

# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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WHOLE NO. 165!

## The Principles of Nature.

### JESUS AND PHARISEISM.

And he spake this parable unto certain, which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others:

Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a Publican.

The Pharisee stood and prayed thus to himself: God, I thank thee I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this Publican.

I fast twice in the week—I give tithes of all I possess.

And the Publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto Heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me, a sinner!

I would like much to hear a sermon from this most pregnant text, by some clergyman who really believed that the true Christians of his church were well-pleasing to God, and that many others who heard his voice were only sinners, and without his favor. In what church is not this distinction made? Does not the idea lie at the very foundation of all separatism, sect, bigotry, and of there being any true Church smaller than universal Humanity?

This Pharisee seems a really good man. His was not merely a religion of ceremonies and outside show, and of faith only, as is generally the case in our Christian churches. No! he was no extortioner to take the least advantage of his neighbor's necessities—no monopolizer, or speculator, or usurer. He tried to "do justly" to all was no adulterer, and so far as his conduct shows, he tried to please God by attending faithfully to the discharge of all outward and inward duties. He was even so good as to feel that he deserved no thanks for this goodness, but that it came to him by God's gift and mercy. He tried to be good, *was aware of his apparent goodness*, and joyfully thanked God therefor, or gave Him the glory. He thanked Him sincerely that he was, by His grace, no sensual, selfish, disobedient publican and sinner, or one who didn't try to do right.

Well, now, he seems to me a very good, sincere man, a real Jewish saint, and was doubtless esteemed so by his church and neighborhood. He was really anxious, desirous to do right, and felt that his goodness was alone by God's mercy keeping him from being like the poor, sinful publican.

Before men, one was really a good man, the other a bad man; one a Jewish saint, the other a Jewish reprobate; one felt that by God's mercy he was good, and enjoyed his smile of favor therefor; the other was aware that he did wrong, felt himself vile before that presence, but still appealed to that mercy that he felt in his heart was as infinite as his need. *JESUS CONDEMNED THE SAINT, BUT JUSTIFIED THE SINNER.* Will any man who believes in a church that can not cordially embrace the very extreme dregs of the human race with its nourishing arms, reflect carefully for once on this significant fact?

What was there wrong about that Pharisee, except that he felt that he was better than his brother?

Before God, that is, in reality, is any one man better than another? Men call each other good and bad; but what truly regenerate man will arise and venture to call or think himself good, or in the least degree better before God's eye than his brother? All moral distinctions among men, of good and evil, of saints and sinners, are they absolute, positive differences, standing thus before God? He alone is *absolutely* God. All the good of his children is apparent and relative only, and not real. Who will dare to place themselves on His level? In fact, then, does God regard the most virtuous man with any different feeling from the most vicious and degraded?

If one man is really and truly good, or thinks himself so, however little, ought he or ought he not to thank God for making him so? Please think and answer. Does my obedience entitle me to any favor from God, over and above my unfortunate neighbor, who was detected yesterday in adultery. Does he love me, and have any different feelings towards the publican? God is infinite. Is one thousand any nearer infinity than the one-thousandth? Once again I earnestly ask you, should or should not the truly good man thank God for making him good, if he feels that he is better in any degree or manner than any other man? If he is good, and thinks so, is it not by God's mercy to him? And ought we not to thank him for what he gives us? What a terrible light do these far-reaching words of Jesus pour upon the saints of churches and of society! The more a man is enlightened by the truth that cometh down from above, the more he knows himself a sinner, and worthless before infinite goodness. The more a man he becomes, the more he is part and parcel of all Humanity—nothing can separate him from the vilest man in existence. He is bound by ties of tenderest sympathy and charity to all men, and feels that he is really as bad as the worst man that breathes. The more he is truly exalted, the more he sees his humble position. The nearer he approaches God, the more certainly is he aware of his infinite distance therefrom. He can be confined to no narrower walls than the human race. He dares to call himself Christian, only because that means Humanity. He sees mankind as a unit, a solidarity; a one in infinite diversity, by no manner of means a two; a good and bad, sheep and goats, saints and sinners. All are more or less selfish and earthly, and so in error. But all, even the most degraded, are not left without some degree of God's spirit in their heart's core, drawing them in some unselfish, self-sacrificing deed to a needy brother. Some degree of true charity burns in every human heart.

Lives there a man that can witness a mean, unmanly action, without a secret disgust? Is there not such a thing as remorse? Can those dead in sin feel remorse, or would not such a spirit fancy itself most indubitably in the very highest heaven?

Those, only, who imagine themselves in the very highest heaven, are in an utterly dead and hopeless state. There is hope yet for the poor, self-smiting sinner suffering in hell.

This man, inheriting a good moral nature from his parents, well taught and favorably situated, loves to serve God by serving his fellow-man. He reaps his reward in the very life of usefulness. He does right, and is happy. He thinks only of how he may be of service to those around. He does not stop to ask whether he is really good in God's sight, and better than his fallen brother. Such comparisons never defile his bosom. He looks to the high ideal of perfection which forever hovers so far above him, though within his vision, and therefore he is ever humbled and more resolute in ascending to newer heights. He thanks God for his existence. He thinks that existence is being in the purpose of infinite love, and then in the thought of infinite wisdom; and is not being in the love and thought of God a gift to be thankful for?

The publican inherits a comparatively imperfect moral nature, is in poverty, and surrounded by those worse than himself. He does wrong; he falls. He becomes a "bad" man, a sensualist, a thief, a monster. Was such a man ever known to be completely happy, and to think he was doing right? To have no silent whisperings from within by night? Does not all sin, all voluntary error of life bear a sting? That man God rewards with suffering, here and hereafter, as long as he sins. The evil from which his bad actions originate, is its own punishment, and sorrow, self-condemnation and remorse are his rewards. God sends these rewards for his deeds of mercy and love, to cure him of his wounds. The good physician sometimes sees he can cure best by pouring in oil; but sometimes by the *actual cautery, with fire*. God is equally good in all His rewards, both of Heaven and Hell. He is equally to be thanked for each. Is my heart defiled by lust, or any lurking evil spirit which I harbor there, and lovingly entertain? Oh, Father of mercies! By Thy kind rod make me aware of it and feel it, that, as I would love and serve Thee alone, I may rid myself of all such defiling guests! God is to be praised just as joyously for His hells of punishment as for His heavens of bliss! Evil is what separates us from God; and whatever means He sees best to separate evil from us, and to join us to His love, must be worthy of His perfection, and worthy of thanks from the recipients.

While a man can feel unhappy in consequence of his life, there is hope for that sinner.

When a Spirit imagines himself safe in Heaven, and sees no higher, steeper height to climb, he is in a bad way, and hope can no longer dwell with him.

Your spiritually rich men are very far from the Kingdom of love—of God.

Your spiritual beggar, in rags and sores, is ever nigh unto the Kingdom of God.

It is easier for the camel to pass through the needle's eye, than for heavenly charity, tender human sympathy, to gain entrance into the heart of him who feels that he is good in his own or God's sight, and thanks God for making him thus superior to his neighbor.

Is there not some possibility that the "good tidings" of Jesus came for an altogether different purpose than what Christendom suspects? Is it a gospel for the *saint*, for the *good* and *righteous* among men? or, on the contrary, altogether a gospel to the lost, the sinner, the outcasts among men? May it not turn out true that "the first may be last and the last prove first" to receive that kingdom within them? Does it mean to show certain men that they are better in God's sight than their neighbors, or that all alike are equally vile and as nothing before Him, the Infinite Goodness? Did Jesus come to found churches of subtler Pharisees than were in the Jewish Church, or to redeem all men, to re-unite the race to God, and to teach that every man would, in mercy, be rewarded according to his life: the oneness, the solidarity of the whole human race; the mutual, inter-acting sympathy of all the atoms of high or low degree in this body of Humanity, whether in the head or hand or foot, or more ignoble part; that the foot cannot suffer without the head participating therein; that God's love was equally over all, and the life of all, and that He regarded Humanity as one man, whom He made His Son and Heir? That was something of the "good tidings" he came to bring.

Christianity is more, far more than Deism or Theism. It is the *prophecy of the incarnation of God*, as infinite goodness, infinite wisdom, and almighty power, in *Humanity* as a one, as a race, and in each and every individual of that race. *Christ is the symbol and prophecy and pledge and means of this stupendous fact*. God in Christ is the redeemer from man's spiritual enemies; He makes him *at-one* with God by His presence and influence, and is, to the true man or the spiritual man, what Adam, or the first physical man, was to our bodies. Christ is the center of the true perfected man, both as an individual and as a race. He is our true spiritual head and life and center. He is the symbol and historical pledge of a *DIVINE HUMANITY ON EARTH*; \* of a race, not merely of moral men, who do right because it is their duty to do right, but who do right and serve God by true, joyful service of their fellow-men, because they *love* right and *love* such service. They *spontaneously and with delight* serve God because they *love* such service with *all their*

hearts, and so have become one with God through Christ, and thus "from him have received the atonement."

I end as I began. The Jewish saint trusted that he was good, and looked down upon the sinner. *Is it a sign or mark of a regenerating man to esteem and call himself good in any degree, and to thank God for enabling him to be so, and to look down upon publicans and harlots, feeling that he is really in God's sight any whit better than the vilest? Is such a one near or far from that Kingdom, whose whole life is love, and tender human charity, and suffering fellowship?* Can there be then any true Church that refuses most hearty fellowship with ALL MANKIND? Has the New Jerusalem been as yet even imagined?

Oh, Churches! who separate yourselves from your fellow-men, how do ye condemn yourselves!—who feel yourselves holier and more blessed of God than the publicans, and who even dare to thank God for your goodness, and who cast out the weak and fallen and tempted, and look down upon them—how are ye judged by divine truth! Oh! see and feel that he alone is near God, who knows how infinitely distant in goodness he is from Him, and whose cry is silently, but earnestly and trustfully, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

GEORGETOWN, D. C., May 18th.

It is evident that my understanding of the fact of Christ in history is not what it was when I wrote some former articles which appeared in the TELEGRAPH. To-morrow I hope to see the errors of to-day; and as I am firmly anchored alone to Truth, I hope to believe far differently next year from what I do now. Christ, or the spiritual true man, now seems to me to occupy the same central position in the world of human history—that is, in the spiritual, human world—that Adam, or the physical man or body, does in natural history or in the world of things, of forms. The human body or form is the great archetypal form, towards which all inferior natural forms are approaches. Thus the fin is a mere prophecy of the human hand; the leaf of the human lung; the bark of the human skin, etc. All inferior forms are mere gradual approaches and prophecies of the cosmic form which, I state this as a central scientific fact. It is a key by which, when thoroughly understood, all lower forms will be correctly estimated. Well, as all the forms of mineral and vegetable and animal life are summed up, as types, in the human archetypal form; as they are prophecies which can be only read and understood when man appears, and the physical Adam is thus the scientific key to unlock the mysteries of material nature; so we, inhabiting these forms; we, these mere fragments of true manhood; we, more or less moral men; we are, in all our spiritual history, mere prophecies of the spiritual Adam, who is the archetype of a true, regenerated, perfected humanity; who will be the scientific key to all the mysteries of human history; by whom history will alone be interpreted and its meaning seen. Christ, the God-man, the spiritual Adam of the human race; the center of humanity; the first-born of God's true creation; our elder brother, by whose influence God will be incarnated in the human race; so that we all shall be "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ;" God in Christ is thus to be the CENTRAL FACT in human history; not a mystery, but a fact that deepens all mysteries; and just as natural as the incarnation of His power as motion in the mineral world, of His life in the vegetable, of His sensation and intelligence in the animal world which includes our bodies. *Christianity is thus to me far more than the purest Theism. It is, as I said, the PLEDGE AND MEANS OF A DIVINE HUMANITY.* See where my rationalism has led me!

### DISPARITY OF THOUGHT—PROGRESSION.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN.

MR. EDITOR:—It cannot be denied that great disparity of thought obtains among Spiritualists upon the question as to the objects and uses, and also as to the value, of spiritual communications. Every person has an idea upon these matters, and that idea is his or her maximum. In one neighborhood a brother supposes the invisible hosts have been marshaled to further the ends of social reform. In another, a brother equally ardent believes the cause of Christendom is about to be quickened. In another, the idea of a speedy millennium, or the "good time coming," is supposed to trail at the heels of our departed kinsmen. Some, of a more practical turn, are quizzing departed friends on the point of native powers, of chemical compounds, of mineral deposits, and lost treasures. Some, not happy in conjugal relations here, are prying into their conjugal happiness-expectant! In short, the vagaries are as multiplied as human thought. Every *ism*—every theory, every sect, every creed—has its supporters through the rappings; and it has been urged as an objection to the spiritual hypothesis, that communications, especially upon religious and moral subjects, are no higher, and in fact are but the spoken sentiment of the predominant influence of circles. At first glance, this suggestion appears of huge proportions; and were the hypothesis based upon communications upon such subjects, few would be its advocates.

It is true without exception that the evidence of spiritual existence is always sought for and established on test data, before the vexed subject of happiness or misery is broached. Facts and identity are first obtained. Then speculative matters are assailed, and these are always the predominant ones of the questioner. Men seldom talk of those things they feel no interest in. When they broach a favored theme, the law that *similar attract similars* brings them in contact with minds like their own. It is no evidence that Spirits do not exist because they think and feel as we do. Such a fact established, would effect our preconceived notions of Spirit-life, that's all. If they exist, they have a mode and method. That existence once established, and the diversity of communications would show little mental change from ordinary natural relations. That such is the case seems to me to be inevitable.

My ideas of progress, growth and refinement, render it impossible for me to believe in any human consciousness as having become a seraph or an angel. To me, the plane of the human,

both visible and invisible, is but a stratum of belted earth. It is fixed within the limits of the original conditions of its existence. It can no more escape them than the rock of Gibraltar can leap into the English Parliament. Every stratum is thus limited. So is every particle in a stratum. No one particle can run faster than its fellow. The whole must move together. Progress has no other basis. Economists admit this, when they tell us that no man is free while all earth's millions a single slave remains. The expression is poetical, but true. It recognizes the oneness of the race. In this stratum, that which we call *form* is a mere condition to conscious identity. The particles of substance of that form have no effect on this consciousness. They are as old as the stratum, and are changing daily. To-day in one, to-morrow divided with twenty. The conscious John of yesterday is not the same to-day. While he feels himself to be John, he does not feel that consciousness through the same particles he did yesterday. Deprive him of limbs, arms, ears, yea, of every portion of his body, and so long as conscious life remains he feels himself to be John. In computing the age of an individual, it can only be said that the particles of his body are as old as the human stratum; that his form is as old as the conditions which produced it—not him, but his species; that his consciousness is measured by the thoughts of his mind. Reckoning according to this method, we find ourselves to be as old as the sons of the morning, and they no older than we.

If this be not so, then that which we call progression is spasmodic, and pertains to one condition and to no other, or operates more hastily upon one condition than upon another. The popular theory is, that they who left the body four thousand years ago, have come to a point in knowledge far transcending ours. If this is so, then the laws which effect progress operate unevenly. As we have never observed such a phenomenon, it is not wisdom to found theories which imply it. The safer way is to deduce conclusions from those things which we know. Knowing, then, as we do, that uniformity of action is one of the features of natural elements; and also knowing, that uniformity of results always follows the uniformity of appliances, we can never escape the conclusion that every human animation is on one plane; that the invisible link of universal humanity prevents one brother from outstripping another; that progress pertains to the particles of humanity—not the form—and, hence, that the birth to-day gives us an identity on a plane equivalent to the sum of all past ones. The position of this new birth is governed by the construction of its mind. Its opened consciousness is the date of its entry. Refinement has placed that entry in the same condition that sustains all other consciousness. No identity can sustain a condition which cannot be reached by birth, for the simple reason that progress forbids. If our births gave us mortals below the standard of mentality, we might accuse nature of moving backwards.

Such a datum as this gives us a key to the thousands of vagaries produced through the manifestations. It shows to us that their nature and tenor is of the same plane as are all human thoughts; that the disembodied are possessed of no knowledge not accessible by us; that each identity is to himself the highest type of the race, and that every one of earth's countless millions is a peer of the realm. Then how imperative is the demand of charity!—not that charity which says, "Thou art wrong, I pity thy ignorant error;" but that essence and spirit of charity which feels the equality of a brother, and respects his adverse conclusions. In the democracy of nature, no man can be right, and no man can be wrong. Each is but the plying of conditions; each is in exact harmony with those conditions. To hold him amenable to censure or to praise, is to substitute the effect for the cause—a mode characteristic of all organizations as well in Church as in State, and which rests on the miserable foundation of pride and combativeness. Sect would not war against sect, but for this element. That they do so war is a consequence of their organization. Such combinations are a silent admission of individual weakness. Pride of opinion and pride of domination call the throng, and hold united empire over temporal destinies.

To attempt to make men think alike is like an attempt to make all apple-trees bear one fruit. No one ever thought so foolish a thought; and yet the age abounds in plans to "fraternize" (as they call it) that which in itself is fraternal; to make "equal" that which they admit is equal; to make human life one ocean of millennial glory, whose surface no storm of faction shall lash into fury. Under the mistaken idea that change is reform, and that progress depends on mental effort, they follow the promptings of the heart, at the expense of the head. Their efforts are but the revelation of their internal structure. They are themselves as much creatures of conditions as those they aim for; and the result of their labor is in exact proportion to their appliance of orderly uses. That their visions can ever be realized is incompatible with every known action of mind or matter. Stability nowhere obtains. Matter must eternally ferment, or else progression must cease. The cause of mental fermentation—disparity of thought—must ever exist, or mental progression ends. Yea, stability is repugnant to matter. Every thing repudiates it. Water, earth, air, life, abhor quietude. Sooner than submit, they stagnate; and from the fetid mass, forth start unnumbered crawling things. Mind is not above this law. How then can philosophy prepare a universal panacea to eradicate the stamp of nature?—to neutralize those elements where are the essentials of progress? It seems to me that a rope of sand is more feasible. For my part, I believe the race now enjoys the highest attainable happiness consistent with con-

ditions; that the conditions and the race are counterparts of each other; that to introduce more happiness, there must be capacities to receive it; that those capacities are being born daily; that the same cause which spoke man's existence and helped him on to the present, will not, has not, and can not surrender the protectorate to the tool it created. Having such sentiments, I feel little concern for the results; and though I have no affinity for a single theory which maps out the objects, or uses, or duties of an existence beyond the tomb, I am perfectly content that my brothers should work off their organizations in such matters, as they can and must. The conditions of my locality control me; theirs control them. Neither of us should be vain enough to suppose we have mastered perfection. A defective glass will not reflect clearly. Until man is perfect, he is like the glass. The moment he assumes to have found ultimates, he ends progression.

### HELL VS. PROGRESSION.

A momentous trial is about to take place—Justice and Truth are the judges, and Free Thought the jury. Prejudice will display uncommon valor, to perpetuate the fires of endless perdition and vindicate the vindictive character of his Deity, while disenthrall'd Reason will trace his progressive and loving attributes in all his laws and works.

During the nineteenth century, the supposed eternal flames of hell have been slowly dying out. Children not a span long, no longer writhe in its burning lava. With many, the Bible pictures are but comparative—meaning torment, either physically, mentally, spiritually, present or future. All is acknowledged confusion and ignorance. This is an advance step.

Man's body is mortal; the soul is immortal. Death is but the dissolution of the two. The mortal is composed of the elements, mainly atmospheric air; and to these elements it must return when disorganized, or deserted by its tenant—its life principle, its spirit, its true individuality, its only real entity.

Can immortality be made mortal? It would then cease to be immortal. Can eternal Spirit-forms be marred by material flame? To produce suffering by fire is to disorganize. What! disorganize an immortal organism! The combined caloric of ten thousand worlds, concentrated and fanned into whitest heat, would not, upon the form of a freed spirit, raise the faintest blister. To and fro through the roaring flames he would walk erect, as though in a paradise of freshest fragrance, bidding proud defiance to it all.

But the wicked shall be "destroyed," and "the way of sin is death." God be praised for it! and grant a hurried destruction of all that is impure in my nature, as the result of my association and education. Destroy prejudice, which warps my every sense, and renders me blind to the truth; teach me most forcibly that while an indulgence in the impure is death to my godlike faculties, the cultivation of the pure and the true is life to the body in its mortal career—will preserve it from pain, and secure for it a peaceful decline; and development, elevation and joy to the immortal spirit in its eternal progress in the spheres.

Let us trace the career of the undeveloped, or what orthodoxy denominates the *Child of Hell*. First, its parents, from whom it receives its physical and mental organism; for not in the image of a pure and holy God, but of his earthly parentage, is man created. A pure fountain is the forerunner of pure streams; and the great law of physiology teaches us that moral, intellectual, and even physical training, commences and is carried forward by impression and example long before birth—a truth which should be written in letters of gold upon the chambers of every parent's memory. How many are, unconsciously, the murderers of their own offspring!

"Do men gather grapes of thorns?" Neither can we expect bright, intellectual, and pure progeny from impure, ignorant, brutal, quarrelsome, profane parents. Behold, then, with what unequal advantage the "Child of Hell" begins the race of life—in intellect cramped or distorted, the animal fearfully predominant, the spiritual sadly deficient!

As the potter moulds his clay, see one of God's great family moulded by circumstances into an incarnate fiend! Life is a school, and every influence and surrounding circumstance is a step either progressive or otherwise.

The child of a reprobate parentage begins his active race of experience by imbibing his first nourishment from an intoxicated and diseased system. His first lessons in lisping are profane and low. His earliest companionship is with ignorance and vice. Who but the most degraded will venture the contaminating companionship of such degradation? Like to like; and thus lower and lower he falls. The law is violated; society is on his track. On every highway hear the yelping of her hounds! The community thirsts for the blood of one who, by their very hellish institutions and temptations, they have destroyed. He is dragged brutally to the convict's cell, where, despised, shunned, and vindictively treated for a few years, he becomes himself more vile, vindictive and cruel. No effort for his reform is made; but hated, despised, unprovided for, he is thrust into society with, for the first time, perhaps, a thirsting for human blood as a trade, and for revenge upon society, his direst enemy.

On yonder scaffold see our "Child of Hell." Who made him such? Involuntarily born and bred in infamy, could he be otherwise? Change his conditions of life—parentage, association, example. Born, bred, and reared in one of our Quaker families, how different would have been his fate! Precise in his very walk; tenacious of character to a sensitive degree—moral, educated, useful. Here learn a useful lesson!

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTON, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1855.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TORONTO, C. W., June 14, 1855.

DEAR READERS OF THE TELEGRAPH:

I left New York on Monday, 11th instant, for this place, via Albany, Niagara Falls and Lewiston, and landed on this side of the lake at 12 o'clock, m., on Wednesday. I came up the Hudson on the steamer Isaac Newton, and in the course of the evening had a pleasant interview with a distinguished Doctor of Divinity, with whom I was more familiar some years since than I have been of late. Twenty-three years have elapsed since I became acquainted with this reverend gentleman in his public capacity. I was then a youth, and he had but recently entered on his mission as a religious teacher. Our casual meeting served to revive in my own remembrance many interesting incidents of personal experience. In looking over the unwritten history of the last quarter of a century, I am reminded that time, the spirit of the age, and the powers which influence the destinies of mortals, have combined to develop important changes in our personal characteristics and public relations. Some years since, when the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy were generally misapprehended, and its friends were unjustly and almost universally condemned, this reverend gentleman denounced the whole subject, and those who stood by "the babe in the manger," in an acrimonious spirit; but observation and reflection have tempered his fiery zeal, and the events of the last five years have taught many of the clergy to respect the truth which first excited their indignation, while the present "signs of the times" admonish all that it is unwise and even hazardous to decide without investigation, when undeniable facts and immortal issues are involved.

The evening on board the Newton was occupied in familiar conversation respecting the characteristics of the modern Spiritual Movement, and the facts and laws which illustrate and govern the intercourse between the visible and invisible realms of human and angelic existence. My friend manifested an inquiring disposition, and on this occasion treated the subject in a respectful and candid manner. We retired at a late hour, and discovered that by a singular coincidence our berths were in immediate juxtaposition, there being only a thin board between the rather extremities of the writer and the reverend Doctor's head. I slept profoundly through the night; and if, with such a body of divinity at my feet, the mental or spiritual darkness was not dissipated, it will be manifest that men are not inspired through the region of their understandings; and, moreover, that a Doctor of Divinity is not now precisely what is necessary to enlighten a heretic. As I slept soundly through the night and rose in the morning much refreshed, I must infer that there was nothing in the Doctor's sphere, when in the semi-spiritual state of natural sleep, to wake a man of good digestion; or that would be likely, by any manner of means, to interrupt a Spiritualist's repose.

On arriving at Albany, I went directly to Stanwix Hall, whose well-known and gentlemanly proprietor bears our own name, and is very widely esteemed as one of the most accomplished and popular hotel keepers in this or any other country. Mr. Britton, of Stanwix Hall, has recently refitted and refurnished his establishment in a style which combines all the attractions of convenience and elegance, and the traveler will now find his house in all respects a most agreeable home. Those who are going either east or west, will find this house more conveniently situated than any other; the depot of the New York Central Railroad is on the opposite side of the street, and the ferry-boat which conveys passengers to East Albany for the Boston trains, receives the traveler at the foot of the same street, which is less than one hundred yards from the Stanwix.

I continued my journey through the day on Tuesday. All along the route the fields and forests presented a fresh and beautiful appearance. It was manifest that the country had been thoroughly watered by the late rains. On landing at Albany, we found the steamer wharf partially submerged; the streams all through the State were overflowing their banks on Tuesday, and in some parts of Central New York hundreds of acres were literally flooded. Indeed I discovered nothing dry on the way except an occasional remark from some shrewd traveling companion, and a number of gentlemen who found it necessary to moisten their mucous surfaces at the several stations along the route. It was after sunset when the cars arrived at the Niagara River, but not so late to prevent our having a good view of the Falls as we followed the iron track from the upper, or railroad suspension bridge, along the brink of the deep, narrow gorge, through which the mad waters from the great lakes above find their way to the peaceful bosom of Ontario.

On the way from Albany to Niagara Falls, I found a traveling companion in Mr. L., a distinguished literary gentleman, whose superior natural endowments, thorough mental discipline, and familiar acquaintance with men and things—acquired by extensive travels and a critical observation of the world—have given him a high reputation. To my surprise, I found this gentleman not only exceedingly well informed respecting the history of the modern Spiritual Movement, but familiar with the principles of Spiritualism from reading and reflection, and with the phenomena from careful observation and personal experience. From a somewhat protracted interview with Mr. L., I learned that he is a remarkable medium, though few persons probably suspect that he has any interest in the subject. During our journey he related some of the incidents of his private interviews with the invisible powers of the Spirit-world, which are not surpassed in interest by any similar facts on record.

On my arrival I took a room at the Cataract House, which is less than two hundred feet from the Rapids, on the American side. I slept soundly, with the solemn and endless woe of Niagara sounding in my ear, and filling the soul with vast yet vague conceptions of Omnipotent Power. I do not propose to describe, in this connection, the first or the subsequent impressions which the contemplation of this great natural miracle has produced in my mind; nor can I pause here to notice the many interesting objects which surround it on all sides. When standing before the grandest objects in Nature, amid scenes in which the sublimity of the Infinite is revealed, we desire most of all things to be silent. As the eye must first adjust itself to the measure of light and the dimensions of the objects presented, to the vision, before it can see them to the best advantage, so the soul must silently accommodate itself to the moral magnitude and religious influence of all great natural and spiritual revelations, before the beholder is qualified to read their language or to appreciate their ministry.

On my return, I propose to spend more time at the Falls; but my friends may inquire for me at any place rather than at the Cataract House, where they certainly will not be likely to

find me hereafter. Either the proprietors of that establishment, or persons in their service—both may have been concerned in the transaction—practiced a mean deception at my expense, or, otherwise, their careless indifference to the interests of the traveling public render them unworthy of patronage. On entering my name on the list of arrivals last Tuesday evening, I distinctly informed the persons—there were three of them—who were behind the counter, and apparently engaged in the transaction of business, that I must set out on the next morning by the earliest opportunity for Toronto. I was told that the train would leave for Lewiston at half past 7 o'clock, a. m., and that the omnibus would come to the door to take me to the cars. Early the next morning I was careful to remind the parties in attendance that I must leave by the first train, and was reassured that my case would be attended to in time. I inquired whether breakfast would be served on board, and was confidently answered in the negative, that it would be necessary for me to take breakfast before leaving the hotel. But having paid my fare through from Albany to Toronto, I here exhibited a steamboat ticket, received from the agent of the Central Railroad at the first-named place, on the morning before, and whereon the significant words, "MEALS INCLUDED," were printed in distinct letters; and I also expressed a wish to know if it was the custom of the aforesaid railroad company to take pay for meals, when nothing of the kind was furnished. The answer was that the ticket purchased at Albany was probably printed when the boat was accustomed to leave at a different hour in the day.

After taking breakfast at the Cataract House, I settled my bill, paying at the same time for the transportation of myself and baggage to the depot. I waited with a sort of undefined apprehension that I should be neglected, until within five minutes of the hour, when, turning again to one of the parties previously addressed, I inquired if it was not high time for the vehicle to be at the door, whereupon, with an apparent affectation of surprise, he observed that it was time for the cars to leave, and quietly expressed the opinion that I was likely to be too late. Without staying to demand an apology for such reprehensible conduct, I started on foot for the cars; but finding it impossible to reach the depot in time, I was obliged to take the first carriage that I met in the street; the driver did his utmost—drove at a reckless speed—and my chance by the morning line was saved by barely thirty seconds! Thus I paid twice for one ride to the depot, and worked my passage part of the way at that. On reaching the boat at Lewiston, I found that breakfast was served on board; my ticket entitled me to a seat at the table, which I did not occupy, having left my appetite and seventy-five cents with the proprietors of the Cataract House. I trust my personal friends, and the numerous readers of the TELEGRAPH who may have occasion to travel in the same direction, will profit by my experience.

I had a pleasant excursion across Lake Ontario, and at noon on Wednesday, landed in Toronto. I must reserve what I have to say of this city and the Canadians for another letter, which I will write to-morrow.

Very truly, S. B. BRITTON.

SECOND LETTER.

TORONTO, C. W., June 15, 1855.

DEAR READERS:

On landing in the commercial metropolis of Upper Canada, the traveler is soon reminded that he is out of the jurisdiction of the United States. If one is temporarily oblivious on this point, and is inclined to be dreaming when he steps ashore from the deck of the steamer, he will be restored to a state of normal consciousness as soon as he is fairly in the Queen's dominions. An officer of the customs is quite sure to wake up the drowsy passenger, who is required to disclose the contents of his trunks, etc., that the representative of Her Majesty's government may be satisfied, from personal inspection, that the revenue laws are duly respected. The subordinate officers of the government may not always address the stranger with precisely the degree of consideration due to his manhood; but as the agents of the crown in remote provinces are not specially employed to illustrate the principles of humanity or the manners of court circles, we must make due allowance for whatever is abrupt and coarse, either in the terms or manner of their address. Moreover, when one has been honored with an invitation from a foreign power to exhibit the curiosities of his small carpet-bag, all for the pleasure of her most gracious Majesty, and to promote the best interests of her government at home and abroad, it would manifestly be in bad taste to criticize the Queen's servants; so I forbear.

Without much delay, it was decided that the writer of this did not intend to defraud the government; and having already taken a seat in a carriage, I directed the driver to take me to the residence of Mr. E. V. Wilson, in Yonge street. We had proceeded about half the length of the wharf, when progress was suddenly interrupted, and a questionable looking personage introduced himself by demanding a small sum for wharfage. Presuming that custom, which is law, authorized the demand, the amount was promptly paid, and again our wheels were in motion. The last mentioned circumstance afforded a subject for curious speculation. Wharfage! The amount is insignificant, to be sure; but why is it, I inwardly inquired, that I am expected to incur this claim? According to Webster, wharfage is the fee or duty paid for the privilege of using a wharf, for loading or unloading wood, timber, goods, etc. But I have neither loaded nor unloaded anything at this wharf, save and except myself and the aforesaid carpet-bag. Now, am I fairly comprehended in Webster's category? If not, and his definition is sufficiently comprehensive, I certainly ought not to pay wharfage; but if, on the contrary, I am properly embraced in said category, I am obviously entitled to be regarded as merchandise, and the bill for wharfage should therefore be presented to the captain of the boat who unloaded me.

Toronto occupies a beautiful and commanding situation on an arm of Lake Ontario, thirty-six miles from the coast of the United States, at the point where the Niagara River discharges the accumulated waters of one hundred rivers into the lake. It has a population of 30,000 inhabitants, and a more extensive commerce than any other city in Upper Canada. The harbor is land-locked, and affords the requisite space for one thousand ships to ride at anchor, out of the reach of the violent storms which in spring and autumn agitate the waters of the great lakes above. Lake Ontario being about three hundred and forty feet below the water-level of Lake Erie—though they are separated by an intervening distance of only thirty-six miles—presents a comparatively smooth surface. While "the Prince of the powers of the air" seems to drive his thundering car along the shores of Erie and over her heaving bosom, he rides aloft above the pacific waters of Ontario; beneath his cloudy chariot-wheels the elements may find repose, and wake not when his voice summons them to battle and his eye lights up the path of midnight tempests. The lake scene, as presented from the Parliament buildings in a clear summer morning, is extremely fine. Ontario looks like "a sea of glass," in whose calm depths earth and heaven are mysteriously blended. The United States coast rises in the distance—a shadowy and spirit-like form out of the burnished sea—and is dimly visible through the soft

haze that hangs in the atmospheric chambers, as the empire of the stars is seen through the veil of the nebulae.

The streets of Toronto are wide and straight, but the shops and dwellings, for the most part, present a plain and rather dingy appearance; and on this account they contrast unfavorably with the more elegant modern structures in our own commercial cities. Yonge street, beginning at the harbor and terminating at Lake Simcoe, is sixty miles long, and as straight as an arrow. The principal avenue running through the city, at right angles with this, is King street, which is still longer, and terminates at Kingston, an important military post situated at the other end of the lake, and within six miles of the Thousand Islands. College Avenue, two miles long, is perhaps the finest carriage way and public walk on the continent. It is almost as level and smooth as a drawing room floor. Each side of the space devoted to carriages, and throughout the entire length of the avenue, there is a beautiful mall, some twenty or thirty feet wide, shaded all over with pine, beech, rock-maple, and horse-chestnut trees, all of which are properly pruned and in a most flourishing condition. The ground beneath these silvan arcades is free from underbrush or the slightest obstacle, and is covered by a soft velvet-like turf. Several of the public buildings are large, well constructed, and elegant; at the same time the residences and pleasure grounds of the Governor-General and the aristocracy exhibit the results of elaborate culture and refined taste, while they also indicate the impassable barriers which separate their occupants from the common humanity.

The Lunatic Asylum is one of the finest institutions of the kind in America. The edifice, which is five hundred feet in length, is well constructed of durable materials, and surrounded by extensive grounds. At present there are between four and five hundred persons in this Asylum, not one of whom, as I was positively assured, was rendered insane from any cause incidental to the existence and progress of Spiritualism. Some lost their wits in striving to get rich; but the world's people, and even the saints, still worship at the shrine of Mammon. Several were sent there by intense affection and an unwise devotion; but we did not learn that any one in the Provinces had proposed to suppress love and religion on that account. No; it is only in relation to Spiritualism that people, reputed to be sane, exhibit so much madness.

Spiritualism has a number of devoted friends in this city; and the invisible powers have manifested their presence on numerous occasions, and in a remarkable manner. Last evening a circle was formed at the residence of Mr. Wilson, and extraordinary manifestations occurred. The front of the piano was placed against the wall, and in such a position, with respect to the circle, that no one could reach the keys. For a long time the chords were struck and vibrated with great power by spiritual agency; and while several ladies and gentlemen were singing, the unseen intelligence furnished a sort of instrumental accompaniment. Subsequently, while Mr. W. was describing a frightful vision of scenes in the Crimea, a hostile engagement was graphically represented on the instrument—the representation conforming, in every essential characteristic, to the accompanying verbal description by Mr. Wilson. The firing of artillery and infantry—sounds resembling martial music at a distance—the trumpet-like crescendos of the battle-storm—the pauses in the terrible strife—the return of contending armies to the charge—the tramp of the war-horse—the explosion of magazines, and the falling of fortified towers, all mingled in dire confusion; and last of all, the solemn dirge, the mournful sibilance, and the still reign of death, all were rendered with startling effect by the mysterious powers.

STEAMER PEERLESS, LAKE ONTARIO, Saturday, June 16.

My lectures were delivered in St. Lawrence Hall; the audiences were not as large as was anticipated by some, but a number of the more intelligent and appreciative citizens manifested a lively and increasing interest in the subject. The Daily Colonist, of this date, has a lengthy report of the first lecture which is treated with more than usual fairness, notwithstanding the report as published contains many verbal errors.

A number of friends, principally ladies who had attended the lectures, met me as I came on board the steamer this morning; they came to take leave of the writer and two friends who accompany me to Buffalo. We conversed together in the saloon until the last moment, and then, as the Peerless tossed her cables they stepped back on to the Queen's soil, and the peaceful waters of Ontario parted us. They remained on the wharf, waving their handkerchiefs in the breeze, until we were lost to the external vision of each other, on account of the distance and intervening objects. Farewell, friends! your kind, parting words shall live in my memory, and in the future we shall meet again—at least in spirit.

A little incident occurred before we left the wharf at Toronto, which I must not omit to notice in this connection. Among the persons on board the Peerless, was a gentleman whom I remembered to have seen at my last lecture, on the preceding evening. He attracted my special attention on that occasion by the intense interest he manifested. As I came aboard, this man greeted me cordially, and further improved the occasion to express the high satisfaction that the lecture had afforded him. He was acting in the capacity of an agent for the different steamboat and railroad companies, as I inferred from his having a small trunk in his hand, containing passage tickets, etc., to the different stations along the several public routes. He appeared anxious to give me some evidence of his regard which words did not express, and solicited the acceptance of a ticket to Buffalo. I replied that I would accept it with pleasure, but had just purchased one. At this announcement he manifested disappointment, and taking leave of me kindly, went on shore. Some moments elapsed and I observed him standing on the wharf; his head was inclined forward, and he was apparently lost in meditation. Suddenly he started forward, as if a bright thought had crossed his mind, and with a quick step came on board. "Do you propose to return to New York?" he inquired. On my answering affirmatively, he presented me with a ticket from Lewiston, on the Niagara River, to New York (the fare is nine dollars). In acknowledging his generosity, I intimated an apprehension that his interest in my subject, and, perhaps, in myself, might involve too heavy a personal sacrifice. With a politeness more genuine than all the cold formalities of art, he expressed the pleasure which the opportunity afforded him, grasped my hand once more, fervently, and the next moment he had disappeared in the city. Here was one whom I had never seen before, and may never meet again in the body, who was wholly unknown as a Spiritualist, by the friends of the cause in Toronto; and yet he esteemed it a privilege to step forward from the crowd to illustrate the power of truth over the human heart, by rendering its humble advocate a personal service. May the blessing of Heaven rest on my Canadian friend! "R. Arnold," endorsed on the back of the ticket, I take to be the name of my Canadian friend.

I was most cordially entertained, during my stay in Toronto, by Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and received personal attentions from several other ladies and gentlemen, whose kindness will be borne in grateful remembrance by their obliged friend, S. B. B.

P. S. I may write again from Buffalo or the Falls.

EVIDENCE OF IMMORTALITY.

Dialogue between a Minister and Charles Partridge, in the Steamboat Fashion, floating down the Ohio River. Mr. Partridge was reading a pamphlet entitled "Man not Immortal, the only shield against Modern Spiritualism."

MINISTER.—What is that you are reading? Man not immortal! I never heard such an idea.  
PARTRIDGE.—This strange, sir, that you have not heard of the idea; it is quite prevalent in my section of the country.  
M.—Why, there is just as much evidence of immortality, as there is of our present existence.  
P.—I am really glad to hear it; please tell me in what that evidence consists, for that is just what many of my friends need.  
M.—Do you believe the Bible?  
P.—Yes, I think many things in it are true; but I find this inquiry in it, "If a man die shall he live again?"  
M.—It is also recorded that Christ was seen after his resurrection from the dead.  
P.—Yes, a few people saw him; but, if that be true, it only establishes the immortality of Christ, and not of you and me; and is it not strange, if all men are immortal, that none of them have come back to demonstrate the fact?  
M.—Moses and Elias were seen also.  
P.—There were so few persons comparatively who professed to have seen these Spirits, and that of Christ, and it was so long ago, that many people begin to think they were under some hallucination, and that their testimony is not reliable.  
M.—They don't believe the Bible.  
P.—Is all the evidence of immortality that you are apprised of contained in the Bible?  
M.—No; we perceive that when man dies, something goes out of him.  
P.—Do you see that hog on the bank of the river?  
M.—Yes.  
P.—Well, would you not see the same thing go out of that hog if it should die? Can you analyze it?  
M.—No, to be sure we cannot analyze it.  
P.—Then, how do you know, in the first place, that anything goes out of the man or the hog? Or, if there does, that it is or is not immortal, either in the hog or the man? The phenomenal aspect of death in the hog and man are alike, so far as you have any evidence.  
M.—We are taught in the Bible that man only is immortal.  
P.—Not so. I am afraid that comes of our egotism. I don't know of any place where it says so, or that hogs are not immortal; and, if they are not, what has become of those Spirits that went into hogs who ran down into the sea and were drowned? Were the Spirits drowned with them?  
M.—If a person won't believe the Bible, they can't know of immortality.  
P.—Belief is not under the control of a person's will. Your belief is as much under my control as it is under yours. Belief is a matter of evidence, and not of will. Your hope of immortality, after all, seems to rest upon the affirmation of a few persons who claim to have lived eighteen centuries ago, and to have seen Christ, Moses and Elias, after they were known to have been dead; but there are persons living to-day, one hundred to one, who affirm they have seen Spirits, and conversed with them; and what do you think of their testimony?  
M.—I think it shows the fools are not all dead yet; such an idea is preposterous and absurd in the extreme.  
P.—You surprise me; I thought you were trying to prove immortality, not by showing a Spirit, but by reference to the testimony of those who have seen them; and now you turn round and impeach your own witnesses by saying it is preposterous and absurd!  
M.—Don't say that those whose testimony is recorded in the Bible did not see, feel and handle Spirits, for the thing was prophesied, and they were divinely inspired for the purpose.  
P.—The fact (if it be one) that the thing was prophesied of, and expected, renders their testimony less reliable. We should say in these days, that a man's egotism to become the instrument of God in the prophecy, had hallucinated his mind with the idea that he had actually seen the fulfillment of it. Besides, don't you believe anything you see, hear and feel, that is not prophesied of? I had not learned that prophecy was necessary for the exercise of these senses.  
M.—Judge Edmonds, in his book, says he sees and hears Spirits; his talk when no other person present sees or hears them, which shows that he is deceived.  
P.—I am glad to hear of a case where only one of a company perceives Spirits and hears them talk, for I always thought it strange that Paul should say he heard a Spirit, and the others with him at the time said they heard no such thing; but if Judge Edmonds corroborates the statement of Paul, it makes the matter more probable, for Judge Edmonds is reputed to be a truthful man.  
M.—Nonsense! Judge Edmonds sees no such things; it was by the special providence of God that those men in ancient times were permitted to witness these things. Such things are not permitted now.  
P.—Do you consider God partial?  
M.—No.  
P.—Then why do you suppose he permitted a few men to see and converse with Spirits eighteen centuries ago, and denies the same privilege to persons now?  
M.—God permitted Spirits to appear to certain persons then, that they might believe and testify to the facts, so that others might believe in immortality on the testimony of these inspired men.  
P.—That was a singular arrangement of his. I suppose he did not want to be bothered by showing everybody! But the singularity of it, and the remoteness of the occurrence, without repetition, has brought suspicions as to the credibility of the account; and if God still wants us to believe in immortality, and acts by specialities as you say, may he not permit Spirits to appear to men now?  
M.—It is written, "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe though one rise from the dead."  
P.—The men who testified eighteen hundred years ago—the witnesses to whom you refer me—had Moses and the prophets; and you say God did permit Spirits to appear to them, that they might believe and testify; and we have their testimony, as they had that of Moses and the prophets. Now, having established a precedent, would it not be consistent with divine goodness to reaffirm the fact to us as he did to them? We read that God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever; and I am sure the world needs such evidence now as much as then.  
M.—That was a miracle, and the days of miracles are past.  
P.—Indeed! Where do you learn that?  
M.—In the Bible.  
P.—Pardon me, sir; but I must tell you that you mistake the cant of a set for Scripture. It is not in the Bible, nor anything like it. But let us return: You began by saying "there is just as much evidence of immortality as there is of present existence." You first repudiate all evidences of immortality, except the testimony of a few men as recorded in the Bible, and then you impeach the credibility of all other witnesses to phenomena similar to those which they affirm, on the ground of the facts being so

Let us pursue the sketch. No sooner is he executed, than an orthodox Deity seized upon him as a most delightful prey. Revengeful, vindictive and cruel, He views the victim of depraved associations as a culprit, drags him screaming to an endless period, and leaves him to the hopeless care of a hydra-stinged Devil, whose only pleasure and very omnipotence is in the desire for torture!

Eternity, eternity, eternity! and still the liquid flames lap his undying body. Eternity, and his prayer of agony is answered but by the taunting laughter of his hell-doomed master! Eternity, and instead of a relaxation from sufferings, the ingenuity of God and imps infernal contribute to increase his torture! Eternity—still, still dying with agony, yet never dead—"the death that never dies! Hopeless, hopeless CHILD OF HELL! Let us change the horrid scene.

Progression, like a good angel, follows the undeveloped but to bless and elevate. If born with cramped physiognomy, it by gentle culture strengthens and develops. If it finds the youthful sapling warped and crooked, it braces and directs. Its prison is a house of correction and reform. All its policy is to restore, develop, to perfect. No vindictive anger for the unfortunate by birth and education! One God for all—equal love for all—blessings for the just and unjust—final salvation for all, in spite of earthly disorganization, parental neglect, evil influences, and degrading legislation. Its Deity is worthy of our adoration—all love, purity, wisdom.

Yet while it promises hope to all, it offers every inducement for a life of virtue, in the declaration regarding the great law of the spheres, viz.: Love and wisdom elevate, and ignorance and depravity degrade the position of the Spirit.

PHILADELPHIA, June 15, 1855. A. C. M'C.

MODERN EXTREMISMS.

PHILADELPHIA, June 16, 1855.

MESSES. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON:

Gentlemen—In the winter of 1853, '54, Mrs. Hannah Thomas, of Ohio, delivered to a private class a series of lectures on different subjects propounded to her, and I have been forcibly struck with their teachings in the accompanying extract, when reflecting on the extreme views and dogmas put forth at the present time by the advocates and opponents of slavery, Romanism, and other political and moral questions now agitating the public mind. It has been forcibly said, "Conservatism on all questions of a public nature is at present at a awful discount," and it seems to me that our politicians and editors who are constantly teaching moderation in party politics, are likely soon to realize that they are captains without soldiers; while our clergy, who are so zealously insisting on faith in the dogma of the "plenary inspiration of the Bible as the only revelation of God's will," are only awakening the minds of their flocks to a more rapid realization of their bigotry. Men are being impelled by reason or by passion to act out their natures, and those who exercise reason soon find that the only true faith is a living one, which manifests itself in practical results; while those who yield to their passions, bigotries, etc., can no longer consult expediency to attain their views. As evidence of this, look at the sudden appearance of "Know-Nothingism;" the ultra doctrines now put forth, of slavery being a heaven-appointed and established institution, and the leading American principle that a belief in the Catholic religion is inconsistent with patriotism or fidelity to country.

The portion of our community who repudiate these extremes from principle, and by refusing to sanction them by acts, is very small. Many disclaim such extreme views from policy, but quietly endorse them by acts. The large number of votes everywhere for Know-Nothing tickets shows this. Where can you find a more rational explanation of the present signs of the times than in the philosophy taught in this lecture?

I confess I cannot find such, and do feel that its teachings lead me to apprehend increasing excitements in our country; for the question is clearly coming up for decision, whether freedom or slavery is national? The issue is upon us and must be met, and the American mind will not shrink from determining that, though a local law is necessary to establish and sustain slavery, none such is necessary to establish freedom; for it is national and slavery local.

Will you give this with the inclosed extract a place in your columns?

EXTRACT FROM MRS. THOMAS' LECTURE.

The internal spheres are about to be manifested in the external world; and this is what is meant when saying, "The hells are being loosed." Man has now arrived at that state when he should begin to reform, and it is deemed wise to give him such external manifestations as will teach him the existence and the nature of the interior spheres to which all are so rapidly passing, that being thus taught the fact that he may communicate with such spheres as his affinity attracts to him, he may choose his own position here, and abide its consequences in the second life.

Media have been and are used through whom these manifestations are given, but you are again distinctly told not to seek media, or rely on Spirits for wisdom, but each should aspire to be a medium himself; and that every one who earnestly desires spiritual wisdom or inspiration to enlighten him, and in a prayerful spirit seeks for it from the Fountain Source of all wisdom and love, will assuredly receive it as largely and as rapidly as he can comprehend and embrace it. It is important for Spiritualists to regard this teaching, for the times coming will severely try their faith. The darkened and undeveloped souls surrounding you in life will soon be influenced by the kindred spheres which are being permitted to visit earth, and you will need the exercise of an earnest love and desire to progress in your affinity with God, to ensure such a kindred spiritual influx from kindred spheres, as will sustain and enlighten you in the surrounding darkness and trials.

This is not said to inspire you with fear of the coming time, but to forewarn you that when you see all around you the seeming increase of undeveloped conditions of soul, you may know why it is so, and be led to rely with confidence on your being sustained in every trial, by angels who are attracted to you by your truthful aspirations for good.

When it is said that soon media will be greatly multiplied in number, and so fully developed that they will clearly perceive the sphere for which others have affinity, it is right to say we do not use the word "soon" in the sense or measure of time that earth's children do. There is no measure of time with God. It may be one thousand years before all the results of these manifestations now sought for will be worked out; and if you reflect you will easily perceive that the work to be done involves both the removal of the causes now in force, influencing man to his present inharmonious life, and also the correction of the many evil tendencies of his nature, derived from or transmitted to him by his progenitors.

Miss Emma Frances Jay.

By the last foreign arrival, private letters were received from Miss Jay, under date of 7th instant. She was at 14 Connaught Square, Hyde Park, London, but desires to be addressed hereafter at No. 9 Burton Crescent. Miss Jay writes that her health is rapidly improving, and also communicates her intention to return to the United States about the first of September. She will be cordially welcomed by a large circle of friends.

Correction.

In the article from Mr. Partridge, under the editorial head in our last issue, in the last paragraph but one, and the sixth line from the bottom of said paragraph, in the answer of the Spirit as given to Mr. Koons, substitute master for martyr, so that the same will read, "King and master of paints, servant and scholar of God." The narrative by Mr. Partridge will be continued next week.

extraordinary that they are highly improbable; and thus inferentially you impeach the witnesses to which you refer me, and thereby destroy the last vestige of those remote evidences upon which your own faith is based.

M.—I rely upon the Word of God. P.—Where do you find that God has spoken and said man is immortal?

M.—In the Bible. P.—Will you point me to the passages? M.—I can't name the chapter and verse, but the inference is drawn from the general tenor of scripture teaching.

P.—Then, through your folly of repudiating human testimony to day, your evidences of immortality for man are reduced to mere inferences drawn from scripture!

M.—Those men whose testimony is recorded in scripture were divinely commissioned and inspired of God.

P.—What evidence have you that they were so commissioned and inspired?

M.—The fact that they were permitted to see and converse with Spirits shows it.

P.—If that be the test of a divine commission and inspiration in ancient times, it must hold good to-day; and by the same rule you are bound to believe Judge Edmonds and Charles Partridge, of New York; Stephen Dudley, of Buffalo; Jonathan Koons, John Tippie and Judge Fulton, of Athens county, Ohio; Rev. J. B. Wolf and Mr. Hineman, of New Martinsville, Va.; Thomas White, of Mt. Pleasant, Ohio; and hundreds of other living witnesses scattered all over our country, and the wide world—are divinely commissioned and inspired to-day; for they affirm to have seen and conversed with Spirits.

P.—And who shall say men are not as capable of discerning and rightly understanding the significance of things which do appear to men to-day, as men were eighteen hundred years ago? It requires no more of the divine commission or inspiration for a man to see and converse with Spirits, than it does for you to see and converse with me, or me with you.

M.—I should like to see one of these men and inquire whether the Spirits were male or female, and whether they were clothed, and if so where they got the cloth?

P.—My dear sir, I feel that any evidences pertaining to immortal life and intercourse between the natural and spiritual worlds, are of too high and serious import to be made the jest of our lewd natures; and as to their dress, for aught I know they are made from the same piece from which Samuel's mantle was taken. The clothing is quite unimportant compared with the fact as to whether spirits exist and communicate with mortals; and no one will attempt to evade this issue by a witicism until facts and arguments fail him.

M.—I should like to have these men put upon their oath and cross-examined, and see if they would testify to these things.

P.—The witnesses to which you refer me were not put upon their oaths, and you ask me to believe them.

M.—The case is so improbable and important that they ought to verify it under oath; and the credibility of the witnesses should be verified also by those who know them.

P.—Many persons have affirmed the facts of modern Spiritualism, and their testimony is before the world; and can you conceive of any possible inducement for men to state these things if they are not true? These statements have cost these men their social, political and business reputation. All this they were apprised of, yet they affirmed, and continue to affirm, their convictions and experiences in spiritual intercourse. Several have done so under oath. The last affidavits that I have seen appeared in the New York Tribune of the 11th of April last. The manifestations embodied in the affidavits occurred in Trumbull county, Ohio. The facts were testified to by John Richardson, Eliza Jane Richardson, and James H. More, before William L. Bright, Justice of the Peace, who also states in a note that the facts stated in the affidavits are of public notoriety, and can be sustained by any amount of evidence. But the case has already passed beyond the credibility of the witnesses. It is a strange case. It is a case of concurrence of testimony to improbable facts by persons, between whom there could not possibly have been any collusion, the circumstances being such as are considered by eminent jurists to transcend the credibility of the witnesses, and to furnish the strongest evidence that can be given in any case.

M.—Still I should like to see a person who had witnessed these things, and let me look him in the eye and cross-examine him. I could judge whether he was telling the truth or not.

A GENTLEMAN PRESENT.—I have seen, joined hands, and conversed with Spirits audibly, and offer myself for cross-examination.

M.—Have you ever seen a Spirit? GENT.—Yes.

M.—Did you feel them? GENT.—Yes; I took hold of their hands and examined them as I do yours (grasping the hand of the Priest).

M.—What did it look and feel like? GENT.—It looked and felt like the hand of an ordinary sized man.

M.—Warm or cold? GENT.—I have seen and felt them several times, and sometimes they have been naturally warm, and sometimes deathly cold and clammy.

M.—Were the Spirits dressed? GENT.—They appeared to be. I did not notice the dress sufficiently to describe it.

M.—Were other persons present at the time you saw these Spirits? And did they see them? GENT.—Yes, on each occasion there were from four to fifteen persons present, and all heard, saw, and remarked upon the phenomena, and their remarks concurred as to the fact. All who wished took hold and examined the Spirit's hand.

Another Minister standing by, remarked—That is sufficient evidence that it was not a Spirit, for the Bible says, "a spirit has not flesh and bones."

P.—The only evidence Christ furnished of immortality was his appearing to the living in his natural body after death, and did not appear to them, and they recognised him only through their familiarity with his external appearance; and if you deny this, you have no evidence of another life left in the Bible; but don't press that matter now, friend, for I am afraid you will destroy what little grounds of hope this man has left.

M.—Did you talk with the Spirit? GENT.—Yes, and audibly, for hours.

M.—(Looking the gentleman in the eye said) he really looks as if he were telling the truth, and I give it up.

The Editor's first letter, written from Toronto, should have appeared last week; but it was delayed on the way until the TELEGRAPH had gone to press. The remainder of the correspondence, written on Sunday and Monday, 17th and 18th, from Buffalo and Niagara Falls, is unavoidably crowded out of this number.

THE WEEKLY CONFERENCES.

The Spiritualists of this city have been accustomed for several years to meet as often as once in each week, for the purpose of narrating the facts of personal experience, and for a familiar interchange of views on the various philosophical and practical questions which the spiritual reformation has prompted, and is destined to answer. It is a remarkable fact that no one has ever been called to preserve or restore order in these meetings, or even to preside over the deliberations of the New York Conference; and yet the sessions of this body have been characterized by quite as much decorum as is usually displayed in literary and scientific societies, or by legislative assemblies.

There are two regular weekly conference meetings at Stuyvesant Institute, 659 Broadway—one every Sunday afternoon, and the other on each succeeding Wednesday evening. The committee have placed a black board in the lecture-room of the Institute, whereon they have inscribed the following:

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. The object of these meetings is to impart information upon the subject of modern Spiritualism, in all its relations, by means of Lectures and Conferences.

The platform is free to all, of whatever creed, who may desire to speak in accordance with the objects and regulations of the meetings. No one is responsible for anything that is said here, except the person who utters it.

All debate tending to personal disparagement should be strictly avoided. The Executive Committee is responsible for the preservation of order and decorum.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

Session of June 20th.

Mr. Levy stated a conversation through the rapping and alphabet with a relative of his wife, who, after answering sundry questions of Mrs. Levy, was asked by himself if she (the Spirit) had paid any attention to the conversation they had been engaged in, which was the influence of Spiritualism as an element of reform? To which it was replied, Yes. He then asked for her opinion and that of the Spirits with whom she associated, as to the result of that influence on society and the individual? To this she answered, "A rational religion, a rational life, and rational reform."

Mr. Parsons requested to be informed if it was allowable to oppose Spiritualism in these conferences? On being told that it was, provided the objector avoided personalities and confined himself within the limits of respectful language and deportment, he proceeded to say that, wandering about Broadway without any definite object, he had dropped in upon us provisionally, though doubtless sent of God to bear his testimony against Spiritualism. He was opposed to it because it was against reason and the Word of God. Went once to 553 Broadway, consulted his mother through a medium, but found she didn't know anything. Got nothing but lies. Broke up the circle and came off in a huff. Mr. Parsons, in a very solemn and feeling manner, went on to elucidate the philosophy of this failure. The Word of God says, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," therefore his mother lied—that is to say, he had no mother to say one word, good or bad. Whether he ever should have a mother or not, would depend wholly on the contingency of her religious character having been such as to permit her bones being galvanized into life again by the trump of the Resurrection. This happy privilege belongs exclusively to the saints, and in the interim both saints and sinners go into liquidation—their bodies to the elements, and their breath (which is all there is of them) to God! This is why he got lies. How can that which purports to come from a Spirit be true, when there is no immortal spirit in man, nor will there be until it is conferred upon the saints at the Resurrection? He was not immortal; he had no soul in him—nothing but breath (mind). This was the Bible analysis of man—flesh, bones and mind.

Dr. Warner inculcated the largest charity on the part of Spiritualists for all who differed from them in opinion. His very idea, in his conception, was conducive to that pre-eminently Christian attribute. The time had been when he could not have listened to opposing views with the same patience and kindness that he can now. He had learned this lesson from Spiritualism. He had learned from it that the truth of any man is an essential element of his life on the particular round of the ladder of progress which he at the time occupies. It was a common error of reformers to suppose all men could sink alike if they chose. He would as soon think of quarreling with a sucking child because it could not eat meat, as to condemn a man because he could not receive his truth. Our mental constitutions differ as much as our physical. Every conviction, however imperfect, expresses the truth of that mind at that point in its growth. Hence, all men are right on their own plane; and if we occupy a position nearer to absolute truth, we can well afford to wait for others; for, if progression be a truth, they are sure, sooner or later, to reach the same point. Progress implies imperfection. No one is right, absolutely. We view facts through different media. This is seen in the varied interpretations of Scripture, as well as in the observations of natural objects. And its great lesson is charity.

Mr. Wilcox remarked that he felt the weight of a responsibility, in regard to Spiritualism, growing out of a fear of misleading others, which had hitherto restrained him from speaking in these conferences. Under a sense of the same responsibility, originating in what he deemed a solemn obligation to bear testimony to the truth as it had been manifested to him, he spoke on the present occasion. He had been a Methodist from early life, and had participated in the same prejudice against Spiritualism which obtains so generally among religious sects. But he was finally induced to examine the subject. His first efforts were failures. He tried different mediums for some time, with no satisfactory result. At last he got a thoroughly successful demonstration of his father's presence. But the most wonderful manifestation of spiritual influence and reality occurred with himself. Last winter he had a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs. It could be easily seen he was not fully recovered from it yet. At the time, it was not expected by himself or his friends that he could recover. The doctor could give him no relief. While he lay thus, as he supposed in the agony of death, suffering greatly from the difficulty of breathing, all at once he felt a holy calm, his lungs entirely free, and his soul happy as in the day of his conversion to the church. Through Spirit-instrumentality alone he was restored from that bed of suffering; and he thus publicly testified to it from the fullness of his heart, and from a perfect conviction of its truth.

Mr. Parsons intimated that this did not at all interfere with his theory of man's being a mere "wind instrument," because any good psychologist could perform equally great cures.

Mrs. Wilcox explained by saying there was no one present at the time spoken of by her husband but herself. That she was not a psychologist nor a Spiritualist at the time. While watching in painful expectation her husband's death, she observed a strong motion of the bed-clothes, which, together with her husband, in a horizontal position, were lifted considerably above the bed, so that his body was entirely free from it. On being laid down again, she observed him throw his arms above his head, and then burst out in an ecstasy of praise concerning the goodness of God. Then she discovered he was in the trance state. This state was reproduced every day until her husband was restored. She would be glad to be informed where the psychologist lived who performed that act of mercy for herself and husband; if in New York, she would be glad to see his card.

Dr. Gray commented on the case related. He said he should judge as an expert, from the remaining traces of the disease, that but few persons ever recovered from an attack so violent to bear the noble testimony which he had done to the truth and goodness which had restored him.

Mr. Cole related the history of his conversion to Spiritualism. He thought he had been about as hard-headed an opponent of it as could readily be found, but the facts he had witnessed had penetrated the crust notwithstanding.

Near the close of the conference, a gentleman desired to know of Mr. Parsons how many times he had investigated the reputed phenomena of Spiritualism? To which he replied, only once. The gentleman then proceeded to say that he had made more than four hundred different examinations of the subject, and there were many things he was not able to settle yet.

Adjourned. R. T. HALLOCK.

Stuyvesant Institute Lectures. Dr. ORRIS will occupy the desk in the Stuyvesant Institute on Sunday next. The subject in the morning will be "The Inauguration of the Golden Age." Evening—The Facts and Philosophy of Spiritualism.

Original Communications.

DEATH AND GLORY.

Near the dawn of a cold winter morning, While the earth wore a mantle of snow, An angel came down with a warning, That told us we soon were to go, And leave our possessive below.

Kind friends near the bedside were weeping, As the angel of death lingered near, And loved ones, that far off were sleeping, Were troubled with visions of fear— The death-bed, the pall and the bier.

The objects around us grew dimmer, And faded like shadows away, The light seemed but faintly to glimmer, With feeble and flickering ray— How we yearned for the dawning of day!

Oh, darkly flowed death's rapid river, While we looked on mortality's side, And, gasping for breath, with a shiver We plunged in its billowy tide— The billows that drown human pride!

But clearer the prospect appeared, And the waters grew tranquil and bright, As the kingdom of heaven was neared, And Paradise burst on our sight— Then farewell to darkness and night!

All heaven with music was ringing, When we left our frail vessel of clay, And voices familiar were singing, On the moon of that beautiful day, "Dear father, come home, come away!"

Now we dwell in the land of the blest, We have gained immortality's shore, We have entered the "Haven of Rest," And the tempests of life are all o'er— We shall weep in sorrow no more.

Our heart with affection still yearning, For those that are lingering here, From our beautiful mansion returning, We come with this word of good cheer— Rejoice! your redemption is near.

NOTE.—These verses probably owe their peculiar measure to a beautiful lyric that appeared in the TELEGRAPH some time since, over the signature of T. L. H., which was much admired by the external author of the above. They were originally spoken in a select Circle, under strong spiritual influence, emanating profusely from the father whose departure is so graphically described. The "visions" mentioned in the second stanza, actually occurred while the dreamer was more than one hundred miles distant from the death scene, and before they had received any intimation of their father's sickness. The last verse was added after a pause in answer to a mental query by a member of the Circle, asking if he had anything to say to the friends he had left on earth.

A SPIRIT IDENTIFICATION.

OTTO, March 18, 1855.

MESSES. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN: I have relatives in an eastern city, whom I have long been in the habit of visiting. In one family were two children, born deaf and dumb. They were active, and as they grew up were educated. The eldest, of whom I now speak, was for a time employed as a teacher in an asylum. She always appeared to be much pleased and grateful for the sympathy which I manifested for her and her unfortunate sister. By means of her slate we could converse pleasantly, and when some one of the family were present, they would converse by the alphabet, and translate for my benefit.

Last winter I happened in that city, and found my young friend evidently drawing towards the close of her earthly trials. Consumption had already brought her near the grave. She manifested great pleasure at seeing me. I conversed with her freely and cheerfully in the usual manner, was deeply interested in her conversation, and after a brief visit shook hands, and before passing out I turned again and bowed to her. She smilingly kissed her hand, and I left. Some two or three weeks afterward an obituary notice in the newspaper informed me of her departure to a better state. Involved in business, I seldom thought of my young friend, who had thus gone, as I trusted, to a higher state of enjoyment.

Last evening, in attending our circle, a medium present became entranced. She shook hands with me, and by signs manifested great pleasure at seeing me. What purported to be the Spirits of departed friends had up to this time conversed through the same medium, who now appeared perfectly incapable of speaking or of using the organs of speech. (Perhaps she had never seen nor heard of my deceased friend.) I was surprised to find we could get no word from her; on the contrary, she would place her hand on the throat to signify her inability to speak. I was wholly unable to account for this strange appearance. Her spirit appeared troubled, and commenced a pantomimic description of herself. She went through the motions of writing on her slate, holding it toward me to enable me to read what she had written, then rubbing it out, would appear to present her slate and pencil to me.

Yet I was unable to comprehend the singular phenomenon. She then gave a pantomimic description of my last interview with her, described her brother, who went with me to her residence, his habits and our conversation, shaking hands with my departure, and kissing her hand to me as I passed out. The hand of the medium was placed on my hand, as if to impress me. At length the recollection of that death-bed scene flashed upon my mind, when the medium, slapping her hands, again greeted me, and appeared greatly rejoiced, shook hands with my daughter, who was present, and who had some acquaintance with her. A lady present had some knowledge of the alphabet used by nuns, which she signified, and the Spirit at once spelled her name. Thus a communication was opened between myself and Spirit-friend. She was not able to control the medium's hand so as to write much; but we all felt that our circle brought out what to us appeared a new phase in these manifestations.

The Spirit appeared able to read my mind, but wholly incapable of speaking, or of the least exercise of the vocal organs. Quere. As there is no use for vocal communication in the Spirit-world, do those deprived of vocal powers on earth attain them in the higher spheres? G. R. J.

A TRIPLEX VISION.

We give publicity to the following, without expressing any opinion as to its reliability, and leaving its truthfulness or error to be demonstrated by the developments of the future. Should the prophetic intimations of the visions be proved untrue by a return of the ships referred to, no damage will be sustained by the general cause of Spiritualism; which does not rest on isolated cases of this kind; whereas, if the prediction should be verified, it will be so much toward establishing the reliability of the mediumship of Dr. Olcott, and of the presence of the Spirits from whom he receives his impressions.

Mr. Editor: On the 12th June, 1855, I took a threefold vision in regard to the fate of the vessels and men which sailed in search of the gallant Dr. Kane. Using the art and secret of Apocalyptic Vision, I was in spirit in the Arctic regions, and saw, as in sunlight, the following triplex vision: 1. A vast field of pack ice, and the men in two companies in regular

order, escaping in the line of march from the recent overwhelming destruction of their vessels. Danger behind from ocean currents urged them on. Inensible of their fate, they press on, and down a slight descent, and are instantly lost in a dark abyss. This abyss becomes enlightened, and an ocean stream, sweeping through a vast aperture of ice, due north, with a steady, resistless flow, and seen far off on the horizon, undeviating and unobscured under the angle of vision. I wonder! Says my divine teacher, slowly, solemnly, and impressively, "that is an Arctic Ocean stream, against which there is no return." The stream becomes clear as crystal, of far slower, but steady, onward sweep. To my expression, the return of men and vessels against so wild a current is possible, he responded, "There is no return." It shallowed; the water became clear as light. A fresh loomy earth was beneath; still unsoiled was the water in its flow over it, and when a foot deep was instantly drunk up by the earth, and the earth as instantly dry. The whole filled up, and near by and far off became a forested field in a tropical spring-like climate. "There," said my teacher, "you see there is no return."

2. Vistox.—I am in storm and tempest, fields of ice, an agitated ocean, and darkness. Suddenly all is calm; and standing on the verge of a vast field of ice, a clear northern sky appears before me over a polar sea. My divine teacher stands at my right hand, and says, "An Arctic region—look, behold!" I observe, and now see in silvery light a man I had before observed in the company, standing on an immense block of ice, resting on two vast icebergs. I am impressed that he feels desolate, and yet confident that the two are one. "Behold!" says my teacher, "the last man! There is no return." As I observe, the block is severed, and an abyss opens, into which the man is plunged. "There is no return," struck my ear. The abyss filled up under all the circumstantial changes of the ocean stream, and then he said as before, "You see there is no return!"

3. Vision the same as the second, except, when the scene opens, I am below the level of a vast embankment of pack ice, and see the Release and propeller Arctic above me, deserted and ice-bound. My teacher says "Behold!" I look, and see as in an instant both vessels ground to atoms by an unseen power. An abyss is opened, into which, as it clears up, the materials of the vessels, as saw-dust, are poured. It sinks, not polluting the water. I wonder as I see the wood sink the same as iron. My guide says, "There is no return." I expect nevertheless to see the wood float. As I look, a mountain torrent, opening through the ice, drits, itself unsoiled, fresh loom over the last dust, and self-arrested, disappears. A voice says, "No return." As I continue to look, the place boils as a cauldron over an intense fire. It cools, and the entire region become part and parcel of a tropical spring-like climate. "There," said my guide, "you see that even to this period, there is no return!"

The interpretation of this triplex vision is plain, easy and true, and requires no Daniel. That the Release and Arctic and men will perish in the North Polar Sea, and that till ages hence—till our economy has passed away—a thousand prophetic years, that is, 365,000—even to the deluge of fire—there will be no return—their materials, engulfed, converted to earth, consumed. The vision sweeps evidently to this period, an economy in the great year of the solar system around its central sun. In writing out the vision I have in nothing extenuated. It is, though triplex in equivalence, a perfect whole. The language which gives the key is simple, concise, graphic, sublime. The perfect union of what on philosophic principles appears impossible, with the possible is highly instructive as well as deeply impressive. The impossible is in futuro—the then things and principles as seen in reality. In the purity and highly electric state of things, the air, water, earth, our bodies, objects will be seen at an almost undiminished angle; the lightes: saw-dust will sink; water will possess a now inconceivable transparency and purity; ocean streams will sweep to polar regions, whose climate and florescence are an eternal spring, etc. The divine teacher will then be seen and conversed with face to face. Spirit bodies will appear again.

In conclusion I would make two observations. 1. That others may see the truthfulness of this law, and 2nd, that humanity may be advanced in the discharge of an imperative duty, I have made this communication. In the *ralph* was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God!—and now is, and ever will be God.

LOWELL, June 16, 1855. JAMES S. OLCOTT. A literal translation of St. John, I chap. I verse.

INTERESTING FACTS.

TORONTO, June 18, 1855.

Bro. BRITTAN: Are the following facts worthy of a place in your truly valuable paper? If so, you are at liberty to use them.

On the evening of the 9th of September 1853, myself and lady were seated at the table conversing with the Spirits; and after an hour's talk with them, we concluded to adjourn for the time being. Just as we left the table, the thought occurred to me that it would be an excellent test of the power of Spirits to understand our wants, as well as to be useful to us, to read them on errands. I therefore made the following inquiry, after we had re-seated ourselves at the table. "Can the Spirit of Palmer (the one we had been talking with) tell me whether there are any letters in box 397 at the Post-Office?" "Spirit—Yes, I will let you know in a few moments."

In five minutes he returned and stated that there were two letters in the box for me; that one was on family matters, the other on business; one was dated September 5th, and mailed on the 6th in New York; the other was mailed on the 6th of September, in Chicago, and was dated the 2d of September. He moreover stated that the writer of the letter from Chicago was A. Parsons; and that the one from New York was from Mrs. W.'s sister, and signed "Rena." We naturally doubted the truth of this communication, from the fact that we knew that Mrs. W.'s sister had gone to Boston instead of New York. But we concluded to question the Spirit a little further before we dismissed him. I then asked him, "Can you go to father Emerson's, in Illinois, and see if they are all well? and after you have visited them, call on Mrs. Ray (another sister of Mrs. W.'s, living in Illinois)." Away went our friend, the Spirit; and after the lapse of some twenty minutes he returned, and gave us the following:

"Mother Emerson has got home; Matilda's babe is dead and buried; mother is not very well; father's health is good; Mrs. Ray is not at home, nor are any of the children; Ellen is at Mrs. Honar's, William is at Mr. R.'s, and Emma is with her." (These were Mrs. Ray's children.) We then asked, "Where is Mrs. Ray?" The Spirit answered that she was travelling. We asked, "Where is she going?" He answered, "She is coming here." "Where is she to-night?" "On Lake Erie, on board the steamer Northern Indiana." "Then she will be here to-morrow noon?" "No, she will be here to-morrow night." "Will I meet her if I go to the boat to-morrow night?" "Yes." "But how will I know Mrs. Ray, for I have never seen her?" "You will know her by her dress." The Spirit then went on to describe her dress, where she would stand, etc.

We then left the table. In the morning I went to the office, and found the letters as had been told by the Spirit; and the one from New York explained how it came to be mailed in New York. It was signed as the Spirit told us. We found the same to be the case with the other, and that the Spirit had told us the truth. At night I went to the boat and found Mrs. Ray and her child, just as the Spirit had informed us; and I knew them by the description that the Spirit gave of them. Mrs. Ray also confirmed the truth of the Spirit's statement in reference to the death of Matilda's child, our mother's health, and every thing that this Spirit told us about the friends in Illinois.

Thus you see of what use our Spirit-friends may be to us if we will only approach them in a proper manner, and in the truth. Yours, fraternally, W. W. HAYDEN.

CURE BY AN AMULET.

I am an old man, and have seen the world both in Europe and America. Always religious, I took the Bible for my guide. But the riddle and mystery of our being was far from being solved to me by Protestantism. I was not a bigot. The many noble spirits of the past led me to look at men rather than systems. Contemplation of their character convinced me that doctrines and forms are but secondary in the affairs of the world.

I am a constant reader of the TELEGRAPH. I scarcely need tell you that I prize it above all Journals that I ever took. The "news" which bears weekly upon its white wings, is second only to the tidings which the winged messengers published on the hills of Judea. Yes, I may say second only to those but in point of time. The peculiar character of several communications in the last Number brought to my memory the following experience:

On arriving in this country, in the State of New Jersey, Essex county, about forty years ago, I was attacked with that distressing disease, the fever and ague. All my efforts to obtain relief proved unavailing until I was cured as follows: I learned that there was a Priest of the Catholic Church in Newark, who possessed power to cure the disease I went to see him. Courteous and accessible, he asked me in the first

place if I believed in the Lord Jesus Christ? I told him I did. At the close of the interview he left me for a short time, and returned with a sealed paper, which he said I must wear upon my breast under my clothes, and not open it. I did so. From that time the fever left me. I never had it again. But what do you suppose cured you? asks some unsprited inquirer. That is not for me to say. I did not contemplate affirming anything more than the fact. But you know what was in the paper, at least. Well I can satisfy you so far.

After a lapse of time, no fit returning, I presumed to open the package. On the inside was written as follows: "When Jesus was ascending to Calvary, prostrated by the Cross, His soul bowed, and His Spirit fainted, and His form trembled. Said one to another, 'See how he trembles! He has the fever and ague?' Jesus hearing them, turned and said, 'I neither have the fever and ague, neither shall he have it who believes in my name.'" UTRIC, June 10, 1855. JOHN GREAVES.

THE LILY.

A lily on life's tide was sleeping, Cradled by a shining wave, And its brightness rays of whiteness To the rolling waters gave. Calm and beautiful and smiling, Wore it then a holy ray; While the pale light, born of midnight, On its snowy bosom lay.

O'er its leaves like gems were glistening, Tears which starry eyes had shed; Not in sadness, but in gladness, Fell they on the lily's head.

Life seemed brighter in the presence Of that meek and lowly flower; And my spirit, lingering near it, Wakened to a higher power.

While I watched it meekly smiling, Tempest clouds had gathered o'er; And the blast which hurried past, Thundered 'long the distant shore.

By the vexed and angry billows, Soon the fragile flower was bent; And its sweetness, shed in meekness, Rudely to the gale was lent.

Off the waves went foaming, dashing, Sparkling o'er its stainless crest; But still whiter, purer, brighter, Shone the light upon its breast.

Then I wondered what could make it Ever smile 'mid weal and woe, All-confiding, never chiding, Like an angel born below.

But just then a beam of star-light, From a planet large and lone, Sweetly gleaming, meekly seeming, Fell upon its dearly throne.

Lo! a thousand gems seemed flashing On its bosom's stainless snow, And its brightness with its whiteness, Lent the angry waves a glow.

Though the sullen, turbid waters, Wet the tender petals through; Yet it gathered to its bosom Nothing but the shining dew.

Then I knew that flower so fragile, Weak, and shaken by a breath; Held a treasure drawing pleasure, From the storm which threatened death.

Ah! I thought how fit a seeming To our holy faith is this, Which from sorrow learns to borrow, Scattered sweets and heavenly bliss.

When the heaving surge is dashing, Mountains high above our head; When our bark in eddies dark, Sees destruction round it spread.

Oh! if then our eyes we fasten On that planet, large and lone, Which forever and forever Circles round the eternal throne—

One bright beam from it shall gladden All our inner being through; And our sorrow prove, to-morrow, But the soul's refreshing dew.

PHILADELPHIA. D. B. LETTER FROM NEW ORLEANS. NEW ORLEANS, June 7, 1855.

Dear Brother in the cause of Truth and Love—Our worthy self-abauged brother in the Lord, Thos. L. Harris, left us a few days ago from the West and North, much exhausted from a long course of lectures, upon subjects generally of vital importance to mankind, connected with the Spiritual movement. Our brother's lectures were of the most practical and useful kind, given in most beautiful, simple, and poetical language, touching the hearts and affections of his audiences. Many of his hearers would exclaim, "how strange it is that I have never heard such utterances before! I always knew in my heart that it was so, yet never heard it uttered." His audiences were made up of the practical portion of our intelligent citizens, such as dare to do their own thinking. Many Jews, Infidels, Catholics and Protestants listened attentively, and expressed themselves highly gratified at these utterances of truth. They listened very attentively to the proclaiming of Christ's kingdom, His second coming in His divine humanity, the building up of His New Jerusalem; proclaiming again, "Peace on earth, good will to man," and pleading the cause of humanity in words of glowing eloquence.

One of the most gratifying signs of the times was the invitation extended from two churches long distinguished for practical charity, to our dear brother, to teach within their walls—the Rev. Messrs. Ferguson and Clapp's. 'Tis but a short time since brother Harris preached Jesus Christ on the stage of the theater in a sister city, on Sabbath eve, because no church door was opened to him. These are gratifying signs of the power of truth and love over the stubborn nature of our common humanity.

Spiritualism is doing a good work in our city, depend upon it, though it is being done quietly in the hearts of men, at their own firesides. It is slowly but surely building up the kingdom of Christ in the family circle, softening the asperities of man's nature, begetting in his heart the love of God and his neighbor, and illuminating the understanding by the inflowing of light from heaven, by which he will be enabled to ultimate that love in practical charity.

Yours in the cause of truth and love. W. H. HUTCHINGS.

SPRITS NEAR OSWEGO.—The "Spirits," have recently been cutting up queer pranks in and about the house of a gentleman who resides near Oswego. Two females belonging to the family were surprised just at dark, one evening, while in a wood-house, at hearing chips thrum against the door. On opening it they found chips flying about merrily in the air, and no person in sight! A gentleman who went out at their request, to see who was doing the mischief, found the chips whirling in all directions. He went into the dwelling and closed the door, and soon two sticks of wood were thrown against it. Then the restless chips, untouched by mortal fingers, began to gyrate about the room, where the ladies were sitting. Five adult persons witnessed this manifestation in utter amazement. The hired girl in the kitchen had water splattered all over her, and it was sprinkled upon the clothes that were ironed and hanging in the room. They hung there through the night, and in the morning were found smooth and dry, and indicated that the spirits had busied themselves during the "silent watches," at the pastime of ironing. Other manifestations have taken place at the same house. Tables have indulged in the amusement of standing on one, two, three and four legs, and some have been lifted towards the ceiling, when no person was near them! etc.

The Oswego Palladium, from whose account we combine this strange story, says it is vouched for as correct, and that it was obtained direct from headquarters.—Auburn American.

Interesting Miscellany.

GOING HOME.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

We said that the days were evil, We felt that they might be less, For low was our fortune's level, And heavy the winter grew;

And one who had no possession Looked up to the azure dome, And said, in his simple fashion, "Dear friends, we are going home!"

"This world is the same dull market That wears its earliest stage; The times to the wise are dark yet, And so hath been many an age, And grow rich the toiling nations, And not grow the battle-peas, And dreary with desolations, Roll onward the laden years."

"What need of the changeless story Which time hath so often told, The specter that follows glory, The causer that comes with gold— With this wisdom, and strength, and honor, Must fade like the far sea foam, And fade is the only winner— But, friends, we are going home!"

"The homes we had hoped to rest in Were opened to sin and strife, The dreams that our youth were blest in Were not for the wear of life; For care can darken the cottage, As well as the palace hearth; And birth-rights are sold for postage, But never redeemed on earth."

"The springs have gone by in sorrow, The summers were given away, And ever we feared to grow old, And ever we blame to-day. In depths which the searchers sounded, On hills which the high-hearts climb, Have trouble and toil abounded— But, friends, we are going home!"

"Our faith was the bravest builder, But found not a stone of trust; Our love was the fairest gilder, But lavished its wealth on dust. And time hath the fabric shaken, And fortune the clay hath shown, For much they have changed and taken, But nothing that was our own."

"The light that to us made easier, The paths which so many choose, The gifts there were found no place for, The riches we could not use; The heart that when life was wintry Found summer in strain and tone, With these to our kin and country; Dear friends, we are going home!"

London Athenaeum.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY OF A MURDER.

The following facts are gathered from the authentic records of Her Majesty's Supreme Court at Sydney, Australia:

A free settler by the name of James Fisher, who had long successfully cultivated a grant of land in a remote district, had been for some time missing at the nearest market town, whither he had been in the habit of repairing with cattle and produce for sale. An inquiry was instituted by his acquaintance; and his head servant, or rather assistant on the farm, a convict who had lived many years with him in that situation, declared that his master had left the colony for some time on business, but that he expected him to return in a few months. As the man was generally known as Fisher's confidential servant, his assertion was believed, although some expressed their surprise at the settler's abrupt and clandestine departure. The month's wonder, however, soon subsided, and Fisher was forgotten. His assistant in the meanwhile managed the farm, bought and sold and spent money freely. If questioned, which was but rarely, he would express his surprise at his master's delay, and pretend to expect him daily. A few months after he had first been missed, a neighboring settler who was returning late on Saturday night from the market town, had occasion to pass within half a mile of Fisher's house. As he was riding by the fence which separated the farm from the high road, he distinctly saw the figure of a man seated on the railing, and at once recognized the form and features of his lost neighbor. He instantly stopped, and called to him familiarly by name; but the figure descended from the railing, and walked slowly across the field, towards the farm-house. The settler having lost sight of him in the proceeded on his journey; and on his arrival at his plantation, he inquired his family and neighbors that Fisher had returned, and that he had seen and spoken to him. The news spread from farm to farm, and most of the neighboring settlers repaired the next day to visit and welcome their old friend. On inquiry, however, Fisher's assistant declared that he had not arrived, and effected to laugh at the settler's story, insinuating that he had probably drunk too free at market. The neighbors were not so easily satisfied; their doubts and suspicions were awakened, by what they now began to consider a preter, natural apparition, and they applied to the magistrates of the district who directed an immediate and strict investigation to be instituted. Several natives of well-known sagacity and fidelity, were attached to the Paramatta police, as constables, and were of invaluable service in tracing and pursuing law breakers, and other criminals who had absconded. One of these known by the name of Sam, was ordered to examine Fisher's house and farm, and to endeavor to find traces of him in the bush. He sat off, followed by most of the settlers belonging to the Nepean and other neighboring districts, who had been collected by curiosity and intense interest. The farmer who had seen the figure resembling Fisher pointed out the exact spot; and the black, having examined the railing, discovered a dark brown stain on the split timber, which he scraped, and it appeared to be "white man's blood." He then without the least hesitation, set off in full run, toward the corner of a staunch blood-hound, toward a pond not far from the house. A little dark brown steam was floating on the surface—he scooped some off with his hand—smelt it and tasted it and cried out, "White man's fat!" Having tried the field, backward and forward in different directions, as if to recover the scent, Sam led chase to a small coppice. Here he bored the earth in several places with a ramrod, smelling the spot every time, until he paused, pointed to the ground, and said, "white man here!" The spot was specially dug up, and a corpse, sworn to by the neighbors as that of Fisher, was discovered, with the skull fractured, and in a state of rapid decomposition, evidently many weeks buried. The guilty assassin was immediately arrested and tried at Sydney on circumstantial evidence alone—strong enough however to convict him in spite of his self-possession and protestations of innocence. He was sentenced to death, and previous to his execution made an ample confession of his guilt. He declared that he had murdered Fisher, while sitting on the very rail that the settler had pointed out about three months before the appearance of that extraordinary apparition—that he had, in the first place dragged the body to the pond, where the black constable had discovered traces of it; but that, after it had been some days immersed there, his apprehension of detection, had impelled him to remove it to the coppice, where he had buried it by night and alone.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY IN A TUNNEL.

Mr. Butterfield, who is running a tunnel into Table Mountain, near Sonora, Cal., has given the editors of the Herald a description of a discovery made by his company last week, in the course of their excavations. They had got their tunnel in a distance of three hundred feet. Here, one hundred and ten feet from the ground, they found the trunk of a pine tree, 22 feet in diameter, in a state of preservation, and its bark on. The sap appeared to be in a partial state of petrification, and the outside was charred, giving unmistakable evidence of the contact of the fire at some period. Having cut out the portion of the tree found in the tunnel, the company have commenced sinking a shaft for the purpose of reaching the roots of trees. Our informant states that there is little doubt that the formation surrounding this tree is a solid bed of lava, which at some remote period flowed into its present location, covering up trees, etc. (as this discovery shows) in its progress.

JOHN BUNYAN.—Mr. John Bunyan was imprisoned in Bedford jail for the space of twelve years, for preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ. To contribute something towards the support of his family, consisting of a wife and four children (one of whom was blind), he employed his time while in prison in making long tagged laces. It is likely that he learned this occupation during his confinement; as Mrs. Bunyan observed before the Justices, when they committed her husband to prison, that she had nothing to support her children but what she received from charity. This proves both his habitual industry and his strong affection for his family, which led him to work so many hours for such small earnings as were derived from this employment.

This respectability of his character, and the propriety of his conduct, appear to have operated powerfully on the mind of the jailer, who showed him much kindness in permitting him to go out and visit his friends occasionally, and once to undertake a journey to London; as also by reposing trust in him, and committing the management of the prison to his care.

The following anecdote is told respecting the jailer and Mr. Bunyan. It being known to some of the presiding prelates in London that he was often out of prison, they sent down an officer to talk with the jailer on the subject, and in order to find him out, he was to get there in the middle of the night. Mr. Bunyan was at home, but so restless that he could not sleep; he therefore acquainted his wife that, though the jailer had given him liberty to stay till the morning, yet from his uneasiness he must immediately return. He did so, and the jailer blamed him for coming at such an unreasonable hour. Early in the morning the messenger came, and interrogating the jailer, said, "Are all the prisoners safe?" "Yes," "Is John Bunyan safe?" "Yes," "Let me see him." He was called, and appeared, and all was well. After the messenger was gone, the jailer, addressing Mr. Bunyan, said, "Well, you may go out again when you think proper, for you know when to return better than I can tell you."—*Leisure's Life of Bunyan.*

GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD.—Paris is the greatest city on the continent, with exception, perhaps, of Constantinople, which both Constantine and Napoleon pronounced to be the place for the capital of the world; and yet New York, reckoning as its inhabitants those who habitually transact their business within a limited radius, is greater than either Paris or Constantinople. The population of the chartered city of New York is estimated at this time at seven hundred and eighty thousand, but including, as London and Philadelphia do, the surrounding independent municipalities, her population exceeds a million. The four largest cities in the world, then, are London, Paris, New York, and Constantinople. The wonderfully rapid augmentation of New York may be in part conceived from comparisons. In 1815 she was exceeded in population by Berlin, Vienna, and Naples; in 1830 the chartered city alone surpassed them and every other European city, except the British, French, and Ottoman capitals. She had at this time a larger population than ever Rome had.

The estimated population of the cities of Asia have been most extravagantly exaggerated. It is confidently stated that there is not one of them that has a population exceeding a million. The largest city in India, Benares, has not over six hundred thousand inhabitants; while the great cities of China—Peking, Nankin, and Canton—instead of their three, two, and one millions, are neither of them estimated to contain a population over six or eight hundred thousand. We notice also some interesting data relating to the comparative space occupied by large cities. London includes its two million four hundred thousand in a space of seventy-six thousand acres. Philadelphia has a population of half a million within the limits of seventy thousand acres, and New York has its seven hundred and eighty thousand people in the comparatively contracted space of thirteen thousand nine hundred and twenty acres.

PRACTICAL PRAYER.—In the vicinity of—lived a poor but industrious man, depending for support upon his daily labor. His wife fell sick, and not being able to hire a nurse, he was obliged to confine himself to the sick bed and family. His means of support being thus cut off, he soon found himself in need. Having a wealthy neighbor near, he determined to go and ask for two bushels of wheat, with a promise to pay as soon as his wife became well enough to leave, that he could return to his work. Accordingly he took his bag, went to his neighbor's, and arrived when they were at family prayers.

As he sat on the door-step he heard the man pray very earnestly that God would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the needy, comfort all that mourn. The prayer concluded, the poor man stepped in and made known his business, promising to pay with the avails of his labor. The farmer was very sorry he could not accommodate him, but he had promised to lend a large sum of money, and had depended upon his wheat to make it out; but he presumed neighbor A—would let him have it.

With a fearful eye and a sad heart, the poor man turned away. As soon as he left the house the farmer's little son stepped up and said: "Father, did you not pray that God would clothe the naked, and feed the hungry, relieve the distressed, and comfort the mourners?" "Yes—why?" "Because, father, if I had your wheat I would answer that prayer." It is needless to add that the Christian father called back his suffering neighbor, and gave him as much wheat as he needed.

Now, Christian readers, do you answer your own prayers? WRITINGS OF DOCTOR CHAPMAN.—The late Dr. Chapman of Philadelphia, mourned by many who will laugh at his wit no more, has left behind a memory that will be transmitted through successive generations. His wit was equal to his skill. It is hard to say which did the most good, and as he always gave the best of both at the same time, they probably helped each other. Just as it happened when one of his patients revolved at a monstrous dose of physic and said: "Why, doctor, you don't mean such a dose as this for a gentleman?" "Oh, no," said the doctor, "it's for working men."

And a good laugh is often as good as medicine. Even him the physician was as certain as the opportunity. When in extremes it would come out of him. He was walking in the street, and a baker's cart driven furiously, was about to run him down. The baker reined up suddenly, and just in time to save the doctor, who instantly took off his hat, and bowing politely, exclaimed: "You are the best bred man in the town."

Very much against his will the Doctor was made a vestryman in his parish church, and one of his duties was to pass the plate for the contribution at the morning service. He presented it with great politeness and becoming gravity to the gentleman at the head of the pew nearest the chancel, who was not his own parishioner. The faithful collector, nothing daunted, held the plate before him, and bowed, as if he would urge him to think the matter over, and contribute something, and refused to go on until he had seen his silver on his plate. In this way he proceeded down the aisle, victimizing every man fit to come to the nearest pew to the door, where sat an aged colored woman. To his surprise she laid down a piece of gold.

"Dear me," said the astonished doctor, "you must be a Guinea nigger." They never troubled the doctor to go round with the plate after that.

THE DEVIL OUTWITTED.—One of our exchanges contains the following amusing story illustrative of a grave subject—the methods and instrumentalities sometimes employed by Providence to administer to the wants of mankind.

A poor, but pious widow lady, who resided a short distance from one of the villages of Eastern New York, had expended her last dime in paying the rent of the hotel which served to partially shelter her from the storm of winter. Not a farthing or a friend had she in the world, nor anything to satisfy the cravings of her appetite. In this dilemma she resorted to Him who has promised to be a "husband to the widow."

She poured forth an eloquent prayer to the Throne of Grace, and closed with an earnest appeal—"O, Lord! give me this day my daily bread."

It chanced that a mischievous wretch passed as the old lady was on her knees, and putting his ear to the window, heard the burden of her petition. Thinking to have some fun at the widow's expense, he proceeded to a bakery not far distant, purchased a loaf of bread, and returned to the hotel. Mounding the fence, it was not a very difficult matter to gain the roof of the house, nor much harder to reach the chimney and toss the loaf down.

Springing to the ground and placing his peepers to the window, he saw that the old lady had picked up the loaf of bread, set it upon the table, and was again on her knees returning thanks.

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