them all humbugs, impostors, falsehoods and of the devil, because some who have investigated them have become insane? According to the logic of some of our editors, we must. If they cannot offer a better argument against the wonders above named, they had better be silent. Misdirected minds, may try to frighten people from an investigation of these things, but it will all be in vain—they will, and should endeavor to know whereof are these mysteries.

INTERESTING COMMUNICATION.

The following interesting communication was given through Dr. I.—, of Michigan, who passes into an abnormal state by voluntary abstraction. In this condition the spirits, it is said, speak to him, or otherwise impress his mind. The spirit, in this case, gave its name as Minerva Kellogg, wife of Mr. Dwight Kellogg, who is now doing business in this City. The communication was addressed to her sister, in A—, at whose residence she left the body. A knowledge of several facts and circumstances, peculiar to this case, seems necessary to a full understanding and appreciation of the message.

Mr. Kellogg found it necessary, in the prosecution of his business, to be far from home. His absence, and other circumstances which need not be mentioned, weighed heavily on the mind of Mrs. K., who, though not really diseased, was a person of frail constitution, and delicate health. On the night of her departure, and during the preceding day, she seems to have exhibited unusual buoyancy of spirits. After she retired, it appears—more particularly from her communication than from any other evidence we are able to adduce—that her meditations rendered her susceptible to the influence of Spirits, by whom she was wrought upon psychologically, and to whose sphere she was so strongly attracted that the spirit relinquished its feeble hold on the flesh, and left the body, to return no more.

The departure of Mrs. Kellogg was so sudden and unexpected, as to occasion much uneasiness to her sister, who was disposed to reproach herself for some fancied neglect on her own part. The communication seems to have been intended, in part, to relieve the, perhaps too sensitive, mind of the sister from these unpleasant reflections.

The case is replete with interest and highly suggestive. With no physical derangement—so far as we are able to learn, either from the spirit or her earthly friends—sufficient to occasion the separation, the soul yet passed away—peacefully and with no mortal pangs—magnetized by the Angels and attracted to a sphere for which it had stronger affinities. Our friend is enabled to rejoice with joy unspeakable, amid the ruins of earthly hope, for the light of immortal life and love has dawned brightly on the night of his lonely sorrow.

ED. SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

MESSAGE FROM THE SPIRIT.

"Kind Sister L—, with joy that cannot be expressed, I am favored with the privilege of communicating to you, through a friend, some things connected with the circumstances of my exit from your kind home and protection.—There is no wonder that amazement filled your mind, and that you should be somewhat credulous, in relation to what the Doctor told you of my state, and the cause of my death, so-called, which, was the morning of life to me. It seems unnecessary to go into detail, of all the circumstances connected with me at the time I refer to, for you understand all, and you were always sympathetic and kind. I had, for a long time, been much interested in the subject of Spiritual Manifestations, and had a very strong desire to see and converse with my spirit-friends; in a word, we were both anxious to have evidence, beyond a doubt, of spiritual presence, and, also, a certainty in relation to our spirit-home.

"My health had been poor for sometime, I had much to make me gloomy, but that state of mind had in a measure passed away, and I was improving in health, and, in fact, the day previous to the occurrence of what I am about to relate, I felt in a more cheerful mood; indeed, considerably elated, and I retired for the night in unusually good spirits, though more or less anxious in relation to my future prospects. I made a brief review of the past, the present was before me. My companion was far away, and my children, where were they? In that frame of mind I said mentally, I should be willing to emigrate to any country, and endure its hardships, if by so doing I could enjoy the society of my companion and children.

"At once my room was illuminated, and I recognized a spirit-friend who said my desire should be granted, for he was well acquainted with a country that possessed such beauty and society, that a person once seeing it, would have no desire of leaving it more, and if I wished he would accompany me; and he gave me positive assurance that my family would soon follow, and we should be ever after a united family.

"I told him at once I was ready to follow him on condition that I should return if I wished. You know the result. I soon felt a soothing and tranquilizing influence pervading my whole system. I continued in that state but a short time before I felt a kind of dizziness, and then a rocking motion as though I was swinging in mid air. This apparent motion continued to increase in rapidity until I was lost for a time. When I began to come to my consciousness I found myself surrounded by a kind of mist or vapor which was soon dissipated. I was in the LAND OF PROMISE!

"Wonder and amazement filled my whole

being. Beauties untold were before me. O! had I the qualification necessary to a description of our beautiful country, mortals would fall short of understanding the thousandth part of its beauty and serenity. But, sister, I tell you, it is a land of eternal verdure and undying beauty, and the future home of all. Here eternal truth is stamped on the being and is in the spirit, and there is a halo of glory encircling every object I see. I am surrounded by sister-spirits beckoning onward and upward to brighter scenes.

Study well the book of Nature, for that, alone, is free from error, and teaches the system of eternal progression, and the consequent happiness of all.

"It seems as though I could not be thankful enough for the change that has taken place in my condition. I am surrounded by every thing in nature calculated to satisfy. Such vast variety of food for the mind, and beauties, both in form and color, defy description! And oh, what manifestations of love, and good-will, in every look! There are no distinctions of popularity within our circle; no lords nor dukes; but all are servants without distinction, and serve one another with a zeal that knows no bounds. Their movements are easy and graceful beyond anything you can imagine.

"I have already said much more than I expected. Dear sister, be sure, as soon as possible, to lay hold of truth; it will prove a savior to you under every trial; it will free your mind from all doubt and fear of the future. I was sorry to cause trouble and sorrow by leaving you in such a manner; but our separation will be short, at the longest, and oh, how joyful the meeting in this home of eternal happiness, I will not attempt to describe."

To Readers and Correspondents.

THE LAW OF LOVE, on our first page, is beautiful in thought and expression, and divine in the principles it inculcates. Happy are they who imbibe the lesson and reduce it to practice in their lives, for they shall walk with the redeemed.

The fourth and last number of volume one, of the Shekinah, will be ready for delivery next week, and will be forwarded at the earliest moment to all subscribers.

M. A. TOWNSEND We have never received the remittance for the Portraits of the Seers, but will send them immediately.

The continuation of "Two Years with the Spirits," was not in time for this number.

The Fine Arts.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 603 Broadway.

The twenty-seventh annual exhibition of this institution is yet open to the public. The walls are well covered with pictures, many of which are in a high style of art, while the balance have a good share of merit, and do great credit to the artists who have contributed them. A striking defect, however, which exists with most of the paintings, is an entire absence of what may be called *truthful coloring*. They are for the most part colored, to be sure, with a great variety of pigments, and so as to give pleasure to most of the visitors; but it is well to remember that the people at large do not observe nature properly, and still less do they study her subtle beauties: hence, what may be very pleasing to the common eye may also be exceedingly meretricious. Again, that which is truthfully painted will always afford pleasure, even to the most uneducated.

On entering the large saloon the most prominent works are a full length portrait of Governor Fish, by T. Hicks; another of a lady, by Rosser, directly opposite, while at either end hang portraits of ladies, by Healy, and two of gentlemen, by Carpenter. The first named is the property of the city, and will be duly placed in the City Hall beside the many illustrious personages who have preceded him in office. The picture, we may say, challenges our attention from its peculiarly vivid effect of light, and in this respect we are compelled to differ with the artist most decidedly. We maintain that the accessories should be kept entirely subservient to the portrait; in other words, the head in a composition should be the all-absorbing object. In this instance, the contrast of light and shadow is so bright that the mind is disturbed from contemplating the sentiment of the head by this forced introduction of a strong light upon the wall. The artist should loose himself from the spectator; but here, he places himself between you and his work. This is bad taste. Beside this striking defect, the work contains nothing eminently fine.

No. 10—opposite, is a full length portrait of a lady, by Rosser. It has some beautiful points, although the same error which we noticed in the previous picture exists here. The light enters from a side window, which forces prominently out a richly covered couch. This is elegantly painted as are also the various objects in the apartment, all calling forth our admiration. The head has a refined sentiment and youthful beauty. But when all the parts are rendered with such conspicuous elegance, the center or chief object loses its force. In painting, there must be a compromise, the lesser for the greater. Suppose we are witnessing a play, and while the chief business of the scene is being enacted, minor performers are engaged in the background with sufficient energy to divide our attention. The same results occur in this painting; and, what is strange to say is, that this very error in the composition insures for it a popularity; because the people are enticed away from the great object of a work by the variety and beauty of the mere imitation of objects.

We approach Mr. Healy's picture, No. 32, with a better feeling. It is evident that he does not compromise himself for the vulgar applause of the million. His painting has a quiet naturalness, and a subdued tone, and a refinement, without affectation, which gently invites you to its contemplation.

The remaining two to which we have alluded, are probably good likenesses, but their merit is not sufficient to interest any save the immediate parties for whom they were executed.

We pass now to the portraits by Elliott. No. 53, portrait of a lady, and 7; of a gentleman, are among his happiest efforts. The lady is exceedingly graceful and her expression beams with goodness and love. You have a strong desire to enjoy her acquaintance. The gentleman is not merely one by title, but there is a dignity, refinement and nobleness embodied in the very air; in expression it is life-like, while the color is highly agreeable. For strength and individuality of character, simplicity and naturalness of color, Elliott, as a portrait painter, has no superior in this country, and we hazard nothing in including modern artists elsewhere. His style is purely original, he never having visited the master-pieces of ancient art abroad, and having been educated in the school of nature, secluded from large cities where good examples are frequent. His works are so uniformly excellent, that to notice one, a general idea of them all is obtained.

No. 1, is a portrait of Hiram Powers, sculptor. This head is drawn with great care, and the expression is full of life and intellect. There is also a soul there, and any observer, not knowing the subject, would at once pronounce it the representative of genius.

No. 6.—“The Requiem of De Soto,” by E. White. This artist has left home, where he produced some passable pictures, to study abroad, and this is a specimen of his handywork while absent. It represents a torchlight scene, with a number of figures, draped in various colors, standing in various positions; and that is all. By some mischance they were not vitalized with a living soul. They are merely figures arranged in a picturesque relation and baptised with the above title. Why will artists make such pilgrimages in foreign lands merely to bury the talent which they possessed at home?

The principles of Nature are the same in every clime, and those principles are what artists must first become acquainted with in order to become in truth artists. The study of the old masters is highly interesting to illustrate what we may have discovered in nature, but to succeed, we must follow their example and drink from the fountain of all art—Nature.

No. 18.—“Esmaralda, meditating.”—This is another unfortunate effort, by Mr. May, who gave some promise previous to its departure for Europe. The picture is beneath criticism. We merely allude to it as an evidence of affectation and retrogression consequent upon artists who leave nature to study men.

No. 24.—“Portrait of a lady,” by J. B. Flagg. This artist's style is extremely superficial. His aim, one would judge, is to please the greatest number irrespective of genuine truth. His pictures possess excellent drawing, delicacy, and neatness, but crude coloring—and these are the elements to make a popular painter, but would he unite to his good drawing the profound character of his distinguished uncle's works (Allston) his reputation would be not only present but lasting.

MARRIED.

In Auburn, N. Y., on the 18th inst. by Rev. L. E. Lathrop, HENRY D. BARROW, Esq., Editor of the Waukesha Democrat, and Miss MARY M. BENNETT, of Auburn.

SPIRIT LAND.

“The Spirit giveth life.”

HYMN FROM THE INNER LIFE.

BY T. L. HARRIS.

HEAVEN encircles all. The blest Immortals Near us, divine with love's pure beauty stand; Alluring us, through Faith's translucent portals, Into the Better Land.

The friends we mourn as lost have not departed: They have but laid aside Earth's frail disguise: On your dark way they pour, oh, lonely-hearted! The light of loving eyes.

The Saints and Seers, who made the old time glorious, Dwell, beautiful, within our human sphere: Serene they move o'er doubt and pain victorious;—

A Christ, Plato, John, are here!

There lives no man, however crushed and lowly, Bound with the gyes—immured in darkest cell, But with him ministrant of influence holy,

Some Seraph Friend doth dwell.

Each wondrous Thought, of Truth or Love or Duty, Flooding with sun-rise beams thro' Mind and Heart, Inspiring us with Wisdom and with Beauty.

Some Angel Guest imparts.

No curtain hides from view the Spheres Elysian, But this poor shell of half-transparent dust; And all that blinds our spiritual vision, Is pride and hate and lust.

Wouldst thou, oh! friend beloved, with Christ see Grow perfect in the way of life he trod, [heaven] To him that hath shall more and more be given, “The Pure in Heart see God.”

Spiritual Communications.

BROTHER BRITTON:—From a large number of spiritual communications written from time to time by a writing medium of this village, I have selected a few, for which I should like a place in the TELEGRAPH.

For the benefit of those whose light has been limited on these subjects, I might briefly state the process by which these communications are made. It is understood that they purport to emanate from the dwellers of the Spiritual Spheres, who, by gaining the control of the hand of certain individuals whose minds are passive to spiritual influence, are enabled to write, often with wonderful rapidity upon subjects of the most profound interest, and of which the medium knows nothing.

In this instance, the medium is a lady whose truthfulness and purity of character are acknowledged by all who know her; but shrinking from notoriety, desires her name withheld. When taking the pen, her hand moves off involuntarily, without any will or thought on her part as to what shall be written—and the result is, that messages of private and general interest are thus communicated, sometimes in a handwriting closely resembling that of the communicating-spirit, and the phraseology and manner of expression peculiar to him when on earth.

The communications made, are consoling and elevating in their character, and cannot be objectionable

even to those who deny that they come from the spirit-world.

Truly yours,
MILY A. TOWNSEND.

NEW BRIGHTON, Pa., June 1, 1852.

The following was written in the woods, (May 21,) from a point affording a view of a beautiful landscape, and the village of New Brighton.

“Come, draw near and more near to your spiritual friends. Let your thoughts be turned to us, and love and adore through us the Great Author of Nature, and see him in all his beautiful and lovely works. Learn to read, to love him in every living thing. Let every little leaf, and every flower bring the great name of its Author before your minds. Let beauty and holiness in God's universal temple inspire your praise. Be ye light-hearted; be contented with your lot. Be willing to let your walks be lovely; for there are many loving spirits near you to lead you through life's thorny path.

Let Nature and Nature's God whisper peace to your troubled spirits. Come! let us be a beacon-light to guide you. Let thought be beauty, love and harmony reign in your bosoms. Nature, ever lovely—Nature, ever truthful, speaks of the love of God to sorrowing man. Hear his name in every breeze—in every carol of the birds as their sweet voices move the air. See him in the sun; see him in every bud and flower. Be still! Hearken to the fall of the water. Do you not hear his voice? Lo! He is coming nearer to his wandering earthly children through us, his agents. Let your minds be turned to the inner being, and let the outer man be content with what are the necessary preparations for your purification.”

Addressed to a friend who was much troubled in his business relations through another medium—a young lady of this village.

“I am with you in all your troubles, and will endeavor to encourage you by my power over those who are thus perplexed on earth. Listen to me when I tell you to hope. Listen and you may receive consolation. Hope on! Look not to earth for much. Struggle but a short time and then come to us, and we will give you rest. We have a home here for all who are now buffeting the waves of misfortune. We have smiles and love-light here in the spirit-world. We will wing you from earth, and have you here with us, if you will listen. Look not to us with so much doubt. Look with more confidence, and we will tell you much. Doubt is hard for us to combat with. Chase such thoughts from your mind. Look and see us in our home of happiness, and then murmur not at the ways of Providence. Wait but as a moment, and you will know your earthly existence, but as a speck upon the surface of the placid waters of Eternal Life!

“Let us not have to labor all in vain. Read and understand. What you see are the words of those who have passed before you to the home of eternal hope, of eternal light, of eternal happiness and eternal progression.

“Why murmur for the few short hours which is your time on earth. 'Tis but a moment in the Eternity of your existence. 'Tis but a passing cloud upon the pure sky of an everlasting life! The passing cloud will soon be gone, and Sun's innumerable will shed their brilliant light on every heart. Your present life is but a passing dream. The future will teach you to forget all—all that may have marred the harmony of your earthly home.”

Rev. J. Wesley on the Manifestations.

A respectable clergyman of the Methodist church, pastor of a society in this city, has furnished us with the following extracts—which will be read with interest by many who may not have access to the works of Mr. Wesley. [ED.]

From the “Account of the disturbances in” his “Fathers House” taken down by the Rev. John Wesley in 1720, and found in “Wesley's Works” published at the “Methodist Book Room, 200 Mulberry street, New York, 1840.” Vol. vii., pages 474 to 478. I make the following extracts:—After mentioning several remarkable Manifestations of the Spirit or Spirits to the servants, which alarmed them very much, he says:

“The next evening between five and six o'clock, my sister Molly, then about twenty years of age, sitting in the dining-room, reading, heard as it were the door that led into the hall, open, and a person walking in that seemed to have on a silk night-gown, rustling and trailing along. It seemed to walk round her, then to the door, then round again; but she could see nothing. She thought it signifies nothing to run away; for whatever it is, it can run faster than me, so she rose, put her book under her arm and walked slowly away. After supper she was sitting with my sister Suky (about a year older than her,) in one of the chambers, and telling her what had happened. She quite made light of it; telling her ‘I wonder you are so easily frightened; I would fain see what would fright me.’ Presently a knocking began under the table. She took the candle and looked but could find nothing. Then the iron casement began to clatter, and the lid of the warming-pan next the latch of the door moved up and down without ceasing. She started up, leaped into the bed without undressing, pulled the bed clothes over her head and never ventured to look till next morning. A night or two after, my sister Hetty, a younger than my sister Molly, was waiting as usual between nine and ten to take away my father's candle, when she heard some one coming down the garret stairs, walking slowly by her; then going down the broad stairs, then up the back stairs, and up the garret stairs; and at every step it seemed the house shook from top to bottom. Just then my father knocked. She went in, took his candle, and got to bed as fast as possible. In the morning she told this to my eldest sister, who told her ‘you know I believe none of these things. Pray let me take away the candle to-night, and I will find out the trick.’ She accordingly took my sister Hetty's place, and had no sooner taken away the candle than she heard a noise below. She hastened down stairs to the hall where the noise was; but it was then in the kitchen. She ran into the kitchen where it was drumming on the inside of the screen, when she went round, it was drumming on the outside, and so always on the side opposite to her. Then she heard a knocking at the back kitchen door. She ran to it, unlocked it softly, and when the knocking was repeated, suddenly opened it; but nothing was to be seen. As soon as she had shut it, the knocking began again. She opened it again, but could see nothing. When she went to shut the

door, it was violently thrust against her. She let it fly open, but nothing appeared. She went again to shut it, and it was again thrust against her; but she set her knee and her shoulder to the door, forced it to turn the key. Then the knocking began again; but she let it go on, and went up to bed. However, from that time, she was thoroughly convinced that there was no imposture in the affair. The next morning my sister telling my mother what had happened, she said; ‘if I hear any thing myself, I shall know how to judge’—soon after, she begged her to come into the nursery. She did; and heard in the corner of the room, as it were, the violent rocking of a cradle; but no cradle had been there for some years. She was convinced it was preternatural, and earnestly prayed it might not disturb her in her own chamber at the hours of retirement, and it never did. She now thought it proper to tell my father, but he was extremely angry, and said, ‘Suky I am ashamed of you; these boys and girls fright one another; but you are a woman of sense, and should know better. Let me hear of it no more.’ At six in the evening he had family prayers, as usual. When he began the prayer for the king, a knocking began all around the room; and a thundering knock attended the amen. The same was heard from this time, every morning and evening, while prayer for the king was repeated. . . . Mr. Wesley was also informed by Mr. Hoole the vicar of Ilaxey (an eminently pious and sensible man,) that his ‘father sent for him and gave him an account of what had happened, particularly the knocking during family prayer. But the evening’ (he spent with him) he says, ‘to my great satisfaction we had no knocking at all’ (during the time of prayer); but between nine and ten, a servant came in and said, ‘Old Jeffrey is coming; (that was the name of one that died in the house) for I hear the signal.’ This they informed me was heard every night about a quarter before ten. It was toward the top of the house, on the outside, at the north-east corner, resembling the loud cracking of a saw; or, rather, that of a windmill, when the body of it is turned about, in order to shift the sails to the wind. We then heard knocking over our heads; and Mr. Wesley catching up a candle, said ‘come sir, now you shall hear for yourself.’ We went up stairs; he with much hope, and I (to say the truth,) with much fear. When we came into the nursery, it was knocking in the next room; when we were there, it was knocking in the nursery. And then it continued to knock, though we came in; particularly at the head of the bed (which was of wood,) in which Miss Hetty and two of her younger sisters lay. Mr. Wesley observing that they were much affected, though asleep, sweating and trembling exceedingly, was very angry, and pulling out a pistol was going to fire at the place from whence the sound came. But I caught him by the arm and said: ‘Sir you are convinced this is something preternatural. If so, you can not hurt it; but you give it power to hurt you.’ He then went close to the place, and said sternly, ‘Thou deaf and dumb devil, why dost thou fright these children that can not answer for themselves? Come to me in my study that am a man. Instantly it knocked his knock, the particular knock which he always used at the gate,) as if it would shiver the board in pieces; and we heard nothing more that night.’ Till this time my father had never heard the least disturbance in his study. But the next evening, as he attempted to go into his study (of which none had any key but himself,) when he opened the door, it was thrust back with such violence as had like to have thrown him down. However, he thrust the door open and went in. Presently there was knocking, first on one side, then on the other; and, after a time in the next room, where in my sister Nancy then was. He went into that room and (the noise continuing,) adjured it to speak; but in vain. He then said, ‘these spirits love darkness; put out the candle and perhaps it will speak.’ She did so; and he repeated his adjuration; but still there was only knocking, and no articulate sound. Upon this, he said, ‘Nancy, two christians are an overmatch for the devil. Go all of you down stairs; it may be when I am alone, he will have courage to speak.’ When she was gone, a thought came in, and he said: ‘If thou art the spirit of my son Samuel, I pray, knock three knocks and no more’—immediately all was silence, and there was no more knocking at all that night.

“I asked my sister Nancy (then about fifteen years of age,) whether she was not afraid when my father used that adjuration. She answered she was sadly afraid it would speak, when she put out the candle; but she was not at all afraid in the day time when it walked after her as she swept the chambers, as it constantly did and seemed to sweep after her, only she thought he might have done it for her and saved her the trouble.

“By this time all my sisters were so accustomed to these noises that they gave them little disturbance. A gentle tapping at their bedhead usually began between nine and ten at night; they then commonly said to each other, ‘Jeffrey is coming; it is time to go to sleep.’ And if they heard a noise in the day, and said to my youngest sister ‘hark, Kizzy, Jeffrey is knocking above,’ she would run up stairs and pursue it from room to room, saying she desired no better diversion.

“A few nights after, my father and mother had just gone to bed and the candle was not taken away, when they heard three blows, and a second and a third three, as it were with a large onken staff, struck upon a chest which stood by the bedside. My father immediately arose, put on his night gown, and hearing great noises below took the candle and went down, my mother walked by his side. As they went down the broad stairs, they heard as if a vessel full of silver was poured upon my mother's breast and ran jingling down to her feet; quickly after there was a sound, as if a large iron ball was thrown among many bottles under the stairs, but nothing was hurt. Soon after our large mastiff dog came and ran to shelter himself between them. While the disturbances continued, he used to bark and leap and snap on one side and the other, and that frequently before any person in the room heard any noise at all. But after two or three days, he used to tumble and creep away before the noise began, and by this the family knew it was at hand; nor did the observation ever fail.

“A little before my father and mother came into the hall, it seemed as if a very large coal was violently thrown upon the floor and dashed all in pieces, but nothing was seen. My father then cried out, ‘Suky, do you not hear? all the pewter is thrown about the kitchen; but when they looked, all the pewter stood in its place. Then there was a loud knocking at the back door, my father opened it, but saw nothing—it was then at the foredoor, he opened that; but it was

still lost labor. After opening first the one, then the other, several times, he turned and went up to bed. But the noises were so violent all over the house, that he could not sleep till four in the morning. Several gentlemen and clergymen now earnestly advised my father to quit the house; but he constantly answered ‘No! let the devil flee from me; I will not flee from the devil;’ but he wrote to my eldest brother at London to come down; he was preparing so to do, when another letter came, informing him the disturbances were over after they had continued (the latter part of the time day and night,) from the second day of December to the end of January.”

The following remarkable extracts are from the same works, vol. iv., pages 280 to 286.

“Being at Sunderland, I took down, from one who had feared God from her infancy, one of the strangest accounts I ever read; and yet I can find no pretense to disbelieve it. The well-known character of the person excludes all suspicion of fraud; and the nature of the circumstances themselves excludes the possibility of a delusion. It is true there are several of them which I do not comprehend; but this is with me a very slender objection; for what is it which I do comprehend even of the things I see daily? Truly, not ‘the smallest grain of sand or speck of grass.’ I know not how the one grows, or how the parts of the other cohere together. What pretense have I then to deny well-attested facts because I can not comprehend them? It is true, likewise, that the English in general, and indeed most of the men of learning in Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions as mere old wives fables; I am sorry for it, and willingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest against this violent compliment which so many that believe the Bible pay to those who do not believe it. I owe them no such service. I take knowledge these are at the bottom of the outcry which has been raised and with such insolence spread throughout the nation, in direct opposition not only to the Bible, but to the suffrage of the wisest and best men in all ages and nations. They well know (whether christians know it or not,) that the giving up witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible; and they know, on the other hand, that if but one account of the intercourse of men with separate spirits be admitted, their whole castle in the air (Deism, Atheism, Materialism,) falls to the ground. I know no reason, therefore, why we should suffer even this weapon to be wrested out of our hands. Indeed, there are numerous arguments, beside, which abundantly confute their vain imaginations. But we need not be hooted out of one; neither Reason nor Religion require this. One of the capital objections to all these accounts which I have known urged over and over is this, ‘Did you ever see an apparition yourself?’ No—not did I ever see a murder; yet I believe there is such a thing; yea, and that in one place or another murder is committed every day. Therefore, I can not as a reasonable man deny the fact, although I never saw it, and perhaps never may. The testimony of unexceptionable witnesses fully convinces me both of the one and the other. But to set this aside, it has been confidently alleged that many of these have seen their error, and have been clearly convinced that the supposed preternatural operation was the mere contrivance of artful men. The famous instance of this, which has been spread far and wide, was the drumming in Mr. Mompesson's house at Tedworth; who, it was said, acknowledged it was all a trick, and that he had found out the whole contrivance. Not so: my eldest brother, then at Christ Church, Oxon, inquired of Mr. Mompesson his fellow collegian, whether his father had acknowledged this or not. He answered, ‘the resort of gentlemen to my father's house was so great he could not bear the expense; he therefore, took no pains to confute the report that he had found out the cheat, although he and I and all the family, knew the account which was published to be punctually true. This premised, I proceed to as remarkable a narrative as any that has fallen under my notice. The reader may believe it if he pleases or may disbelieve it, without any offence to me. Meantime let him not be offended if I believe it, till I see better reason to the contrary.’ . . . Elizabeth Hobson was born in Sunderland, in the year 1744. Her father dying when she was three or four years old, her uncle, Thomas Rea, a pious man, brought her up as his own daughter.’ . . . May 25, 1768, and the three following days I talked with her at large, but it was with great difficulty I prevailed on her to speak. The substance of what she said was as follows:—From my childhood, when any of our neighbors died, whether men, women or children, I used to see them either just when they died or a little before, and I was not frightened at all, it was so common. Indeed, many times I did not then know they were dead; I saw many of them by day, many by night. Those that came when it was dark brought light with them. I observed all little children and many grown persons had a bright, glorious light round them; but many had a gloomy, dismal light, and a dusky cloud over them. When I told my uncle this he did not seem at all surprised at it (Mr. Wesley adds ‘it appears highly probable that he was himself experimentally acquainted with these things’) but at several times he said, ‘Be not afraid, only take care to fear and serve God.’ . . . At other times he said (dropping a word now and then, but seldom answering many questions about it,) ‘Evil spirits very seldom appear but between eleven at night and two in the morning; but after they have appeared to a person a year, they frequently come in the day time; whatever spirits, good or bad, come in the day, they come at sunrise, at noon, or at sunset.’ (Mr. Wesley says, ‘how strange is this! But how little do we know concerning the laws of the invisible world.’) Again, she said when I was about sixteen, my uncle fell ill, and grew worse and worse for three months. One day, having been sent out on an errand, I was coming home through a lane when I saw him in the field, coming swiftly toward me. I ran to meet him, but he was gone; when I came home I found him calling for me. As soon as I came to his bedside, he clasped his arms round my neck, and bursting into tears, earnestly exhorted me to continue in the ways of God; he kept his hold till he sunk down and died, and even then they could hardly unclasp his fingers.’ . . . ‘From that time I was crying from morning to night, and praying that I might see him; I grew weaker and weaker, till one morning about one o'clock as I was laying, crying as usual, I heard some noise, and rising up, saw him come to the bedside, he looked much displeased, shook his head at me and in a minute or two went away. About a week after I took my bed and grew worse and worse, till in six or seven days my life was despaired of; then about eleven at night my uncle came in, looked well pleased, and sat down

on the bed-side. He came every night after, at the same time and stayed till cock-crowing; I was exceedingly glad, and kept my eyes fixed upon him all the time he stayed. If I wanted drink or any thing, though I did not speak or stir, he fetched it and set it on the chair by the bedside.’ (Mr. Wesley says, ‘so it is plain he knew her thoughts.’) ‘Indeed,’ she says: ‘I could not speak many times, I strove but could not move my tongue. Every morning when he went away, he

NEW-YORK, JULY 10, 1852.

NEW-YORK CONFERENCE,
FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

[WEEKLY REPORT.]

Friday Evening, June 25, 1852.

Present: Chas. Partridge and wife, Miss S. Partridge, Wm. Allen and wife, S. K. De La Vergne and wife, Mrs. and Miss Simorson, (Williamsburgh,) Virginia King, Jane C. Tingle, Thos. Cromwell and lady, Wm. Wood and wife, Dr. R. T. Hallcock and wife, D. L. Wilsey, Dr. John F. Gray, E. D. E. Greene, J. F. Desmazes, O. H. Wellington, W. Cheney, W. A. Smith, II. C. Billings, Mrs. C. W. McDonald, Almon Roff, Thos. Scandleybury, H. H. Hall, J. T. S. Smith, P. N. Stebbins, N. E. Crittenden, (Cleveland,) O. James Stone, Samuel T. Fowler, Robert Grant, Thos. Marsh, C. R. Mitchell, B. Ellis, J. K. Ingalls, S. P. Andrews, L. R. Case, George Alexander, D. H. Jacques and 18 others.

The following communication presented by Mr. Partridge was then read. It was given on the 19th of June inst., and purports to be from the spirit of a clergyman. The medium through whom it was spoken is a clairvoyant, who, in the higher or more spiritual plane of that sphere seems to enter into rapport with spirits who sometimes communicate through her by impression; and sometimes, as in the present instance, by speaking through her, she simply being in a condition in which the spirit communicating can use her organs of speech.

The medium said, "I see a spirit who appears to have been a clergyman in this life. He has a large brain his hair was mixed with gray, and his cheeks were depressed as if from age. You (meaning Mr. Partridge) have seen him, though your father was better acquainted with him than yourself. It is long since he passed from the form. You will yet learn his name, though I cannot get an impression of it. He wishes to have what he is about to say published, it being a refutation of what he taught while on the earth."

The medium personating the spirit, then spoke as follows—"My spirit expands, and my soul is filled with love, because spirits can communicate with those in the body. When in your sphere, I loved my fellow beings and desired their advancement. I taught what I believed to be the truth; still, it was a truth from which my reason often rebelled, and deep agony was the result. I felt that I was too wicked to teach others what I conceived to be truth, because my reason so often rebelled. Many hours of intense agony I endured in trying to harmonize the *Eternal Mind* with *Eternal punishment!* I could not make them harmonize. The "still small voice" within me would sometimes whisper "*God is love,*" and the dark whisperings of despair could not entirely eradicate the voice of love. Every bird sang a song of rejoicing, every flower wafted its odors to the Deity, every insect hummed notes of thanksgiving. No sad presentiment of evil belonged to the lower forms of creation; no instinct of suffering was theirs. Man alone; God's most perfect work, must look for eternal torture!"

"My thoughts would often revert to the fact, that the lower orders of things must pass away, while that which is nearest to perfection must suffer the most intensely. Many would think these were strange thoughts for a minister of the gospel, and an expounder of the Scriptures; and yet, dear friends, methinks such thoughts must pass through every human mind, no matter what the creed or what they teach. They are an impulse of nature, and nature's impulses can not be buried beneath the learned lore of ages. Like oil on the water, they must rise, must be first, must be highest; and the reason why they are highest is, because they are the *purest*. They cannot be impaired by the impurity of men's perverted minds."

After dwelling on the thoughts for a time, I would feel that I had done wrong and would pray with increased fervor, and preach with more earnestness. O, how intense the mental agony I suffered. It was a warfare between nature and superstition, between pure impressions from the spirit-world, and perverted impressions from the earth-sphere. But even then, good spirits were near me, breathing impressions so soft and low, that I deemed them my own thoughts. They wished so anxiously to impress upon me the great truths of the "*Holy One,*" but the walls of error gathered around my heart, were too firm and too impenetrable.

LORENZO DOW.

A gentleman presented and read sundry extracts from the life and writings of John Wesley, corroborating modern spiritual phenomena. Some of the facts stated have been already published, but it was thought a wider circulation of them at this time through the *Telegraph* would be interesting and useful, and they were presented to the Conference for further consideration.

THE FOLLOWING COMMUNICATION was spoken by Lorenzo Dow.

The following communication purporting to be from Lorenzo Dow was read. It was made on the 28th of May, by the raps, Mrs. Fish being the medium.

"I have one word of advice to give this Circle.

When you are questioned upon the spiritual manifestations, speak out your sentiments boldly, let no skeptic have it to say that you have minded the matter, or cowardly denied the truth. Could your spiritual light be opened, you could behold men like trees walking around you, who see your inmost thoughts and pity the weakness of men who have not independence to own their honest convictions. Speak the truth and fear not, for those who are for you, are greater than those that are against you. If we straight to the line, let the chips fly where they will."

LORENZO DOW.

A gentlewoman presented and read sundry extracts from the life and writings of John Wesley, corroborating modern spiritual phenomena. Some of the facts stated have been already published, but it was thought a wider circulation of them at this time through the *Telegraph* would be interesting and useful, and they were presented to the Conference for further consideration.

THE FOLLOWING COMMUNICATION was spoken by Lorenzo Dow.

The following communication purporting to be from Lorenzo Dow was read. It was made on the 28th of May, by the raps, Mrs. Fish being the medium.

"I have one word of advice to give this Circle.

When you are questioned upon the spiritual manifestations, speak out your sentiments boldly, let no skeptic have it to say that you have minded the matter, or cowardly denied the truth. Could your spiritual light be opened, you could behold men like trees walking around you, who see your inmost thoughts and pity the weakness of men who have not independence to own their honest convictions. Speak the truth and fear not, for those who are for you, are greater than those that are against you. If we straight to the line, let the chips fly where they will."

LORENZO DOW.

The following communication purporting to be from Lorenzo Dow was read. It was made on the 28th of May, by the raps, Mrs. Fish being the medium.

"I have one word of advice to give this Circle.

When you are questioned upon the spiritual manifestations, speak out your sentiments boldly, let no skeptic have it to say that you have minded the matter, or cowardly denied the truth. Could your spiritual light be opened, you could behold men like trees walking around you, who see your inmost thoughts and pity the weakness of men who have not independence to own their honest convictions. Speak the truth and fear not, for those who are for you, are greater than those that are against you. If we straight to the line, let the chips fly where they will."

LORENZO DOW.

The following communication purporting to be from Lorenzo Dow was read. It was made on the 28th of May, by the raps, Mrs. Fish being the medium.

"I have one word of advice to give this Circle.

When you are questioned upon the spiritual manifestations, speak out your sentiments boldly, let no skeptic have it to say that you have minded the matter, or cowardly denied the truth. Could your spiritual light be opened, you could behold men like trees walking around you, who see your inmost thoughts and pity the weakness of men who have not independence to own their honest convictions. Speak the truth and fear not, for those who are for you, are greater than those that are against you. If we straight to the line, let the chips fly where they will."

LORENZO DOW.

The following communication purporting to be from Lorenzo Dow was read. It was made on the 28th of May, by the raps, Mrs. Fish being the medium.

"I have one word of advice to give this Circle.

When you are questioned upon the spiritual manifestations, speak out your sentiments boldly, let no skeptic have it to say that you have minded the matter, or cowardly denied the truth. Could your spiritual light be opened, you could behold men like trees walking around you, who see your inmost thoughts and pity the weakness of men who have not independence to own their honest convictions. Speak the truth and fear not, for those who are for you, are greater than those that are against you. If we straight to the line, let the chips fly where they will."

LORENZO DOW.

The following communication purporting to be from Lorenzo Dow was read. It was made on the 28th of May, by the raps, Mrs. Fish being the medium.

"I have one word of advice to give this Circle.

When you are questioned upon the spiritual manifestations, speak out your sentiments boldly, let no skeptic have it to say that you have minded the matter, or cowardly denied the truth. Could your spiritual light be opened, you could behold men like trees walking around you, who see your inmost thoughts and pity the weakness of men who have not independence to own their honest convictions. Speak the truth and fear not, for those who are for you, are greater than those that are against you. If we straight to the line, let the chips fly where they will."

LORENZO DOW.

The following communication purporting to be from Lorenzo Dow was read. It was made on the 28th of May, by the raps, Mrs. Fish being the medium.

"I have one word of advice to give this Circle.

When you are questioned upon the spiritual manifestations, speak out your sentiments boldly, let no skeptic have it to say that you have minded the matter, or cowardly denied the truth. Could your spiritual light be opened, you could behold men like trees walking around you, who see your inmost thoughts and pity the weakness of men who have not independence to own their honest convictions. Speak the truth and fear not, for those who are for you, are greater than those that are against you. If we straight to the line, let the chips fly where they will."

LORENZO DOW.

The following communication purporting to be from Lorenzo Dow was read. It was made on the 28th of May, by the raps, Mrs. Fish being the medium.

"I have one word of advice to give this Circle.

When you are questioned upon the spiritual manifestations, speak out your sentiments boldly, let no skeptic have it to say that you have minded the matter, or cowardly denied the truth. Could your spiritual light be opened, you could behold men like trees walking around you, who see your inmost thoughts and pity the weakness of men who have not independence to own their honest convictions. Speak the truth and fear not, for those who are for you, are greater than those that are against you. If we straight to the line, let the chips fly where they will."

LORENZO DOW.

The following communication purporting to be from Lorenzo Dow was read. It was made on the 28th of May, by the raps, Mrs. Fish being the medium.

"I have one word of advice to give this Circle.

When you are questioned upon the spiritual manifestations, speak out your sentiments boldly, let no skeptic have it to say that you have minded the matter, or cowardly denied the truth. Could your spiritual light be opened, you could behold men like trees walking around you, who see your inmost thoughts and pity the weakness of men who have not independence to own their honest convictions. Speak the truth and fear not, for those who are for you, are greater than those that are against you. If we straight to the line, let the chips fly where they will."

LORENZO DOW.

The following communication purporting to be from Lorenzo Dow was read. It was made on the 28th of May, by the raps, Mrs. Fish being the medium.

"I have one word of advice to give this Circle.

When you are questioned upon the spiritual manifestations, speak out your sentiments boldly, let no skeptic have it to say that you have minded the matter, or cowardly denied the truth. Could your spiritual light be opened, you could behold men like trees walking around you, who see your inmost thoughts and pity the weakness of men who have not independence to own their honest convictions. Speak the truth and fear not, for those who are for you, are greater than those that are against you. If we straight to the line, let the chips fly where they will."

LORENZO DOW.

The following communication purporting to be from Lorenzo Dow was read. It was made on the 28th of May, by the raps, Mrs. Fish being the medium.

"I have one word of advice to give this Circle.

When you are questioned upon the spiritual manifestations, speak out your sentiments boldly, let no skeptic have it to say that you have minded the matter, or cowardly denied the truth. Could your spiritual light be opened, you could behold men like trees walking around you, who see your inmost thoughts and pity the weakness of men who have not independence to own their honest convictions. Speak the truth and fear not, for those who are for you, are greater than those that are against you. If we straight to the line, let the chips fly where they will."

LORENZO DOW.

The following communication purporting to be from Lorenzo Dow was read. It was made on the 28th of May, by the raps, Mrs. Fish being the medium.

"I have one word of advice to give this Circle.

When you are questioned upon the spiritual manifestations, speak out your sentiments boldly, let no skeptic have it to say that you have minded the matter, or cowardly denied the truth. Could your spiritual light be opened, you could behold men like trees walking around you, who see your inmost thoughts and pity the weakness of men who have not independence to own their honest convictions. Speak the truth and fear not, for those who are for you, are greater than those that are against you. If we straight to the line, let the chips fly where they will."

LORENZO DOW.

The following communication purporting to be from Lorenzo Dow was read. It was made on the 28th of May, by the raps, Mrs. Fish being the medium.

"I have one word of advice to give this Circle.

When you are questioned upon the spiritual manifestations, speak out your sentiments boldly, let no skeptic have it to say that you have minded the matter, or cowardly denied the truth. Could your spiritual light be opened, you could behold men like trees walking around you, who see your inmost thoughts and pity the weakness of men who have not independence to own their honest convictions. Speak the truth and fear not, for those who are for you, are greater than those that are against you. If we straight to the line, let the chips fly where they will."

LORENZO DOW.

The following communication purporting to be from Lorenzo Dow was read. It was made on the 28th of May, by the raps, Mrs. Fish being the medium.

"I have one word of advice to give this Circle.

When you are questioned upon the spiritual manifestations, speak out your sentiments boldly, let no skeptic have it to say that you have minded the matter, or cowardly denied the truth. Could your spiritual light be opened, you could behold men like trees walking around you, who see your inmost thoughts and pity the weakness of men who have not independence to own their honest convictions. Speak the truth and fear not, for those who are for you, are greater than those that are against you. If we straight to the line, let the chips fly where they will."

LORENZO DOW.

The following communication purporting to be from Lorenzo Dow was read. It was made on the 28th of May, by the raps, Mrs. Fish being the medium.

"I have one word of advice to give this Circle.

When you are questioned upon the spiritual manifestations, speak out your sentiments boldly, let no skeptic have it to say that you have minded the matter, or cowardly denied the truth. Could your spiritual light be opened, you could behold men like trees walking around you, who see your inmost thoughts and pity the weakness of men who have not independence to own their honest convictions. Speak the truth and fear not, for those who are for you, are greater than those that are against you. If we straight to the line, let the chips fly where they will."

LORENZO DOW.

The following communication purporting to be from Lorenzo Dow was read. It was made on the 28th of May, by the raps, Mrs. Fish being the medium.

"I have one word of advice to give this Circle.

When you are questioned upon the spiritual manifestations, speak out your sentiments boldly, let no skeptic have it to say that you have minded the matter, or cowardly denied the truth. Could your spiritual light be opened, you could behold men like trees walking around you, who see your inmost thoughts and pity the weakness of men who have not independence to own their honest convictions. Speak the truth and fear not, for those who are for you, are greater than those that are against you. If we straight to the line, let the chips fly where they will."

LORENZO DOW.

The following communication purporting to be from Lorenzo Dow was read. It was made on the 28th of May, by the raps, Mrs. Fish being the medium.

"I have one word of advice to give this Circle.

When you are questioned upon the spiritual manifestations, speak out your sentiments boldly, let no skeptic have it to say that you have minded the matter, or cowardly denied the truth. Could your spiritual light be opened, you could behold men like trees walking around you, who see your inmost thoughts and pity the weakness of men who have not independence to own their honest convictions. Speak the truth and fear not, for those who are for you, are greater than those that are against you. If we straight to the line, let the chips fly where they will."

LORENZO DOW.

The following communication purporting to be from Lorenzo Dow was read. It was made on the 28th of May, by the raps, Mrs. Fish being the medium.

"I have one word of advice to give this Circle.

When you are questioned upon the spiritual manifestations, speak out your sentiments boldly, let no skeptic have it to say that you have minded the matter, or cowardly denied the truth. Could your spiritual light be opened, you could behold men like trees walking around you, who see your inmost thoughts and pity the weakness of men who have not independence to own their honest convictions. Speak the truth and fear not, for those who are for you, are greater than those that are against you. If we straight to the line, let the chips fly where they will."

LORENZO DOW.

The following communication purporting to be from Lorenzo Dow was read. It was made on the 28th of May, by the raps, Mrs. Fish being the medium.

"I have one word of advice to give this Circle.

When you are questioned upon the spiritual manifestations, speak out your sentiments boldly, let no skeptic have it to say that you have minded the matter, or cowardly denied the truth. Could your spiritual light be opened, you could behold men like trees walking around you, who see your inmost thoughts and pity the weakness of men who have not independence to own their honest convictions. Speak the truth and fear not, for those who are for you, are greater than those that are against you. If we straight to the line, let the chips fly where they will."

LORENZO DOW.

The following communication purporting to be from Lorenzo Dow was read. It was made on the 28th of May, by the raps, Mrs. Fish being the medium.

"I have one word of advice to give this Circle.

When you are questioned upon the spiritual manifestations, speak out your sentiments boldly, let no skeptic have it to say that you have minded the matter, or cowardly denied the truth. Could your spiritual light be opened, you could behold men like trees walking around you, who see your inmost thoughts and pity the weakness of men who have not independence to own their honest convictions. Speak the truth and fear not, for those who are for you, are greater than those that are against you. If we straight to the line, let the chips fly where they will."

LORENZO DOW.

The following communication purporting to be from Lorenzo Dow was read. It was made on the 28th of May, by the raps, Mrs. Fish being the medium.

"I have one word of