

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM.

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS, NO. 342 BROADWAY--TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOL. IV.—NO. 10.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1855.

WHOLE NO. 166.

The Principles of Nature.

SPIRITUALISM IN NASHVILLE, TENN.

From the Manuscript Records of Rev. J. B. Ferguson.

May 7, 1855.

To-day Miss B., in company with Mr. Ramage, called on us. Miss B. had been in the habit of occupying a seat at church behind Mrs. Ferguson, who had frequently in that position observed a maternal Spirit hovering over her. She had mentioned this to Mrs. R. somewhat unconsciously at a dinner party, where they met Miss B., and had asked, as if to satisfy herself as to the identity of the Spirit, whether the mother of Miss B. was not about twenty-six years of age at her death? It required some inquiry, as she had been dead some years, to confirm her impression; but it was found to be accurate by a reference to her tombstone, never seen by any of the parties. The ladies had not long been seated when Mrs. F. passed into the superior condition, and falling on her knees addressed a most beautiful and devout maternal prayer to the God of the fatherless, which deeply affected Miss B. She then addressed her as her "dear Maggie;" made apposite allusions to her second marriage, of which in her normal state she knew nothing; gave appropriate advice, and readily recognized evidences of her presence as the mother of Miss B., and closed with an invocation which Miss B. said afterward was the same her mother used upon her dying bed over her sister and herself. I took down prayer and address, but gave both to the parties.

She remained a few moments in most impressive silence, when she delivered another address to Mrs. Ramage, parts of which were taken down and parts were delivered in a whisper in her ear, as from her sister Charlotte. She described the place (a distant city, Montgomery, Ala.) where they had last met; repeated her parting words, and particularized a window out of which they made frequent observation of the city, all of which was acknowledged to be accurate; and Mrs. R. said she was as well satisfied she had spoken from her sister as evidence could make her presence real.

Again she resumed an eloquent silence, if I may so speak, which was broken by an address from her own father. Strange to say, he had never addressed us before, although she was a devoted daughter and much cherished child. He buried his form some twelve years since. The following is the address:

My Son: Don't go to Kentucky now. Wait a little while; all is going on well there. I feel that there is new hope and joy surrounding your family. You have had deep trials. I've seen them; I am here; yes, kind son, I am here. You have often asked in your mind why Father Mark does not communicate. I will tell you. I have seen others near to inspire you every thought, who have a watchful care over you, my son; and I come now to renew those kindred ties that bound me to loved ones on earth. I feel and see and know that all is well. I still live and sympathize with all my kindred.

I loved the things of earth too well, while I was passing through the cares that too frequently overshadowed me. At times I almost lost sight of the higher interests of man. But now I cannot express to you how much I desire to have all appreciate the blessings and hope this privilege brings to the heart of all. I will say more at some other time.

F.—How are friends in Ohio?

They are all well. Too much worldly care on their part burdens me. You may tell them so, in your choice. How few realize their noblest and best interests! Man too often builds up false hopes and interests. Too frequently he says, when I make this earthly gain I will serve my Maker. Still, he should lay up or himself the comforts of life and provide for those dependent on him; but at the same time he should provide for himself, and have that which will ultimately bind all in one kindred in God.

F.—Are you often with us, and do you guard Lucinda in her spiritual influx?

I will take care of her. I ever have a watchful eye over her best interests. The blessing of God rest upon all. JAMES MARK, SENIOR.

REMARKABLE CURES.

Miss Rebecca Rose, daughter of Mr. J. Rose, of this city, had seriously injured her eyes by sewing at night while in delicate health. She was impressed to visit Mrs. F., although a total stranger to us. She came, and after three sittings came under spiritual influence and was relieved. Her relief was not permanent, however, until Mr. Champion and Mrs. F. together manipulated her eyes.

Master Bailey Johnson, son of Captain Jesse Johnson (well known in this city and New Orleans, and to the traveling public, as one of the oldest and most worthy steamboat captains on the western waters), was at the point of death from pneumonia. When Mrs. F. visited him, he was in a stupor of delirium and high fever. In one hour he was restored to reason and a proper healthy perspiration, and after three visits was entirely restored. The entire family attribute his restoration to Spirit-power; and the mother was frequently addressed by his Spirit-guardians through the medium, while her hands were placed upon his emaciated body. The medium suffered no one to be present but the mother; commenced every effort with an inspired prayer, and never for one moment doubted of the recovery while under spiritual impression, whereas in the normal state she and all believed he must die.

A Mr. Gillian, of Pittsburgh, a Spiritualist, while on a visit to his friends in this city, was suffering most excruciating agony from neuralgia, located in the head and eye. He invited Mrs. F., was relieved, and enabled to return home.

Up to this date (May 14, 1854) I have been disposed to re-

cord particularly the cures we have witnessed, but the time would fail me to attempt it. Suffice it to say, we have seen not less than thirty distinct cures of nervous and other diseases, some of the most inveterate character, and not one failure. It should be remarked, however, that Mrs. F. never attempts a cure of any one, save as she is impressed to do so by her Spirit-guides; and the rule they seem to observe is, to select only such persons as are brought under spiritual impression. They have prescribed for others, but always do so by the aid of a physician. They have, in almost every selection, chosen those cases physicians had failed to benefit. We are, therefore, clearly of the opinion that spirit-healing power reaches cases that medicine only serves to injure. It is worthy of the attention of all, and especially of physicians. At the time of the restoration of Miss Rose, referred to above, Mr. Champion, being present, addressed us as follows:

Pleasurable emotions ever fill our breast when we contemplate the great attainments to be made in the elevation of our kind. No thought so dear, no joy so great, that should bid defiance to the heart-readings we feel as we behold those less favored. The ministrations of an All-wise Providence—the infallible guidance to those perceptive faculties that lead man to truly estimate his being, connected with the blissful emotions that ever fill his heart as he breathes but one breath or but one sigh in behalf of the commonly—concrete within their pale one universal whole. These distinctions link together one great Immunity in God—one great whole whose diversity is a unity, binding in its parts, severing in its distinctions, the common evidence of our lot.

We present this as no transcendental theory, grasping the unknown, or invading the holy of holies, that some spectral vision from a fount less pure than man shall invade to invade with his every thought that cherishes the peculiarities to administer to a mind or a heart diseased. These thoughts are known in God, wrapped in thought to dwell in the diversified realities that await us all. 'Tis not my place or purpose to extinguish a flame that already burns high from the Alpine heights of my native home; for its ascension is a token of its purity, and breathes in cerulean hues the divine impress it bears. The fount of action—source of thought, effective evidence of power—is here in the heart of man. Its instillings are but the vapors arising from a conscious reality of his being. It tends to the amelioration of his condition, and delivers from that thralldom that lies, like some mighty incubus, upon the soul. Effective evidence, let me say, arises from the heart. It holds the solid founts of purity in one hand, sparkling with the dew-drops of celestial fire, to enliven man with a hope that bears him forth through the conflicting elements that beat o'er his head like some mighty phantom of despair—to move him on to that gulf of unknown end that absorbs within its vortex, as some mighty Maelstrom, the convictions that arise as spray to the gilded heavens, in solemn mockery to the sparkling rays from the spiritual regions of the blessed. 'Tis here—the hope of man!

I cannot divine this transposition of the soul. It speaks wondrous words to be told. It thinks, it sees, it hears, it feels. Compounded intuitions! Where are its mansions, that speak its severance from God. Its isolated tenements stalk abroad through the broad expanse of waste but mocking emblems of inherited thought! Cheerless rays or lurid songs, or lugubrious evidences await its onward march. Their stand reveals a thought to be told—in realizing in man the affinity he bears, in the primitive evidence borne by the attenuated forms that wreck the conscience on the desolate strands of imaginative wrongs.

You still speak to me of what I mean. I mean the contemptible smile, the pitying eye with golden lashes weighing the sympathy that sighs for others' wrongs. I mean the abstract forms of vice, for they are extraneous in their character, and blending every imaginative assurance that humanity could decorate its kind with the horrid demon of despair. It comes to me and it comes to you; it leaves its sullied impress upon the heart of man. 'Tis doubt for others' good; not dreaming that its counterpart, when reflected in the mirror of truth, presents the same aspect devoid of that harmonious all that develops freedom in thought, humanity in action, universality in feeling. Weigh not one man's misdeeds in the balance of our own preconceived estimate of a ponderous body that sinks man to unknown depths. This is not godlike; this is not the soul. 'Tis whole in faith and acts, and feels the inspired evidence of its hope as it lifts its counterpart above the puerilities of time, and the enchanting strains of dreary hate that steal stealthily o'er the ear of friendship.

Why speak ye thus? Incorporated in heaven, unlimited by time, not confined by space, but roaming at will through the endless diversity that presents itself to man's being? I tell you, my friend. 'Tis the strong hold that one man has upon another, that breaks the ties that bind a kindred humanity in one, perverts the current that would roll unceasingly on, and annihilate the diversities that make up the great Central Light, which is God in the heart. There are many particular phrases and sectional differences that inveigh with the cherished ritual of eternal law, to be wafted as the breath of heaven sees fit. Then the atmosphere will be more congenial, and man can breathe forth the receptive thoughts within, and dispense with the noxious odors that have so long desolated the soul, and recognize the dim labyrinth of the past as but the memories of his sufferings.

Then addressing Miss R., he continued:

Daughter, love to thy heart, joy to thy mind, peace to thy soul! and may the supreme evidences of that hope instill a thought that shall rise a ove the mere fickle desires, o'er the wayward evidences of life that pictures upon its page the diversities that await all human kind.

THE MISSION OF DR. AND MRS. BRITT.

We were visited by these worthy and well-known Spiritualists during the month of April, with a view to deliver a course of lectures in our city. All our accounts of Mrs. B. as a pioneer in this cause in St. Louis, and as a lecturer in the southern and northern cities; had served to make a favorable impression on the minds of all our friends; and, although her visit was unexpected, when we heard of her arrival we hailed it as opportune and gratifying. We gave her a hearty welcome. We at once were making arrangements for a course of free lectures, when Mr. Champion, entirely unconscious of her arrival, came to my house by spiritual impression. He found me absent. He left much disappointed, but met me, and returned to give me the following communication. I told him of Mrs. B.'s arrival. He seemed delighted; but strange to say, when under Spirit-influence he most uncompromisingly opposed her speaking in Nashville. There was every reason such as usually controls such

matters why she should speak. Our community were anxious to hear; she had traveled some five hundred miles to do so; they had failed to meet their expenses in Memphis, and needed help in their work; their hearts were set on it, and their worldly necessities required it; they had prepared it for months previous to their arrival, and said that their Spirit-friends had directed them to Nashville. Notwithstanding, every circle in the city were admonished that it would not do, and every Spiritualist convinced of its impropriety. In this state of things, I had an unpleasant duty to perform. My Spirit-friends had never deceived me in the slightest promise or decisive judgment. The Dr. and his lady were under my roof—invited to make our home their home. She was expecting from my own hearty welcome, to have everything arranged for the lectures. Every Spiritualist in town, Mr. C. excepted, was expecting her to go forward, and no one of them was willing to take the responsibility of advising otherwise. In this state of the case, Dr. Channing, through Mr. Champion, addressed me as follows:

It will not do in the existing circumstances; you must tell her so, and come up with heart and hand and prevent the attempt. You have now assumed a position both unenviable and creditable; for sincerity of purpose is alas! the unenviable boon of man. Let not the disappointment cloud your vision. The dogmatism of this age is vile with toilsome thought and encumbering masses. It holds man servile to himself; for he fears something may go out unopinioned to the peculiar phantasies of the day and age of his birth.

F.—Shall Mrs. F. speak?

Do you want unerringly my counsel?

F.—Yes, by all means.

'Tis that you meet this case free, bold, uncompromisingly, unhesitatingly, and not grudgingly, but with a unity of thought and action that speaks its might in truth. Not that this must not bring the heraldry of a few opponents of power—not that the cankerous worm will still gnaw at the vitals of truth. Not that man will be exempt from the interpolations of misdirected zeal. No; these are the natural consequences attendant upon the ministrations of power. The twilight of the dawn is here. The meridian is the day of our choice and the achievement of our desires. Life contentions and bickerings must come, but you should not precipitate them. The path of victory is o'er the dead archway's power!

F.—What think you of our pamphlet just put to press? ["Spirit-communication an Immovable Fact," etc.]

Its propositions are indelicate; not specific in their character. I mean in their effects. By such must all be measured—the high and the low. The bounteous prospect that stretches out before us will repay every honest endeavor. They will breathe more freely, and by it see the ultimate to which man is aspiring in truth and righteousness. Not from his own lineage; no, for the dark folds of oblivion are spread over the past, which bids man not look back but forward for the ultimate of his life.

Can you assure you unhesitatingly that much is to be met; freely, calmly, serenely, yet not doubtfully. I want to impress the thought that almost impregnable hosts await the very onset. Be undecieved.

'Tis not with hesitancy or doubt that we give our adhesion to a cause so prolific in its consequences. But knowing the inevitable results that must follow, we stand back appalled. But if you would reap a glowing harvest, hold not to the cerulean sky, but let darker and mightier abodes overshadow the habitations of man. Let lightnings fierce and thunders loud proclaim God's great bounty to man. Then in the variegated tints bequeathed from the celestial heavens, speak its genuine embrace from its mother, Earth, and its father, God. Then, in peaceful day, we realize the changeful realities through which we passed, and look back upon the trophies acquired in nature's laws, by nature's God in man.

Hope, then, to do the best and prove it so. I would disfranchise any thought that will bring gloom. But true friendship is what we need. Think it not, then, serene and peaceful slumber that awaits. No, no; it is not so. But say, yes, indeed, will be the attendant circumstances that await.

We read this to Dr. and Mrs. B., and they readily consented not to speak to our people. They seemed impressed that our influences were of the highest order, and that their mission at present was more to agitate than instruct. They remained with us a week, were greeted and welcomed by our Spirit-friends, but gave us no evidence of the nature and purposes of their Spirit-guides. We parted with them in love, bidding them God speed.

May 18, 1855.

Miss Sarah Claiborne received a communication to-day of seven pages manuscript, entirely satisfactory.

May 19, 1855.

Mrs. Merit Pilcher received a communication to-day from her brother, her aunt, and her son, equally satisfactory. It was given after the healing of her son, Matthew B. Pilcher, of diseased eyes, of long standing, and was the second effort in his behalf.

May 20, 1855.

Mrs. Hagan and her daughters, Mrs. McGouch and Mrs. McCreary, received a very lengthy, interesting, and satisfactory communication to-day.

May 21, 1855.

We have undertaken by distinct and unmistakable Spirit-direction, the cure of a case of deafness of fourteen years' standing. The patient, a well-known citizen of forty years, was brought completely under the influence of Spirit-power in ten minutes, and continued thereunder for two hours, in a perfectly helpless and unconscious state. In this time he submitted without pain to hard blows upon the deaf ears from the hands of Mr. Champion, and an examination that warrants our saying that we believe he will be restored. Of this case, however it may terminate, we will give a full report. It was selected by our Spirit-friends; they assure us of the restoration; we have already indications of so desirable a result; it has arrested the attention of several of our most prominent physicians, who wait skeptically enough to see its denouement. We wait in confidence.

Mr. Champion and Mrs. Ferguson present. Mrs. F. had met serious difficulty in controlling inconsiderate persons connected with patients she was impressed to relieve; and although not one had been lost, she was greatly retarded by the imprudence and ignorance of many. Her difficulties from this cause and other important considerations, induced our Spirit-friends to address her and myself as follows:

The uncertainty of human life is the adaptation of a higher principle, developing its attainment in laws, regulating the physical as well as the moral. Each, in conformity with its end, pours forth uninterrupted streams, to inundate what we are wont to contemplate as the noblest evidence of the birth of man. I cannot as concisely present a succinct method that will illustrate and develop the unmistakable evidences that surround the variegated hues of mental, moral and physical force; a conjunction illustrative of the proportionate differences that measure the fullness of the body politic in man. His outflowings, his returnings mark a variety unmeasured, equally adapted to the various antagonisms that await a realization of the distinctive components that mark the whole.

Nature's undeviating laws shadow forth in unspendable grandeur, all that allies man to himself, to his mother Earth, and his Father, God. Life is the breath of the morning, winged, as it were, by the gentle recoilings of a higher thought and a loftier aspiration. These are but the observations from a more extended elevation, and enable man to encompass within the small court of heaven—for here (striking his head) is his throne, while his sceptre wields the contingent evidences that knit together the end and destiny of all.

You may think this verbose, and not illustrative of those requirements that animate and sustain all, or the various contaminations that arise spontaneously upon the horizon, as the scepter of some fabled god to inveigh a hope, or malign the dearest and nearest interests of man.

Our relationships are eternal—a monument of hope towering to the utmost heavens. Realize it in your heart. Seek it in your consolations, and in the hour of solitude that will not be bereft of that guidance that speaks its intuitive impress from the throne of everlasting day. 'Twill guide thee as a wanderer o'er the dreary and diversified aspects that from upon our best efforts and sincerest desires to promote the welfare of our kind. These eternal relationships bind us to God, in and out of form. They speak their magnificence in the helps and aids allotted to the frailties we hear. Contemplate grandeur—magnificence; some mighty Alhambras for the repose of man! what comfort, what joy, what peace could await a connecting evidence that binds together the eternal hope of man?

The positive and negative forces illustrate, deify and consecrate humanity with the emblems of a true nature, born of a higher law, guiding and directing to the attainment of a purer and nobler achievement in God. It is the inflowing, but mark the outflowing. The fount of peace; the love of joy to give to one and all a blissful hope of the ultimate end of man in God.

Naturally, internally man is pure. Directly, so to speak, I mean externally, he is impure. Can you make the distinction here, that towers like a monument of fame o'er the dead monstrosities of the past? Can you destroy the machinations of your kind, and lay waste the abusive thought that lays concealed beneath every vain conception to mystify and stultify your own humanity with the dregs of your own composing. There are those that seek to make up the virtue of life from the superficial regularities that submit to the continually and deprivation of the human soul. *Humane!* humane in what? In naught but what tends to benefit itself. A wider field, a more extended observation robs man, and proclaims this mighty lever of God-humane a skeleton.

We come not, in this digression, to measure what claims to be the materialistic philosophy; for we hold all that admits of visibility to be but the product of cause, the inherent germ of which is implanted in nature's laws. We could as well say that a negro can boast of his prouder form to fulfill his end. Alas! it may be said he is a monument of reverence to those who believe their own.

I know not why I stand with unmeasured dread at the approaching storm. It may be the inherent prompting of a higher law, developing the constitution of man bereft of the maranathas of sainted sycophancy. It may be this would appall the stoutest heart, the noblest nature, when he beholds the origin of his being obscured by the false assumptions of its power. I breathe freely when I behold the cerulean sky, for its serenity gives me a better hope. But its impressive lesson would cease to be, did I not recognize the darkened dread and forebodings of approaching storms to overshadow, it may be, the still regions of the West. Yes, *dear!* a hopeful word, but a confumous sentence when brought to measure the dead in God!

We mark nature's undeviating laws. We come forth in the morn' fresh from the embrace of tender care and a watchful Providence, to realize the ascension of that hope that speaks the meridian of our joys. What blasted evidence, if here we hold and recline beneath the blaze of the scorching sands of Time, with no hope beyond, no attainment full to bear us forth upon the eventide of Time's fleeting current to realize the nocturnal slumber that awaits a brighter dawn! These refreshing evidences come unheard. The pall that shrouds the tomb is naught but the refreshing zephyr that announces the approaching morn. Must we, frail mortals, expect to rob humanity of so choice a gift? Oh, no! Man is born to live, but not to die! The visible evidence of his life protrudes itself, and hence we speak of *birth*. Transformation is the unending, undeviating law of Time. Its successive steps mark our infancy, adolescence, matured man, decline and age. All seek their form in man. We are helpers, promoters, partakers, and not originators. This applies to a future life. When, then, nature calls for birth, it calls for death—no, change—and to promote this great end should be our highest thought and greatest care.

Mrs. Ferguson, it becomes me to speak to you in paternal strains, that a more joyous thought, a higher end, a nobler attainment may crown your efforts. The application of our remarks brings to you all that could inspire an anxious heart with a true life spent for the good of the less favored. As we lighten the cares and the burdens of life, be they physical, moral or temporal, we ally ourselves and keep the bright star in view that should beacon forth the great family of man to the earnest of his being.

Fear not! Thou art not alone. Here, that we may not be misunderstood, we shall realize the allotment of a common humanity—in death, so taught. Anything less than this would be blasphemous. It would rob God of his right, and humanity of its birth. O, permit a devotion that is brought to my breast by the impressive thought that we could be free, and recognize in our own consciousness the life of God. To more deeply impress this thought, permit me to give expression to what presents itself to my view.

A temple not reared by human hands, but built by God and de-

rated by heaven! I wish I could describe this. 'Tis but an emblem of what we might be. It is materialistic that it may be more readily impressed upon our fleshly natures—the most curiously wrought, the most exquisite workmanship! Nothing that imagination can paint—no description can do justice to the impressive grandeur here presented, of a truthful lesson to be recorded upon the heart of man. I'll give a description, but it must be vague and unsatisfactory:

Here stands before me a temple—not such as man would build. It towers not above mortal conception; nor points in solemn mockery to the God who gave it. These rudiments are but the exterior nature. Let them be brought to the perceptive evidence of an interior life. This temple is the stature of a man. Strange temple, this open on all sides; held together by mere tendrils—very few; easily misplaced. A variety of compartments here; susceptible of approach from every quarter. Holding out, inviting, sinking, losing, restoring, distributing, enjoying, dissatisfying, corrupt, vain, illusory, contaminating all that comes within its sphere. What think you of such a superstructure?—the express image of His person.

These are but external observations. I would that I could create or give a true impress. These susceptible portions have, as it were, pockets, all—and you cannot imagine the variety. It is unequalled. Time cannot give the detail.

Why, this is man. He is all come together like a pine-apple leaf at the top. If truth would just catch hold, with the help of a little honesty, I think you would find a different kind of a being here. What! you cannot imagine how this monster is loaded! Why, it's all external. I am impressed with a distinction here; that should be recorded for man in relation to his fellow-man, which he should carry to his grave. This is the world. My God, how is man clothed! Can it be possible there is such a distinction from here (the neck) up! It's bodily; it's fleshly! Never was a greater mistake made. Strip him off. Until he becomes disencumbered, expect nothing.

This is a human form I am describing, and I am permitted to see through his brain and to God; but I could not see his body. These doleful dissertations are but the impressive evidences of that humanity. The interior we will not attempt to portray. Time and opportunity are important, and consequently we must pass it as a relic of our hope and inspired of our deed and action.

You may think this miscellaneous—detached. One thought conserves another. This palace of beauty and grandeur is the receptacle of thy hopes. 'Tis here! See you it not?

Mrs. F.—I see it and it rejoices my heart. Cannot the joy of such a scene inspire a noble effort, a higher end, a true desire, an unflinching devotion to the cause of those who court our ministrations in hope of relief? *Fail* is a word unknown in God. Men fail, but their failures are of time and sense. I speak of true desire, honest purpose, noble ends. When it is less, it is error. Its consequence is a fall failure.

This home is for you. Merit it in the discharge of these duties that await prompt and vigorous action.

Have confidence. Confidence in what? *In God.* That's what we want. Let us make the distinction plain. No confidence will destroy the immutability of its father. Consequently, man must die. It is God's immutable law he should. Call you it a failure, because God wills events? Be weakened or enervated because our perceptions are very plain? Or what is less, or still laudable, that our attainments are not such as we had hoped? Is this failure? It would be well to make the distinction between self and the influx of that inherent prompting born anew to a resurrection of life in a true and inestimable birth-right that declares us free from those idle misgivings that speak so inconsiderately to our understanding.

Practically, you must learn what I have to say. Human observation is not dead. It boasts of its gems, and the contrast is equally disputable. You must be more prompt. I do not intend to give a long dissertation on confidence nor duty. It is enough to make the distinction between the attainments of mortals which form the successive steps of their progress. Then, if we expect to attain any good, it must be in the recognition of a higher power than we. Have confidence, and in confidence command. The Esculapian requires implicit obedience.

Have you a right to claim obedience without confidence in what you require to be obeyed? We would not be reproachful, nay. We would but remove the obstacles that obstruct, and point to a more firm and commanding position than we are wont to occupy.

It is the lot of mortals to die. Be not dismayed at the diversities that await all nature. But rejoice in the alleviation; and in the wise appreciation of a living tree, watered and nourished from the founts of everlasting pity. This is our hope. This is our indication for the advancement of successive, bright and noble efforts to relieve the dismayed, downtrodden, and forlorn. 'Tis not that nature is less gorgeous. No. But the mighty and undeviating hand of change marks its instrumentalities. Let no man call sight evil. It may be infinitesimal; but still, unless he can analyze its component parts, its specific relation, he would do well to pause. Infinitude belongs to God, and not to man; and there let him rest his hope and peace.

May 27, 1855.

To-day after reading, at an unexpected meeting of Dr. W. K. Bouling, Dr. Cheatham, and Mr. Champion at my house a communication from the late Hon. G. H. Foster, delivered to his son Wm. Foster, Esq., through Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. Champion passed into the entranced state, and addressed our Esculapian friends as follows:

There is sketched out before me an infinite universe. Bold, indeed, is its sway, as I contemplate the majesty of an All-wise God. Its perfections are unnumbered. It steps not, as the silent tides of an eternity that roll on, heedlessly on, to the unmeasured depths beyond. From Alpine height to valley low; from orient morn to meridian day, in all I behold the genial evidences that propitiate my kind, and fill up the measure allotted to my care. Man, the component part, the impress of infinitude, what art thou to stand all the day idle amid the unmeasured evidences that call forth an expression in behalf of that hope that allies us to the near and dear associations that bind our common brotherhood in man?

'Tis not to breathe forth some mystic law to chain the soul, and dispose of the higher right we bear to our unconscious end. Why unconscious? Let the common instincts of humanity answer this question. It sinks deep into the recesses of thy inmost nature, and, beneath, prunes the lascivious undergrowth of man's divining. Is it the recognition of a brighter life that calls for our observance? Is it the inherent prompting, born of the Spirit, that sheds its radiance o'er the darkened sky of the human heart, and brings forth what would decorate humanity in sadness and gloom? Are these the acknowledged benefits to be derived from the conception of that inherent cause that breathes forth the true birthright of man? Is it vain, idle, and what is worse, an instinctive dread of self, that forbids the approach of the welcome messenger, Death? There is no death!

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1855.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BUFFALO, (SUNDAY NIGHT), June 17, 1855.

DEAR READERS:

I arrived here yesterday afternoon, and found our noble friend, Stephen Albro, of the Age of Progress, in his sanctum, where he labors efficiently and with a disinterested devotion to the great principles of Spiritualism. We have much to hope for, in behalf of the common cause, from the influence of even one friend who thus labors with an unflinching zeal, and "according to knowledge."

There are many earnest friends in this city, and they devote the Sabbath to public lectures and circles. The hall usually occupied for such purposes, was filled this morning and afternoon with intelligent people, who gave their undivided attention to two lectures by the writer. The Gospel of Beauty was the theme in the morning; the subject of the discourse in the afternoon was the Spiritual Nature, Relations, and Susceptibilities of Man, as illustrated by the Spiritual Experiences of all Ages and Nations.

This evening the friends convened at the same place, and a public circle afforded the opportunity for an agreeable interview. The most interesting feature of the occasion was an address by or through Miss Hagar I. Judah, which was remarkable, as well for its intrinsic interest, as for the highly artistic manner of its delivery.

Our good friend of the Age of Progress, deserves more encouragement and a larger subscription list than he has at present. I have been thinking that there are, or ought to be, friends in and about New York who would esteem it a privilege to take one hundred copies of his paper, since by doing this they would not only help the cause and one of its most faithful advocates, but themselves also.

This morning, while I was engaged in reading, Bro. Albro came to my room to inform me that Mrs. G., a member of his household, was entranced, and to invite me to witness the phenomena as exhibited in her case. On entering Mrs. G.'s apartment, we found her subject to a strong spiritual influence, and speaking with remarkable grace and fluency, but in a language wholly unintelligible to all present.

I have found a quiet resting-place and agreeable companions in the well regulated family of Bro. Albro. The Sabbath is over; and now, as the still hour of midnight draws near, and silence broods over the city, I feel the presence of a sweet Spirit, whose influence fills me with solemn trust and a serene joy.

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Calling the next evening on the same medium, who is a very powerful one, she was in a short time very quietly taken possession of by "Deedie," who immediately inquired for those lines "To Deedimoo." You may judge somewhat of my surprise, for I had not mentioned the fact to any one, nor was I thinking of the matter at all.

MISS HARRIET C. WOODMAN, the gifted daughter of J. C. Woodman, Esq., of Portland, Me., has been elected to the Professorship of Mathematics in the Female College at Elmira, N. Y. Miss Woodman is said to be distinguished as a linguist and for unusual attainments in the exact sciences.

THEIR PREACHING AND THEIR PRACTICE.

Lectures at Albany.

The Editor, at the solicitation of friends in Albany, occupied the desk of the Unitarian church in that city on Sunday morning and evening last. In the congregation we recognized several old friends from the Universalist Society there, of which we were formerly and for two years the pastor.

At the time the writer resigned his place as pastor of the First Universalist Society of Albany, some nine years since, said society passed a unanimous vote requesting him to remain at an increased salary. Some time after, when it was generally known that certain important facts had been observed, and new ideas entertained, the trustees of said Society—for that reason only—refused to allow the writer the use of their desk for a single lecture.

Our Special Traveling Agent. We desire to introduce to our western readers and the friends of Spiritualism wherever he may travel, Mr. LEWIS L. PEET, as our special agent, and confidential friend. Mr. Peet is duly authorized to receive subscriptions for the TELEGRAPH and SACRED CIRCLE, also orders for all books that relate to the Spiritual facts and Philosophy.

Rev. T. L. Harris' Lecture. Bro. Harris delivered a very eloquent lecture at Stuyvesant Institute, on Wednesday evening of last week, before a large audience, in which we recognized many distinguished citizens. His friends improved the occasion to testify, in a substantial manner, their high respect for his moral worth and brilliant talents, and especially for his open defense of a great truth, at the sacrifice of his temporal interests and prospects.

Desires to be Healed. J. M. KOMISE writes us, at the request of a suffering brother, to be recommended to some healing medium, who resides in Ohio or Indiana, or at least in that region. The afflicted one desires to remain in the form for a few years, chiefly for the sake of his wife and three children, who need his supporting arm.

Candid and Complimentary. There are a few men who have the moral courage to speak the truth respecting Spiritualism, and who would rather be right than be popular. Such men will abide the trial of the great judgment that is now drawing near. We think we may venture to assign the editor of the Fon-du-Lac Union a place among the immortal exceptions.

That portion of the work which is said to have been dictated by the Spirits, and communicated through Charles Linton, who is a writing medium, consists of aphorisms or sentences somewhat after the style of Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy, but much more simple and intelligible, as well as more religious in their character.

INSANITY AND SPIRITUALISM. We most cordially join with our correspondent, A. Miltenberger, of St. Louis, in his request, and agree with him that we can best settle a controversy of this nature by an appeal to the facts. From our letter published in the last issue of this paper, it will be perceived that of the four or five hundred occupants of the Insane Asylum at Toronto, not one was sent there by the spiritual investigation, as we were assured by an intelligent citizen of that place.

From a report of the only institution in this State, located at Fulton, Mo., in the interior of the State, and for two years from November 27, 1854, to November 27, 1855, we find this result:

Religious anxiety..... 11
Loss of children..... 3-17
" wife and husband..... 3-17
Spiritual rappings..... 4
were left out one from violent death, which, if chargeable to any account, is certainly not to ours.

SPIRIT-MANIFESTATIONS IN ATHENS CO., O.

NUMBER TWO.

A typographical error occurred in the title which the Spirit claimed for himself in my first communication. It should read, "King and Master of Paints, Servant and Scholar of God."

This Spirit, according to promise, did give his history to Mr. Koons, August 17th, 1852. It is too lengthy to be recorded here, but will probably be published sometime in book form. I will only say that he claims to have lived on this earth fourteen thousand five hundred years ago, and to have been acquainted, as a Spirit, with Moses, the prophets, Christ, the apostles, and others who have lived since his time.

On the 16th of August, 1852, King, with what claimed to be Benjamin Franklin and others, used the hand of Mr. Koons' son, Nathan W., to make a drawing of what they called "an electrical table," and through raps gave directions as to the materials to be used; also, how they wished the table to be constructed; and requested them to have it built accordingly, promising, if they did so, that they (the Spirits) would be able to produce music, vocal and instrumental, and that they would speak audibly with them.

THE PROPRIETORS. The Spirits were put together, accordingly, and they formed a circle around what he called "that devilish table," himself refusing to take a seat in the circle, and saying "this is the last time, and if nothing takes place the whole shall be burned to-night."

There was no store where musical instruments were kept for sale. He felt that he had been humbugged; but, after putting up the horse, they went out with a piece of paper and pencil, and seeing a buggy wagon standing under a shed put the paper and pencil in it, and stepped one side a rod or two; after remaining some minutes they went to the wagon and found written upon the paper, "Cross over the river to McConnellsville and inquire of the first man you meet if he knows who has musical instruments."

They crossed the river and inquired as directed. The man said there was no store where musical instruments were kept for sale. They asked if he knew any persons who owned such instruments, naming them; he said there was a band there that had instruments, and that he knew the man who owned the drum, that he had been offered a large price for it but a few days before, but would not dispose of it, and he did not think any of them could be purchased.

They asked him where these persons could be found, and he took them to the man's house who owned the drum. They asked him if he would sell his drum. He replied "No"—he had refused to sell it to another party a day or two before. Mr. Koons said that he had come a long distance to purchase it, and wished he would name a price. The man hesitated and stood as if dumb for a few minutes, and finally named a price, several dollars less than he had refused a few days previously, at which price they purchased it.

After these things were arranged they heard human voices, but could not distinguish words. The sounds appeared like shrieks, except at times they would attempt to speak through the harmonica, and then they could distinguish words, and the Spirits requested them to procure a tin horn two feet long, two inches in diameter at the large end and one-eighth of an inch at the smallest part near the mouth.

THE SPIRITS requested them to build a room which is about eighteen by fifteen feet, and about nine feet high. This is built of logs with mud between, in the way that the cabins at the west are usually constructed. There are one door and one window in it. When these are closed the room is dark. The electrical table is placed at one end of the room, leaving space sufficient

for a person to pass behind it. In the other end of the room there are several tiers of seats running entirely across the room, rising one above the other, so that no person in the front could reach those in the rear seats without clambering over those sitting on the first seats.

There is a round table placed near the center of the room, in front of this electrical machine, and between it and the audience. Upon this table instruments, paper and pencils are placed, and with these the Spirits play and write.

Another room has been erected and similarly arranged by Spirit direction by Mr. John Tippie, some three miles from Mr. Koons', at which place similar manifestations occur. I shall in my next relate some of the remarkable manifestations I witnessed at these places.

THE PAST AND PRESENT.—To answer the demands of the present age, it is not so necessary to venerate and expound the records of the olden time, as to investigate and understand the condition of things present. Those who will may explore the dim labyrinths, and incarcerate the soul in the dungeons of the past. In the great light of the present, we live, and move, and have our being.

ONE DISH AT TEN THOUSAND TABLES. If we mistake not, the article from which our correspondent—whose letter is subjoined—makes his extracts, appeared in the Independent of the 14th ult.; and it may be that one of the editors of that journal recommended the course of medical and legal treatment to which "Z." refers. The scene has changed. Spiritualism is rapidly becoming a power in the earth, and is likely to command respect, even from those who not long since, in a fit of pique, attempted to strangle "the babe in the manger."—Ed.

INDICATIONS OF PROGRESS. In a late number of one of our religious journals, I have noticed an article which struck me as worthy of some consideration, as indicating the progress of Spiritualism within a few years. The paper in which it occurs is one which certainly has not been wanting in the bitterness which it has evinced toward Spiritualism, and whose principal conductor, some time since, sagely recommended to all believers in it a treatment of calomel and jalap, and if this failed, he urged application to the "police and the grand jury."

CONJOINED. Married, in this city, on Thursday afternoon, June 28, 1855, by S. B. Brittan, Mr. HENRY AUGUSTUS BROWN and Miss CORA MORGIANA BURNS, all of New York.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES. Riverhead and Southold. Either the editor of this paper, or some other advocate of Spiritualism, will lecture in the Suffolk County Court House, at Riverhead, L. I., on Saturday evening, 7th instant; also, Sunday morning, 8th, at half past 10 o'clock, in the Academy at Southold, and at 5 o'clock, p. m., in the Universalist church in that village.

Dr. B. F. HATCH, of this city, will spend some six weeks or two months in visiting the interior of this State, and will address the Spiritualists on each Sunday, if his services should be desired. We are informed that Dr. H. has had much experience, not only as a popular lecturer, but also as a Professor in one of our eastern medical schools, and was one of the first who embraced the cause of Spiritualism, and is familiar with it in its various phases.

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FACTS AND REMARKS.

FACTS FROM MR. W. S. BELLONS.—A few days ago Mr. W. S. Bellons, of Islip, L. I., was in our office, and related the following, which we deem worthy of a record. Some two weeks previously, at a spiritual séance in his own house, a Spirit sister of his promised to accompany him to Mr. Conklin's when he came to New York, and give him a communication through that medium. On arriving in New York, Mr. Bellons accordingly called on Mr. C., when, without any allusion being made to the communication and promise above referred to, Mr. C.'s hand was seized and a pertinent communication was written purporting to be from this same sister, to which she signed her proper name, "ELIZA." She also alluded, in the communication, to the fact that some two or three years ago she had given her brother (then a skeptic) a communication through a strange medium in Springfield, Mass., and that she had thus been the first one to greet him from the Spirit-world. Mr. Conklin was totally ignorant of these circumstances, and of the name of the Spirit, and they were not specially on the mind of Mr. B. at the time.

ANOTHER.—Mr. B. was subsequently in the presence of Mrs. Kellogg, when the latter commenced *strangling*. Mrs. K. then said, "Your sister wishes to communicate with you. She strangled to death." Mr. B. says his sister died by drowning. The sister then made a communication in which she said, concerning her death, "Many felt sad, and one dear friend in particular, (alluding to the captain of the vessel from which she was drowned, and to whom she was to have been married in about three weeks,) but now all are reconciled, and I have much comfort to give the little ones in my charge until you come and claim them." This last allusion was to the six children of Mr. B., who are now in the Spirit-world. She subscribed this communication, "Your dear guardian Spirit-sister, Eliza." Mrs. Kellogg knew nothing of any of these circumstances, or of the name of the Spirit.

A THIRD FACT.—On again visiting Mr. Conklin, Mr. B. requested the Spirit of his grandfather to write through Mr. C.'s hand. The pencil was immediately seized by Mr. C., and it was written, "I will speak. John" such being the name of the grandfather, of which Mr. C. was ignorant. The Spirit then went on to address Mr. C. as "My son," and to give a communication which was of special interest only to the receiver. At first it seemed singular to Mr. B. that his purported grandfather should address him by the title of "My son"; but he immediately recollected that such was the title by which the old gentleman was formerly accustomed to address him. Such small peculiarities in a communication sometimes do more toward identifying a Spirit than those which are more striking.

CURIOUS PSYCHOMETRIZING ON RELIQUETS.—Mr. J. F. Coles, of this city, informs us that a friend of his, of the name of Watkins, recently made a visit to the house in which the spiritual manifestations first commenced with the Fox family, at the little village of Hydesville, Wayne Co., N. Y., and that he brought with him several little reliquets from that place, among which were a stone and a chip from the house, a branch from a cherry tree on the premises, a cake, and a piece of maple sugar. These various objects have been since submitted to psychometric tests by spirits and mediums, with the following among other interesting results: On submitting the stone to the Spirits through Catharine Fox, at 533 Broadway, and asking them if they could tell where it came from, they answered "From the Spirit-house," or in words of that import. When they were asked where the cake came from, they first spelt out "David," and then "John." No one at first saw the sense of this answer, but after Mr. Watkins had stated where he had procured the articles, it occurred to Mrs. Fox, who was present, that "David" was the name of the baker who lived in the neighborhood, by whom the cake was probably baked; and that the name "John" meant her son, who still resides in that village, and at whose house the cake had been procured. Appropriate answers were also given in relation to the other articles above named, which were likewise submitted. Mr. Watkins subsequently submitted the chip, without saying where it came from, to his wife, who is a medium. She placed it to her forehead and said, "I hear a strange knocking, knocking, knocking—nothing but knocking." Her husband then asked her if she had any impression as to where the chip came from, when she answered, "I won't tell you." He then told her where it came from, when she declared that she had precisely that same impression, but that she was afraid to speak it, thinking that it might not be correct.

TESTS WITH A COMPOUND PERMUTATION LOCK.—We have heretofore spoken of some interesting tests of Spirit-intelligence by means of these locks, but we have now two others to report: Let it be premised that the locks open and shut without a key, but that they will open only on condition that there is made precisely the same arrangement of some four or five revolving cylindrical wards with letters on the edges of them, the whole being susceptible of several hundred thousand different arrangements. We are told by Mr. John F. Coles that one of these locks was lately presented closed to Miss Hoyt, a medium in Williamsburgh, with the request that she would open it. She took it in her hands and was immediately impressed with the word "Kate." She turned the wards so as to bring the letters into range that would spell "Kate," but the lock would not open. She was then impressed that the letter K, should be changed for B, and on doing this the lock immediately opened. It turned out that the one who had submitted the test, who was a skeptic, had intended to close the lock at the word "Bait," meaning a bait for the Spirits, but he had, wrongly, spelt the word "B-a-t-e." The Spirits seeing this, knew that if they impressed the word "Bait," the medium would spell it right, and that the lock would fall to open; and so they impressed the word "Kate" in order to get the t-o-right; and afterward it was an easy matter to impress the medium to change the k to b. The ingenuity of this process is deserving of admiration.

ANOTHER CASE.—One of these locks was lately presented to Mr. Coles, our informant of the above, who is himself a medium. He held it in his hand for some time, expecting to be impressed with some word which the letters required to be in range to open the lock, would form. No such impression however came, and he gave up the trial, when his mind became entirely passive, and his hands moved as if involuntarily to bring together the letters "B-A-J-A," when the lock opened. Let one of these locks be submitted to trial by a person who has only the ordinary resources of guessing, and the probability is that he might work on it a whole year and not open it.

REMARKABLE SPIRITUAL INTERPOSITION.—We are informed of the following interesting incidents by Dr. S. S. Lyon, of Newark, N. J. While on a recent visit to Philadelphia, and stopping at the Gerard House, he (Dr. L.) was one day sitting and dozing in his room after a fatiguing walk, when he was aroused by a Mr. Morell, who suddenly entered his apartment, tapped him on the shoulder, and demanded that he should go with him and bestow medical aid upon a Mrs. Hankins, who was then in great suffering. Mr. Morell said he had been irresistibly influenced to leave the lady, who was some two miles up town, and wander forth, he knew not for what purpose; that his footsteps, however, had been irresistibly guided until he came in front of the Gerard House; that he found he could then get no farther, but must turn into the hotel; that his foot-steps had then been mysteriously guided up flights of stairs and through halls, until he came to that particular room, the door of which was open, and that on looking in and seeing Dr. Lyon, whom he knew, he immediately knew that he had been spiritually sent for him to go and see Mrs. Hankins. Dr. L. accordingly went immediately with Mr. Morell and saw the lady, found her in very great agony, and succeeded in relieving her in a few minutes by simple manipulation. The next day Dr. L. called on Mrs. H., found that she had slept well during the night, and the disease having developed itself externally so as to reveal its true character, he left her a simple medicine, and on that same day returned home to Newark. On his arrival he found at his house, Mrs. Porter of Bridgeport, Conn., who, going into the spiritual state, described to him the above named circumstances as occurring in Philadelphia, and said that on the morrow he would get a letter from Philadelphia, in which he would be informed that his patient was much better. The next day, at about the hour specified, he actually did receive such a letter.

STONES MOVED BY SPIRITS.—Dr. G. F. Moulton, of this city, writes us that while traveling with a friend between Unionport and Morrisania, on the 27th of May, it occurred to them to inquire whether there were any Spirits in the solitudes of nature which surrounded them; and for the purpose of deciding this point, they got a large, flat stone, weighing some 150 or 200 pounds, and laid it across another in a tipping position, as a substitute for a table. They seated themselves by the side of it, when, Mr. M. being a medium, the stone began to tip freely, and without any jar, seeming as light as a cork; and by the use of the alphabet it was immediately spelled out, "Let the beauties of nature inspire your love for God." The Spirits said they could move stones more easily than wood, because of their peculiar electric and magnetic properties. The Spirits communicating also stated that there were many strange Spirits present, who had never witnessed the operation of moving ponderable bodies in that way before, and were much amused and interested in what they saw.

Original Communications.

"AND I SAW A NEW HEAVEN AND A NEW EARTH."

There is a world of beauty where
Celestial spirits dwell;
Where fragrance fills the balmy air,
More sweet than tongue can tell.
The winds that blow'er that fair land
Are zephyrs soft and breezes bland.

There is a heaven of glory bright,
Whose sun with golden ray,
And pearly stars of purest light
Make one eternal day;
For there no shadows intervene,
Nor clouds obscure the radiant scene.

There is a sea, whose crystal deep
Reflects the lights on high,
While mirrored there they sweetly sleep,
As in a liquid sky.
Along the shore of that bright wave
The willows droop their limbs to lave.

There is an earth of purer mould
Than mortal eyes have seen,
From which fair forms of life unfold,
Arrayed in fadeless green.
No wintry storms in hoisterous mirth,
E'er light the face of that "new earth."

There are sweet groves and fragrant bowers,
Where music wreathes her spell,
While bright birds sing among the flowers,
And all their raptures tell.
Those flowers and birds are always there,
Their breath and music in the air.

There are celestial mountains, too,
Whose lofty summits rise,
And mingle with the azure blue
Of the empyrean skies.
Those mountain heights, by angels tread,
Are temples of the living God!

There is a kingdom best above,
Where war and tumult cease,
Whose monarch is a "God of love."
Whose ministers are peace;
And while to God they bow the knee,
The people of that realm are free.

There is a city in the skies,
Described by one of old,
Who with the spirit's unsealed eyes
Beheld its streets of gold.
That city reared by God's own hand,
Shall through eternal ages stand.

It needs no sun or moon's pale ray,
Within those jeweled walls,
For God's own glory makes the day,
And there no night e'er falls.
The mansions of the blest are there,
The Savior prepared to prepare.

Behold! the "New Jerusalem"
From heaven to earth comes down,
And Christ now wears a diadem,
And an immortal crown.
Those "gates of pearl" shall open stand,
Till he shall reign throughout the land! R. E. F.

PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL BLINDNESS.

The subjoined communication, received some six weeks since, should have appeared at an earlier date, but our columns were so much crowded at the time that it became necessary to delay its publication, and it was lost sight of during our absence. If we mistake not, the substance of the statement extracted from the Cincinnati Times has already appeared in our columns, but it seems proper to republish it in this connection. There are many blind people in the world; some "having eyes, see not," and yet they condemn the power that would "open the blind eyes," and reveal heaven, with all its treasures, to their benighted souls.—Ed.

"BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM."

CINCINNATI, May 10, 1855.

DEAR EDITORS: For the last two weeks I have been feasting myself, spiritually, in this goodly city. The cause is onward—opposition dying. Facts are starting opposers in the face at every corner of the street, and very few are so exceedingly skeptical as to deny the evidences of their own senses! The clergy are divided in their expressed opinion as to the cause. One class attempt to account for the phenomena on scientific principles; the second class charge all the wonders to the devil! The first class are in the ascendency, and a good thing may be said of them by way of showing how securely they feel in relation to the position they occupy. Ex-President Mahan, their celebrated champion of the scientific school, was here some few weeks since, and gave one of his able lectures against the spiritual theory. He admitted all the facts, and attempted to account for them on scientific principles! At the conclusion he called upon the audience to express their desire as to whether he should lecture on the following evening. The response was in the affirmative, without a dissenting voice. The congregation were dismissed with the announcement that SPIRITUALISM would get another blow the next "evening, at the usual hour." Things turn out very singularly sometimes, and so in this instance. The next day the clergy met, and the able defender of their scientific idea school with them—for what? Just this: CLERGY.—Are you, Bro. Mahan, obliged to admit all these wonderful facts? PRES. MAHAN.—I am. They come so well attested, that to deny them is to deny all human testimony. CLERGY (somewhat frustrated).—Bro. Mahan, don't you see that if these facts are admitted, the people will never rest satisfied with our explanations, but will draw their own conclusions? (The distance to Mecca is so short that everybody will be making a journey thither for themselves, and your efforts against the spiritual view will be our ruin. PRES. MAHAN.—That may be true; but what can we do else with the facts? You are right in the midst of them, and they must have a cause. Don't you like the Devil-ology explanation? CLERGY.—No. That admission admits too much. To arrest the growing infidelity, a strong effort is necessary; but while we must be harmless as doves (when our own ideas of religion are involved), we must also be as wise as serpents (probably as much to be dreaded), if we would effectually accomplish the object in view. To admit all these facts will not yet do. Many of our hearers content themselves with knowing little or nothing of these phenomena. Some believe they are frauds and self-deceptions, some that they are the workings of Satan. Now, if we undecide the former class, an investigation may be commenced; and as each one will base his or her opinion upon the result of their investigation, we will just as likely be making converts to Spiritualism, as believers in the scientific theory. The latter class are already deterred from investigation, lest Satan may "entice them." Should this fear be removed, this class of minds, by investigation, are just as likely to adopt Spiritualism as Biology, Mesmerism, or Psychology. PRES. MAHAN.—I infer that it is deemed inexpedient and dangerous to continue these lectures I have commenced. CLERGY.—If you must admit the facts, we think so. If the community would rely on your judgment, your lectures would

be just the things. But there is the trouble. The people are beginning to doubt and ask for demonstration. They may say Pres. Mahan is liable to be mistaken. He has been in error on other subjects; may he not be on this? A short time since, and he gave lectures against Mesmerism, Psychology, etc. He now admits their truthfulness, and now styles the very things he *vowed against "Sciences."* May he not be deceived in this new wonder, and himself soon be found one of its advocates? Thus the people may reason, and you can see the result.

PRES. MAHAN.—It may be. I will be governed, my brethren, by your advice in relation to the matter. But to-night, what is to be done? My lecture is announced.

CLERGY.—Leave that to us. You go home. "At the usual hour" the people gathered to hear the distinguished orator, but were very ceremoniously informed that there was to be no lecture! So much for the scientific side of the opposition.

Of the other side we have something equally worthy of note. The Rev. Mr. Dearborn announced to his congregation that he had investigated the subject, and would enlighten his audience by giving a course of lectures upon the all-absorbing subject of Spiritualism. His congregation was on tip-toe. Crowds flocked to hear what the Rev. Brother would say. He informed his people that he had been a medium for three years! Rapping, tipping of tables, tables moving about the room without visible agency had all been done through him. Writing and higher manifestations also had been performed through him. Here was a great disclosure. His congregation began to manifest signs of uneasiness. Another Ferguson was visible. Alexander Campbell's followers began to look about them. Another minister would be needed. Mark the issue. The next lecture unveiled the mystery. He informed his congregation that for three years he had been serving SATAN! that all these wonders were the works of the devil! Bro. Dearborn still preaches in Sixth-street Church. But good will come. Along side of the Bro.'s church is the house of the "Home of the Friendless." A poor orphan girl was brought there in a dying condition. Three doctors had exhausted their skill, and gave her up to die. The last physician had gone so far as to warn her of her nearly approaching dissolution, and encouraged her to prepare to meet her God in peace. Thus Dr. —, the physician of the "Home of the Friendless," left the orphan girl to—die! What a friendless condition for an orphan child! No father, no mother, no brothers or sisters (this side the tomb to speak a word of consolation; none to comfort her in her last moments of life! Did I say none? yes, none. And if that clergyman was right, none elsewhere. If Pres. Mahan was right, none elsewhere. Her case was consumption; and the doctors pronounced it as their opinion that the left lobe of her lungs was entirely gone. See what a monument is here raised up to disprove demonology! After the kind physician had left her to die, the girl was singularly made conscious of her mother's presence. She stated the fact to the few in the room that her mother was sitting on her bed—even pointed toward her! The ladies in the room thought her deranged, but the poor orphan still continued to affirm her mother's presence; and more, announced that she was not then to die! Her mother with her again!—how joyous! Of Spiritualism the girl knew nothing. The superintendent and ladies of the institution were disbelievers in Spiritualism. The most of them, if I am correctly informed, are members in good standing in Brother Dearborn's church. In reference to the particulars of the cure, I append the following, clipped from the Daily Times of this city. The account is not so full as it might be, but it comes somewhat better authenticated. Bear in mind that the girl had been blind for eleven years, and when Brother J. A. Hedges was called in he was not informed of this fact, nor did he learn of it till the sight was quite restored. His mind, therefore, could not have effected that part of the cure—the restoration of her sight.

"SPIRITUALISM"—A CURIOUS INCIDENT. Visiting the "Home of the Friendless" yesterday, we gathered the following particulars in relation to a wonderful cure lately performed there by a "healing medium," or a Spiritualist. It is certainly a wonderful occurrence, and we give it as a matter of news, without expressing any opinion upon the spiritual theory, which has so many ardent believers in the United States. A short time ago Frances Jane Price, a native of this city, and an orphan, in very destitute circumstances, came to the "Home of the Friendless" for assistance. She is seventeen years of age, and had been, previous to the occurrence, in the City Jail, a poor, sick, friendless creature. For eleven years the sight of one eye had been entirely lost, and a celebrated physician of this city had pronounced it beyond remedy. Another physician had given it as his opinion that she had the consumption, and in decided terms predicted that her days were very few. She was confined to her bed at the "Home," when it was suggested by some persons who felt interested in her case, to call in Mr. H., a gentleman of this city, who through some mysterious power, has lately performed several wonderful cures. Mr. H., in company with Rev. J. H. Fowler, accordingly called on the sick girl, whom they found in a very weak condition, scarcely able to sit up. Mr. H. seated himself by her side, took her hand, and after making a few "passes" over her head and neck, pronounced that her lungs were in no manner affected; that they were very susceptible but yet perfectly sound. He then continued his manipulations a short time, and without giving one particle of medicine, or leaving any prescriptions, took her leave. From that time the girl commenced improving. Her cough stopped at once, and she appeared stronger. Mr. H. came again the next day and repeated his "passes" over the girl's head and neck, and took her leave as before. Strange to relate, a dim, pale light began to appear in the eye, which for eleven years had been rayless as a stone. It increased slowly, but surely, to the astonishment of every one in the house, and to the great joy of the poor girl. Again Mr. H. performed his manipulations, and stronger grew the eye, until the sight was perfectly restored! And this cure was performed within the space of eight days. Not only was the eye rendered perfect, but the girl was restored to good health, and has left the "Home" for a place in the city.

All the above statement is well authenticated and true. Every person in the "Home" is acquainted with the circumstances, and can testify to the condition of the girl when she entered and when she left. Mr. and Mrs. Cathel, the superintendents, will also give affidavits, if necessary, of the remarkable cure performed. They were not believers in Spiritualism, and at first looked upon the efforts of Mr. H. with much doubt. However, they must believe their own senses, and in such a plain and simple case it is difficult to be mistaken. Who can tell whether, if Mr. H. had not been called to attend the girl, she might not have languished in partial blindness, or under the pressure of her sickness, been strangled for the tomb?

Bro. S. J. Finney is lecturing here; and Mrs. Dr. Britt, of St. Louis, is expected next week to continue the work. The ball is in motion, and good will be effected. I leave for New Orleans the first of the week. I have lectured twice during my stay in the city. In the cause of truth, A. G. BRICE.

MORE CURES BY THE SPIRITS.

Gentlemen—Permit me, through the columns of your excellent and widely circulated paper, to communicate to the public several cures which have recently been effected through me by spiritual agency. These cures, though perhaps not so extraordinary as many others which have been performed by the same means, are, it seems to me, quite worthy of notice; not only because they are in themselves remarkable, but because they are additional indices of the progress which the harmonical philosophy

is daily and hourly making in the world; and because they furnish cumulative evidence of the truth of modern Spiritualism.

The first one of these cases was that of a young man who was suffering, for some two weeks prior to the time of the cure referred to, from a severe attack of inflammation of the bowels, accompanied by a violent fever. He had been, and was then, under the care of a physician, who visited him regularly twice every day. The breathings of the young man were short and full, and his sufferings intense. When the Spirit had obtained control over me, he offered up a beautiful prayer to God. This, as you are no doubt aware, is often done by the Spirits in dangerous cases like the present one. Not more than five minutes elapsed from the commencement of the manipulations, until a change in the condition of the patient was quite apparent. His breathing became gradually more natural, and in less than fifteen minutes a pleasant sleep visited the suffering youth. On the following morning he breakfasted, and his physician was discharged. In three days after this, thanks be to God, the young man was entirely well.

The case of Mr. Pease, with whom you are probably acquainted, (as he is engaged in the book and periodical business,) is a case like unto the first, just stated. Mr. Pease had an exceedingly troublesome attack of the diabetes, with his frequent accompaniment, raging fever. At his request I rubbed him while under the spiritual influence. The rubbing was repeated once with complete success. He was entirely cured.

The third case was that of a young man whom I called upon at the request of his father, an acquaintance of mine. His disease was inflammation of the lungs, which was aggravated by a raging fever. The family had but little hope of his recovery, and the doctor considered him in a critical situation; and, I must confess, I lacked faith myself. However, with some reluctance, (for I had little expectation of the result which actually occurred,) I consented to allow myself to be influenced. Again prayer was offered up to God by the influencing Spirit. The manipulations were continued for the space of an hour; and half an hour after this the fever was gone, and that night the sweet oblivion of sleep relieved all pain. I have visited him once since. He is improving wonderfully, and his physician is really delighted, thinking the while that his medicines are operating beautifully. On the day following, the physician's further attendance was deemed unnecessary. Such, Messrs. Editors, is the truly heavenly philanthropy which is in many instances inspiring the highly developed residents of the Spirit-land to seek again the scenes of earth, and society of men; and such, therefore, is some of the good that modern Spiritualism is doing for the world.

JAMES A. NEAL. CINCINNATI, June 3, 1855.

ARISTOTLE ON THE SPHERICAL FORM OF THE EARTH.

The following communication should have appeared some time since, but it came to this office when the Editor was absent, and was subsequently carried with a package of private letters to our family residence, which is at Bridgeport, Conn. These circumstances have occasioned the delay which attends its publication.—Ed.

MR. EDITOR: A few days since, my eye fell upon an article from the pen of Prof. Taylor Lewis, of the University of New York, entitled "Astronomical Views of the Ancients," in which is made what the writer intends as a home-thrust at Spiritualism. The article is particularly aimed at Swedenborg, but does no small execution, as it appears to me, against Spiritualism in general; and unless the blow can be parried, it will be regarded by the enemies of the system at least, a very heavy and effectual one. Now, as the Spirit of Swedenborg appears to be much occupied in communicating to us in the flesh, through Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter, a knowledge of the Spirit-world, he ought to be requested to furnish some explanation respecting the point alluded to by Prof. Lewis. What this point is, will be seen by the following extracts from the article in question, which is found in the Biblical Repository for April, 1849.

Swedenborg tells us that in the course of his visits to the spiritual world, he several times met with the ghost of Aristotle, and held several interesting conversations with him respecting the opinions he held while upon earth. Among other things, he tells us he found it exceedingly difficult to drive the old Stagyrte out of his absurd notions in regard to the figure of the earth. It would appear from this account that two thousand years' residence in the ghostly world had produced no change in his philosophical views, or given him any more light in respect to the dark days of his sojourn in his earthly and animal existence. After a most faithful effort, however, Swedenborg at last succeeds in convincing him of his errors. He learns with astonishment that the earth is actually round, and finally yields to the improbable idea of their being antipodes inhabiting the other side, with their feet and heads in vertical and opposite directions to our own.

This may be taken as a very good example of the dreams, or the manner in which he was wont to transfer to the spiritual world the subjective states of his own mind, with all its errors and prejudices. In other of his numerous visions, his logical partialities and dislikes are equally apparent, furnishing conclusive evidence that the spirituality in which he lived transcended but little, if any, the sphere of his own brain, or the cherished thoughts and impressions of his waking hours. No reputation that Swedenborg can have among his own followers can shield him here from the charge of having made, to say the least, a shameful and egregious blunder. He admits the possibility of lying appearances sent by evil spirits, and the most charitable supposition is that the seer himself was imposed upon by an emissary of darkness. The Aristotle whom he saw could not have been the renowned philosopher of that name, whose numerous works have come down to us. The truth, however, is, the Swedish mystic has imposed upon himself, by giving in his dreams an objective presentation to one of the most vulgar errors of the day. Without taking any pains to test its truth, he simply assumes the common notion, that until quite modern times, all mankind, the learned as well as the unlearned, had believed the world to be an extended and immovable plain.

In order to prove that the seer was, in this case, imposed upon by some counterfeit ghost, we need only, in the first place, turn to the treatise, entitled "De Cælo." We believe there is very little if any doubt among the learned, of this being one of the genuine works of Aristotle. * * * He not only held the earth to be round, and maintained the existence of antipodes, but put forth some of the best demonstrations that have ever been advanced in proof of those positions, except the actual fact of the circumnavigation of the globe. A leading one among these arguments of Aristotle, yet maintains its place in our school books on Astronomy. It may be found in the second book of his treatise De Cælo, chap. x, 14, 8, 11.

[It is as follows. The translation is that of Prof. Lewis:] And moreover it follows also [other arguments had been given before] from the appearances of phenomena that are presented to the senses, otherwise the eclipse of the moon would not exhibit such sections as we see it does. For although in its monthly phases it has all the diversities of outline, so as to be at one time straight, again gibbous, or convex, and again concave; yet in its eclipses it has the defining or intersecting line (made by the shadow of the earth) invariably curved. So that since the moon suffers eclipse by interposition of the earth, it must be the periphery (of the earth's shadow) that is the cause, because the earth itself is spherical.

Another argument is drawn from the appearances and varying height of the stars. From these it is inferred not only that the earth is round, but also that it hath no great magnitude. Since even in a small change of distance, either to the north or south, there is a manifest change in respect to the horizon, so that the stars that were over our heads undergo a change (of position or direction), and do not appear the same (that is, vertical), as we travel either to the North or South. In this way, some stars are seen in Egypt or in the neighborhood of Cyprus, which are not visible in the more northerly regions; and again, some stars are continually above the horizon which do seem to set in the regions before mentioned. So that from these regions also it is manifest, not only that the earth has the form of a sphere, but likewise that this sphere cannot be very large.

These quotations from the works of Aristotle prove clearly that he understood the spherical figure of the earth. Consequently Swedenborg must have been imposed upon. Now as this philosopher appears to be in frequent communication with the earth, should he not be asked to make an explanation, if he is able? Will not Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter give him an opportunity to do so? And unless some explanation can be given, will not the cause of Spiritualism suffer? If the visions of Swedenborg cannot be relied upon, can we rely on those of later times, say for example, on those of Judge Edmonds and Andrew Jackson Davis? I, for one, wish for light.

Yours respectfully, CALVIN.

ITINERANT ETCHINGS OF U. CLARK.

BUFAALO, June 20. A fine ride up the Hudson River brought us, Sunday morning, May 20, at Troy, where we enjoyed a pleasant afternoon and evening, speaking to our warm Trojan friends in Harmony Hall. Spiritualism in Troy has many earnest, able defenders, and its public meetings attest the deep latent interest among the masses of the people. Our visit was made exceedingly happy by the hospitality of Dr. Ross and lady, and that of Mr. Thompson and family. While at Mr. T.'s our little boy, three years old, was run over by a horse and buggy, and marvelously escaped with a slight bruise of the hand, caused by the horse lightly stepping on it. My Spirit-brother George informs me that he interfered, and at only a woman's warning hurried to the boy and threw him down prostrate, so that the horse might pass as he did. It is certain that the boy was thrown down between the legs of the horse, and thrown in such a manner that not the slightest bruise was found on any part of his body, except the hand which was partly trodden on, for Mrs. Clark immediately undressed him, put him in a tub of cold water, and made the closest maternal inspection.

On the evenings of May 23, 25, we broke spiritual ground in the fine old town of Lansingburgh, but found the soil rather tough, though a few earnest friends sustained our efforts. I was called to visit and treat a young woman in this village, who has been severely afflicted for more than three years—at one period for forty-five days unable to take a morsel of food. Though given up by priests and doctors, under spiritual treatment, if I can see her case clearly, she now promises restoration to health and happiness, and to the useful sphere of a good Spirit-medium.

On the 24th and 25th, I spoke in the Universalist church at Glens Falls—the first Universalist church I have occupied since openly laboring in the spiritual field, though I do not expect it will be the last I shall occupy; for the Universalist sect, in spite of its conservative leaders, is in the line of progress, and there are now between 20 and 50 of its churches in this State alone, which are wholly or in the main favorable to Spiritualism, and some of them are waiting for spiritual pastors. The cause in Glens Falls enlists a large class of good minds. The Hon. Wm. Macdonald and his lady, with whose rich and hearty hospitality we were blessed, are among the most prominent. They have taken deep interest, and have procured mediums for the most marvelous manifestations.

Mrs. Clark returning to speak in Troy, Sunday the 27th, I remained and occupied the church Sunday evening, before a very fair and attentive audience.

Sundays, June 3d and 10th, I enjoyed a season of superior interest with our good brothers and sisters in Buffalo, addressing them morning and afternoon, and participating in the public conference for circles and manifestations in the evening.

On the evening of the 10th, Miss Hagar I. Judah was influenced for the first time in public, in a state of remarkable entrancement, the Spirits giving a brief but thrilling address of the highest order, and singing and playing on the guitar a touching Spirit-song. She has spoken twice since, and her mediumship is universally acknowledged to be of the most brilliant and extraordinary character. But the readers of the TELEGRAPH have already received some intimations concerning this young lady. Were I to sacrifice what little modesty I may possess, I might allude to the peculiar circumstances under which Miss J. has been brought out in her present development. But a little more than three months since, I was written to for the purpose of having her spiritually examined and treated, as she was in a state of weakness and suffering next to death. Though she was then with her mother in St. Louis, and I at home in Williamsburg, I saw and delineated her condition, commenced communicating with her by mail sometimes, and sometimes through spiritual influence, prescribed the course she should pursue, and predicted her recovery and the new development of her mediumship. The details of her spiritual experience are so numerous and startling that I must reserve them for another paper.

Wednesday evening the 13th, I spoke to a large audience in Lockport, and was followed by Miss Judah. I was settled as pastor over the Universalist church in this place for two years during my early ministry, nine years since; and I was glad to recognize many of my former parishioners, and a number of the most prominent citizens in the audience, who came to hear on the great theme of the day. During my stay in Lockport, I met with more than a score of very intelligent skeptics, who seemed earnest and sincere in seeking spiritual light, and who desired private interviews with me, which I regret I was unable to grant for the want of time. Mrs. Clark joined me in holding three services on Sunday, the 17th, and we enjoyed a rich season, in the evening having an audience of about four hundred, and all things in harmony. I stopped with Dr. J. G. Atwood and lady, and found his office continually thronged with patients and visitors. He is remarkably successful as a healing medium, and vithal is a gentleman and scholar, quite vastly needed by some who make large pretensions to Spirit-mediumship. Now and then, in almost every place I visit, I cross the track of some presumptuous ignoramus, disguised in pretense of mediumship, for the purpose of playing pranks. There are said to be several good mediums in Lockport, among whom are Mr. Eaton, Mr. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt, Miss Place, Mr. N. W. Bruce, and others. I received several striking tests through Mrs. Atwood, who is finely developed, and able to render Mr. A. great service in his highly successful mission.

Returning to Buffalo, I have since been permitted to witness some of the most marvelous manifestations on record. At the house of Mr. Lester Brooks, through the mediumship of his daughter, Miss Sarah F., a large piano weighing 600 pounds was immediately lifted with rapidity, and played, thrummed, and thundered on with terrific effect. Miss Brooks is a medium for physical manifestations of a high order; and through the sounds she receives addresses of a very elevated character, which are contributed to the Age of Progress, under the able editorship of our old friend Albion. At the room of Captain Davenport, his two young sons and a younger daughter the mediums, I was present four evenings; and we had unmistakable evidence that the boys were repeatedly lifted up to the wall, sometimes raised with chairs, the chairs and the heads of the boys both thumping on the plaster. The elder boy was taken up once in a chair, with a bell in one hand and a violin in the other; and while up, the boy spoke, the bell and violin were sounded, and the chair-top was knocked against the plaster, all at the same instant. I was one of a committee of ten selected to examine these wonderful manifestations, and we were unanimous in reporting them genuine.

Monday, 25. Yesterday morning and afternoon, Rev. C. Hammond addressed the friends here. In the evening Mr. Clark and myself had the happiness to address an attentive audience, crowding the hall full in spite of the rain. We were unexpectedly followed by Miss Judah, through whom came a brief but startling strain of the loftiest Spirit-ecstasy. I start for home to-day. Good-bye Buffalo! I have never found warmer, better, abler friends to Spiritualism. I am tempted with a cordial, unannounced invitation to move here, speaking to the people on Sundays, and making Buffalo the center of my labors.

Miss Judah, though still exceedingly delicate, unable to see company or to speak more than once a week, accompanies us home to Williamsburgh. There I may be addressed at present.

C. C. P. S.—Home. On my way I visited Albion, to see Dr. A. G. Fellows, who is a highly developed healing medium—has been visited by thousands, and is doing a great work in all that region.

A THOUGHT.

"How often is our path
Crossed by some being, whose bright spirit sheds
A passing gladness o'er it; but whose course
Leads down another current, never more
To blend with ours! Yet far within our souls,
Amidst the rushing of the busy world,
Dwells many a secret thought, which lingers still
Around that image?" W. R. M.

Interesting Miscellany.

THE LAST OF SEVEN.

BY FANNY GREEN.

Spoken at a religious festival by a little girl, the only remaining one of a family of seven beautiful children.

Not far away, not very far— Are all our dear ones gone; They are not dead, but unto life Anew, their souls are born.

Where blessed angels live and love Our family of seven, A group of angel-children, live In the light and joy of heaven.

They are not far away, I know, For often in the night Around my little bed they come, In forms of living light.

And when I see the bright star Upon the evening skies, It seemed to me just like the light That shone in their blue eyes.

I hear the pleasant voices of, Beneath the greenwood tree; In daily walk, or nightly dreams, They're whispering to me.

When morning opens her eyes of blue, Out in the summer air, Between me and the rosy clouds, I see their sunny hair.

For O! I know they live and love, And come to us always, Not only in the shadowy nights, But in the sunny days.

And when our Father wills that we Should join our precious seven, O! happy, happy shall we be— A family in heaven!

Christian Spiritualist.

THE SHADOW OF LIFE.

BY C. D. STUART.

"All that lives must die, Passing through nature to eternity."

Men seldom think of the great event of death until the dark shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the faces of the loved ones, whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonism of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton in all our fears.

We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to Paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not wish to lie down in the mouldy grave, even with kings and princes for our bed-fellows. But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or reprieve from the great law that dooms us all to dust. We flourish and fade like the leaves of the forest, and the fairest flower that blooms and withers in a day, has not a firmer hold on life than the mightiest monarch that has ever trook the earth by his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish like the grass, and the countless multitude that swarms the earth to-day will to-morrow disappear like footprints on the shore:

"Soon as the rising tide shall ebb, Each trace will vanish from the sand."

In the beautiful drama of "Ion," the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greeks, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul.

It is nature's prophecy of life to come. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his betrothed Clemanthe asks if they shall not meet again, to which he replies, "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal: of the flowing streams that flow forever; of the stars, among whose fields my raised spirit hath walked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gazed upon thy living face, I feel there is something in thy love which mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe."

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.—WHAT DOES IT AMOUNT TO?—A meeting of the Superintendents of Institutions for the Insane in the United States has just closed a brief session in Boston. There were twenty-seven Superintendents present. The feature of the occasion was the reading of an elaborate paper on spiritual manifestations and influences, by Dr. Luther V. Bell, of the Asylum at Somerville, Mass. After stating various experiences, he summed up his present conviction as follows:

1. That there is abundant evidence that a novel influence or power exists, through certain persons, known as mediums, by which extraordinary results follow.

2. That objects of considerable weight are moved without human contact, though at considerable distance—in the experience of the narrator, up to fifty feet, at least.

3. Questions put mentally are answered correctly, involving too many circumstances to be explained on the idea of coincidence, provided the true response is in the mind of the questioner, or some one at the circle.

4. In no instance, in his experience, were correct replies given where the response was unknown to some one present.

5. Replis supposed by the interrogator to be correct, are given, as he believes them true, even when afterward they are proved to be erroneous. He gets the responses as he supposes them to be, not as they are.

6. There is no evidence of any spirit existence in these extraordinary phenomena, nor have they any connection with a future state of being, so far as his observations warrant an opinion.

7. The explanation must be admitted to be beyond our knowledge; yet certain analogies existing between states of dreaming, certain changes in manner, etc., would seem to point to the duality of the brain as connected with those phenomena.

8. The subject is worthy the rigid investigation of all those whose duties are connected with our speciality. Whether regarded as a physical novelty or a wide-spread epidemic of the mind, the subject is of immense importance, and deserves a much more respectful treatment than it has generally met with.

A majority of the gentlemen who took part in the discussion of the second question concurred in the views expressed by Dr. Bell. No specific action was had.—Evening Post.

WONDERFUL PHENOMENA.—A recent California paper gives the following account of singular discoveries in the process of coal digging, and being an Artesian Well:

The gentlemen engaged in digging for coal have at last reached the bed-rock, at a distance of about one hundred and eighty-five feet. They expected to find coal soon after piercing the rock, as it is asserted by the operators, who are Cornish miners, that it is always found immediately below a rocky stratum possessing the characteristics of the one they have reached. That they will find something of an unusual nature there can be no question, from the evidence already afforded. At various stages of the down trip fissures have been encountered, through which the real pure decoction of pitch, oil, tar and gas have issued from the mighty cauldron boiling below. These streams, after running a few days, have successively dried up; and with the exception of the labor consequent upon taking out the liquid mass supplied thereby, have caused but little interruption to the progress of the work. But about two weeks since, a vein was opened of the size of a man's arm through which the liquid mass and pent up gas came rushing out like the whistling of a locomotive, continuing for a short space, and then—as if re-energized for a fresh blast—sucking back into its dark lair, and in a few minutes again breaking forth with a dismal snarl and a prolonged howl, well calculated to disturb the nerves of the eager listener above. This puffing and blowing has been going on with undiminished vigor, furnishing steady employment in the way of taking out its discharges. The gas emitted from its fissures heretofore encountered has been ignited without any danger, but a safety lamp is used by the excavators. The pitch thus far taken out has been placed in large terees, with a view to future experiments in manufacturing gas or burning fluid.

The Artesian Well is still progressing toward the center of the earth through the same interminable mass of blue clay. This well is now five hundred and sixty feet in depth. A few days since, the water took a sudden start upward, and rose about eighteen feet, at which it stood all a short time, and then as suddenly receded. Strong hopes are entertained of striking the right vein in the next sixty feet, as the appearance of the clay is gradually changing.—Los Angeles paper, March 28.

VOLCANIC PHENOMENA IN NOVA-SCOTIA.—A correspondent of the St. Johns News says that quite a commotion has been excited among the people in the vicinity of Digby, upon the south-west shore of Nova Scotia, by a series of convulsions of the earth which have recently taken place upon the southeast side of Granville mountain. On the day of the earthquake, which occurred several months since, the mountain was considerably shaken, and a small opening was made upon its slope, whence a great quantity of smoke immediately rushed forth, and continued to issue throughout the remainder of the day. This manifestation at length ceased, and all remained quiet until about a fortnight ago, when suddenly the ground in the vicinity was violently agitated, and a chasm opened from which not only a dense volume of smoke, but great quantities of dust and small stones were ejected. The agitations of the surface continued from day to day, until in a short time a portion of the sloping ascent was converted into a small level plain, which is so shaken up that at a little distance it presents the appearance of a well-ploughed field. Shortly after the opening of the chasm, a huge fragment of rock was thrown from it with such force as to penetrate the side of a neighboring cottage, the inmates of which have since removed to what they consider a safer home. The correspondent of the News says that eruptions are still constantly taking place, and no person has yet dared to venture close enough for a minute examination of the phenomenon.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.—Our solar system occupies a spot or situation near the centre of the vast bed of stars called the Milky Way, and is performing a revolution around the star Aleyone, one of the brightest in the Pleiades, the single journey occupying 18,200,000 years, moving at the amazing velocity of 400,000 miles a day. The bulk or magnitude of that sun around which it revolves is no less than 117,400,000 times that of our sun. There are stars in all probability, of that amazing magnitude, that if any one of them were placed where our sun is, it would not only fill out the entire planetary system—the whole orbit of Neptune—but extend far beyond! Light passing from Aleyone to the earth occupies 537 years, traveling 200,000 miles in a second; therefore, this star cannot be at a less distance than 3,388,286,240,000,000 miles from our earth. A cannon ball traveling at the rate of 500 miles an hour, would consume or require 773,280 years in passing from it to us. Lord Ross' gigantic telescope has revealed stars to us so distant, that the light passing from them to us would consume not less than 30,000,000 years—traveling at the rapid rate already mentioned. These stars cannot be at a less distance than 189,345,000,000,000,000 miles from us. A cannon ball moving at the aforesaid velocity, would consume 43,200,000,000 years in traveling from them to us. Wonderful and astonishing as these magnitudes and distances are, they are but more insignificant so as to or atoms in comparison with the whole boundless universe, which can call into requisition all the energies of a Newton or a Herschel, and which the Great Sovereign of the whole controls with perfect ease.

EXCESSIVE POLTRONNESS.—Rowland Hill was always annoyed when there happened to be any noise in the chapel, or when anything occurred to divert the attention of his hearers from what he was saying. On one occasion a few days before his death, he was preaching to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him. In the middle of the discourse, he observed a commotion in the gallery. For some time he took no notice of it, but finding it increasing he paused in his sermon; and looking in the direction in which the confusion prevailed, he exclaimed:

"What's the matter there? The devil seems to have got among you."

A plain country looking man immediately started to his feet, and addressing Mr. Hill in reply, said:

"No, sir, it aren't the devil as is doing this; it's a fat woman wool's fainted; and she's a werry fat 'un, sir, as don't seem likely to come to again in a hurry."

"O, that's it!" observed Mr. Hill, drawing his hand across his chin; "then I beg the lady's pardon and the devil's too."

DREAM OF A QUEER LADY.—There is a beautiful story told of a pious Quaker lady, who was much addicted to smoking tobacco. She had indulged herself in this habit until it had increased so much upon her that she not only smoked her pipe a large portion of the day, but frequently sat up in bed for this purpose in the night. After one of those nocturnal entertainments she fell asleep, and dreamed she died and approached heaven. Meeting an angel, she asked him if her name was written in the book of life. He disappeared, but replied on returning, that he could not find it. "O," said she, "do look again—it must be there." He examined again, but returned with a sorrowful face, saying that it was not there. "Do look once more!" the angel was moved to tears by her entreaties, and again left her to renew his search. After a long absence he came back, his face radiant with joy, and exclaimed, "We have found it! but it was so clouded with tobacco smoke that we could hardly see it!" The good woman, upon waking, immediately threw her pipe away, and never indulged in smoking again.

A SWEET VOICE.—A sweet voice is indispensable to a woman; I do not think I can describe it. It can be and sometimes is cultivated. It is not inconstant with great vivacity, but is often the gift of the gentle and unobtrusive. Loudness or rapidity is incompatible with it. It is low but not guttural, deliberate but not slow. Every syllable is distinctly heard, but they follow each other like drops from a fountain. It is like the cooing of a dove, not shrill, nor even clear, but uttered with that subdued and touching *redness*, which every voice assumes in moments of deep feeling or tenderness. It is a glorious gift in woman—it should be won by it more than beauty—more even than by talents, were it possible to separate them. But I never heard a deep sweet voice from a weak woman. It is the organ of strong feeling and of thoughts which have lain in the bosom till their sacredness almost hushes utterance.—Wills.

A BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.—A traveler who spent some time in Turkey relates a beautiful parable, which was told him by a dervise, and which seemed even more beautiful than Sterne's celebrated figure of the accusing spirit and recording angel. "Every man," says the dervise, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder and another on his left. When he does anything good, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down. He waits till midnight. If before that time the man bows down his head and exclaims, 'Gracious Allah! I have sinned, forgive me!' the angel rubs it out; and if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel upon the right shoulder weeps."

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