

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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WHOLE NO., 100.

The Principles of Nature.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY CHILDHOOD;
OR, SPIRITUAL UNFOLDINGS.
BY MRS. S. S. SMITH.
CHAPTER III.

But to resume the thread of these reminiscences. At the end of three weeks I was no longer able to attend school. A violent fever for many days rendered me oblivious to the things of earth. My convalescence was slow and tedious. Being no longer able to resume my studies of nature in the open fields, I felt an inexpressible longing for books. My aunt knew nothing of the consuming thirst for knowledge which preyed upon my health and spirits. When I see children supplied with books of every necessary variety, I recall with sadness those days, when, having nothing to attract my attention, my mind became oppressed with morbid fancies and brooding thoughts. Although I loved my aunt very tenderly, there was something in her manner which awed me into an unwilling silence whenever I resolved to communicate to her something of my pent-up thoughts. She usually spent a portion of each day in the perusal of two or three mysterious-looking volumes, which were invariably returned to the cavernous depths of an immensely large hair trunk. Never did a miser more eagerly long to grasp a coveted treasure than I to gain possession of these books. After mature reflection, I resolved to obtain them by stealth. I curbed my impatience until the ensuing Sabbath, when, no sooner had the carriage rolled from the yard which was to convey my uncle and aunt to church, summoning all my strength, I lifted the ponderous cover of the trunk, when, with a thrill of joy, I perceived the three identical books, with many other well-worn but carefully-preserved volumes. I seized the one lying uppermost, which proved to be Young's "Night Thoughts," a book, one would imagine, not much in unison with the taste of a simple child scarce seven years old. The mournful pathos of its pages seemed in harmony with my spirit, already penetrated with a sense of the infinite. It had put forth its feelers, and was hourly grasping after spiritual aliment to supply its needs. I finished the reading of this book on the second Sabbath, and being blessed with a retentive memory, the recollection of its pages afforded sustenance to my mind during the week. In this clandestine manner, with many misgivings as to its wickedness, I perused Hervey's "Meditations," "Solitude Sweetened," Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," one volume of the "Spectator," and that book so delightful to children, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." This book afforded immense scope for thought, and created, as it were, a genial atmosphere in which my imagination delighted to revel. I knew it was symbolic of the Christian's life. I often lay awake at night in my little bed, trying to weave a solution of its beautiful and highly-wrought metaphors. But, alas! a displacement of two of the books led to a detection. An interdiction was placed upon further visitation to the trunk. From this decision there was no appeal. With a feeling of despair I yielded the point after one single protest in refutation of my aunt's assertion, that I could not understand the meaning of what I read. Children seem to divine the character of their elders by a feeling or intuition, rather than by any process of thought. Being firmly persuaded of my aunt's innate sense of justice, I attached no blame to her in this matter; yet I deplored none the less her inability to comprehend this pressing want of my existence. With the waning of the year, especially after the fall of the autumnal rains, my enfeebled health confined me principally within doors, and the little knowledge I had gained from books only created a greater eagerness to obtain more. Like the traveler in the desert, dying of thirst, with springs of water near, which he is unable to reach, thus the memory of those books lying in the trunk mocked my eager thirst, until I again became despondent and unhappy. The recollection of seeing the sweet, pale face of my mother bending over my pillow, in my illness, and of hearing a few gentle words addressed to me by my new father—whom I then saw for the first time—indistinct at first, became at this period daily more vivid, and formed a nucleus of thought upon which my mind centered with eager longings. When in the midst of these sad dreams, I know not how, I found myself at home, and in folded in my mother's arms. I have no recollection of my return home. It is probable that this failure of memory was caused by an access of fever. As the atrophy of my heart lessened by degrees in the warm atmosphere of a mother's love, I caught something of the contagious merriment of my sisters, who called me the little Puritan, and ridiculed me for being over-pious. I had, doubtless, imbibed something of the grave and thoughtful demeanor of my beloved relative, whom I regarded as a pattern of excellence in all things. I had imitated her in being very strict in my devotions, allowing nothing to infringe upon the observance of those hours allotted to retirement and prayer. My dear mother, who rejoiced in my returning gaiety, experienced also, at this time, a far deeper joy in the discovery that nothing had been able to weaken my love and reverence for the truth.

I believe I have never to this day fully outgrown the influence of those years of solitude and isolation upon my heart. It seems as if my character, in its future unfoldings, acquired a depth and tone traceable to many of those early impressions so deeply graven upon my memory. I grieve to say that the shyness and reserve still somewhat habitual to me has been too often mistaken for a haughty independence and a contempt for the crowd, wholly foreign to my nature. Like Machiavel, I may have felt a contempt for those extraneous advantages growing out of a position merely dependent upon wealth. My soul had become, so to speak, too early disciplined into a sense of its own value, and of its accountability to a higher tribunal than that of man for the talents committed to its trust, to succumb to the opinions of the multitude in opposition to the still small voice of conscience, that faithful monitor which God has implanted in the human breast.

The spiritual bias of my nature, which many of my friends have ascribed to me, may also be traceable, in part, to these early years of solitude, which induced habits of reflection and moods of thought favorable to spiritual unfoldings, and those deeper intuitions which come to me since I have become a dweller, as it were, upon the very borders of the Spirit-land. The thought that my earth-life would probably terminate ere the meridian or noon of life, has been very pleasant to me. I have long regarded this stage of being as merely rudimental, an elementary state, bounded by a wide and glorious future, where nothing will henceforth retard the soul's onward progress toward perfection. Many sweetly solemn moments of spiritual intuition occurred to me in early life, when monitory voices from the Spirit-world spake to the ear of my soul, awaking aspirations to a more spiritual and elevated life. But through the want of a high moral courage, these noble resolutions and lofty aspirations proved too often evanescent as the morning dew. I had not then this courage! It has been the growth of years. I dared not conform externally to the teachings of these monitory voices. Alas! how nearly do the habits and customs of life bind and fetter the struggling soul to its ruin! One thing was truly astonishing to me—to see human beings, destined to exist forever, perfectly quiescent in view of so limited a knowledge of their own spiritual condition and ultimate destiny. The miserable accessories of this short life seemed to engage all their attention. I was nearly as ignorant as others upon these deeply interesting subjects, but was not, like them, contented in my ignorance. In vain I sought among the gifted and the learned, also among those professedly pious, to find a person sufficiently illuminated to aid me in sounding the depths of this unknown sea. My queries on these points were often silenced, but not satisfied, by the answer, "That these things were designed to remain as mysteries, and were wisely concealed from our comprehension." I could not believe it to be the design of our benevolent Creator that we should remain so grossly ignorant of the essential elements of our existence. Being deeply impressed that our own earthliness and a want of conformity to the higher spiritual laws have darkened the light of knowledge in the soul, I resolved to observe more minutely the phenomena of spiritual life, and to live, as far as possible, in accordance with my own spiritual perceptions of truth and equity. Having but little leisure, I resolved to make the most of my time, and formed the plan of reducing all my industrial avocations according to a principle or theory, with prescribed rules, embracing each department. By this means I was able to anticipate results, leaving nothing to contingencies. This process soon became familiar and easy, and not only lessened the wear of physical labor, but left the mind in a great measure free to pursue its own natural bent. Thus, whether employed in the common routine of domestic life, or engaged in an elaborate piece of needlework, my spirit, so often "athirst for music, rare music," ascending upward, star by star, "mingled with the flock led by the living waters," listened to the music of the angelic harpers, and roamed at will "mid the green pastures of the better land." A weary and toilsome pathway, a trying but salutary experience, is often appointed to the earnest seeker of truth, blinded by prejudice and preconceived opinions, ere he is prepared to receive the divine illumination on the mount of transfiguration. When, by reason of doubt and fear, the soul hesitates betwixt its former errors and a new revelation of spiritual truth, this divine illumination comes not to many until they have nearly forded the dark and turbid waters of the Jordan of death, when the light of eternity, beaming from the opposite shore, dispels the illusions which enshrouded their earthly career. Being anxious to attain to a correct religious theory, and to possess a well-grounded faith, nearly all my leisure, during three years, was devoted to careful study of the Scriptures, with an examination of the principles of the different religious sects, by a perusal of their most approved authors. With the exception of the Bible and one volume of Swedenborg, this course of study proved to me both wearisome and worthless. These endless and often puerile disputations, involving the non-essentials of Christianity, conducted often in a harsh and acrimonious spirit, grieved and saddened, while it weakened and confused my mind. Yet out of the chaos of

these conflicting elements I was enabled to weave a glorious hope of the future, and with the past

"I could see a time,
All mirrored in the far-off future years,
When men will cast their idol creeds to dust,
And know the evangel in its very heart,
Regardless of the form!"

I did not expect to witness in my earth-life an approximation of this glorious era, and to stand where now I stand, thankfully and courageously, upon its very borders! It has never occurred to me as at all singular, that with the rapid advance of physical science a new law of spiritual light should appear, or, rather, a revelation of a higher law with which we have hitherto been unfamiliar. Thus will it be in the future life; new powers will continue to unfold in the soul, enabling it to attain to a higher knowledge of Him before whom the highest archangel veils his radiant brow in wonder and adoration! A manifestation of this higher law will also enable us to attain to more just views of the spiritual world, and as we ascend upward in the scale of progression, to hold intercourse with those elevated and noble spirits who suffered and died for the truth, of whom the world was not worthy, and who have long since passed to their reward. No true faith will be subverted by an acquaintance with this higher law. Through it we shall be led to a higher appreciation of Him who came into the world a manifestation of the Father's love and presence. "Whatever of absolute truth or essential goodness" remaining on earth will beautifully harmonize with this new law. Whoever will carefully investigate the testimony elicited on this subject, will find the fundamental doctrine of the Scriptures reaffirmed. The very objections brought to bear against this new power will tend to strengthen the conviction of its reality. From the days of Galileo, who was imprisoned and exiled for the truth, down to the present day, opposition and fierce persecution has marked the advent of every new physical law. But the law of love and universal harmony will at length ultimately prevail. The golden portals of a radiant future already point the way to a period of universal brotherhood and peace. With all due deference to the opinions of others who may widely differ with me in their views on this subject, I submit these few remarks, emanating from my own earnest intuitions and limited personal experience, never having witnessed in my quiet and secluded life any thing of the alleged phenomena as attested by others.

It is said that the poetic temperament is deeply impressible. I believe that nature has graven her impressions upon my mind far more deeply than society or its influences can do. Even now the memory of some localities, rendered remote by the passage of years, arise before me with the freshness and distinctness which wafts to my ear the murmur of the waterfall, the brook, with its dark green stones covered with lichens and moss, the sighing of the piny woods, and all those sweet and musical tones in which Nature, the sublime teacher and poet, utters her inspirations to the ear of mortals, awake in my soul inexpressible longings to wander again amid those green meadows, and along those solitary and fragrant wood-paths, and beside those blue and winding streams.

Reclining by this open window, gazing upon those green, wooded hills in the distance, the eye of my spirit penetrates beyond their dense and massive shade, scans the illuminated horizon of the distant past, pausing delightedly amid the green oasis of memory, that blessed visitant which deserts us not when stranded upon the shoals and quicksands of life. The oasis of memory on which my mental eye now rests, the brightest in all the past, is that period when the fatherless child, restored to the bosom of her family, became the recipient of a fullness of love and sympathy for which her childhood pined so wearily for three long years. The life-giving warmth, the wholesome and salutary atmosphere of those genial home influences, soon dissipated those unhealthy and morbid tendencies which had well-nigh dried up the springs of her young life, and withered the heart's flower in its early bloom. The affection of her teachers and schoolmates, bestowed as upon one whom they delighted to honor, was received with deep humility and modest thankfulness. However faulty and imperfect may have been her life, it has been rich in friendship. That innate and beautiful element of our nature, the sole remnant of our primeval purity which has survived the fall, and which breathes only of kindness and goodwill to others, creates no antagonisms. In her case it had been nurtured into growth by many a sanctifying and purifying sorrow. Though many a dark cloud lowered above her pathway in future life, the heavenly Father's love, and the love and kindness of her fellow-beings, cast a halo and a glory over all. There was ever a silver lining to the cloud, and the brightness of crimson and of gold in the sky. The "child-dream" has been fulfilled! The "milk-white dove of peace," that beautiful emblem of the Holy Spirit, accompanied her in all her wanderings through her short life-journey. Its radiant plumage, so often obscured by the mists and the fogs of the valley, when she wandered from the way, daily brightens as they near its close. Beautiful and sweet have been its ministrations when the cloud hovered low and dense in

the sky. Its sweet, cooing note, heard in the still night-watch, or amid the din and bustle of the "weary, riotous world," breathed of gladness and of joy the world knoweth not, charming to sleep those unlovely voices of ambition, of worldly pleasure, with its petty jealousies, envyings, and strife, which sometimes awake in the human soul. The pilgrim and the dove have neared the delectable mountains. Its wings are radiant with the glory streaming from its brow; its eye is lifted heavenward, as if meditating upward flight. The midday sun shines upon the hills. They await not its setting. A delightful odor pervades the air, borne on the gale from the vales beyond the stream. There are gentle and familiar tones heard amid the murmurs.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away!

Alas! for the sad voices in the valley! Mournfully they salute the pilgrim's ear, crying, Leave us not! Oh! leave us not!

We part here, dear reader. You and I have still to cross the narrow stream "which divides the heavenly land from ours." To some it may appear as a dark and frowning river, from whence the trembling and affrighted soul shrinks aghast in fear and dread. To me it has ever appeared as in my dream, "a shallow and limpid stream," and my only fear is of the sharp and flinty stones beneath its waves. A few sharp spasms, a few mortal pains, and the weary spirit is enfranchised, clothed upon with immortality and eternal life. A moment, and the new life is begun—a glorious life of never-ending progression! How delightful the thought of emancipation, of a free, enlarged, more elevated, abundant, active, and useful life, to the soul fettered in bonds of pain!

How long, O Lord! how long? Thy chariot-wheels seem long in coming! Hast thou work here yet for me to do? If so, I will bide the time in patience "till my change come." Dear reader, hast thou thy treasure laid up there, "where neither moth nor rust can corrupt?" If so, God speed thee! We shall meet, perchance, in that heavenly land, and wander together by the still waters of the river of life, "the streams whereof make glad the city of our God." Till then, my benediction rest upon thee. Fare thee well.

MORAL FREEDOM OF MAN.

Is man morally free, or is he not? This question lies at the very foundation of a correct understanding of man, of his relations to God and to his fellow-men; hence at the very foundation of true jurisprudence, true morality, and true religion.

To me it seems the plainest fact in the world that he neither can be in reason, nor is in fact, free. God reigns throughout his universe. He alone is, and from him ever is flowing forth all existences, all substances, all powers. He is "all in all," every thing in every thing; every thing in the natural, spiritual, and celestial worlds is merely a manifesting—a revelation of him, of his infinite love, infinite wisdom, and infinite power. In him is the end of all things. He is the cause and equally the effect of all things. His power, constantly acting, ties every effect to its cause. His power ever and constantly holds atom to atom, draws the freed stone to the earth, and binds the earth to its sun. He is the link, the unknown, the invisible, yet necessary link that connects together cause and its sure and inevitable effect. From him, to the last and least of atoms, he governs by this inevitable, wise, and good law, or method of his being, called the law of Cause and Effect. He is the "first and last" cause, the "alpha and omega" of all things.

God, the highest and most developed arch-angels, angels, spirits, men, animals, vegetables, minerals; from first to last, and least and lowest, there is one unbroken chain of cause and effect that binds all together into one harmonious and divine system, that is the perfect Book or word of God, the Book wherein is revealed his infinite love, wisdom, and power. Every cause is followed by its wise and good effect, which effect in its turn becomes another cause to another effect, and so on from him, the Great First Cause, to the last and ultimate effect. His power is in all of these from beginning to end, incessantly acting. Any other theory inevitably results in atheism. Now, if God reigns, and is "all in all" from first to last, where is man's freedom in this chain of divine love, wisdom, and power? God can have no rival; nothing to thwart or interrupt his infinite purposes, else there must be a power independent of him, the All Powerful! No, thanks be to God! He alone reigneth, and not the most insignificant event that ever happened, but has a foreseen and inevitable link in the chain that binds, and will forever bind the last and least thing to God, the Good, the Wise, the Almighty!

God's foreknowledge of all things from the beginning inevitably results in the same conclusion. In fact, this entire dependence of man ever and constantly upon God, and that he is a mere creature of necessity, or, in better words, of infinite love, and wisdom, and almighty power, is as demonstratively shown by Edwards as any proposition is proved by Euclid.

Still another point of view: Man is made in the image and likeness of his Creator; hence he is also love, wisdom, and power upon a plane infinitely lower than Deity, but parallel with it. His inmost nature or substance is love, made up of various infinite desires, passions, impulses, and tendencies summed up in one word, "an irresistible impulse to seek his own happiness." These are manifested, first, in the merest animal instincts, then by higher and higher desires in ever-widening circles, till it culminates in its highest form of seeking his own happiness in promoting the happiness of others, which expresses the true law of his life. This spiritual constitution, or essential love, is derived from God through the great law of Cause and Effect from parents and ancestors, and, thus derived, is modified very essentially before the birth of the child by innumerable impressions made upon the mother. It is thus born; impressions are being forever made by external things through the senses, by the infinite things impressing, and molding, and modifying this mental and moral constitution in its education, which thus began before its birth, and will never end. The man is thus the center of infinite influences that are forever acting upon and impelling him. Where, then, in all this, is he free? Is he not a mere link in the great chain of Cause and Effect? Himself, his constitutional tendencies, affections, and impulses, from which springs his will or actuating powers, all of which he quite dependently derived from his parents, and since all these are guided, controlled, and ever modified by his wisdom faculties, which are also as they were made, quite independently of him by his education, circumstances, and situation—how, then, is the man free?

Here, it seems to me, is now, and has ever, been the great stumbling-block. Man is free, as a matter of experience to all, to do just as he pleases. The doctrine of necessity does not deny this fact for one moment, but only goes farther back and asks what makes him PLEASE to do so or so, and teaches that there is an irresistible cause or motive-power which makes him please or choose one course of action in preference to another. Let this point be well marked, for from this point two opposite paths diverge. One says, in fact, that nothing determines the will, that it is independent of God, Spirit good and evil, and of man, and all other conceivable influences; that it determines itself without cause or motive; and this results in destroying God's omnipotence and rule throughout his dominions, and introduces mere chances into the irresistible chain of Cause and Effect that binds the universe to God, and ends in making chance the creator. The other affirms clearly and decisively that nothing ever did or can happen without its necessary and preceding cause, so that if a man wills to do a certain thing, an irresistible and necessary cause made him so choose in preference to any other volition; that the man of evil tendencies must choose to do evil, and that the man of good tendencies or constitution must choose to do good when impelled by sufficient causes or motives; that a man is free just as the stone is, to obey the strongest force. When held in the hand, it may be and is acted upon by infinite things; by the sun, moon, stars, objects upon earth, the earth itself, and finally by the resistance of my hand, and thence by my will-power, which is entirely spiritual, and thus suspends the stone in the air. It remains in my hand, and obeys my will-force because that is stronger than the others. My hand opens and that force is withdrawn, and ceases to act upon the stone, and it then obeys and yields to the next strongest force, viz., the attractive force of the earth, which overcomes the aggregate of all the other forces from the sun, moon, etc., that act upon it. So with the human will. It must obey the strongest motive or force, for motives in spiritual things are what causes are in natural. The spirit of man is, like the stone, forever the center of innumerable influences, and it infallibly obeys the strongest. If there be such a monster as chance in the universe of the almighty and omnipotent God, then may the will be free, and nothing may determine it one way or another. But if every thing results from causes that precede them, there can then be no moral freedom, but some cause determines irresistibly every act of choice.

Let us admit, then, and act upon this great central truth, and what a change would result in the world! Does pain, discord, and crime exist? Search and find out the causes that produce them, and eradicate them and those evils, and the effects must cease to be. The physician must discover the cause that is acting which results in disease; remove that, and health returns. If that can not be done, the effect must continue to result, and health can not return, though he may prescribe drugs in larger or smaller doses till doomsday. If the organic laws are violated, the effect, disease, must appear. Medicine must be revolutionized, and man must be taught by the philosophic physician that there can be no vicarious atonement by drugs for living in violation of any organic law. They must know and obey these laws to enjoy health or physical harmony.

In morals does my neighbor sin against me in any manner? Let society take the alarm that something is wrong in their condition, diligently seek into and discover the causes that produced that wrong effect—that disease in the body politic—

and go to work like wise men to remove the cause and not the effect, as they now do by the jail and gallows, and not punish vindictively as they now do the poor victim of their own faults.

Furthermore, theology will be practically revolutionized, and men will be free indeed, no longer to fear, but to love their Creator. Do I see and know from this doctrine and great fact of "philosophical necessity" that all acts are the inevitable results of preceding causes, which, also, in their turn, have irresistibly flowed forth from other preceding causes, and so on from the beginning of all things? I can not but have charity for my neighbor, though he has injured me. I pity him and try to remove the cause, if possible, which makes him do thus wrongly.

As God alone is absolutely, and not relatively, perfect, that is, absolutely good, wise, and powerful, and all and every thing else is only relatively good, wise, and powerful on an infinitely lower plane, and so really imperfect, here we see the true origin, end, necessity, and good of what we call evil. God alone is absolute perfection and goodness and truth. His creatures must of necessity be inferior to himself, else they would all be equal with God, and be Gods. Hence there must of necessity be an infinite distance between the highest archangel and God in love or goodness, in wisdom or truth, and in power. In one word, he must, of necessity, be infinitely imperfect when compared with God.

God alone is absolute perfection and goodness and truth. His creatures must of necessity be inferior to himself, else they would all be equal with God, and be Gods. Hence there must of necessity be an infinite distance between the highest archangel and God in love or goodness, in wisdom or truth, and in power. In one word, he must, of necessity, be infinitely imperfect when compared with God.

Hence we see the good of evil, nay, of pain, either physical or mental. It is the alarm-bell that forces upon our attention the fact that something is wrong, and never lets us rest till we cease to do wrong and begin to do right.

All God's punishments are thus not ends, but wise and kind means to our progressive good. To pray, then, that we may be relieved from these wise and kind consequences of our deeds, is to be like the child who might sincerely, but very unwisely, pray that God would allow him to put his fingers into the fire without pain.

But who can follow out this central truth into all its relations? It would fill encyclopedias, and will revolutionize and Christianize the world.

Fix the attention upon this point—we are free to do as we choose. I say we choose, because motives or causes act upon our volition sufficient to make us so choose. He who says that we are morally free (though all see we are not physically), says that nothing makes us choose; in other words, an effect is being constantly produced without a cause, which ends irresistibly in Atheism or chance. Which side do you take? One or the other must be true. If the will of man is not determined by motives, and is left out of the great chain of cause and effect by which God governs all things and irresistibly binds his creation to himself, then is man free, and then are powers undervived from and independent of the Almighty. But if all things from first to last, from highest angel to lowest spirit, from suns to atoms, "from the rap seraph" to "devils damned," are merely manifestations of him, revelations of him, and "live, move, and have their being" in him, then, thanks be to his infinite love, we are not free, but predestined to eternal progress in goodness and truth and use. God is of himself sufficient for all his divine creation. When the world is sufficiently enlightened to see and act from this great truth of "philosophical necessity," prevention will take the place of punishment; causes of evils will be sought after, and means patiently and wisely taken to eradicate them, and the evils must cease when their causes cease. Let us also distinctly

see and understand that God alone is perfect and good; all things else, even in the highest heavens, are relatively ignorant of him who is truth, are imperfect and evil, and must forever be, for only God can comprehend all of God, all of truth, all of goodness. "He chargeth his angels with folly." Hence, as wherever there is evil, there must be something wanting from perfect happiness; in other words, wherever there is sin there must be attached to that error some pain to make known that something is wrong, and to make us search after the cause and remove it. So, in this strictest philosophical sense, even in the celestial heavens, all sin is eternally punished, not as a retributive end without a wise love to the sufferer, but as the very best means to secure his further and eternally still further progress in goodness and truth, in oneness with his Father, in immortal growth in love, wisdom, purity, and happiness. Oh! what a Father have we all to love! How pagan-like is the common idea that, being free, the good go down to death to a perfect heaven, where there is no sin or sorrow, and the bad to an eternal hell of torment, without hope of improvement, as an end in itself! They make God not even as good as a poor Christian is told to be. "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven." Why should we do thus? Does God? Does he eternally forgive his puny enemies? Does he forever bless them that curse him? Does he indeed never tire of blessing and doing good to them that hate him? Or does he really tire of doing good to his poor, puny enemies after a few years of hating him, and then turn them into hell for an eternity of inconceivable torment without the least idea of thereby benefiting their wretched condition? Ministers of our day, what shall men think of your God? How much better or more worthy of our love is he than the war-god of the ancient Mexicans?

Ponder upon these truths, for the enlightened minds of the age are pondering them! CHARLES H. CRAIGIN. GEORGETOWN, D. C., March 2, 1854.

THE DISTURBER—THOUGHT.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

Dash low thy wild wave of despair, Deep ocean of the human breast; Let every voice of earth or air Be silent on thy shore of rest. As cautious as the steps of fear 'Tread if thou wilt thy widening goal: Thy march is made with beauty clear, From beaming jewels of the soul. The tides of life doth ebb and flow In restless currents down thy stream, And lights which pave the wave below, Blume life's harbor with the gleam. Thy sunshine and thy storm hath wrecked Rich argosies of wealth for thee, And thy invading armies sacked The towns of freedom no more free. The children of thy dreams do flow, Like school-boys from an open school: Experience following calm and slow, Like the old master from his stool. The universe's secret stores Are thine, inalienably thine— Those unsurveyed and pallid shores, The widening gulfs of death define. Thy dew-washed lily's pallid seal The desert isles of life hath lined, And earth's adoring angels kneel To kiss the chart by Genius signed. The scolding wind from out the porch Of the blue-dom'd cathedral skies, Doth fan to life thy dying torch, Thy altar-fire of hope to rise. Lone Seraph on the walls of Time, In holy concord let thy friend And brother, feeling, with thee climb, To thy majestic journey's end. Unvarying from sire to son, Have thought and feeling marked the man: Two currents mingling into one, Disposed the universal plan. There is no bird without its mate; No music leaves unheard the lyre; There is no hearth so desolate, But bears some traces of the fire. There is no grave so cold and deep— Urn of the heart's celestial mold— But that the stone above doth keep, The story feeling there hath told. They err who say the dreariest fate Which nature's sternest lessons taught, Hath not a well-compensated mate, For this mysterious essence—Thought.

COME, BROTHERS, AND JOIN.

BY HENRY CLAY PREUSS.

Come, brothers, and join our spiritual band, We'll spread the glad tidings of peace through the land; We are called to our mission by angels above, To preach and to practice the Gospel of love. Come, Christian and Turk, come, Gentile and Jew, The vineyard is ripe, the laborers few; From the king on his throne to the serf of the soil, We are brothers all stamped in the image of God. Would ye flee to a refuge from sorrow and sin? Remember the "kingdom of heaven's within;" The angels are sent us this truth to impart, That God writes his Gospel in every man's heart. Hark! the cry of the human is heard as of old—"Bread for the body and bread for the soul!" That cry has drawn down the bright Spirits above, And they bid us unite in this labor of love. Too long has oppression prevailed against right; Too long has our ignorance blinded our sight; The night has been dark, will the day never break? Too long have we slumbered—oh, brothers, awake! Come, brothers, unite in our spiritual band, We'll spread the glad tidings of peace through the land; We are called to our mission by angels above, To preach and to practice the Gospel of love! WASHINGTON, D. C.

WONDERFUL PRESERVATION.—During the gale of Friday night, the table end of the brick house occupied by Rev. Mr. Gallagher, in the 4th Ward, blew in, falling partly on a bed in which there was a little boy sleeping. A heavy timber fell directly across the pillow, but the little fellow was so curled up in the bed, owing to the severity of the night, that it did not touch him. The bed was also covered with brick, and yet the boy escaped without a scratch, as if an object of the especial care and protection of a superintending Providence.—Osteo Times.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTON, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1854.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Persons who send communications intended for the press should, if they desire to preserve them, invariably retain a copy, so as to preclude the necessity for our returning them in case they are not published. Among the mass of rejected papers they are extremely liable to be lost, and we can not be responsible for the safe keeping of communications which, in our judgment, are of no value.

PRESENT ASPECT OF THE WORLD.

No one can look upon the general aspect of the world, or review its progress and changes for five years past, without being impressed with the sense that extraordinary spirits, or agencies, have been, and now are, at work. The mighty upheaving of old policies, religious and social systems, to mark the presence of some more potent influence than is visible to the eye of sense. Almost simultaneously great revolutions have convulsed the four quarters of the globe, and the human race have been strangely moved and quickened in destructive or productive activity. While Europe awoke at the shout of trampled millions, suddenly roused to demand freedom, and to hurl down blood-cemented thrones, and dynasties hoary with age and crime, Asia her center felt a renewing spirit, and the Chinese Empire arose against its Tartar oppressors, filled with a new religion, a new policy, and a promise—on the tongue, at least—of the social and political regeneration of a mighty people.

Nor were the more familiar regions of the Old World alone convulsed. Coincident with their revolutions, the gold discoveries of California and Australia made the hearts of universal enterprise and avarice throb like the pulse of a sudden tempest. Myriads of men rushed to and fro—old homes were abandoned, old and tender ties sundered, and from the snowy North,

Whose frigid wind, Keener and colder than the frosted spears Of polar seas, that pierce the ocean's rind And prick the sky."

to the sunny South, where the tropic sky is a-flame with radiant heat, migrated gold-seeking legions. All suddenly the earth trembled beneath the tread of marching squadrons, driven to carnage and death, and of vaster armies, allured by a subtler and mightier God than war—some to gather fortune, and many to wreck their all in desert wastes, where their white-bone bones are a sad and warning monument. Never before has the world beheld the like. It was as if the elements, without and within, had conspired to awaken mankind—to shake together, as in a sieve, the nations and races, peradventure for the cleansing of the grain from the chaff.

And what is most remarkable, light and progress to the aggregate of humanity have followed these upheavings. Liberty, reason, and truth have found a wider and still widening utterance. The despotisms of caste and creed have been, and are being, questioned, sifted, and abjured as they were never before. "The universal heart of man has been made to hunger and thirst after his age-strangled rights—his heaven-born prerogatives. True, reaction here and there may seem to cloud the luminous dawn of the better day, but reactions with peoples once truly awakened, are but pauses in the storm, which must, sooner or later, vent its fury and its fires, and leave the atmosphere pure, and clear, and radiant as the azure heavens by which it is canopied.

And, harken to yon roar, rising in the north! From the Danube to the Don there is a rushing of mailed hosts. As gathers a mighty tempest, which is to shake the firm earth, so gather the followers of the Crescent and the Cross—no holy light gleams in their eyes, but rather a glare, withering, and blinding, and blackening like lightning or the unloosed furies. Is there no regenerating spirit, not conceived by Sultan or Czar, firing yon angry hosts? Shall only lust for empire and temporal power, or the extinction of some religion, issue from yon lurid clouds, death-charged for exterminating encounter. When the awful shock is past, and the fragmentary legions stagger back, bruised and maimed, to die by the blackened graves and hearth-stones of their homes, and great spaces of the earth are red and desolate with the fiery fever of carnage, will no soft wind and balmy dew descend—no golden light quicken the horror-cinctured earth, even though it were a universal battle-field, and call from its charred bosom new and brighter blooms, among which, in coming time, humanity shall flower with truth, and freedom, and righteousness?

God's purposes are subserved in all things. His ways may seem to us inscrutable, standing as we do on the mortal level; but be assured they are just, and work together for his own glory and the salvation of man. When we shall be uplifted, to look down and abroad upon the record of God's providence, as written all over the universe—a revelation and a gospel that can not change nor fail—we shall behold that, in this, our day, in all these revolutions, the Almighty's hand moved in the storm, guided the encountering elements, determined the issues, and perfected the destinies of our race. We shall behold that myriads of his spirits were participants in the divine drama of the earth; and that all life, however actuated as it may seem to us, contrary to God's will, was—as from the beginning—convergent toward its Creator, drawn thither by chords of irresistible attraction and love, and fulfilling, to the letter, the eternal design. c. d. s.

SPIRITUALISM AT WASHINGTON.

The Editor of the TELEGRAPH is now at the national capital, whither he went on the 22d of March, as the bearer of the Spiritualists' Memorial to Congress, and to deliver two lectures on Spiritualism. When the Memorial will be presented, and by whom, is not yet determined—nor whether it will be first presented to the Senate, or the House of Representatives. There are numerous believers and able advocates of Spiritualism in both bodies. In regard to the lectures we have clipped the following notice from the Washington papers: "SPIRITUALISM."

A lecture on "SPIRITUALISM" will be delivered at Carusi's Saloon, on Thursday and Saturday evenings, March 23d and 25th, at 7 1/2 o'clock, by Professor Britton, of New York. The high character of Professor Britton as a scholar and lecturer, as well as the intrinsic merits of the subject, can not fail to command the attention of all who feel an interest in knowing something of the most extraordinary phenomena of the present or of any preceding age. Admission 25 cents, to cover expenses of the hall, etc. Tickets to be had at the door.

H. P. TALLMADGE, J. R. GIDDINGS, C. LAURIE, } Committee.

Editorial Correspondence.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON CITY, Friday, March 24, 1854.

BRO. PARTRIDGE:

I reached Philadelphia about ten o'clock on Wednesday evening. The cars were a little later than usual, owing to the snow storm, which commenced at about the hour of my departure. I soon found myself comfortably disposed of for the night at the La Pierre, which is one of the best hotels in the country. It is clean and beautiful as a palace, and quiet as a private dwelling. I was obliged to take a late supper or none at all. I know your repugnance to late suppers, and it must be conceded that they do not generally inspire pleasant dreams. There is a mysterious and intimate connection between our brains and our stomachs. When the latter are in want—which happens very frequently—they send up a dispatch along the principal sympathetic nerve, which answers the purpose of a telegraph wire, and it is instantly communicated to the members of the "upper house," who thereupon move to adjourn, or, what amounts to the same thing, they adjourn to *moore*. It is not without great difficulty and the most urgent necessity that this action can be prevented or delayed. The motion to "postpone indefinitely" is never "concurrent in," and the motion to "lay on the table" never has the effect to defeat the original motion. The party who presides, and whose function it is to execute the decisions of the body, usually enforces the resolution as soon as it is adopted. For this purpose he connects the electrical batteries with the machinery of locomotion, which is chiefly in the basement story of the building, and the whole establishment, including all the members, moves off at once in the appropriate direction. Sometimes the will imposes a salutary restraint on the claims of the stomach, when the members generally concur in the opinion that its demands are unreasonable; at other times the executive officer is inclined to sleep, and is easily prevailed upon to retire, when the stomach is sure to have a good time in its own way, though it often undertakes more business than it can properly digest.

I have said that late suppers are not adapted to inspire agreeable dreams. Many impressions on the mind, even in sleep, can be directly traced to the peculiarities of our physical condition. When we retire with a full stomach, for example, we are liable to dream that the room is small, and that we are crowded; or, perhaps, that our tailor has made a mistake and cut our vest too small. But all this is more tolerable than the visions which are borne of *emptiness*. At one time the sleeper dreams of a terrible famine, and hosts of poor creatures, with sharp features and lean forms, pass before him. Then he fancies that he is a *balloon*, and is kept in shape by nothing more substantial than some impalpable gas. Or, he may unexpectedly find himself at the table of a fashionable boarding-house, with a brilliant display of clean plates and polished cutlery, but not much to eat.

I am here reminded of a friend who is quite disposed to regard the decisions of his "lower house" as of paramount authority. He was once *sold* for going to bed with an empty stomach. I am sure he was not properly responsible for the deed, for he acted from necessity rather than choice. An earnest remonstrance was, however, forwarded "from down below" to the proper department, but it arrived too late; the session for that day was over, and the members had retired for the night. However, the subordinate powers would not be still, but continued, all night long, to call for "further appropriations." There was "a gone sensation" at the stomach, and that was the subject of a continuous communication, which was rapped out at the sensorium as with the abrupt emphasis of an auctioneer's hammer. It was in this manner that my friend was sold; for what was primitively a *sensation* ultimately became an intelligible *language*, and he heard a loud voice saying, "Going, going, gone!" The idea of being sold startled him, and he awoke to rejoice in the consciousness that he was still his own proprietor, and that the breakfast hour had arrived.

When I took up my pen I had no thought of a disquisition on the philosophy of dreaming, and know not how I happened to get into that channel, unless it be owing to the circumstance that the first part of my journey was not characterized by any incident that would serve as the staple for a paragraph.

INTRODUCED BY THE SPIRITS.—I left the La Pierre at nine o'clock, and took my seat in the cars for Baltimore. An interesting incident occurred, which should not be omitted in this letter. The cars had not yet left the depot, and I was occupying a seat alone. The other seats around and near me were filled. Several gentlemen passed through the car, but manifested no disposition to share my seat. At length a young man whom I had never seen before, and of whose existence I had no previous knowledge, came in and deliberately seated himself by my side. He had not been there three minutes before I received a distinct impression that he was a medium. To test the correctness of my impression, I mentally requested that if the strange gentleman were a medium, some Spirit would shake his right hand. In a moment he appeared to be resisting some foreign influence, his hand was spasmodically moved several times, and his eyes closed. Turning toward him, I said, "Sir, I perceive that you are a Spirit-medium." He at once admitted that he was, and that he had started for Washington by direction of the Spirits. The gentleman's name is PARDEE, and his home is in Philadelphia.

No other incident worth mentioning occurred on the route to this city. I arrived here at half-past five o'clock, and found Ex-governor Tallmadge and Frank L. Burr, Esq., at the depot waiting my arrival.

All day long the weather was as fickle as a capricious young lady who laughs, and frowns, and weeps all in the same hour; ever and anon smiling for a moment with such a genial warmth that we almost fancy all the flowers of the tropics are ready to bloom in our hearts; and then, suddenly, frowning in anger and raising such a breeze as ultimates in slamming all the doors in the house. Just such a breeze was raised last evening at the precise hour of my lecture. It was not the first time that the elements and your humble servant have made a simultaneous effort. The coincidence has been frequent of late. During my recent visit to Boston a storm prevailed continually. Moreover, it was predicted through a medium, by a Spirit who was evidently in a facetious mood, that the lectures here, and the presentation of the Memorial, would occasion an unusual movement of the elements; but we did not anticipate so literal a fulfillment of the prophecy. Nevertheless, the rains descended, and the winds blew, and of course many of the people remained where they were—in elegant

drawing-rooms and parlors. The audience, however, was respectable in numbers, and eminently so in mental endowments and social position.

The influence of Messrs. Tallmadge, Giddings, Burr, Cunningham, Preuss, Laurie, and others, is doing much to call public attention to the claims of Spiritualism in this city. They are men of moral courage, who will never barter freedom and manhood to secure the patronage of the government or the applause of the people.

Faithfully, thine, S. B. BRITTON.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW VOLUME.

On the first of May the TELEGRAPH will commence a new volume, entering upon its third year. Two years of its existence are almost ended, and it is a fact that will be as gratifying, we hope, to our friends as it is to ourselves, that the enterprise entered upon by us two years ago, for the better dissemination of spiritual facts and philosophy, has been sustained in every point of view. We have had the fullest faith in the work before us, and in the conduct of the TELEGRAPH in the future we shall spare no endeavor to entitle it to the favor and support it has thus far received. Indeed, our endeavor will be, as it has been, to render its columns more and more interesting and worthy of regard among the advocates and friends of Spiritualism, from whose fast increasing ranks we hope, with the commencement of the new volume, to add many subscribers to its list. Our exchanges, correspondence, and means of personal communication with the Spiritual movement, enable us to compass all intelligence of general interest in connection with the cause; and this we shall promptly present to the readers of the TELEGRAPH. In addition, able writers will be regularly employed upon its columns, which we hope to make desirable to every Spiritualist in the land. We give this early notice in order that those who wish to subscribe may do so with the commencement of the new volume.

DIGEST OF CORRESPONDENCE.

MISS LYDIA BAKER, of Corsicana, Navarro Co., Texas, writes that she has had a communication with what purported to be the spirit of an Indian chief, who indicated the spot where he was buried, as she said, in a sitting posture, with stones around him, and stated that the close proximity of a house which had subsequently been built there gave him annoyance, and that he wished the house removed. For the purpose of compensating the owner of the house for its removal, he indicated the precise spot where (he said) money had been buried. Our correspondent thinks that if search were to be made in the places indicated, and the discoveries happened to be such as to verify the communication, the fact would greatly tend to convince the skeptical in that section of the country, of the reality of spiritual intercourse; but she laments that she has not the pecuniary ability to prosecute these investigations. For ourselves, we have not much faith in the success of money-digging projects, as incited by Spirits or Clairvoyants (unless the money is first sought in the products of the potato field); but where an experiment of the kind can be tried without any material sacrifice, we would not discourage any one from trying it. Even a negative result of such a test would be of some satisfaction, if not attended by too great a depletion of the purse; whereas a confirmation, by that means, of the Spirit's declarations would powerfully demonstrate the reality of intercourse with the other world.

MR. HERSCHEL FOSTER, of Mendon, St. Joseph Co., Mich., writes us a long communication respecting what he at first supposed to be discrepancies between the teachings of A. J. Davis and the Bible. Being a firm believer in the Bible himself, he at first experienced some reluctance to identify himself with the cause of Spiritualism in view of teachings which he supposed were so generally recognized by its friends and advocates; but being a medium himself, he supposes that a "seal" was subsequently opened to him, by which means he discovered that he and Mr. Davis were both right. He says: "I see the point at which the converging roads come together, where my infidel friends and myself strike hands in harmony, while yet I have no occasion to relinquish my faith in revelation." This discovery leads him to think that the progress of Spiritualism "will not and can not retard that of Christianity; but instead of that, while it strips it of some of the lumber which a superstitious church and ministry have burdened it with, it is left so clearly reasonable, and so easy of comprehension, that the wayfaring man, though a fool, may not err therein." By this new revelation our correspondent professes to see that Spiritualism, so far from really tending to infidelity, opens for its believers "a door into another kingdom, where they may see their way to a divine Saviour," and he adds, "I am satisfied that if this seal could once be opened to Mr. Davis himself, he would never again object to the Christian faith," though he might object to some doctrines that pass as orthodox.

MR. THOMAS BROWN, an aged gentleman, writing from New Berlin, N. Y., gives us an account of curious spiritual experiences which he has occasionally had, the first occurring so long ago as the year 1797. They consisted of rappings in his presence, of seeing Spirits in open daylight, and of prophetic dreams. In one instance he saw two females dressed in white standing in the open door of a deserted house, apparently engaged in earnest conversation. He was at the time standing twelve rods in front of the house, with no intervening object between him and it to obscure the sight; but when he advanced to and entered the house, the figures had disappeared and could not be found, and all things remained as he had left them only a few minutes before. Our correspondent then proceeds to relate a remarkable spiritual dream which occurred to him many years ago, and a part of which seems to have been strikingly prophetic of the spiritual unfoldings of this time; but we have not room for his account in full.

MRS. L. B. KNIGHT, of Oakfield, Michigan, writes us concerning some facts in her experience as a medium. Their chief peculiarity consisted of assaults, in one or two instances, by unfriendly influences from the other world, and her complete relief from them obtained by means of prayer. If our sister's conscience will permit her to lay aside formalities, as she intimates in another part of her letter, we trust she will not neglect to cultivate an ever-increasing appreciation of holy realities. Thus she will truly "let her light shine."

THE BEAUTIFUL.—Lovers of the beautiful will, of course, enjoy the annual picture exhibition of the Academy of Design, now open. Owing to the sale of the Academy premises, to be vacated on the 1st of May, the exhibition will continue but one month. The Academy is on Broadway, opposite Bond Street.

FACTS AND REMARKS.

CONFERENCE OF MARCH 23.—Dr. Young opened the Conference at this office, on Thursday evening of last week, by reading and commenting on a letter giving account of remarkable facts proving spiritual intercourse.

REMARKABLE PREMONITIONS.—Of the following occurrences we have been informed by an intelligent connection of the family in which they took place; but in submitting them to our readers we are requested to withhold names.

A SPIRIT-CHILD'S SIGNAL.—The following incidents lately occurred in a family in this city, who were not believers in spiritual manifestations.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE SPIRITS.—A Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce states that notwithstanding the prohibitions of the Catholic priesthood, the Emperor and Empress of France had several interviews with the Spirits through a Parisian medium, and that they seemed delighted with the affair.

SKETCHES BY C. H. WHITE.—Somewhat over a year ago, the Hon. Francis Cogswell, a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, formally presented a proposition before that body.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Dr. GRAY cited again the subject of individual representatives, for the purpose of proving the personal idea of God. His remarks, together with the spiritual communications that gave rise to them, will be given hereafter.

Mr. YOUNG said he could not see the force of the argument. He would worship God as an unknown. He could not invest the idea with personality.

Mr. PRAY, after stating some facts in his experience, said we must bear with each other in all things, especially in the attempts we make to express our ideas of God.

Mr. WILLIAMS expressed his gratification at the evidence presented to his mind in this Conference of the great progress made in Spiritualism since his last visit to New York.

MR. LUTHER BURT, MEDICAL MEDIUM. MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN: Having been passing a few weeks at Walpole, N. H., I was induced to call on Mr. Burt.

R. P. AMBLER AT ST. LOUIS. We have just received a note from our good brother, announcing the fact that he has received and accepted an invitation from the Spiritualists at St. Louis, Mo., to settle with them in the capacity of a public lecturer on the spiritual philosophy.

SPIRITUALISM IN PERSIA. The Tribune of March 22 published a letter from a Vienna correspondent, who says that the rappings and various other Spirit-manifestations have appeared, not only in the Austrian capital, but as far east as Persia.

GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE.

EDMONDS AND DEXTER AT LE ROY.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN: We have had a visit from Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter. Their appointment for this place was for the 15th and 16th inst.

The Judge, feeling better on the morning of the 16th, informed us that he would stay and speak in the evening; but many who had come in from the surrounding country to hear that able and self-sacrificing defender and expounder of the truth had gone home much disappointed.

Those who did hear him will never forget him, nor the occasion, nor the great truths urged upon them for their consideration. His manner and method are well calculated to induce his hearers to reflect, investigate, and know for themselves that of a truth Spirits do commune with man.

I mention one or two things to show the nature of the opposition we had to do with. Wishing to get a suitable place for them to lecture in, we applied for the use of University Hall, connected with the Female Seminary, but it was refused, because it might injure the reputation of the school.

Again, on the Sabbath previous to the lecture, some of the clergy denounced Spiritualism and its believers in no very Christian terms, and appointed meetings in all the churches for both evenings the Judge and the Doctor were to be here.

But I feel that our prayer for them should be, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

MR. LUTHER BURT, MEDICAL MEDIUM.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN: Having been passing a few weeks at Walpole, N. H., I was induced to call on Mr. Burt. I found him a hale, hearty old farmer, with the exception of the remains of an attack of rheumatism.

He informed me that for the last year and a half he has been under the influence of spiritual power, and has devoted all his time and pecuniary means to procuring and dispensing medicines for those who are ailing.

At times, while at home, he is acted upon so as to compel him to go to his receptacle for herbs, roots, etc., which is quite extensive, and there his hands are moved to take parcels from different piles, bind them up, then to take his horse and wagon, and follow the direction of his invisible conductors, which is indicated to him by his hand pointing the way.

There is another reason why some are not attended to at all; but I think your paper will not be likely to reach that class. He tells me that in some instances there have been letters sent to him which he has not been allowed to open; they have been thrown from his hand with great force, and in one case, if not more, he has been compelled to burn a letter unopened, before the influence would leave him.

Low, indeed, must be the mind that can insult in this way an honest man, who has devoted his whole time for the last year and a half to the relief of the distressed, without fee or reward, except in the consciousness of having done his duty.

We have heard much of Mr. Burt through private channels, and have abundant reasons to believe that he is a highly conscientious man, and eminently useful in his capacity as a healing medium.—Ed.

Miss KATHARINE FOX, from Rochester, well known as one of the original family who first heard the rappings, and one of the most powerful rapping mediums, has opened her rooms at the Waverly House, corner of Broadway and Fourth Street, where she receives visitors from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M., and from 8 to 10 P. M. Those who desire to investigate the subject will do well to attend her receptions.

LETTER FROM A CLERGYMAN.

BLOOMINGTON, Jan. 7, 1854.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN: Gents—Pleased with the liberal spirit and progressive tendencies of the Telegraph, I venture through its columns, if permitted, to say a few words to my old friends of the Christian—Campbellite profession.

To the first charge, I reply, that we are not always the best judges of our own sanity, and I, therefore, without argument, leave that charge to the unfoldings of time. But to the charge of infidelity I have somewhat to say at present, and more anon.

I BELIEVE IN THE UNITY OF TRUTH, THE FRATERNITY OF MAN, THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL, AND THE SUPREMACY OF GOD. To antagonistic deities I am infidel. I do not believe that man ever fell, but that he has been ever rising.

Man will, I believe, grow better as he is surrounded with better circumstances, and better thoughts will ultimate in better deeds. Total depravity, original sin, endless misery, and a literal lake of fire, are the accretions of superstitious minds.

In an age of barbarism, THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD came upon Sampson, and with a rude instrument he slew a thousand men. The man of sympathy and love, in behalf of a people less ignorant than were the undeveloped Philistines, plead, in extenuation of their guilt, IGNORANCE, saying, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

But the time would fail me to speak of Joshua, and David, and Solomon, and Elijah, and the prophets who committed cruelties and injustices IN THE NAME OF THE LORD, revolting to humanity, and wholly incompatible with the labors and teachings of the man of Calvary.

ANNOUNCEMENTS BY SPIRITS. HALCYONDALE, Jan. 23, 1854. DEAR BROTHERS: I have just returned from the grave of my grandfather, whither I accompanied his earthly remains.

God in heaven directs this thing for his own glory and the happiness of his creatures. It may be that mistakes may occur, owing to a defect in the mind or will of the mediums; but in this case, I declare that I was informed of the hour of his death and the hour of my father's departure.

AN INCIDENT. PATERSON, N. J., March 17, 1854. EDITOR TELEGRAPH: An incident of a remarkable character took place in the North Ward of this city a few days since, and which I think worthy of putting on record.

TO THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESSION ABROAD. AUBURN, Feb. 27, 1854. BROTHERS PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN: I am requested by the vote of a meeting held in our hall in this city last evening, to ask you to publish the names of the following gentlemen, as a committee of correspondence of the Auburn Circle of Spiritualists for the ensuing year.

EXCITING RUMOR.—A rumor came by the last European steamer to the effect that the Turkish force at Kalafat, some 20,000, had been overcome and massacred by the Russians. We hope and believe the rumor is devoid of truth.

HYDROSCOPIA is the name of a new art developed in Paris, to wit, the art of evoking phantoms by means of a pail of water. We have seen no explanation of the processes.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS is delivering a course of lectures at Rochester.

GONE TO THE ANGEL-WORLD.

The subjoined communication is the affectionate utterance of a young lady who is greatly beloved by her friends, and was written on the occasion of her mother's departure for the world of Spirits.

Our mother was one of earth's rarest gems, and her departure from the home so blessed by her presence, and from the children who so idolized her, has been to us a severe trial; and we feel that nothing save the bright faith which we cherish could have sustained us.

The shadow has fallen—fallen gently, lovingly, and the glory of the celestial home dawns upon a new-born soul. For three and fifty years it had wandered on the earth, and every cloud that ever loomed darkly upon a human soul had overshadowed it.

I entered my mother's room, and saw the end was very near—the battle almost ended—the victory almost won. Her breathing was more faint and difficult, but the pain of the body no longer afflicted the Spirit.

No, no! not though a hundred souls like ours should bend and break; not though a hundred hearts like mine should be lonely and desolate. And why, my heart, shouldst thou be lonely and desolate? Because the light of thy mother's love coneth no more like sunlight?

Look above! 'tis burning brighter Than the very stars in heaven, And to light thy dangerous pathway, All its new-found glory's given.

Are there not those having a claim upon thy love still lingering here? Are there not many voices calling to thee from the many paths of earth, "Come hither, you are wanted?"

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Interesting Miscellany.

SPIRITUALISM IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Messrs. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON: In looking over the columns of the TELEGRAPH, one finds communications from almost every State in the Union, except New Hampshire. Can it be that every one thinks this State beyond the reach of Spirit-influence? If so, they are woefully mistaken, for light is now breaking forth most gloriously even among our most solid "Granite formations."

Less than one year ago there was but one medium known in this city, and the family only invited a very few particular friends to witness the manifestations, desiring it kept as secret as possible, it being thought highly disreputable to be a medium. But now media are numbered by scores, and among the most intelligent and refined portion of the community. In some families sittings are held nightly, until twelve or one o'clock, so fascinated are they with the "new dispensation," and then they are not satisfied, but, like Oliver Twist, "ask for more."

In one family, circles meet twice a week, attended by from thirty to fifty persons regularly. On last Sunday evening, a long consultation was held with the Spirit of Rev. Hosea Ballou, in the form of questions and answers which were delivered in the peculiar manner and modest style of Mr. Ballou while in the form. Occasionally the face of the medium would be drawn into a peculiarly expressive smile, just such as I have often seen on Mr. B.'s countenance while answering some frivolous objection urged by an opponent against the doctrine of universal salvation. The ideas advanced differed somewhat from those advocated by him while living, but fully confirmed those written by Swedenborg and Bacon in Judge Edmunds and Dr. Dexter's work.

Of course some opposition is manifested, which must always be expected. A Rev. Mr. Whitcher, of the Free Will Baptist order, author of a little work against Spiritualism, containing much sound and little sense, wherein he endeavored to rival the ambition of Dogberry, lectured against the subject in a most furious manner. The natural consequence was, the curiosity of the people was excited to see for themselves something of this "horribly wicked affair." Many went to a medium for that purpose, and were either convinced or had their skepticism most woefully shaken. One lady in particular, who was a most bitter opponent, and attended the lectures for the purpose of gathering arguments against the subject, felt impelled to look the matter in the face for herself. The result was a long and beautiful communication from the Spirit of her departed daughter, which affected her even to tears, and she left the medium a full believer in spiritual intercourse, saying, "she would not take a hundred dollars for the consolation derived from that interview." So much for clerical opposition.

While the above incident was being related at a circle, I became impressed, and this pictorial vision was displayed: In the center of a mound, or piece of elevated ground, was a beautiful garden filled with choicest flowers of rich perfumes. A large number of children appeared gathering them into bouquets, in each of which they inserted a short communication written on paper. The parents and friends of the children, in the form, appeared coming up and receiving the flowers and mottoes, which gave them great delight as they read them and passed them down to other friends. Above the group was displayed a silver cross bearing the words,

"LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

enveloped in a halo of light, shedding its beams down upon the children and people. Presently there appeared some tall, thin, spare men, with shrunken, cadaverous faces, in white cravats and long black robes, who raised their hands with a holy horror, warning the people to beware of these things, as they all came from the evil one. A little child approached and passed some of the flowers and a paper to one of the gentlemen in black. The communication was, "Dear father, if this is of the devil, you had better have one at your elbow when you preach in your pulpit. It would do you good."

I inclose you two communications spoken through a medium here, on subjects of a different character from any I have ever seen or heard of, from a Spirit-source. The first was on occasion of some music being introduced at the circle. The thoughts are of such an order as could emanate only from a very highly developed mind. It is regretted that we did not inquire its name. This is the communication:

"FRIENDS.—You are assembled here on this occasion to strengthen each other by your presence and friendly counsel; and you have taken a step to-night toward that preparation which is essential to true harmony of feeling. Nothing so quiet the disturbances of man's spiritual being as music. There is that in music so gratifying to the Spirit-world. The sweeter and more delicate the strains of music, the deeper and more powerful is the harmony produced on all who hear it. Hence it is that nothing is so potent to quell the roughened passions of an angry crowd as the soft strains of music. Music as a reformatory agent in the world has been but little understood, and still less applied. Much of the sublimest music of earth is unappreciated by the inhabitants therein, but as in every thing else, progress is making here, and the time will come when the divinest inspirations of the great masters of melody will be loved and revered; those men who spent their lives, as the world called them, foolishly. Yet they fulfilled their mission, and their mission is yet to be understood by mankind. Cease not, then, to harmonize yourselves with the melody of such masters, and on all occasions when you wish to produce a harmonious state of mind, resort to the great soul-harmonizer, music. It matters not whether it comes by art, or warbled forth from your own souls."

The second communication purported to be spoken by the Spirit of Rev. Samuel Dean, formerly a Unitarian clergyman, of Scituate, Mass. The speaking-medium had been for some time under impression while a sentence was being spelled out by another Spirit.

"FRIENDS.—I should like your attention for a short time. The desire among Spirits to communicate with friends on earth is so strong that we are to exercise patience, one with another. I was on the point of speaking to you a short time since, but yielded to the earnest desire of one who has just communicated with you. I was about to speak of the beautiful in nature and art, in its effects on the human mind. There is a presence in every thing in nature, and there is an influence from every thing in art that harmonizes the human soul, and lifts it up into the clear sunlight of nature's God. Its influence on each human soul has not been felt and regarded in times past, nor is it at the present time. It is well, then, that you have assembled here to-night, for all these pictures are helps to you and to us. There is an influence which goes forth from them, all unconsciously to you, that falls upon your minds and harmonizes them, so that your thoughts go upward, tending as naturally as the mists of earth toward the heavens, from whence they fall again to refresh the face of earth. There is an influence goes forth from that one (pointing to a picture of Chochura Mountain), which falls so gently, so soothingly on your minds, that it aids you much. Perhaps you know it not, for it comes upon you so quietly, and all unconsciously. But what are the effects of that compared with those grander and sublimer scenes which you find scattered all over this beautiful earth. But what are these in comparison with those grand truths which are burning upon mankind to-day, and to which you are all coming.

"The glory of that world can not be told. You must behold it for yourselves, and feel its beauty ere you can comprehend it. But there is light dawning for you and for all the world; light that shall bless them, and elevate them, and bind them into one great brotherhood on earth, before which error and superstition shall flee, and all deeds of wrong, for they can not stand before it. "The truths of this world have already dawned on yours, and that light which has just arisen, will go on increasing in brilliancy and power till you are submerged in the glorious sunlight of heaven itself. You have only to patiently wait, and work, and all will be well with you. What matters it to you though some may sneer and others denounce these truths? You have only to be true to your knowledge and your light—they will fall powerless at your feet. Each person must be true to himself, and all the world will be right. A departure from right by one person mars the harmony of the world. Then learn this truth above all others. Be true to yourselves at all hazards, and your mission on earth will be done, and your fellow-beings can look at your example, and, thanking God for such a help, can take heart and go onward and upward themselves."

Yours, for truth, J. WALCOTT.

THE LONE TREE AND THE FOREST.

One night, as I lay meditating on the various reformatory movements of the age, after faith and hope had led me a willing captive through many an elysian field which they felt justified in creating in view of "the good time coming" for humanity, the query arose in my mind, "Am I not getting too far from my friends, very few of whom share my views? Is it likely that I am right, when the great majority differ from me so widely?" Perhaps my waking cogitation had some influence in causing me to dream "to the question." Be that as it may, I sank to sleep, and there arose to my view a forest of trees growing by the side of a narrow stream of water. Nearly all the trees grew together compactly, but there was one which grew at some little distance from any others. It was of a species of oak; but the other trees seemed concerned for its welfare, and I heard them whisper in his ear, "Brother, it is not good for thee to be alone. You fiery sun will scorch thee, and perchance the wind of the mountain will ascend upon thy head, and thou wilt fall before it! Come, then, to our side and grow up with us. We will throw our sheltering arms over thee, and protect thee from the scorching sun and the mountain's blast."

The oak replied, "Brethren, the Great Sower has fixed my location, and taught me to love it. I thank you for your generous offer, but I can not accept it. In the warmth and light of that sun, the influence of which you so much deprecate, I find my greatest happiness. I ask no protection from such a friend; and as to the wind which you fear will destroy me, my experience tells me that it is good. I have inhaled its evening odors; I have felt its morning kiss, and I declare to you, I do not believe I could live without it."

But they shook their heads mournfully, and begged of him if he would not seek their shelter, to at least remain near the ground, and not grow up any nearer the sun, and tempt the hurricane from his lair.

At this he could scarcely repress a smile, to think they understood so little of his nature, as to suppose he could put a stop to his own growth. And the sun paid him his daily visits, and lent him his genial influence; and the zephyrs played among his branches; and the dews of heaven descended upon his head; and at every visit of the sunlight, and the zephyr, and the rain-drop a thrill of exultation ran through every vein. He felt an upward aspiration, and sent a branch out heavenward; and he grew rapidly, so much that his neighbors again interceded and besought him to beware of the consequences of his heaven-daring course.

"Thou wilt surely fall," said they (but they knew not that for every branch he had sent outward, he had driven a root into the earth). But the oak heeded not their prophecies of evil, and continued to obey the "Deity within," and extended his branches in all directions, and his roots likewise, stopping not even at the stream of death; for as all his experience in this life taught him that his future was good, so he trusted that his goodness would continue in the next. Moreover, he had attained a height from which he could overlook the fogs which for ages had been gathering over the stream, and he saw reflected on its peaceful bosom the shadows of the beautiful trees of Paradise.

While admiring the symmetrical form and beautiful appearance of the oak, I became suddenly oppressed with a sense of heat. The sun had just emerged from a cloud, and it seemed as if he would whirl all which came under his burning rays. I turned involuntarily toward the oak, but not a leaf was changed; and while I was yet gazing, the winds blew and beat upon the tree, but it fell not. I turned my eyes to the forest; many of their number had fallen; their roots were as their branches, small and short; they were sickly and feeble; the shadows of their neighbors had deprived them of the sunlight. The food requisite for the proper nourishment of each had to be shared by others. Relying on others for protection, they grew up feeble dwarfs, and could oppose but little resistance to an enemy. They were deformed also—one-sided—their limbs and roots extending only in one direction, for the proximity of some venerable stubs forbade their extending but in one direction. I observed also that many of their limbs were dry and dead—even in youth they were aged. Again I turned to the oak. Its branches were still rising and spreading. Its roots were pushing in all directions; they had crossed the stream of death, and were drawing sustenance from Heaven. o. m. overton.

A MUSCOVITE MIRACLE.

HOW TO CONQUER THE TURKS.

We have been favored with the following extraordinary document, the authenticity of which, though not of the story to which it relates, may be relied upon.

It is an extract of a letter from the most enlightened Isidor Exarela, of Guzia, of the 20th December, 1853, to Filaret, Metropolitan of Moscow: "Major-General Prince Bagnation Mouchransky, who distinguished himself in the last battle with the Turks, communicated to me intelligence worthy of most particular remark, which I have great pleasure in making known to your holiness.

"The Turks who were taken prisoners in the battle made an open declaration to us, that when the battle of Alexandropol was at its height, and the whole Russian division engaged, they saw the Holy Mother of God descending from heaven, holding an ensign in her hands, and accompanied by two warriors. The light which shone from her was bright as the rays of the sun, and no eye could bear its luster. This apparition cast terror into the ranks of the combatants, and the Turks, seeing the manifest interposition of God in favor of the Russians, took to a general flight, and lost the battle.

"The Russians did not see this apparition by the dispensation of Providence—it was foreigners and our enemies who bore witness to it. The Turks assured us that in the army every one saw it with dread, and are convinced of the fact, but their rulers prohibit them from even speaking of it, on pain of death, and try to conceal this event.

"The Russian leaders congratulated their commander on such a brilliant victory, but gave the glory to God, who alone could give us the victory over enemies excited by the fanaticism of the Mussulmans, and in numbers so much exceeding our own that, as far as man could judge, such brilliant success could not possibly have been expected.

"By several private letters from the army, we have received intelligence, which is joyful news for us Christians, that after this many Turks with loud voices professed the faith of Christ, and demanded to be baptized, and sealed their avowal with the blood of martyrs. It would indeed be disgraceful to us as Christians if from any fear of Europe we were to conceal this most wonderful occurrence. It is to be desired that all the public gazettes and newspapers in Russia should spread abroad to orthodox nations the joyful news of the divine interposition of the Empress of heaven at the commencement of a war undertaken for the Christian faith. And every tongue should know that when God is for us, no one can be against us, and that he who is ashamed of confessing Him before men, of him God will be ashamed in presence of his holy angels."—Exchange.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—A Paris correspondent of the Times mentions the following remarkable discovery:

A very remarkable discovery was announced to the Academy of Sciences by M. Dumas in its last sitting. He stated that M. Saint-Clair Deville had succeeded in obtaining from clay a metal as white and brilliant as silver, as malleable as gold, and as light as glass. It is fusible at a moderate temperature. Air and damp do not affect this metal, which is called aluminum; it retains its brilliancy, and is not affected by nitric or sulphuric acid, either strong or diluted, if the temperature be not raised. It is only dissolved by very hot chlorohydric acid. Several specimens of this metal were exhibited to the Academy, and on the proposition of Baron Thenard it was voted unanimously that a sufficient sum should be placed at the disposal of M. Saint-Clair Deville to enable him to make experiments on a large scale.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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