

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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WHOLE NO. 171.

The Principles of Nature.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

BY CHARLES CRAGIN, M. D.

I propose to state a few problems that have arisen in my mind in investigating for myself the biblical history of the resurrection of Christ. I assume that the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John were written by known persons, whose names they bear, and that they were all eye-witnesses of facts recorded by each; that their written testimony has come down to us with absolute certainty of being in their own words, without interpolation, or alteration, or suppression. I assume a great deal. It might be difficult to substantiate all these points, which yet are absolutely necessary to prove the fact of Christ's resurrection.

I propose to look at the recorded facts so as to view the resurrection, not as a simple article of belief, but as a number of particulars. I wish to make my creed on this subject more minute:

1st. Who came first to the sepulcher?

Matthew says, Mary Magdalene and the other Mary. Mark says, Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James (the other Mary of Matthew) and Salome. Luke says, Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James, and Joanna and other women. John says, Mary Magdalene.

Here I discover that none but John wrote from personal knowledge. He, who personally investigated this wonderful and central fact, says Mary Magdalene came and told him and Peter.

Well, who was first at the sepulcher?

I can't tell, I am sure. They all agree that Mary Magdalene was there, but differ as to the others. I do not think my first question can be positively answered.

How would Mary Magdalene compare with certain persons who testify to modern miracles, as to moral character, sanity, general credibility?

She had once seven devils cast out of her; so once she must have been a very poor witness before a court of Jewish saints, the Pharisees—or if the actual devils were denied, she must have been quite deranged; in either case she is a poor witness in such a momentous case, when compared with the moral and mental character of thousands who testify to certain strange facts they declare they have witnessed now-a-days, and who yet are utterly disbelieved and charitably pronounced insane.

2d. At what precise time did these women visit the sepulcher? Matthew says, "As it began to dawn." Mark says, "Very early in the morning, at the rising of the sun;" in the Greek, "Anateilantos tou heliou;" the sun having arisen. Luke says, "Very early in the morning." John says, "Early, when it was yet dark."

Well, at what precise time did these women visit the sepulcher? Why, it was clearly very early in the morning, while it was yet dark, after sunrise!

I am afraid these witnesses, testifying to such a very wonderful and strange thing, if cross-questioned by our modern scribes and lawyers in our Sanhedrim, would not precisely agree here. I fear the creeds would not be uniform. Sunrise and dark are not precisely the same to the eyes of skeptics of the nineteenth century, who are decidedly of opinion that Swedenborg was a lunatic, and that Judge Edmonds and thousands of our well-known sober neighbors are suddenly turned knaves or ad-dle-brained!

3d. What did these women, or this woman see, when they came so early to the sepulcher, while it was yet dark, the sun being up?

Matthew says they saw an angel, whose raiment was white as snow, and whose countenance was like lightning, sitting upon the stone which he, the angel, had rolled away from the mouth of the sepulcher. Mark says, they saw, within the sepulcher, a "young man, sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment." He mentions that the stone was "very great." Luke says, "they found the stone rolled away from the sepulcher, and they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus. And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood beside them in shining garments."

John says, "Mary Magdalene came early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulcher, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulcher. Then she runneth and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them—They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulcher, and we know not where they have laid him. Peter therefore went forth, and that other disciple, and came to the sepulcher. So they both ran together; and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulcher. And he, stooping down, and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in. Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulcher and seeth the linen clothes lie; and the napkin that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself. Then went in also that other disciple which came first to the sepulcher, and he saw and believed. For as yet they knew not the Scripture, that he must rise again from the dead. Then the disciples went away again unto their own home. But Mary stood without at the sepulcher, weeping; and, as she wept, she stooped down and looked into the sepulcher, and seeth two angels in white, sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain."

Here we have the testimonies of the four witnesses. Let us imagine it occurred last week in New York city, and now, for the first time, spread before the learned and pious world. Let us try and imagine the rigid cross-examination they would be subjected to by the Church and Mechanic Institutes! What harmony would they demand! How microscopic the eyes which would scrutinize every item of the story!

The stone was "very large." It is quite probable, then, these modern good men would argue, that it was not rolled into the sepulcher, but was quite conspicuous outside of it. Matthew asserts that the woman saw an angel sitting on this stone, with a shining face and garments. Here a modern savant would ask if angels (ethereal, mental, abstractions and breaths), could roll heavy rocks that were real and no shadows, when he would sneer at the idea of angels having a part of the body necessary for sitting down: in a word, that they have no—basis for the rest of the body, and implying so many other corresponding human organs. For given a basis for a body and a face, you would not suppose it was all skin and surface, but would include lungs, and hearts, and stomachs, and livers, and bowels, and kidneys, and what not. A pretty story this of an angel (what scientific Liebig has ever seen and tested one in his crucible?) sitting on a big rock! I dare not say how foolish and insane these poor women would be thought to-day by our Churches and Academies of Science!

Matthew seems, then, to assert one angel sitting on this very large rock out of the tomb.

Mark says, they saw a young man sitting in the tomb on the right side, in a long white garment.

A young man sitting inside! Not exactly the same as Matthew, I fear, our modern skeptics would decidedly hint. Who was this young man in such a peculiar garment? Was it a man at all? Do you suppose it was the same person Matthew called an angel? And are angels men? Men are human bodies, and angels are shining, empty abstractions! Here is a pretty story for these women to bring us Rabbis of the people.

Luke says, two men stood there, inside, with shining garments.

Here our modern critics would remind us of Falstaff's "men in buckram." First, an angel sitting outside on the rock; next, a young man sitting inside the tomb; now, two men, standing inside, with shining garments! How would a pious Mattison; learned and yet unsophisticated doctors of medicine at Buffalo; high priests, too, and rulers in our synagogues;—how would they curl their knowing lips at these trivialities, upon which was based the most stupendous fact the earth has witnessed! A modern critical savant even now whispers in my ear, what kind of stuff I suppose their white garments were made of; and who cut and made them up? "Clothes don't grow, you know, in any climes we know of. Clothes imply matter, tailors, washwomen, and soap; clothes—lines, clothes—presses, bureaus, and drawers, and needles, and other things that our synagogue and our institute know nothing about."

An angel sitting upon the rock. A young man sitting inside, in white clothes. Two men standing inside, in white also.

John, who was an eye-witness, says Mary saw nobody and no body; that she ran and told Peter and John; and that they ran; they saw the stone rolled away (did not see the angel sitting on it, with his lightning-like face); went into the tomb one after the other; did not see the young man sitting there, nor the two men standing there, both in conspicuous white dresses; they went home; and after they were gone, Mary, stooping down and looking in, saw two angels sitting inside, one at the head and the other at the feet where the body had lain, and clothed in white.

Not, one angel sitting upon the rock; not, one young man sitting inside; not, two men standing inside; but Mary saw nobody at first; neither did Peter nor John; but afterward she saw two angels sitting inside.

Our learned critic says he is willing to let this go to the jury without a word. He says, "If one out of the twelve can believe the physical resurrection of a dead man upon such testimony as this, the other eleven would petition the court for a writ de lunatico inquirendo, and they would take care of the poor fellow in Doctor Bell's Asylum."

4th. What did the men or angels say?

Matthew says, the angel told them not to fear; that Jesus was risen and not there; that he would go before and show himself unto his disciples in Galilee.

Mark says the same thing.

Luke says, the two men told them he was not there; that he has risen, as he had before told them, while in Galilee, it would happen to him.

John says that the two angels asked Mary why she wept?

The same ingenious as well as ingenious critic asks me here again about this angel; this glittering phantasm; this intangible, shining abstraction, sitting on the rock, so large and so solid, with his white garments, made nowhere, out of moonshine, by nobody: "How could he speak and make these women hear the words? You don't suppose he has a real, substantial body, do you, with tongue, and teeth, and palate, and glottis, and epiglottis, and chorda vocalis, and trachea, and lungs, and midriff, and muscles over his ribs? Do you suppose any of his teeth were decayed, and that said abstraction ever had the toothache? Was this his regular, every-day body, or only his Sunday one, assumed for the occasion? And if so, where did he drop it, and what became of it when he disappeared? Did anybody find one? Our museums are empty of any such curiosities, and I have never seen in any orthodox anatomy the dissection of any such corpus

derelict." Another friend, a shrewd lawyer, points out that, according to the first two witnesses, the disciples were commanded to go to Galilee, and that there Jesus promised to show himself unto them; while Luke says they were commanded to "tarry in Jerusalem," and that there alone, and in its close vicinity, he appeared to them; and that the fourth witness says the angels said nothing about this: "I am afraid your four witnesses will not command much credit with our modern authorities, who do not like to give full credence to persons who directly contradict each other."

"Go into Galilee; there shall ye see him."

"Tarry at Jerusalem," there alone they saw him."

5th. When, where, and by whom was Jesus seen? Matthew says, as the two Marys were going to tell the disciples what they had seen and heard from the angel on the rock, "Behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail! And they came and held him by the feet, and worshipped him. Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid; go, tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me. Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them. And when they saw him, they worshipped him; but some doubted."

Mark says, "Jesus appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils. She went and told them that she had been with him, as they mourned and wept." But they did not believe her. Afterward, he appeared in another form unto two of them, as they walked, and went into the country. And they went and told it unto the residue; neither believed they them. Afterward, he appeared unto the eleven, as they sat at meat, and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen. And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.

"And these signs shall follow them that believe: in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall recover. So, then, after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God."

Luke has a different account. He says the women "returned from the sepulcher, and told all these things unto the eleven, and to all the rest." They had only seen and heard the two men, "and their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not;" that Peter then saw and looked into the sepulcher, and saw nobody, and nothing but the grave clothes; that Jesus appeared and walked with two of the disciples that same day, on the road to a little village about three score furlongs from Jerusalem; that he talked with them about these events, and that they did not recognize him; that—it being late, and near evening—they pressed him to tarry with them. "And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight."

That these two rose up the same hour of that Sunday, and "returned to Jerusalem, and found the eleven gathered together, and that they were with them, saying, The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon. And they told what things were done in the way, and how he was known of them in the breaking of bread. And as they thus spake, Jesus stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit. And he said unto them, Why are ye troubled, and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself; handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have. And when he had thus spoken, he showed them his hands and his feet. And while they yet believed not for joy, and wondered, he said unto them, Have ye here any meat? And they gave him a piece of a broiled fish, and of an honey-comb. And he took it, and did eat before them." That he then proceeded to expound the Scriptures to them as to their mission. "But tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high. And he led them out as far as Bethany; and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." That they then returned to Jerusalem.

John says Jesus first appeared to Mary Magdalene at the tomb itself; that she at first did not recognize him; but afterward did, when he addressed her, bidding her not to touch him, but to go and tell his disciples that he would ascend to his Father and their Father—to his God and their God; that Mary Magdalene came and told his disciples these things; that when they were assembled that same evening, and the door was shut, "Jesus came and stood in the midst, and said to them, Peace be unto you;" that he showed them his wounds, and that they were glad when they saw him; that Thomas doubted all these things; and that, being again together with closed doors, eight days after, he came again and stood in their midst, and convinced Thomas of his real existence; that he again appeared to his disciples at the sea of Tiberias, and conversed with them, and gave them bread and fish; and that this was the third time he appeared to his disciples after his resurrection from the dead.

Luke, or the unknown author of the Acts, states that Jesus did not ascend into heaven till after forty days from his resurrection; and that he commanded them not to depart from Jeru-

salem till they had received the Holy Ghost.—According to Matthew, Jesus met the two Marys as they were going to tell his disciples.

Mark says he appeared to Mary Magdalene first. Luke says he appeared first to Simon and another disciple, as they were walking to Emmaus. John says he appeared first to the Magdalene. Matthew, Mark and John nearly agree. Luke differs from them all.

Now, as to time, and the other circumstances when he first met those who first saw him.

Matthew says it was when the two Marys were running to tell his disciples.

Mark says nothing of the circumstances, but that he afterward appeared to two of the disciples as they walked; and after that to the eleven, when he was received up into heaven.

Luke says the women came and told of seeing the tomb empty and the angels; but not that they saw Jesus; that he appeared that day first to the two disciples walking to Emmaus; next, that evening, to the eleven in Jerusalem, and that was all; for the same night he was received up into heaven. (See chap. 24, ver. 13, 33, 36–56.)

John says it was by the tomb in the garden; next, that evening, to the disciples in Jerusalem; next, about eight days after, to the same with Thomas; and fourthly, to them all by the sea of Tiberias.

Luke, or the author of the Acts, says he was seen of his disciples for forty days before he was received up to heaven.

Paul, lastly, in 1st Cor. 15: 5, 6, 7, 8, says he was first seen of Peter or Cephas; next of the twelve (as Judas was gone, there were only the eleven); next of over five hundred at once (of which wonderful thing there is nothing said by any one else); next of James (mentioned in the last "Gospel of the Hebrews"); and finally of all the apostles; in all five times; and nothing said of the appearance to the woman or Mary, which, added, makes six in all.

Matthew says, to the women as they were going to tell the disciples, and again to the eleven in Galilee.

Mark says, to Mary Magdalene, to the two, and finally to the eleven at meat.

Luke says, to the two, then to the eleven; and that, finally, he ascended to heaven the same night; while he says in Acts he continued to be seen for forty days.

John says, to Mary Magdalene; then, to the eleven in the city; eight days after, to the same with Thomas; and, fourthly and finally, to them all by the sea of Tiberias. Paul differs from them all, as to where he was seen by the disciples. Matthew makes it alone in the mountain in Galilee. Mark and Luke and John say that it was alone in Jerusalem and its immediate vicinity; except that John says that the third time he was seen by his disciples, was by the sea of Tiberias.

Again, as to what he did:

According to Matthew, he went at once to Galilee, where he commanded his disciples to follow him. There he was seen by them, "though some" even of them "doubted." Nothing is said of aught else, or of his ascension.

Here my scientific scribe, a worthy person in high repute in his synagogue, asks, "Why or how any that knew him should or could doubt, if it was simply his inanimate body raised to life again, and capable of eating and digesting real material, broiled fish and honey-comb? Had he changed so much that his intimate friends did not know him? If so, how do we know they were not, after all, mistaken? Did he travel there from the city without clothes, as he had left them in the tomb? If not, where did he get them?" I shall refer the excellent scribe to our professors of matter-of-fact science, to satisfy the reasonable questions of my material friend. I am not aware of any material philosophy that solves the peculiar difficulty.

Mark says, read what he says about his appearing in another form to the two; and then how he upbraided the eleven because they did not believe Mary Magdalene, "out of whom he had cast seven devils," nor the two who had seen him in another form.

My learned and truly respectable friend, the scribe, cannot comprehend why they deserved this severe rebuke. What! Believe that a dead man was alive, and walking about, and even talking, in the face of all our science, founded on the universal experience of all sensible men for ages! And on what scientific testimony and proof? Why, merely on the report of this poor woman, who was notoriously mad, or much worse; or on the witness, beside, of two men, one of whom was Peter, whose character for truth was not, at that particular time, the most desirable for scientific accuracy with those who wished good testimony to the facts they were called upon to believe! I tell you it is impossible to believe, on the testimony of ten thousand men, no matter what their character for intelligence, virtue and sanity, facts that contradict all our solid science. I tell you all things are sheer humbugs or silly crazings, that our material philosophy does not explain and make plain as the "multiplication table." I have not a word in justification of the "upbraiding" bestowed by Jesus upon his unbelieving disciples. I refer my friend to Professors Page and Henry.

Luke mentions his walking some distance, and conversing with the two disciples, though they did not know him; that he vanished out of their sight just as their eyes were opened; that he suddenly came into their midst and frightened them, as they supposed they saw a spirit or ghost; that he corrected their mistake by making them feel his flesh and bones; and by eating

real, substantial, not spiritual, but broiled fish and honey-comb, and that that same night he ascended into heaven.

I can not venture to depict the withering contempt with which my learned and worthy friend asked if I "had no more proper and philosophical conception of heaven than a belief of this story would indicate? Heaven, which has no relation to space or the predicates of gross matter, which is nowhere in space! That 'flesh and bones' should ascend there by rising up through the atmosphere, carrying within it that broiled fish and honey-comb! My dear sir, the testimony of the world could not convince me of such an absurdity! These witnesses ought to be charitably put under my friend Dr. Bell's care."

I really do not see what the current philosophy can do with these facts. I, too, respectfully refer them to the Doctor's consideration.

John says, he came into the midst of his disciples when the doors were shut; spoke to them audibly; showed them his wounds; appeared, again, eight days after, to them with Thomas, through the closed doors, and convinced him of his personal identity by the most tangible and sensuous proof; that he afterwards, at the sea of Tiberias, was seen on the shore by his disciples; spoke to them; gave them fish and bread; and, finally, conversed for some time with Peter.

I commend these statements, with those made by Luke of a still more inexplicable character, to our scientific associations and the learned, scrutinizing and skeptical professors therein. They can accept this on the single authority of John, and base therein their hope of immortality; and yet deny, and refuse to witness for themselves similar phenomena, testified to by thousands of well known, sane, virtuous and intelligent men, their neighbors, and complacently pity their silly nonsense and their evidently disordered brains. Proh pudor! What a jewel is consistency!

6th. How long was he seen after his resurrection?

Matthew does not say; neither does Mark. Luke says he ascended to heaven Sunday night. (See chap. 14, verses 13, 33, 36, 40, 50 and 51.) John does not say; but it was after eight days had passed. The author of Acts says, for forty days. My friend does not think they entirely agree. I am sorry, for I really can not reconcile these facts, which yet must be all true.

7th. Where did the ascension into heaven finally take place? Matthew declares, in Galilee. Mark seems to point out Jerusalem. Luke declares it was at Bethany. John says nothing about it. The author of Acts says, from Mount Olivet. (Chap. 1, verses 4, 9 and 12.)

In my attempt thus to be more precise in my creed as to the resurrection of Jesus, I can not say that these parts that make up the great whole are very harmonious and satisfactory: He ascended in Galilee; he ascended at Jerusalem; he ascended at Bethany; he ascended at Mount Olivet. All these points are well established and equally to be accommodated in the Creed.

There is yet another witness to the fact that Jesus was alive and seen upon earth, and that his voice was heard for some years after this. In Acts 9: 13–16 is a very remarkable account of the sudden conversion of Saul. The same strong facts are related by Paul himself in chapters twenty-two and twenty-six. I commend them to the careful consideration of our modern learned, pious skeptics; also chap. 23, ver. 11. I call their particular attention to the remarkable coincidence of testimony in two of these chapters: Chap. 9: 7, "And the men which journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing the voice, but seeing no one." Chap. 22: 9, "And they that were with me saw indeed the light, and were afraid; but they heard not the voice of him that spake unto me."

That, my learned and candid friend, the Professor, is pleased to call a remarkably happy coincidence of testimony. Both of those statements are infallibly true and to be cordially believed; but such coincidence in testimony as to any fact that did not happen eighteen centuries ago, but last week, would dissolve the facts so authenticated into the most incredible folly. Let us be consistent.

Thus have I critically gone over the testimony, upon the validity of which are based all the hopes of a life after death to so large a portion of the civilized world. I have compared Matthew with Luke, and Mark with John. I have not distorted or misrepresented; but, wishing in truth to believe something more particular as to the fact of Christ's resurrection, behold the result! Granting that every word in our common Bibles is to be received as the eternal truth of God, as it appears in the natural sense of the letter, I have, I think, firmly established the following additional articles, to be received into the Church creed with implicit faith:

I believe that the two Marys came first to the tomb. I believe that the two Marys, Joanna and other women were, the first. I believe that the two Marys and Salome were the first. I believe that Mary Magdalene came there first and alone. I believe it was early in the morning. I believe it was yet dark. I believe that the sun had risen. I believe there was one angel sitting upon the rock outside of the tomb. I believe there was a young man sitting inside. I believe there were two men standing inside. I believe there were two angels sitting inside. I believe the angel told the disciples to go into Galilee to meet the risen Jesus. I believe the angels commanded them to tarry in Jerusalem to meet him. I believe he ascended into heaven from Galilee. I believe he ascended from New Jerusalem. I believe he ascended from Bethany. I believe he ascended from Mount Olivet. I believe he ascended within twenty-four hours after his

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1885.

THE length of the Conference report, and the quantity of other matter already in type, render it necessary to exclude the editor's leading article.

NEW YORK AT ONE VIEW.

THE great picture of New York and its environs, commenced some two years since by Smith, Fern and Company, is just completed, and the subscribers and others will now be supplied as rapidly as the impressions can be taken from the plate. The original drawing, which was made by Benjamin F. Smith, Jr., from the top of the Lattin Observatory, is remarkable alike for the minuteness of detail and the fidelity of the general effect. The picture is one of the largest ever executed on steel by an American artist. It embraces not less than two thousand distinct objects, comprehending the entire city below the Crystal Palace; the Hudson and East rivers; the west end of Long Island, with Brooklyn and Williamsburg; the Bay and shipping; Staten Island, Governor's Island, and the smaller islands in the harbor; the New Jersey shore, including Hoboken, Jersey City, and Bergen; the Narrows, and the fortifications which protect the entrance to the harbor; and in the distance the broad Atlantic, stretching away to the East and South, until the blue waters blend with the ether; all, as comprised in one grand view from the top of the Observatory, are here faithfully represented, so that even a stranger may at once obtain a correct and comprehensive idea of the prominent objects in and around the city, together with their relative positions and distances. Indeed, a large portion of our citizens, who have lived on Manhattan Island for years, have really less general information on this subject than may be acquired by the aid of this picture in a single hour.

Multum in parvo! At a single glance we take in the whole vast arena, where a million of human beings are struggling in life's great conflict. We look and listen, and almost fancy that we hear the din of the everlasting battle. The world, with its good and evil, the classic beauty and rude deformity of outward forms and deeds is here; its deep shadows and transcendent lights, its savage discords and divine harmonies are before us; and if we do not actually behold the endless contrarieties, we at least see where they are. The great centers of commercial enterprise and financial responsibility, and the gloomy depths of destitution, depravity and despair are here. Dark hovels and gorgeous palaces meet the eye; foul dungeons and Egyptian tombs intermingle with proud temples and academic halls. Fortune, character, reputation, hope—all are daily made and lost. Some rise, as it were, with the morning, to positions of eminence, and many go down at evening, and rise not again; they leave no enduring memorial, and so their names are blotted out, and the world heeds them not. Here are great monuments of art and tangible demonstrations of the power of mind and muscle; and here, also, are mournful wrecks and solemn revelations of human weakness, disease and death. The heart of the great republic beats under our eye, and all around the nerves vibrate, which move the remotest fibres of the body politic. Beneath this vast wilderness of roofs, and walls, and spires, the restless, living sea daily rises and swells, and grows tumultuous, and nightly the elemental strife is subdued, the vital forces seem to subside, and the spirit of repose sits on the face of life's troubled ocean. Amid all this diversity, there are some things common to all. The palaces of merchant princes, and the hovels of the *lazzaroni*, stand on the same common earth; above them is the same sunlit dome, and God and his angels watch over all.

It is true the artists have not revealed all that belongs to the great city; but they have enabled us to look on its upper, material surface, as we have not viewed it before. Hitherto we have only had fragmentary views of disjointed portions of New York; but here, on a plate some three by four feet, we have the whole, together with numerous objects of interest, which surround this great center of human interests and activities. If the objects are not finished in the highest style of modern art, they certainly do not require it; it is enough that each is sufficiently elaborated to answer the artist's design, and the reasonable wishes of his patrons. It will probably surprise the reader to know that Smith, Fern and Company will furnish impressions from this plate at the low price of FIVE DOLLARS. The publication of this engraving, on terms which place it within the reach of most of our citizens, will doubtless have the effect to suspend the sale of all other engraved representations of the Empire City. The proprietors of this paper are prepared to furnish elegant proof impressions at the publishers' prices.

AUTHOR OF GHOST LITERATURE DISPATCHED.
A LATE number of the Sunday Dispatch has an extract from the *Tribune*, with accompanying editorial remarks, as follows:
THE *TRIBUNE* vs. THE SPIRIT WORLD.—From the following, which we clip from the *Tribune*, it will be seen that the affairs of the universe ought to be adjusted by the standard of dignity and usefulness set up in the office of that paper:
We have repeatedly challenged the adepts in the modern art of ghost-seeing, spirit-rapping, table-tipping and the like, to a single new truth which they pretended to have added to the sum of human knowledge, but as yet they have not been able to meet the proposal. Instead of it, however, we have had from them several propositions to engage in the discussion of various abstract, moral, religious or fantastic topics, which have the nature of the case. We have been constrained to decline. To-day, however, we are favored with a letter from Mr. Charles Partridge, narrating certain experiences of his in Ohio, and as one of the most curious developments, we lay it before our readers. As to the truth of this narrative we do not propose to engage in any argument. The facts Mr. Partridge avers to have been witnessed by many persons, who can testify to the fidelity of his report. But admitting for the moment that everything actually happened as it is here stated, and that it was all the work of ghosts out of the body, we fail to perceive that it is any less absurd, childish and disgusting on that account. That Spirits emanated from the flesh, should blow trumpets, take on what seems to be human hands and legs, ring bells, play guitars, and perform other antics, may all be possible; but when Mr. Partridge proceeds with his narrative, and details the performances of these ghostly prestidigitators, we seek in vain for anything that should command our respect. Their sayings when not childish are usually common-places, and their acts, hardly excepting the worship they are said to engage in, are totally destitute of any elevated purpose. It is pitiable to see men engaged in such a task, following after such manifestations, regarding them as evidence of spiritual existence and of the immortality of the soul. In saying this we do not say that they are pure delusion, and that the phenomena are caused by trickery; but that, admitting they are produced by the agencies to which Mr. Partridge and his friends attribute them, they are utterly beneath the notice of every person of sense who can devote his time to any useful occupation. And we can not but regard it as a melancholy illustration of human weakness, that so many people should be led to engage in such a task, following after such manifestations, regarding them as evidence of spiritual existence and of the immortality of the soul. It is pitiable to see men engaged in such a task, following after such manifestations, regarding them as evidence of spiritual existence and of the immortality of the soul. It is pitiable to see men engaged in such a task, following after such manifestations, regarding them as evidence of spiritual existence and of the immortality of the soul.

Some suppose that the creation is still going on, and that other worlds are being evolved and peopled. Respecting all such, it

may not be too late to take counsel even now. Perhaps the original plan for the worlds that are to be, may be improved, and of necessity their future operations and final issues correspondingly modified. If left to the counsellor of the *Tribune*, it is probable that ghosts will be dispensed with altogether; at all events they will not be allowed to travel over the new earths, since that is not dignified or becoming for ghosts to do. If Spirits are permitted the special indulgence of an existence, of course they will not be expected to make any sign, or say anything, unless they are *literary Spirits*, and can use ornate and critical language, such as is used in the editorial columns of the *Tribune*. In the new worlds all "common-places" things should be dispensed with, to meet the wishes of our classic cotemporary. Everything must be extraordinary. Of course the natives will be spared the infliction of reading many things which now appear in the *Tribune*.

REASONS WHY JOHN DON'T GO TO ONONDAGA.

SOME weeks since, the Onondaga Gazette, in noticing this paper, copied a paragraph from our editorial columns, in which we gave an account of the fact of our lifting with a Spirit at the rooms of Mrs. Kellogg, 625 Broadway. The fact, in brief, was that a Spirit answering to the name John, who was accustomed to manifest his presence through the mediumship of Miss Cora M. Burns (now Mrs. Brown), proposed to lift one side of the table, with Mrs. Kellogg seated on top and in the center, if the writer would lift the opposite side. We accepted the proposal, and John promptly redeemed his promise; for, as we lifted one side, up went the other without any visible cause. After quoting our original paragraph, the editors of the *Gazette* offer a suggestion and a proposition as follows:

Mr. Brittan, if "John" is so strong, we would respectfully suggest that his strength be put to some useful purpose. There are many heavily-burdened mortals who would be exceedingly obliged if he would extend to them a helping hand. We'll give him "two shillings a token" for working our large press, and furnish a "devil" to boot. Suppose you send him up into the country.

Messrs. Hossmer and Clark of the *Gazette*, are respectfully informed that we can not send John up in the country, for very weighty reasons, some of which here follow:

1. John is of age, and goes when and where he pleases, and is accustomed to return when it suits his convenience.
2. John is already profitably employed in labors to overthrow the material skepticism of the age, which denies or doubts the immortality of man; and we respectfully suggest that he may as effectively serve God and humanity in this way, as he would do by working the *Gazette's* large press.
3. John does not appear to believe in softening the muscles of people in the country; for, according to his own account of his earthly life and labors, he was a hard-working man. We venture to suggest that he would not take a single step to promote indolent habits among the citizens of Onondaga.
4. With their present patronage, the editors of the *Gazette* certainly could not afford to pay the ruinous price of "two shillings a token" for power to drive that large press; and of course John is not earthly enough to want a *lien* [to lean] on such an establishment.
5. The gentlemen in the *Gazette* office doubtless very much need such physical exercise as they now have, for the dual purpose of promoting their health, and keeping them out of mischief.

ONLY GIVE US OUR OWN.

The following brief paragraph, which is going the rounds of the press, has been extensively credited to this journal:

THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH says Jonah wrote to his father, after the whale swallowed him, stating that he thought he had found a good opening for a young man going into the oil business; but afterward wrote for money to bring him home, stating that he had been "sucked in."

Now, the above represents that, concerning "fish stories," we claim to be "wise above what is written," which the canons of the Church will not allow. As we do not care to have credit for more than belongs to us, we must, in this case, respectfully resign our supposed claim to authorship. We did not furnish this appendix to the prophet's history; we never even heard that the junior Jonah wrote to his father at that time respecting his prospects; and, moreover, we are not quite sure that the young man was *taken in*, as some have supposed. However, if our cotemporaries can contrive to amuse themselves with such witless jokes, and to keep their pale lamps burning with oil from Jonah's whale, we certainly have no objection. We hope they may obtain light enough from this source or some other to enable them to distinguish their own offspring from the members of our household; so that while they are constrained to father this little vagrant, they may also acknowledge the forcible abduction of some of our fair children of legitimate birth (beautiful poems and respectable editorials), which they have subjected to duress, possibly, to the rack, and without so much as a single intimation respecting either nativity, name, or history.

THE EXACT TIME AND PLACE.

SOME persons, in relating a story, have a facility in using the imagination to sharpen the memory. Of this we have an amusing illustration in the explicit testimony of a Dutchman, who had been on board of a steamer at the time of an explosion. Witness was required to state precisely when and where he saw a certain traveling companion, who lost his life by the catastrophe. It is believed that the intense excitement usually occasioned by the bursting of a steam boiler, is calculated to make the Dutch, as well as other people, somewhat oblivious respecting coincidental circumstances of inferior moment. Such was the case in this particular instance; and the witness proceeded, as is the custom of all nations, to irritate the cuticle beneath his hair. At length, after a protracted and solemn pause, the light shone into the witness's mind, and was promptly reflected on the court in the following lucid statement:

"The bilers bust, and every thing
Vosh scattered all around;
An' ash smoke-blow and I vent up,
Ve met him comin' down!"

Lectures at Stuyvesant Institute.

W. S. COURTNEY, Esq., lectured on Sunday last to the congregation at Stuyvesant Institute, morning and evening. His subject in the morning was, The external form of the Spirit in the other life correspondent to character or quality. The lecture was about an hour long, and was attentively listened to by a highly intelligent and appreciative audience. In the evening, the lecturer considered the question, "What shall a man do to be saved?" Although the evening was wet and disagreeable, quite a large audience assembled, and seemed to be much pleased with the lecturer's treatment of the subject. The common notions of salvation were handled with great plainness, and those who listened to Mr. Courtney will hereafter scarcely think of being saved according to the methods of popular orthodoxy, without experiencing some disagreeable sensations. Mr. C. gave a most searching analysis and masterly exposition of his subject, and the old errors of the theologians found no quarter at his hands. Our legal friend is wont to clear the ground of all the old ruins before he begins to build on his own account.

Psychometry on Trial—Argument of Mr. Partridge.

FROM the direct manner in which our associate assails a particular view of the psychometrical phenomena, and the frequent accompanying references to the Editor's recent experiments before the New York Conference, it may be inferred that S. B. B. defended, then and there, the theory against which C. P. levels his artillery. To preclude the occurrence of such a misapprehension, it may be proper to state that our remarks on that occasion were confined to a brief statement of the theory of Dr. Buchanan and others, and the hypotheses of several other gentlemen, together with the citation of several analogous facts, depending on the natural instincts of animals, which seem to favor the generally-accepted theory. We, however, offered no argument in its support, notwithstanding said theory may have a substantial foundation in the facts themselves, and in the essential laws which govern the functions of the human mind. We are likely to be favored with numerous communications on this subject. Several have already come to hand.

Spirit Drawings.

SOME days since we received from our good friend, Mr. C. Laurie, of Washington, D. C., through the politeness of our poet friend, Henry Clay Press, two large and elegant drawings, representing flowers and fruits, both executed by Spirits, through the hand of Mrs. Laurie. These pictures, which are large, complicated, and finely shaded, were drawn in six hours each, with a single *u. n. n.* Faber's pencil. Mrs. Laurie had no experience in drawing until her hand was used by Spirits for this purpose, yet we very much doubt whether the most rapid and skillful artist in the country could copy one of these pictures in the time required in the execution of both the originals. We have furnished gilt frames for these drawings, and they are now suspended against the walls of our sanctum. A similar specimen, also executed by Mrs. Laurie, hangs in our window on Broadway, and is attracting much attention. This, together with the frame, is offered for sale at \$20.

We also received, as a present, a very curious specimen, drawn through the hand of Mr. Laurie, which we should find it difficult to describe, together with one from his daughter, who is likewise a drawing medium. Will our Washington friends please accept our sincere thanks for these interesting contributions to our collection of Spirit-art.

FACTS AND REMARKS.

LAW-SUIT DETERMINED BY SPIRIT-FURNISHED EVIDENCE.—We have the following from Mr. L. S. Beck of this city, who is well acquainted with the gentleman to whom the principal phenomenon related occurred. Some twelve or fourteen years ago, a Mr. Spaulding, of Maryland, found among the documents relating to his deceased father's estate, a bond for the payment of several thousand dollars against his neighbor, a Mr. Townsend, then also deceased. Payment of the amount of the bond, with interest of many years' accumulation, was forthwith demanded of a son and heir of old Mr. Townsend, but it was refused, under the impression that the parents of the two parties had made full settlement of their affairs previous to their decease. A law-suit was instituted against the younger Townsend for the recovery of the money, and which, after several postponements procured by the defendant on various pretences, was about to be forced to a final issue. On the eve of the day fixed for the trial, Mr. Townsend determined to institute a final and most thorough search among his father's papers, for some evidence that the bond had been paid; but after rummaging trunks, drawers, etc., for several hours, he abandoned the search in despair, and went to bed. A few moments after he lay down, and while the full moon was shining brightly into his window, he saw plainly the form of his long deceased father standing at the foot of his bed. The latter addressed him, and said, substantially, "I see you are in trouble on account of some claims of the Spaulding estate. Go to the clerk's office at Annapolis, and ask for such a volume, for such a year, of the records of the general court, and on such a page of that volume you will find a record which will help you out of your troubles." On saying this, the apparition vanished. The next morning Mr. T., taking an early start, accordingly rode to Annapolis, and on making inquiry at the proper place, found the volume indicated, and at the page specified he found a full record of the bond in question, with the attestation of its payment in full by his father; and taking a certified copy, he rode rapidly to the place appointed for the trial, where he found the court impatiently awaiting his arrival, and where, to the astonishment of all parties, he produced those documents which compelled a decision in his favor.

PROVIDENTIAL PREVENTION OF SCIENCE.—A lady of our acquaintance relates to us the following singular episode in her history: She had for some time been in ill health, and was so extremely depressed in spirits as to desire a termination of her mortal life. For the purpose of ensuring an expeditious passage to the other world, she procured a solution of strychnine, intending to swallow it at ten o'clock on the evening of the next day, employing herself the mean time in writing up some items in her journal. The next morning she gave her servant orders not to enter the room until eight o'clock in the evening, stating that she wished to be retired. She wrote all day in her journal, and at seven o'clock in the evening she heard a tap at the door, which she thought must be her servant. She bade the person "come in," when, instead of her servant, in stepped her physician, whom she had discharged a day or two previous, having resolved to die. Said she to him, "Why, what in the world has brought you here?" The physician apologized for the abrupt intrusion, and proceeded to say that on the night previous, being many miles from that place, he dreamed of seeing her take poison, and fall prostrate on the floor, when it seemed to him that he stood over her and felt her pulse, and calculated in his mind the number of minutes she would have to live. The excitement of this dream, he said, awoke him; but on going to sleep he dreamed the same over again, and so he dreamed it, in like manner, for the third time during the same night. The dreams made an irresistible impression on his mind, and he had felt impelled to hasten back to see her with all possible speed. And now, said he, tell me frankly, have you anything of this kind in contemplation? The lady said that without answering him a word, she went to the mantel-piece and took the bottle which contained her poison, intending to show it to the physician; but at that moment an irresistible foreign force, which she took to be spiritual, agitated her arm, and compelled her to throw the bottle into the fire.

HESED ON GUARDIAN ANGELS.—Old Hesiod, the Grecian poet, who wrote some twenty-five hundred years ago or more, seems to have had ideas of guardian angels very similar to those taught by Swedenborg and confirmed by the declarations and phenomenal developments of modern Spiritualism. In the first book of his "Works and Days" he uses language concerning what followed the ancient race of mankind, which is translated by Cooke thus:

"When in the grave this race of man was laid,
Soon was a race of holy deities made—
Aerial spirits, by great Jove designed
To be on earth the guardians of mankind.
Invisible to mortal eyes, they go
And mark our actions, good or bad, below;
The immortal spies with watchful care preside,
And three ten thousand round their charges glide
They can reward with glory or with gold—
A power they by Divine permission hold."

PIC-NIC EXCURSION.

We are requested to say that the Spiritualists of this city and vicinity will have a general picnic excursion on Tuesday, August 21st. The grounds selected for the occasion are in West Flushing, near the race course. The friends will proceed by the steamboat Island City to the terminus of the Flushing Railroad on Newtown Creek, and thence take the cars the remainder of the way. The boat starts from Fulton market at 8 o'clock and 10 o'clock A. M., and 1 o'clock P. M., and the cars will return at 4 o'clock and half-past 6 o'clock P. M. Tickets at 25 cents each, for the passage there and back, may be procured on board of the boat. Further particulars relative to the arrangements, etc., will be stated in our next issue. All Spiritualists who can make it convenient, are cordially invited to be present on the occasion, which, it is confidently believed, will be a pleasant and profitable one.

N. B.—It has been given out in two or three circles, that this excursion would take place on Monday, 20th, but it has been concluded, for two or three reasons, to change the appointment to Tuesday, as above.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

SESSION OF AUGUST 1.

MR. PARTRIDGE commenced by saying that he was gratified at their last meeting by the introduction of the science of Psychometry, so called, with several of the most interesting facts ever given to the world as evidences of its verity. He was glad to have the subject placed in this "crucible," with the avowal by the parties interested, that they have no private feelings or interest in the matter, other than to elicit truth. He thought they had brought the subject to the right place; for, although it was among his friends, yet he thought the Conference had established a reputation for fair and bold criticism, which few public assemblies enjoy. He felt that the time and attention given to the subject at the last Conference was not commensurate with its importance. He was not disposed to allow anything to pass untried through our "crucible," because of a popular or fashionable reputation it had acquired outside; or, to change the figure, whatever is put into this hopper, whether new or old, if adapted to our mill, he was disposed to grind and bolt it thoroughly.

He had improved every opportunity to test the subject of psychometry, without being satisfied as yet of its truth as a science. He said, before he attempted to criticize the claims of psychometry, he ought to state what he understood the word to signify, because, said he, the word is just born into the world, and has not yet found its place in any dictionary—its significance, therefore, depends upon common usage.

He understood psychometry to signify the science of one person determining the spiritual and physical characteristics of another being by coming in contact with anything belonging to their person, or anything they have worn or written.

But he proposed to confine his remarks to one phase of the science, which is involved in the facts as presented to our last Conference by Mr. BRITTAN, which phase is comprehended by the term psychometrical reading, a term which signifies, according to his (Mr. P.'s) understanding, the science of delineating a person's spiritual and physical characteristics, by holding a letter written by that person in the hand, or by placing it on the forehead.

Two theories are claimed by the friends of psychometry; the most prominent one is, that emanations from a person impregnate, or rest on everything we come in contact with, and especially the ink or paper on which we write. The other theory, entertained by comparatively few persons, is that thoughts are things, and are also parts of those persons in whom they are formed; hence thoughts, whether expressed in words, in look, touch, or otherwise, and left on paper, are parts of the thinker, which indicate all his characteristics.

The speaker thought there were scientific and philosophical objections to both of these hypotheses. If the psychometrical reader recognizes the thought so clearly as to trace out the person in whom it originated, and to delineate his characteristics, how happens it that they seldom, if ever, can tell what the thought expressed in the letter is, or in what relation it stands to other thoughts which passed through the person's mind at the time?

There can hardly be said to be a thought expressed in a word, for example, "AND," yet the psychometrist claims to read the character even from a word or mark—the mere scratch of a pen, where no thought is expressed, and also when the writer is looking another way, and perhaps conversing with a person at the time. There can be no thought expressed or left on the paper under such circumstances; besides, they claim to delineate characters as readily by an article of clothing as from letters, and he did not believe thoughts could be discovered in his stockings. Moreover, if thoughts can be impressed on paper while writing or even scribbling on it, they can most certainly be so impressed while handling or reading letters, or writing the seals with the tongue; and if this is so, then Mr. B.'s thoughts in these cases would be most likely to be observed by the psychometrist, because his thoughts were impressed upon the letters last, and immediately before handing them to be read; hence the psychometrist would be more likely to form rapport with Mr. B. than anybody else, and delineate his character or receive impressions from him; and the speaker did not see wherein the delineations did not fit Mr. Brittan as well as at least they did the persons to whom they were ascribed, except the distinction of sex, which he would afterwards speak of. These facts, among others, stood in the way of his accepting the thought-reading theory by letter, without seeing the writing.

As to the first, viz., the emanation-hypothesis, he observed that those who held it assumed that the writer's emanations were more prominent and distinctive than any other person's could be on the same letter. In the cases presented by Mr. Brittan, the letters were written from one day to two weeks previous to his receiving them, passing through the mail, and hands of many clerks; one of them came from Europe. These letters Mr. B. takes in his hands, examines and reads them, then folds them up and puts them in new envelopes, with a view to submit them to Mrs. Kellogg for psychometrical delineation. If the emanation theory be true, and emanations from the writer were first upon the letter, then emanations from Mr. B. would be next upon it, and so of every other person (if any subsequently handle or read the letter), one covering up the other, layer upon layer, and the emanations from the person who last handled it would be those with which the psychometrical reader would come immediately in contact. Who in his senses will deny that there was not as much thought employed by Mr. B. in folding these letters, with a view of submitting them to a psychometrist, as there was in writing them? Or, who will deny that emanations from Mr. B. did not as readily flow out and rest on the paper, while reading and folding these letters, as from those who wrote them? If this be so, then the reader would come in contact with Mr. B.'s emanations, and not the writer's; and what strengthens this view of the case, is the fact that the psychometrical reader did not come in contact with the letters at all—they were in envelopes, under seal, and she took the envelopes in her hand and placed them on her forehead; the writers never had seen or touched the envelopes, but Mr. Brittan had; indeed he carried them and handed them to her, still warm, from his own person. He sat by her side during their reading, and, of course, she would more readily form mesmeric or sympathetic relations with him than with the writers of those letters—especially since both parties, as in this case, are impressible mediums. If this relation was established between them, she could as readily utter his thoughts respecting the characteristics of the several writers, as he could have expressed the same.

He would anticipate the reply which some persons would make, viz., that Mr. B. did not know which of the envelopes contained the writing of either of the parties; therefore it was a test of psychometry that a discrimination between the male and female writers was exhibited. Mr. P. said this was the only test—if it be one—there was in all the experiments; for, said he, any one of the delineations of the male characters would fit one as well as another; and so of the females; and without knowing who they were intended to represent, he should as soon have applied them to any one of one hundred of his acquaintances as to the persons named; they would fit as well. He thought the delineations were altogether too general to warrant any specific application, or to be made use of in establishing any science. He was sorry to have it go out to the world that this Conference considered these experiments fair tests of psychometry, and the results "eminently convincing," or that modern Spiritualism had not by this Conference been subjected to "so severe a trial, nor had borne a trial so well."

If this could be made manifest, he thought hundreds would feel it a duty to publish a recantation of their faith in spiritualism, and he could not conscientiously urge it upon the world.

But to return. How was the sex of the writers ascertained? Mr. P.'s reply, in brief, would be, Either by good guessing, or by Spirit-impression; probably by the latter mode, both of the parties being impressible mediums, and this particular phenomenon, or the ability to so discriminate, being common to Mrs. Kellogg, he believed, and all, or nearly all, other impressible mediums, or, in other words, psychometrical readers. Mr. BRITTAN'S Spirit guidances undoubtedly were cognizant of his folding these letters and putting them in envelopes, and knew his purpose in doing so; they knew the writers of the several letters and their characteristics, as well probably as Mr. B. They undoubtedly accompanied him to the experiment, and Mr. P. presumed, impressed him there as to whose writing was enclosed in each of the envelopes. Although he had no external knowledge or mark by which he could determine whose writing any one of the envelopes contained, yet he lived, walked, and received these delineations, while in rapport with his Spirit-guidance. Thus he lived in the sphere of that knowledge, and was so fully imbued with it that he spoke of it confidently as follows: "If the letter marked No. 1 did not prove to be from that gentleman Mr. Goldsmith, he should decide that this effort by Mrs. K. was on the whole a failure." Mr. B. says that the ground of that confidence was the peculiar fitness of the description to the characteristics of Mr. Goldsmith.

Mr. B. was quite sure as to which of the persons whose writings he had submitted, each delineation was intended to apply; but let us see how nearly delineations No. 1 and No. 3 correspond, and wherein one of these delineations fits one of these gentlemen and not the other:

1. I have a feeling of high aspiration; I would look upward and reach forward.

This person is not satisfied with present attainments, but is seeking after what lies beyond.

2. There is a great disposition in this man to proceed, and he can always arrange his affairs so as to start in season.

3. As a deliberative man of mind; weighs everything; will not grasp bubbles that burst in his fingers; examines carefully; calls the witnesses and sums up the evidence. He proceeds slowly; but when once convinced, there is with him no shadow of turning.

4. Should this man take sides in an argument, he will stand his ground manfully during the conflict. Is a keen observer of men and things. It is difficult to deceive him; he looks directly through the artifice. He has great firmness, and is a decided character.

5. This person does not appear to entertain small ideas; he has more than an ordinary brain; the intellectual faculties are active, and his judgment is remarkably sound. He does not appear to be a man of many words—uses just terms enough to express his thoughts. His mind takes a wide range; he would make a good philosopher.

6. This man's brain is all awake; he uses all the rooms in his house, and opens all the windows that the light may shine in from all quarters. He is strong in feeling and in thought, and has stuffed his head with a large bundle of information. . . . He can philosophize well.

7. This man has mind enough to enable him to put his heel on popular orthodoxy.

8. There is a strong feeling of independence in this man; he has great firmness, and is a decided character.

9. He has not a steeply-shaped head; his church is all round. He does not believe in two sermons a day, and prayer-meeting in the evening; at the same time his organization clearly indicates that he is a just and generous man.

10. Should this man take sides in an argument, he will stand his ground manfully during the conflict, but if found on the wrong side, will in the end acknowledge it gracefully.

11. There is a strong light about this brain, and the mind is at times almost inspired. It is not an influence that will ever destroy or disturb his own balance. He is well informed on most subjects; the whole tendency of his mind and life is to elevation, and he wants to find the soul of all things.

12. He has a faculty of arriving at results intuitively, and knows some things without knowing why. It is difficult to deceive him. He has stuffed his head with a large bundle of information; can philosophize well.

Mr. P. thought the differences in these two delineations might be pretty fully stated in the language employed in each of them, viz., Number one "would make a good philosopher," and number three "can philosophize well." A difference between "twiddle-dee" and "twiddle-dee."

Mr. P. urged the fact of Mr. B.'s strong assurance as to whom these delineations were intended for (since they were found to fit one of the parties as well as the other), as evidence that Mr. B. was in rapport with Spirits who knew the writer of the letter in each envelope; and that these Spirits transferred their impressions to his mind, and thus placed him in the sphere of knowledge on this point; and that Mrs. K. in turn either received her impressions from his mind, or directly from the Spirits, and was thus enabled to determine which envelope contained a letter written by a female and which by a male, and also to determine concerning the characteristics of the different writers; and he maintained that all the phenomena claimed as psychometrical were to be accounted for and explained by modern Spiritualism. He said it was no answer to this conclusion, that the so-called psychometrical phenomena were observed (if they were) before the Spiritual phenomena were developed, any more than it would be legitimate to claim that one star was created before another because its light reached us first. But there was, he thought, this peculiarity about the two theories: psychometry is all explainable by Spiritualism, but Spiritualism cannot be explained by psychometry. Spiritualism is demonstrated by a great variety of manifestations, whereas psychometry is demonstrated by none.

The facts specially under consideration were of common occurrence with nearly every medium for Spirits. Mr. Conklin is notable among them in this city for this class of manifestations. He invites everybody to write the names of different persons, their ages, places of birth, death, disease, etc., on separate strips of paper, and to fold or roll up each strip separately, and then throw them together promiscuously, and the Spirits will select from the mass the papers which contain the name, age, birth, disease, death, etc., of the particular Spirit with whom communication is desired and can be obtained. We cite the things as proof of Spirit presence. Hence Mr. P. was not willing to fritter away these precious evidences of a future existence by substituting a new name for them; he thought men and things seldom change their name unless they had abused their old one.

Mr. P. thought the tests on which the believers in psychometry relied, had not, as a general thing, been fairly made. Some intimations as to the writer had been given; or the phenomena had seldom, if ever, occurred except between parties who had previously, or did at the time establish mesmeric relations. If one of the parties knew the writers and their characteristics, the other party could, through the mesmeric relations, easily read their minds. All the experiments he had ever heard of were more easily and rationally explained by mesmerism, mind acting on or influencing mind, or by the aid of Spirits, than by the theory of psychometry.

Psychometry claims to be independent of mesmerism and Spirits, and must be established, if at all, by facts occurring under circumstances which render operation of these sciences inadmissible. Mr. P. could receive no disclosure or delineation through contact with writing, clothing, hair, etc., as a test of psychometry, which is made in the presence of any person or Spirit who knows the thing disclosed; for he believed most persons and all Spirits were capable of impressing all psychometrical readers—so-called, in more common usage, mediums—with their knowledge and thoughts. All the psychometers with whom he was acquainted (and he believed there was no exception) are mediums for Spirits; and when these mediums are asked how do you know the things of which you speak, they say, "The Spirits tell me so." Spirits generally rap, write, or make other manifestations through these mediums, confirming what they say. Spirits always confirm what Mrs. Kellogg says, while delineating characters, by some external sign, usually by raps, in the ordinary way, or through her hand.

Mr. P. referred to the following separate experiments made by Mr. Brittan and himself in February last. The results which Mr. B. obtained were published in the TELEGRAPH, March 3d. The results Mr. P. obtained had never been published, but he thought their publication was due to the cause and the readers of the paper, and he should furnish them in this connection.

The following is the result of Mr. B.'s experiments:

SPIRITS AND PHOTOGRAPHY.—A few days since Mr. Henry H. Hubbard of this city, exhibited in our office a beautiful photographic picture of his little son, some ten years of age, which presented a singular phenomenon, consisting of an intense light, which, taking an elliptical form, passes obliquely across the region of the thorax, terminating at one extremity outside and near the left shoulder, and at the other under the right arm. The light is strongest directly over the center of the chest, and diminishes toward the extremities. There does not appear to have been any natural cause for this phenomenon that either the artist or any one else can discover.

Desiring to learn something of the cause of this singular effect, we solicited the use of the picture—which was on thin paper—for a day or two, and inclosing it in a new envelope, we submitted it without explanation or comment to Mrs. Kellogg, resolving in our own mind that she should discover it to be a letter instead of a picture. Taking the envelope and its contents, Mrs. K. spoke as follows:

I do not see any letters here, but I see the odd light or spiritual illumination around lines or characters which I can neither read nor describe. This is a difficult thing to explain—it never has been explained. It does not seem to me like any writing of a medium; but it seems to have been the work of a moment. I should not be surprised if what is here inclosed should fade away some time. This is the strangest thing I ever attempted to examine. There is something here that I can not be a blank. It can not be a picture, can it? Whatever it is, it certainly was never done by a human being. It is a picture, Mr. Brittan.

I have the most singular impression. It seems to me that the odd light is the foundation of the whole thing. O it is curious! I can not perceive that anything merely earthly has done this. It was a Spirit that did this. There are exquisite lines here, and every one is a line of beauty. I get an impression that it is a head. It is beautifully done. I see the Spirit that did this; he had a very singular head; the perceptive faculties are developed to greatfulness. I was an artist, if he ever lived on earth. If he made pictures, he made them with a very few lines. This strange impression remains with me—I cannot shake it off—that this was all produced by using what forms or constitutes the odd light.

I can see now why some of the drawings made by the Spirits are so imperfect. It seems to be owing to the distance at which the Spirit works. This is a difficult thing to explain—it is a singular fact. The light which produced this seems to have emanated from the Spirit's fingers. The light does not proceed in currents the size of the fingers, but in very fine electric scintillations; it first dashes out in sparks like electricity, and then flows continuously. By moving the fingers the Spirit can vary the degree of light, and diffuse it over a larger or smaller surface at pleasure. This is certainly the most singular thing I ever saw in my life. I can see just how it is done, but I can not describe the process. The picture looks life-like.

I received a decided impression that it is a male. The Spirit tells me that it is young; it appears to be a child. I can not determine the precise age, but it appears to be quite young.

The following was elicited by asking questions:

The Spirit-manifestation connected with this, is intended to indicate something with respect to the child. It denotes something regarding his spiritual state. He is a medium. It indicates nothing respecting his physical condition.

The italicizing in the above communication was done by the Spirit that influenced Mrs. Kellogg during its delivery.

Mr. P., without explanation or comment, submitted the same picture in the same envelope to Mrs. Kellogg, one or two days after the experiment by Mr. B. Mrs. K. took it in her hand, rubbed it, placed it on her

forehead, asked some questions respecting it, to which no reply was made, and finally spoke as follows:

The first impression is pleasant. I feel strength of purpose and force of character; I feel strong as I hold it. This person is friendly to the cause of Spiritualism, and I should think zealous in it (Spirits respond by raps with her hand). The mind of this person seems fixed; 'tis not swayed one way or the other. The principles of Spiritualism seem to be in this writer. This person seems to me active, and seems to act with a purpose (Spirits respond), excellent judgment (Spirits respond). This seems to be a person of cultivated mind—a reflective mind. I like this sphere; there seems much reverence and respect in this character (Spirits respond).

The ideas seem clear and distinct; the expression would be distinct and plain; seldom speaks without thought (Spirits respond). This person has a good deal of idealism; it is a person of taste; seems like a harmonizer—a lover of harmony (Spirits respond). There is large hope in this head. This person seems to be living for the future, and not a life for to-day. This person likes to elevate others, and loves to see others happy. This person is charitable, not selfish (Spirits respond); seems liberal in thought and action. This person has a great soul.

The frontal portion of this person's brain rules this character. This person seems to be prominent before the public. This person is sincere and frank. The tone indicates a male (Spirits respond). It is a middle-aged person; the mind is matured long ago; seems to be in good bodily condition; thinks he will live to do much good in the world, worthy the name of man. (This was given by Mrs. Kellogg, February 28).

Mr. P. observed there was no shadow of similarity between the two delineations, and he thought this last delineation would fit either Mr. Courtney or Goldsmith, as well as those previously considered, which are thought by some to be so perfect. But the questions for us to consider are, What caused the difference in these two delineations? Why did she say in one that it was a picture, and not recognize it as such in the other? Why, if psychometry be true, did she not discover Mr. Brittan's or her own thoughts impressed upon it? Why did she not discover that it was the same that Mr. B. submitted to her but a day or two before? Why did she not discover Mr. Brittan's or her own emanations upon it? These are questions which thought-and-emanation-theorists must answer.

It will be perceived that in both these instances Spirits claim to have impressed, and otherwise assisted in giving the communications. To Mr. B. she said, "The Spirit tells me that it is young;" and to Mr. P., what Mrs. K. said was Spirits, used her hand to rap in confirmation of what she said, which must be conclusive evidence to those who consider mediums competent witnesses as to phenomena produced through them, that these delineations were given her from Spirits, and that she does not personally obtain them through the thoughts or emanations left in the ink or on the paper.

Mr. P. believed that in every successful psychometrical experiment, which was not merely mesmeric, there had been evidences of Spirit-presence and assistance, which the friends of the science are prone to suppress.

If it is said these two cases are not claimed as psychometrical, he would ask, Why not? In all these cases, the thing to be delineated was enclosed in envelopes. All the psychometrical requisites were complied with—except, perhaps, that Mr. P. did not tell the medium what to say, neither by word nor through his mind.

The delineations were given in the way and mode of psychometry, and there was no difference in either case. And he insisted that there was no more reason for disclaiming the latter cases than the former, except the faithfulness of the experimenters in recording the whole story, viz., that Spirits communicate. Mr. P. was not willing to suppress evidences of Spirit-presence should be smothered or covered up under the fantastic term psychometry.

Mr. P. considered the psychometrical theory a fallacy, and he could not consent to have the subject pass the ordeal of this Conference, or himself to be made an instrument of fostering it, until direct and substantial proofs of its truth were furnished; and he would say to those present and elsewhere, that mere speculative theory was not admissible for this purpose. He demanded fair experiments, free from mesmerism or Spiritual influences, and minute reports of all the conditions and influences possibly operating at the time, and all that is said by the medium and others present.

Dr. HALLOCK said the subject under consideration induced him to repeat the result of a pretty extensive observation, viz., that like school-boys who attempt to solve problems by the "rule of three," with a very imperfect knowledge of division and subtraction, we have entered upon the solution of the higher problems of mind—that is to say, the capacities and powers of the Spirit, divested of the external body; while at the same time our knowledge is exceedingly imperfect with regard to the powers of the human Spirit, while yet a dweller in the visible form. For this reason, he thought, true progress in sound spiritual knowledge lies in a thorough revision or examination of the powers which belong to man by virtue of his manhood, irrespective of the sphere or plane of being he may occupy. The law of progress, by which is meant growth, involves an antecedent and a sequent. The acorn is father to the oak, the child to the man, the man to the angel. That which is predicable of an angel, therefore, is true qualitatively of the man. He is not transformed into an angel by a clonic spasm; he becomes an angel as an acorn does an oak, by the law of growth simply. Hence every faculty or power possessed by a Spirit is observable in man—man is a Spirit. This old fact with a new name—psychometry—is as well established as being a faculty of man's mental structure as any other mental power. Men only doubt it who have not observed it. Its truly wonderful phenomena are all included in the law of attraction. Two blocks of wood silently approaching each other in the dark night and still water of a secluded lake, are unerring, but despised and neglected prophets of the faculty under consideration. The force which impelled those two inanimate blocks in the direction of each other unfolds itself in man, as psychometry. In the simple phenomenon of a wet dish-dish becoming dry in the sun, is included all our ocean steamers and our iron railroads. In a current of electricity running around a piece of soft iron, is included all our telegraphic despatches, whether of joy or sorrow. In atomic attraction is included spiritual affinity—the law by which atom finds its kindred atom, soul finds its kindred soul. Research in the direction of the roots of these wonderful powers will be far more productive of genuine growth, than flights into the "seventh sphere" in search of the twelve apostles. It is not to be doubted that Spirits can delineate character, and therefore may and do aid impresses sometimes in the descriptions given; but this obvious fact proves the power to belong to man before he becomes a Spirit in the popular sense. It is one of the essentials which constitute him man, and as such pertains to his individuality as absolutely as is power to see and hear and feel. Now, it will not be denied that any or all these senses may be quickened or aided, under certain conditions, by our friends on the plane of a more unfolded life; but the powers themselves belong to the individual. Spirits cannot develop that which God did not create. It is not well to look among the stars for causes, until we have examined carefully the ground beneath our feet. This neglect is the "besting sin" of spiritual investigation. The line of demarcation between what a Spirit out of the body and a Spirit in the body can do, will be more and more difficult to trace, as the race approximates its true manhood. This apparent difficulty (which in fact is a glorious simplicity, and no difficulty whatever) is an incident of growth, and an eloquent proof of it. We grow into the kingdom of heaven, and bear fruit all the way up there. Hitherto, we have tasted only of what grew in the shade upon the lower limbs near the earth; the ladder of observation, if we do but plant it firmly and ascend it carefully, will introduce us to those "higher branches," whose fruit is meliorated by a richer sun-light, and tinted with the golden hues of heaven.

Mr. JONSON related a case as a confirmation of the ability of Mrs. Kellogg to delineate character in this way. A well-known member of the New York press gave him (with a view to test this power, the existence of which the gentleman denied) a piece of paper containing his handwriting in a sealed envelope, with four private marks placed by four different individuals upon the seal. This he enclosed in another envelope, with a request for a psychometric examination, and sent to Mrs. Kellogg by the city post. After two months or more had elapsed, the sealed envelope, with a written description of what purported to be characteristics of the individual whose handwriting it contained, was returned to him through the post. The description was opened and read in the presence of the same gentlemen who had affixed their private marks to the seal, and was pronounced by them, and well known to be an accurate description of the gentleman's character—so accurate, indeed, that the gentleman himself charges, by way of accounting for the fact, that he (Johnson) had been to Mrs. K., and told her all the peculiarities which she so graphically delineated.

Adjusted.

God being perfect can only be glorified by the agency of his own attributes. Flesh pots, or dead bodies in their stench, though they are outwardly useful unto creation—for there is nothing wasted—do not appear half so lovely, or are not half so acceptable, as the living, burning light within.

Original Communications.

LIGHT ABOVE.

BY R. H. BROWN, MEDIUM.

(Spoken while Entranced.)

As, leaning from their thrones of light,
The stars look forth amid the sky;
So, from celestial mansions bright,
Look down the angels from on high,
And shrouded in her robes of night,
The distant rolling earth descrie.
As thou, amid transparent skies,
The sun, unchecked, his radiance pour,
And all the world with light baptize,
From mountain-top to ocean's shore;
So, from supernal spheres above,
To earth's Plutonian realm of woe,
Celestial streams of Truth and Love
In radiant tides forever flow.
As every wave that dancing plays
O'er ocean's broad expanse, at night,
From some bright star's descending rays,
Receives a gleaming crown of light;
So, every soul shut out from day,
In woe and darkness doomed to lie,
Doth catch a beam of some bright ray
Sent down from angel worlds on high.

DETROIT, July, 1855.

DESCENT OF THE HEAVENLY CITY.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

The following extract is from a letter recently addressed by a Spiritualist of New England to the village clergyman. As it seems to be adapted to other meridians, I send it to you for publication, as I know many of the clergy are readers of your paper. I will therefore address it, with your consent, to the clergy. Yours, as ever,

JOSIAH A. GRIDLEY.

A WORD NOW ON THE SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

That your "Church triumphant"—i. e., the New Jerusalem—is to come down from God out of Heaven," no man who is a believer in the New Testament can for a moment doubt; neither can he any more doubt that it is not thus to descend in the midst of an orthodox millennium, but it is to come and locate itself while the world is full of dogs, sorcerers, whoremongers, idolaters and liars. It is not to come to connect itself with the "millennial age on earth," but to produce it—to usher it in, else the Bible representation is a fable. Such was St. John's opinion. Such also was Isaiah's belief when, with a prophet's ken, he looked through the long vista of the future, and discovered the "highway of holiness cast up for the ransomed of the Lord." Where, I ask, did he locate it? Why, in a wilderness, in a swamp, in a quagmire, among "reeds and rushes, amid lions and ravenous beasts," to which wicked men are sometimes likened.

Now, my brother, is it not strange that the clergy turn with feigned if not real contempt upon the descending city which, as to-day manifested, is a subject of the most clear and long-continued prophecy of any contained in the Book which they profess to reverence? Say, dear sir, is it not a wonder? Have they no interest in the prophetic truths of Heaven—no interest in the union of the two worlds? Nay, I affirm the whole history of the world, and the Bible itself, would make it a wonder if they were not the last on earth to hear and embrace any newly descending truth from the skies. Though for many long years they have prophesied and preached and prayed about it, they do not know the Child; it is born still in a manger among the lowly. A cushioned pulpit never yet gave it birth; no pagany of earth can add to its glory or in the least increase its value. "The leaves of the tree of life, my friend, are for the healing of the nations," but they grow only within that city into which nothing entereth that defileth, and of course they are out of the reach of all unsanctified men, which includes the clergy with its entire class of theological professors, according to their own just though meaningless confessions. These leaves, then, are accessible only to God's angels, and they are to-day scaling the walls of Zion, and dropping the leaves of Paradise thence as those of autumn upon our wayward and degenerate world; and this, forsooth, is "all the Devil's work!" Well, sir, it must go on, or God's Bible and Heaven's prophecies must all fail; no earthly power can resist it. God will give no counter order. The Almighty has spoken by the lips of his seers, and he will make it good. It is a work that shall cast down every high look and vain imagination of him who sets himself against it. The arm of even a Mahan is too short and imbecile to cope successfully with the angels of the Almighty. God is determined to give more light to the world. If the old channels refuse to transmit it, new ones will assuredly be opened. It is now even so; the old ones do refuse to transmit, and new ones are daily and hourly opened.

But what good has it done? I answer that a host of afflicted bodies have been healed, ten thousand lacerated hearts have been made whole, immortality has been established in the hearts of sensuous men, and many an unbelieving Thomas has exclaimed, "My Lord and my God!" Is not that good? The Bible declarations of the proximity of the spiritual human Heavens to our earth has been confirmed. That, too, is good; it saves a long journey. It has shown that the Day of Judgment, Heaven's severest criticisms, transpire within the man, in the "kingdom that is within us," just where the Son of man promised to reveal himself, instead of off somewhere beyond the blue, and that it takes place as soon as we are sufficiently advanced to endure it to the best advantage, instead of coming off in the distant future, some time between now and never. This, too, is good; it is something tangible—something rational—something that may be relied on and prepared for. It has shown, too, agreeably with the Bible record, that the putting off of the body does not at all change the moral character. Spirits who have but recently undergone the change affirm that they are just what they were before, while all their manifestations go to show that they are yet true to their earth-life, with all the idiosyncrasies known to be peculiar to them as individuals while on earth. Who will not say this is good? It saves their identity, removes the boundless leap of orthodox theology—a leap so terribly dark and long that the spiritual telescopes of its modern professors can not bring the view of the opposite shore within their straining vision, while they almost uniformly express the fear that they shall not reach it in safety. Now, Spiritualism, backed by the Bible, lets down the bucket to such miners as may miss their footing, and still continues "to preach to the Spirits in prison." Won't these mining professors think it good then, though they may despise it now? Will it be worth nothing to them to know that whenever they wish to rise, by purifying themselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, that good angels will assist them, with no arbitrary decree of Heaven to hinder? It may be true that the human will may open an impassable gulf between itself and all goodness, but it is equally true that the human will can bridge it too by the grace freely proffered to all. This is Bible, and fact, too. The human will can make a hell of fire and brimstone of its own passions, and it can quench it beyond another kindling. Our Heaven is within us, or we have no Heaven.

HEALING MEDIUMS IN LOCKPORT, N. Y.

BROTHER BRITTAN:

I HAVE been spending a few days in the beautiful village of Lockport. Everything there seems to be thriving, and particularly Spiritualism. Previous to visiting that place, I could not learn that there were more than one or two Spiritualists there; but I was happily disappointed. I found there some two or three hundred good, whole-souled brethren and sisters, all of whom are devotedly attached to the cause, and are doing everything in their power to promote it. There is one thing very peculiar about the cause here, and which I have neither seen nor heard of in any place which I have visited. They have frequent and very large circles, and most of those who sit in those circles are developed as healing mediums. I was told that there were probably fifty healing mediums in the village. There are but a few of this number, however, that use this power publicly for the healing of diseases. There are two or three, I believe, who devote most of their time to that particular object. I became acquainted with one in particular, Mr. G. C. Eaton, who has opened an office, and devotes his whole time and attention to that object; he has numerous calls daily from those who are afflicted with disease, and is performing many really miraculous cures. I spent considerable time in his office during my visit there, and was witness to several remarkable cures performed by a Spirit, through Mr. Eaton as medium. I will mention two cases which I witnessed:

A young man came into the office who had been suffering with fever and ague for some time; his fever was raging dreadfully at the time; face flushed, severe pain in the head and back, and all the other unpleasant sensations that usually accompany that disease; and he was so weak that it was with much difficulty that he could get up the stairs leading to the office. He took his seat, when Mr. Eaton merely placed his hands upon the chest or side of the patient, and held them there about fifteen minutes; and when he took them off, there was not a single trace of his disease visible. His fever had entirely disappeared; the pain in his head and back had entirely left him, and he was in a state of gentle perspiration.

One more case. A farmer came in from the country some six or eight miles; he had been cutting his hay, and in the operation had in some way got poisoned, by coming in contact with some poisonous plant. Some of his limbs and his face were very much swollen and inflamed; one of his eyes was entirely closed, and the poison seemed to be extending rapidly through the system. While in this situation the patient took his seat, and Mr. Eaton placed his hands upon the man's head for the space of fifteen minutes. When he removed them, the appearance of the patient was much improved; his face assumed its natural color; the inflammation had nearly subsided; his face was a little swollen, so that he could not open the eye that was closed as wide as the other; but Mr. Eaton told him that in a few hours the swelling would all be gone, and the cure perfect. I afterward met the man in the street; his eyes and face appeared perfectly natural, and he said he felt perfectly well. These are cases which I witnessed myself, and they are merely specimens of those which are daily and almost hourly occurring in Mr. Eaton's office.

Many cases of seemingly miraculous cures were related to me by Mr. Eaton, which had been performed by Spirits through his mediumship, and which were attested to by many other persons in the village who had witnessed them. Mr. Eaton is controlled by an Indian by the name of Waho; he says he has once seen this Spirit, and he describes him as being the most perfect figure of a man he ever beheld. Mr. Eaton is naturally a very gentlemanly, modest, unassuming man, and of rather slender form, making no claim whatever to any philosophical or scientific attainments; but when he is under the control of this Spirit, he is a perfect giant, both mentally and physically; there seems to be no limit to his intelligence; he says he has been in the Spirit-world about two hundred years, and was the last of his tribe or nation there three times when he entered the Spirit-world. When he first began to control Mr. Eaton, he had but little acquaintance with our language, and it was with much difficulty that he could make himself understood; but he now speaks it fluently.

There is another gentleman by the name of N. M. Bruce, a Daguerrean artist, who is also a healing medium, and who also offers his services to the public in that capacity. I did not myself witness any of the cures performed by Mr. Bruce, but learned from him and others that he was very successful in this department. I mention these two mediums in particular, for the reason that they have placed themselves more prominently before the public as healing mediums than any others. There are others, however, in the village, whose names I do not now recollect, that are good healing mediums, and among the number are several ladies, who sometimes exert their powers in healing the sick. There are several of the best clairvoyant mediums in Lockport that I have ever seen. I became acquainted with two; one a very interesting married lady, the wife of a Mr. Wheelock, of that village; the other, the wife of a Mr. Dean, who was for many years either a Baptist or Methodist clergyman. These very intelligent and interesting ladies gave some of the most convincing tests and proofs of the truth of Spiritualism that I have ever witnessed.

The friends of the cause in Lockport have hired a hall, where they hold meetings every Sabbath; their meetings are well attended; the Spirits generally control the mediums, and speak to the audience through them. I remained little over a week in Lockport, and was very much pleased with my visit; found the brethren very friendly, willing and ready to get up a circle at a moment's warning, to accommodate any strangers who may visit Lockport, and which any one who is interested in the cause, or is willing to investigate, is affectionately and cordially invited to attend. I would say to all those who visit Lockport for the purpose of being healed, and are under the necessity of remaining there for a longer or shorter time, that they can obtain board in the families of Spiritualists at a very reasonable rate, and that they can obtain any information they may desire upon that subject by addressing a line to, or calling on that prince of Spiritualists, Mr. W. C. Hussey, who can be found at the shoe store of Mr. Brown, in Main-street, near the canal.

During my visit there, I came to the following conclusion, viz., that the time is not very far distant when the knights of the lancee have got to pursue some other occupation for a living; that their lances will be turned into tooth-picks, and that calomel and jalap, ipecac and tartar emetic, will become drugs in more senses than one; for the Spirits say that they can cure any curable disease without the aid of medicine.

Yours truly,

L. L. P.

ITINERANT ETCHINGS OF U. CLARK.

EAGLE HARBOR, ORLEANS CO., N. Y., July 26.

WE are like waifs, those of who are consecrated to the public mission of Spiritualism. With Shakespeare's fairy Puck, we are sometimes called to put a girdle around the globe in forty-hours, if not seconds, and are continually "blown with restless violence round about this pendant world." Here we are, one day lathering among city bricks, and trying to hold a New York audience, while on the next we are off hundreds of miles in Western New York, talking to the great people who pour in from all the rich rural districts around.

Twenty-hours' ride from New York, first up the Hudson, and then on the New York Central Railroad, brings us to Albion, the fine, large old shire town of this county, and three miles from Eagle Harbor, a quiet rural village on the Erie Canal, thirty-five miles west of Rochester, and a short distance from Lake Ontario.

When within about ten miles of Albion, last Saturday afternoon, I became impressed that the friends at Eagle Harbor, from some cause, would not meet me at the Albion station, as I had anticipated; so I concentrated my mind to telegraph spiritually to Dr. A. G. Fellows, the remarkable healing medium of Albion, to whom I referred in my last. On my arrival, I found no one after me, and hurried to Dr. F.'s office. His office was closed, and I started for his residence. Instead of taking the most eligible course, I was impressed to turn up a cross street, with assurance that I should meet him there. He had started from his residence to go to the depot after me, about the time I started from his office; but he was suddenly turned about, and sent down the same cross street I had taken, and we met in the middle of the block. Among his first words were, "I knew you had come. I was after you. I was some two miles out of town when you sent on spiritually. Got your message very distinctly; hurried home; told my wife you had come, and that I must feed my horse to carry you to the Harbor," etc. Now it is positively certain that Dr. Fellows could have received his impressions in no other than a spiritual manner, for he had had no communication with any of my relatives at the Harbor, and all I had written him was that I expected to be in town either on Friday or Saturday, without specifying any hour or anything else. The hour was so late when he started after me, the Doctor's wife, as well as my friends at the Harbor who had gone to the station after me on Friday, had entirely given me up; but the Doctor insisted that I had just come; he knew it; he met me accordingly, and accompanied me here! I have more facts of a similar yet more startling character, demonstrating the actuality of spiritual telegraphing. Of late, I am daily communicating in this manner with friends and patients at a distance, and can demonstrate the fact, the feasibility, the reliability of the process to any person of spiritual susceptibility. The most stupendous and sublime com-

ceptions of the human soul are outstripped by realities, when once we begin to open this living communication between mind and mind, and to realize that all this vast universe is as it were but the transparent eye-ball of God, flashing light from Spirit to Spirit, and transmitting with lightning speed intelligence from sphere to sphere, from sun to sun, from star to star, bounding the outskirts of infinite space!

The indefatigable zeal of Dr. Fellows had anticipated my coming, and had made preparations. Sunday morning, the 22d, I rode ten miles with Mrs. C., to East Barre, a rural neighborhood, where we found a large concourse gathered in, at two or three days' notice, from the surrounding country, eight or ten miles. During the morning and afternoon sessions together, I spoke as the Spirit moved for more than two hours and a half, and never to more candid, intelligent, devout and attentive hearers, many of whose minds and hearts were already alive with the spiritual gospel, and many more eagerly seeking the way of life and truth. At 5 P. M. I spoke an hour at Albion, in the court house, crowded to its utmost capacity, much to my surprise, for no public lecture had been given heretofore, and Albion is noted for its wealthy and old hunkerish religious aristocracy. But Spiritualism has found its way in their midst, and begins, as almost everywhere else, to produce deep internal agitation. One of the first families in the place has lately been strangely handled by the invisibles. Dr. Fellows, who has been influenced to do wonderful things, and has called on and been visited by two or three thousand persons within a few months, has excited general interest and curiosity, although considered to be stark mad by many opposers, and a little eccentric by even his friends; but, like other pioneers, he can bear all that is said, for the exceeding glory which awaits the triumph of truth.

Notwithstanding the short summer nights, I am urged to lecture three nights in Albion this week. Next Sunday I address a mass meeting at or near the Christian church in West Barre; Sunday, August 5th, morning and afternoon, speak in Buffalo; in the evening at Lockport, and home at Williamsburg again about the 9th.

But here, domiciled in the rural village-home of S. N. Chubb, Esq., dear reader, allow me a brief breathing spell from the dust and din of city life, of turmoil and travel. Imagine a neat white cottage, on either end spreading out its low, gentle wings over a green lawn, and beneath the shadow of a lovely cluster of sweet-savored locusts, whose boughs in the morning drip with silver dew, and all day long are vocal with the melody of winged songsters, while at noon and night the genial summer breeze plays eolian music among the waving foliage, like the murmur of angel voices amid the trees of life that stand fast by the river of Paradise, and shelter the homes of a Spirit-world. There, at the cottage door, flecked with years of noble toil, sits a venerable sire, with whitened head; and by his side the genial mate who has serenely borne with him the great burden of the past. Their generation is fast passing away, and the children and grand children around soon to take their place, remind them of "another country," whose "bourne" waits anon to welcome them home to everlasting beatitude. The deep thought of age is on the brow of that sire and matron, but the fire of youth burns in the heart and eye. I see in their hands upon a printed sheet—it is the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH; and how its pages glow before their dim vision with radiance, as they read there the evidence of a brighter and better world, toward which their trembling steps are speeding fast! They gaze out on the green fields their hands have tilled, and thence wander in vision to that land where "everlasting spring abides and never-withering flowers." It is with no fear of death they think in longing on that change which soon comes to all, but with solemn and serene glances, that lift the soul up to God as the rock of ages, outlasting all time, all change! As I look on the aged like these, I would fall down at their feet and worship God, with great thoughts of eternity and the generations which have been swept into its vast vortex by the ever-rolling stream of time. And he shadows of the departed come back, hovering with benedictions over the aged, whose dimmed earthly sight shall soon be lost in the splendors of the celestial empire. Shrink not, O ye venerable relics of other days—shrink not from the death-door that opens into the portals of our Father's upper house of many mansions! And mourn not, ye who are still left travelers below; for, behold, from those lofty mansions the dead still speak, they look down with undimmed eyes, and they come back whispering messages of eternal life and love, lifting the soul in serene communion with the beatified in heaven.

Nature breathes around me to-day with holy inspirations, and in her great temple I see God; I see angels on her thousand altars; and the confided Spirit of my being leaps with unutterable thoughts and emotions!

But the mail closes, and I wait another week to continue in this strange vein, but just opened by these rural surroundings. U. C.

MANIFESTATIONS IN SCHUYLER COUNTY, N. Y.

Interesting Miscellany.

ARISE, 'TIS MORNING!

BY O. G. WARREN.

The sun of righteousness appears,
The hill-tops with its light adorning;
Ho! ye who close your eyes and ears,
Arise, 'tis morning!

Truth has dawned upon the world;
A thousand lighted shrines are burning,
Salvation's banner is unfurled—
Arise, 'tis morning!

Armies are marshaled—myriad men,
The world, contempt, and danger scorning—
To drive dark Error to his den—
Arise, 'tis morning!

Light from above has come to earth,
Spirits redeemed are here returning;
Arm ye, and to the cause go forth—
Arise, 'tis morning!

NEW YORK, 1855.

COLORIDGE.

As an "eloquent talker," it may be doubted whether his superior ever lived. The statements made on this head would be judged most extravagant and incredible, if they were not from minds of widely differing associations and tastes, and some of them from sources which forbid the thought of undue partiality for the man. Thus Dr. Quincy, whose ungenerous imputations of plagiarism, and unfeeling allusion to personal frailties and domestic embarrassments, arouse one's highest indignation, says: "He spun daily, from the loom of his own magical brain, theories more gorgeous by far, and supported by a pomp and luxury of images, such as no German that ever breathed could have emulated in his dreams." Thus, too, Hazlitt, who allowed differences of political opinion to convert early friendships into blind hostility, writes: "He talked on forever; his thoughts did not seem to come with labor and effort, but as if borne on the gusts of genius, and as if the wings of his imagination lifted him from off his feet; his voice rolled on the ear like the pealing organ, and its sound alone was the music of thought; his mind was clothed with wings, and, raised on them, he lifted philosophy to heaven. In his descriptions you then saw the progress of human happiness and liberty in bright and never-ending succession, like the steps of Jacob's ladder, with airy shapes ascending and descending, and with the voice of God at the top of the ladder." Thus, also, the conscientious and gifted John Foster, describing a talk in Bristol, says: "It was perfectly wonderful, in looking back on a few hours of his conversation, to think what a quantity of perfectly original speculation he had uttered in language incomparably rich in ornament and new combinations!" And thus, once again, Henry Nelson Coleridge, his son-in-law, and editor of most of his works, writes, "Throughout a long-drawn summer's day would this man talk to you in low, equable, but clear and musical tones, concerning things human and divine, marshaling all history, harmonizing all experiment, probing the depths of your consciousness, and revealing visions of glory and of terror to the imagination; but pouring within such floods of light upon the mind that you might for a season, like Paul, become blind to the very act of conversion." Further quotations would be needless, but we shall be pardoned for adding the testimony of the inimitable Elia: "Come back into memory, like as thou wast in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope, like a fiery column, before thee, the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—logician, metaphysician, bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloister stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and the garb of the young Miranda), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Iamblichus or Plotinus, for even in those years thou wast not pale at such philo-logic drafts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar—while the walls of the old Grey Friars reached to the accents of the inspired charity-boy?"—*Presbyterian Quarterly Review*.

THE INSPIRATION OF ROME.

"This traveler through the old world, who would do justice to every part of his subject, should see the whole of Europe before he enters Italy, and the whole of Italy before he visits Rome. The morbid and ethereal elegance that invests the climate and life of Italy, relaxes the taste so much, that it can scarcely come in a proper spirit to the less poignant interests of Germany, France or England. And everything that even Venice, Florence or Naples can offer, appears frivolous and profane in presence of the august impression that Rome inspires. He whose spirit Rome has once touched with her scepter, is struck insensibly to vulgar and earthly interests.

Rome seems to be the magnetic pole of our moral sensibilities. In all other places they tremble toward it—in it they become riveted to the soil. Her galleries are stored with countless treasures, the masterpieces of Grecian sculpture; yet so far are they from constituting the secret of Rome's attraction, that we view even the Apollo with an imperfect enthusiasm, seen amid the blaze of that atmosphere of brightness which surrounds it. The landscape has peculiar and characteristic beauties; yet the chief interest with which we view it arises from the reflection that we are looking upon the country of Rome. Gorgeous in spectacle and enchanting in significance are the ceremonies of her church, whose development is the history of fourteen centuries of Europe. Yet their chief interest arises from the background against which they are viewed. It is not in any nor in all of these things that lies the secret of that spell by which this city strikes and fascinates our spirits; the charm, the mystery, the power is in the moral atmosphere that invests the scene where moralists and legislators once lived and acted. Splendid, even now, is the Rome of the eye and of the taste; but that before which the visible city lapses into nothingness, is the Rome of the mind. It is the thrilling memories which overwhelm it like an electric cloud, that makes this city a place of intense and undecaying interest, and in the presence of which we turn our backs upon pope, cardinals, and princes, and regard the romance and adventure of the princely battles of the middle ages, and the palaces of Colonna, Corsini, Doria, and empty streets.

And why is it that Rome thus awakes us as we draw nigh it, and strikes a fascination into our spirits when we are within it, affecting the strongest minds the strongest? It is because we approach the shrine of the morality of the world; it is within the precincts of that temple whence oracles of justice vent forth that are the inspiration and the guides of life. Lawgiver of the nations; parent of institutions that give civility and development to society; inventress of the arts that establish right through reason; source of that social wisdom which is civil power; the all-peripatetic city strolled in the ever-during reverence of the mind; a girl with a divinity invisible, perhaps by the frivolous, but irresistible to the thoughtful-minded traveler—*Art Scenery and Philosophy in Europe*.

THE SLANDERER.—Some one says the slanderer is a pest, a disgrace, an incubus to society that should be subject to a slow cauterization, like a festering excrescence. Like the viper, he leaves a stony trail in his wake. Like a tarantula, he weaves a thread of candor with a web of wiles, or with all the kind mendacity of bluffs, whispers forth his tale, that "like the falling Nile, no fountain knows." The dead—aye even the dead—over whose pale shrouded form sleeps the sleep no remnant tongue can wake, and whose pale lips have then no voice to plead, are subjected to the scandalous attack of the slanderer:

"Who wears a mask that frown would disown,
A cheek of parchment and an eye of stone."
There is no animal we despise more than these motes and scraps of society, the malicious censurers—

"These ravenous fishes, who follow only in the wake
Of great ships, because, perchance, they're great."

O, who would disarrange all society with their false lap-wing cries? The slanderer makes few direct charges and assertions. His long, envious fingers point to no certain locality. He has an inimitable shrug of the shoulders, can give peculiar glances,
"Or convey a libel by a frown,
Or work a reputation down."

He seems to glory in the misery he entails. The innocent wear the foulest impress of his sooty palm, and a soul pure as "Arctic snow twice dotted by the northern blast," through his warped and discolored glasses, wears a mottled hue.

What is a COQUETTE?—A young lady of more beauty than sense; more accomplishments than learning; more charms of person than grace of mind; more admirers than friends; more fools than wise men for attendants.—*Laughlin*.

A NOBLE CAPTAIN.—A gentleman, who is a retired sea-captain, and possessed only of a "small property, carried a bill to one of his neighbors, a poor man, to ask his payment of it. Upon entering the debtor's house, he found him confined to his bed with sickness.

"How do you do, captain?" said the sick man, as he entered.

"Say nothing to me," replied the captain, "unless you open your mouth to curse me. I have come on a wicked errand. But no matter," he continued, casting the bill into the fire, "you will hear no more from me."

"What is the matter," inquired the sick man; "who are you talking about?"

"Why, if the truth must be told, I came here to dun you, not knowing you were sick. But I have partly made amends for my cruelty. I have flung the bill into the fire, and you will never hear from it again. It is settled, and we are square, if you will forgive me."

This was the deed of a man of noble nature, who had learned at sea to sympathize with misfortune.

THE DEAD.—Scientific writers assert that the number of persons who existed since the beginning of time, amounts to 36,627,843,275,846. These figures, when divided by 3,005,000—the number of square leagues of land on the globe—leave 11,230,689,732 square miles of land, which being divided as before, give 1,314,022,976 persons to each square mile. Let us now reduce miles to square rods, and the number will be 1,853,174,000,000, which, being divided as before, will give 1283 inhabitants to each square rod, which being reduced to feet, will give about five persons to each square foot of terra firma.

Thus it will be perceived that our earth is one vast cemetery—1283 human beings lie buried on each square rod—scarcely sufficient for ten graves. Each grave must contain one hundred and twenty-eight persons. Thus it is easily seen that the whole surface of our globe has been dug over one hundred and twenty-eight times to bury its dead.—*Greenbury Democrat*.

TONGUES IN TREES.—Nice observers of nature have remarked the variety of tones yielded by trees when played upon by the wind. Mrs. Hemans once said Sir Walter Scott if he had noticed that every tree gives out its peculiar sound? "Yes," said he, "I have; and I think something might be done by the union of poetry and music to imitate those voices, giving a different measure to the oak, the pine, the willow," etc. There is a Highland air of somewhat similar character, called "The Notes of the Sea-birds." In Henry Taylor's drama, "Edwin Fair," there are some pleasing lines, where the wind is feigned to give him one. He applied to several; but the wanderer rested with the pine, because her voice was constant, soft, and lowly deep; and he welcomed in her a mild memorial of the ocean cave, his birth-place.

ANTIQUITIES OF TABLE-TURNING.—In the last number of "Notes and Queries," there is an extract from Monsieur Mahabour's History of Arianism, translated in 1728, which shows that table-turning was practiced in the famous Oracle of Delphos, as early as the year A. D. 370. The stool turned round, letters were pointed out, and future events foretold. The accounts of these conjurations are similar to our reports of tipping tables and spelling out sentences in our own days.

The wisest social philosophers have done little more than start themselves on their proposed courses, and their followers have rarely come up with them. A philosopher who is equal to his theory may not despair of re-creating the world; but we must find our philosopher. The health-doctor who, for a dollar, offers to put you into a way of living for ever, is subject to bilious attacks, and shudders as much as yourself at the undertaking.—*Emerson*.

CURIOSITIES OF BIBLE LITERATURE.—It is a curious fact that there are about five hundred verses in Matthew's Gospel that are also in Mark's; more than three hundred verses in Luke that are also in Mark, and about one hundred and twenty that are also in Matthew. Nearly one-half of the Gospel by Matthew is to be found in Mark, and more than one-third of the Gospel by Luke is to be found in Mark or Matthew.—*Investigator*.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Archdeacon Jeffreys, a missionary in the East Indies, states, that "for one really converted Christian, as the fruit of missionary labor—for one person born again of the Holy Spirit, and made a new creature in Jesus Christ—for one such person, the drinking practices of the English had made one thousand drunkards."

LIFE.—There is no feeling with life, when it is once turned beyond forty; the seeking of a fortune then is but a desperate after-game. It is a hundred to one if a man find two sixes, and recover all; especially if his hand be no luckier than mine.—*Cockey*.

TO THE PATRONS OF THIS PAPER.

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