

BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE,

LITERATURE, ART AND INSPIRATION.

Vol. I.

JANUARY, 1873.

No. I.

HON. N. P. TALLMADGE.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

THE average standard of private morality determines the measure of public justice. Strong men rise above that level, whilst the weak multitudes fall below. Whether we ascend or descend the scale is a question often settled by the nature of our pursuits. Some occupations serve to depress the individual and lower the tone of popular feeling and thought, while other and more honorable vocations act lever-like on the citizen and the community. The feverish excitements of personal ambition; the stakes and chances of the political gamester; the devices and intrigues of statecraft, and the fine arts of a subtle diplomacy, all furnish frequent and strong temptations to sacrifice principle for some temporary advantage. The rough discipline of political life has little or nothing to do in shaping the character of the true Reformer. Sages and philanthropists are not graduated at that school. The ordinary training of the American politician quickens the selfish instincts in man, while it deadens the finer sensibilities of his nature, and too surely leads him forward, with a blind impetuosity, to the goal of an unworthy ambition. Thus the

Vol. I.—No. I.

I



Engraved by J. C. Smith from a Daguerotype

1854

N. V. Hallwade

1854

pursuits of some men are dead weights on every manly impulse and generous aspiration ; at the same time others find in nobler labors elastic springs to every virtue, and incentives to such deeds as mark the lives of the world's redeemers. Among those who have successfully resisted the moral contagion that pervades our political atmosphere, the subject of this sketch presents a remarkable example.

NATHANIEL POTTER TALLMADGE was born in the town of Chatham, Columbia County, New York, February 8, 1795. His father, Joel Tallmadge, was a man of sterling integrity and incorruptible patriotism. In the war of the Revolution he served his country with fidelity, and was present to witness the surrender of General Burgoyne in 1777. The family is of Saxon descent, as the name (originally Tollemache) plainly indicates. According to Burke, "it has flourished with the greatest honors, in an uninterrupted male succession, in the county of Suffolk, since the first arrival of the Saxons in England, a period of more than thirteen centuries." Tollemache, Lord of Bentley, and Stoke Tollemache, in the county of Oxford, lived in the sixth century, and upon the old manor-house of Bentley is still the following inscription :—

"Before the Normans into England came,
Bentley was my residence and Tollemache was my name."

At a very early age the subject of this sketch displayed an earnest desire for knowledge, and the perseverance in its pursuit that stops at no trifling obstacle. While yet at the district school where the family resided, he chanced to get hold of an old Latin grammar, and immediately determined to master the language. He subsequently pursued his classical studies under the tuition of William H. Maynard, who at length became distinguished as a lawyer and statesman. Young Tallmadge commenced his collegiate course at Williams College, in Massachusetts, where he remained nearly two years. Subsequently he removed to Schenectady, N. Y., and finally graduated with honor in July, 1815.

Mr. Tallmadge commenced the study of law at Poughkeepsie, in the office of his kinsman, General James Tallmadge, who then stood in the front rank of his profession. He was a close student ; and when other young men, professedly engaged in similar pursuits, were returning home late at night from convivial assemblies, he might be seen alone, by the dim light of his lamp, absorbed in his studies. At the age of twenty-three Mr. Tallmadge was admitted to the bar ; in 1824 he began to take an interest in political affairs ; and in 1828 he was elected to the Legislative Assembly from Dutchess County. In the same body were such men as Elisha Williams, Erastus Root, Francis Granger, Benjamin F. Butler, Luther Bradish, Ogden Hoffman, Robert Emmett, and others scarcely less distinguished. Mr. Tallmadge soon ranked with the most prominent members of the Legislative Assembly ; and during the revision of the Statutes he took an active part, discussing with acknowledged ability the most profound questions of political economy and jurisprudence.

In 1829 Mr. Tallmadge, at the earnest solicitation of his Democratic fellow-citizens, reluctantly consented to be a candidate for the place made vacant by Peter R. Livingston, who had gone over to the opposite political party. He was accordingly nominated and elected to the Senate without formal opposition. Hon. John W. Edmonds, who has since filled so large a place in the history of Spiritualism, was an influential member at the same time. Mr. Tallmadge took his seat in January, 1830, and soon became distinguished as one of the ablest debaters in that body. He had always sustained the Canal policy of De Witt Clinton, and when a chairman of the Committee on Canals was wanted, the choice fell on Mr. Tallmadge. At the same time the subject of railroads began to attract public attention in this country. No man in the State was better informed in respect to the experiments in Europe than Mr. T., and his information was embodied in an elaborate report to the Senate, in which he discussed the feasibility of a railroad along the bank of the Hudson, and inti-

mated that travelers, in haste to reach their destination, would soon leave the stream for the shore, and the spectator be "amazed at a velocity which only lags behind the celerity of thought." Twenty years elapsed and the Hudson River Road was completed! The extreme limit of navigation in that direction is now within five hours of New York; the flow of busy life, and the currents of our inland commerce, are all unchecked by winds and tides; and we are no more exposed to arbitrary arrests under the despotism of Winter.

Before the expiration of his term in the Senate of New York, Mr. Tallmadge was elected United States Senator for the term of six years, and entered upon the duties of that office in December, 1833. He was the youngest member of that body; but his talents, both as a lawyer and a legislator, made him conspicuous even among the eminent orators and statesmen of the generation that has just passed away. He exerted a powerful influence during the slavery agitation in Congress. Mr. Calhoun maintained that the Senate should not receive petitions for its abolition, either in the District of Columbia or elsewhere. Mr. Tallmadge took a firm stand against him, insisting that the people had an undoubted right to offer any petition to Congress, and that, so long as such petitions were couched in respectful terms, the Senate was bound to receive them. The Senator from South Carolina could not let the matter rest, and at length Mr. Tallmadge took occasion, in a masterly speech, to present the subject in its essential principles, its historical relations, and its practical bearings. Mr. Van Buren was in the chair, and the Senate Chamber was crowded with anxious listeners. Mr. Calhoun was not prepared to reply; many Southern Senators admitted the great force of the argument for the right of petition, and the President of the Senate personally complimented Mr. Tallmadge for the sound discretion and distinguished ability which characterized his speech. When Mr. Calhoun subsequently returned to the subject, he was promptly met and completely silenced by the Senator from New York.

It was near the close of his first term in the Senate that Mr. Tallmadge felt constrained to oppose certain measures recommended by Mr. Van Buren, which excited the displeasure and hostility of the latter. Mr. Tallmadge was not the man to be either intimidated by denunciation or diverted from the purpose inspired by his sense of duty. The controversy was pointed and vehement. The press, in the interest of Mr. Van Buren's administration, charged Mr. Tallmadge with political apostasy. The last personal interview between those gentlemen was characterized by great freedom and not a little asperity of speech. The President insisted that the Senator from New York did not comprehend the spirit and wishes of the people. "I will show you," said Mr. Tallmadge, "that I do understand the people. I am one of them—born in the same county with yourself—but I am much more recently from amongst them than you are. You have been abroad, luxuriating on aristocratic couches, and mingling in lordly associations, until you have forgotten what constitutes a Republican People."—"Well," rejoined Mr. Van Buren, "we shall see."—"Be it so," said the Senator from New York, "Thou shalt see me at Philippi."

Mr. Tallmadge did not misjudge in presuming that the public sentiment would sustain him. The sympathies of the people were with him; and on his return to New York from the Congressional session, he was honored with a grand ovation. An immense cavalcade met him at the steamboat landing and escorted him through Broadway to the Astor House. The streets were thronged, and his presence excited the greatest enthusiasm. In the evening he was honored with a public reception at National Hall.

Senator Tallmadge proceeded to organize the Democracy of the State with a view of preventing the re-election of Mr. Van Buren. This purpose was fully accomplished, and in the succeeding national canvass the latter was defeated. General Harrison was the Presidential candidate of the Whigs, and Mr. Tallmadge would have been the choice of the nominating

convention for Vice-President, but he declined the nomination. Had his personal ambition been equal to his ability, he would doubtless have been numbered among the Presidents of the United States. In January, 1840, he was returned to the Senate, and his reelection was viewed as a signal triumph of principle over partisan restraints and the unscrupulous exercise of executive power. The following announcement of the event, by the *Eastern Argus*, will suffice to indicate the light in which his success was regarded :—

“ We hail the return of Mr. Tallmadge—the great CONSERVATIVE CHIEFTAIN, who refused to quail beneath executive denunciation and party ostracism—to the Senate of the United States with the most profound and heart-felt joy. It bespeaks the vitality of principle and the triumph of a righteous cause in the land.”

Our distinguished friend was offered a seat in General Harrison's Cabinet, and subsequently a foreign mission, both of which he declined. At the close of the session of 1844 Mr. Tyler nominated him for the office of Governor of Wisconsin. Mr. Tallmadge had just purchased lands near the city of Fond du Lac, with a view of making it a permanent home. After mature deliberation, he resolved to resign his seat in the Senate and accept the place offered him by the President. His nomination was at once unanimously confirmed by the Senate.

It was in the same year (1844) that the life of Governor Tallmadge was mysteriously preserved from a disaster that instantly deprived the country of several distinguished public men. A large party of ladies and gentlemen had been invited by Commodore Stockton to take an excursion down the Potomac, on board the United States war-steamer *Princeton*, to witness the firing of the “ Peacemaker,” a wrought-iron gun of immense weight and caliber. It was announced that the gun would be discharged three times. Before the first fire the Governor took his position at the breech of the gun. He continued to occupy the same place, and only left it after the third discharge. After dinner he escorted the ladies on deck,

and while standing near the stern of the vessel he observed that preparations were being made for another and final discharge of the Commodore's gun. Learning that the President, the members of the Cabinet, and the Commander of the *Princeton* were coming up to witness the last fire, he immediately advanced to the bow of the vessel and resumed his former position directly behind the *Peacemaker*. He had waited but a minute or two, when he was suddenly impressed that he must leave the spot without delay. In the external circumstances of the case he saw no reason for changing his place. Three times he had stood in the same position when the gun was fired, and had sustained no personal injury. It was not the ordinary emotion of fear—awakened either by his knowledge or the exercise of his reason—that suddenly disturbed the balance of his mind. He never once conjectured that a wrought-iron gun could burst; but still the overmastering impression determined his action. He followed the ladies into the cabin, and immediately heard the report of the gun. The next moment came the startling news of a terrible disaster. The Governor rushed on deck, and there beheld the lifeless forms of two members of the Cabinet and three other distinguished gentlemen. On examination, he found that the gun had burst at the nearest point to the place he had previously occupied; that its massive fragments had passed in the precise line of his position; and that had he remained there he would have been utterly demolished! *

This occurrence made a deep and lasting impression on the mind of our eminent friend. It involved a mysterious problem that found no satisfactory solution in the principles of his philosophy. He could, of course, only regard his escape as providential, without attempting an explanation of the sensorial and mental phenomena that governed his conduct. But at a later period in life, when his spiritual faculties were fairly awakened, he was enabled to clearly discern the agency of

* See Introduction to the "Healing of the Nations," pp. 48-9.

Spirits in his sudden emotion and instant action, and thus to comprehend the beautiful method of Providence in his deliverance.

During his Senatorial career Governor Tallmadge served on the committees charged with the management of the "Public Lands," "Naval Affairs," and "Foreign Relations," on all of which he displayed the same industry and ability. At the commencement of Mr. Polk's administration Governor Tallmadge was superseded by the appointment of Governor Dodge. He subsequently took an active part in organizing the State Government, and was offered the nomination of Judge of the Supreme Court, which he declined, preferring to retire to private life.

We extract the following from a small volume of "Sketches of United States Senators," published at Washington in 1839:—

"Mr. Tallmadge deserves an eminent place in the distinguished body to which he belongs. His style is lucid and classical—he reasons with force and nervous energy. His language is copious, and his powers of illustration always apparent. His speeches are frequently interspersed with poetic allusions, which appear—not like awkward strangers—but fitting with ease the context and the subject-matter to which they are applied. This is a legitimate exercise of the credit system in letters. Scholarship and literary attainments are evident in everything that escapes him."

The period that has elapsed since Mr. Tallmadge withdrew from the political arena may have somewhat obscured his record in the common mind; but we are reminded that he rendered the State essential service by his earnest advocacy of some of the most important reforms. He was one of the first to urge a reduction in the rates of postage; and every beneficent public measure—whether designed to check executive usurpation, to enfranchise labor, or otherwise to guard the liberties of the people and the sanctity of law—received his cordial support. We cannot forget his indignant condemnation

of every form of injustice, and his supreme devotion to principle; nor can we be unmindful of the intelligent and liberal influence he once exerted in our State and National affairs, and the large place he occupied in the public confidence and esteem.

In May, 1852, the attention of Governor Tallmadge was first directed to the claims of Spiritualism, by his seeing a communication from Judge Edmonds in a leading New York journal. Until then he had regarded the whole matter as a delusion. But he had long been familiar with the Judge, and associated with him in the relations of private and public life; he had the utmost confidence in his integrity and capacity; and on learning that his distinguished friend had become a convert, he could no longer presume that the subject was unworthy of respectful consideration. In speaking of the Manifestations and of Mr. Edmonds, he observed that he should do great injustice to him, and to those with whom his own opinions might have weight, should he longer hesitate to pursue his inquiries in that direction. "I felt," he continued, "that I should despise myself, and that I ought to be despised by others, if, without investigation, I should presume to express opinions against the Manifestations, regardless of such authority for their truth." His investigation, conducted in a candid and serious spirit, but with a caution and independence inspired by a rational skepticism, resulted, at length, in his accrediting the Spiritual origin of the Phenomena. Once satisfied, his freedom of mind and his moral courage prompted him to follow the noble example of the Judge in an open declaration of his faith. He attempted no concealment in any quarter, but disclosed the results of his investigations and experience in several well-written communications, which appeared in the secular and spiritual journals.

In the spring of 1854 the present writer having prepared a Memorial, addressed to the members of the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled, Governor Tallmadge was the first to sign the same, heading the list of thir-

teen thousand names. The document, which was two hundred feet long, backed with canvas, bound and mounted on a cylinder, for the sake of convenience and preservation, was submitted by General Shields to the Senate. That the Governor took a special interest in this presentation of the claims of the spiritual phenomena will be inferred from the following, which is extracted from his Appendix to "The Healing of the Nations :"

"This Memorial, though laid upon the table, is nevertheless preserved in the national archives, and there it will remain as long as free government and free principles are recognized among men. In less time than has elapsed since the Declaration of Independence, which proclaimed the freedom of man's political rights, this Memorial will be regarded with even greater interest, as proclaiming the mental freedom of the human race."

General Shields had assured the Governor that he would not only cheerfully submit the Memorial to the Senate, but also move its reference to a Select Committee. The presentation was delayed for several days—the Gadsden Treaty being under discussion at the time. At length, when the opportunity occurred, the General embraced it; but his moral courage proved to be unequal to the occasion. It is true, he presented a very fair synopsis of the Memorial and remarked, that "however unprecedented in itself, it had been prepared with singular ability, presenting the subject with great delicacy and moderation." But the Senator's speech was mainly devoted to a running commentary on "popular delusions." Carefully omitting the citation of any recent examples of supposed spiritual agency, he found the illustrations best suited to his purpose beneath the shadows of the Mediæval Ages. He was content to assume that the historical examples selected by himself all depended on delusion and knavery, and, by implication, that all more recent phenomena of a similar character must be attributed to the same source. This assumption did not at all comport with the facts cited, nor is

it otherwise sustained by the most distant probability. Of course General Shields' *argumentum ad hominem* left the subject a little more obscure than it was before.

The wily General exposed his subserviency to the vulgar prejudice of the time, by disregarding his promise. He did not follow the presentation of the Memorial by the appropriate motion to refer the same to a Select Committee. His own unbecoming levity determined the general drift of Senatorial discussion on the occasion, and ended in leaving the Memorial on the table. The conduct of Senator Shields in daring to treat the solemn convictions of 13,000 American citizens in a derisive manner was calmly reviewed by Governor Tallmadge, and rebuked in the dignified spirit that characterized every expression of his thought and feeling on a subject of such gravity. I extract the following from his letter, originally published in the *Washington Intelligencer*, of the date of April 4th, 1854:—

“When I first spoke to General Shields about presenting the Memorial to the Senate, he treated it with great courtesy, and expressed his willingness to move its reference to a Select Committee. Without expressing any opinion in favor of the spiritual theory, he agreed with me that, whether spiritual or otherwise, it was worthy of investigation. After this understanding, I confess my surprise that he should have treated it as he did; that instead of an investigation by a Select Committee, of which, by parliamentary usage, he would have been Chairman, and where those who have examined the subject could have been heard, he should have given in advance a *rehash* of what has so often been said before by the opponents of Spiritualism! My habitual respect for the honorable body of which he is a member will cause me to forego any remarks upon the attempted criticisms of himself and others on this occasion.

“I have made it a rule of my life never to write or speak on a subject about which I know nothing; and this rule has saved me from much embarrassment. The General is pleased to characterize the manifestations as a ‘delusion.’ Now I do not pretend to any extraordinary power to understand a subject better than other men whose position in life would indicate a talent equal, if not superior,

to my own. Still, I do pretend, that when I have investigated a subject, which they have not, I am better capable than they of judging whether there is any 'delusion' involved in the conclusion to which I have arrived, and I cannot consent to surrender my reason and the evidence of my own senses to their instincts."

In a subsequent letter, addressed to the editors of the *Intelligencer*, Governor Tallmadge continued his review of the Senator in a manner that left the latter little opportunity to defend his conduct. The following is the concluding paragraph of that letter :—

"The honorable gentleman was not content to present his views in a grave and serious manner becoming the subject, but he attempted to ridicule, not only the subject, but those who had memorialized Congress. The result will show whether the attempted ridicule will fall on them or react on himself. I will only add, that there are names on that Memorial which do not shrink in comparison with any member of the honorable Senate—names that have adorned the Bar, the Bench, and the Senate Chamber; names of the hardy sons of toil, whose brawny hands and stalwart arms have been thus fashioned by the industrial pursuits of life; names—the representatives of two millions of believers in the United States. . . . These memorialists, and those whom they represent, are not only entitled to respect, but they will command it. They are not to be put aside by any attempt to minister to a prejudiced public sentiment. This question is to be fairly met. The days of imposture and 'delusion' in relation to it have gone by; the honorable gentleman will no longer be able to protect himself by that senseless cry; and when he again has occasion to quote Burke's beautiful aphorism, as he terms it, that the credulity of dupes is as inexhaustible as the invention of knaves, he may find in it a more extended application than he at first supposed."

So early as 1854 Spiritualism had made itself felt in every quarter of the world. Its inspiring voice came up on the four winds, expressing a great truth with mysterious emphasis. General Shields, however, had not the courage to heed that voice; he evinced no respect for the truth; and he sneered at the attestation of thousands of living witnesses.

His serio-comic manner of treating the whole subject was evidently intended to elicit the views of other Senators, and leave to himself an opportunity to either counterfeit a sincere purpose—should the occasion demand it—or to finally dispose of the matter as a clever joke. He thus represented the profane and sacrilegious spirit of all such as trample on the solemn convictions of the living and the sacred memories of the dead. The serious tone and civil severity of Mr. Tallmadge not only rebuked this evil spirit, but was well adapted to correct the bad manners of titled ignorance and arrogance. Will the enemies of Spiritualism ever learn that truth is indestructible, and cannot be damaged by their impotent assaults? One after another they continue to run their devoted heads against it, presuming it is only a *fog-bank*. It is not our prerogative to impose arbitrary restraints on the movements of such people. If they have either reputation or brains they may, if they please, sacrifice themselves by this experiment, since they are sure to find an immovable *rock* where they only look for yielding and impalpable vapors.

It was in the autumn of the same year that the Governor prepared his elaborate Introduction and Appendix to the "Healing of the Nations," in which he asserted and defended the just claims of Spiritualism in a very earnest and convincing manner. The book, which is a large octavo, was published in the Spring of the ensuing year (1855). The Governor's authentication of the transmundane portions of the work is clear and forcible, whilst his own contributions to its pages plainly prove that, at that late period of his life, the native vigor of his mind was in no degree impaired. The modification of his theological opinions had resulted from no relaxation of his mental powers. Moreover, his faith in the life to come had acquired new strength from the facts of a living experience. With the amiability of a cultivated and truly Christian gentleman, and a charity that was genial as summer sunshine, he still combined the fearless spirit and manly independence which so strongly characterized his po-

litical career. After discussing the general subject at length, and with admirable method, he thus concludes :—

“Such is the spirit with which the friends of truth have embarked in this great cause. They are not to be deterred by the denunciations of the press, the fulminations of the pulpit, nor even by the bulls from the Vatican. They claim for themselves liberty of thought, liberty of conscience, liberty of speech, and liberty of action.”

When Spiritualism serves to develop the normal capabilities of the mind ; to purify the natural affections ; to rationalize our views of Religion, Nature, and God ; and to quicken the soul's aspirations after a higher life, it exerts its legitimate influence and at once ennobles the whole character. The case of our eminent friend presented an illustration of its happiest consequences. He was thus enabled to solve the grand problem of existence, and to realize its profound significance. A rational reverence and a hope full of immortality chastened every human passion and affection, thus rendering his daily life more simple, natural, and beautiful. For him, at least, the whole creation was invested with new and imperishable charms. It was emphatically a resurrection out of “the valley and shadow of death” into new light, liberty, and life. Spiritualism was a messenger of mercy to lead the willing soul away from scenes of bitter strife—where the passions hold their perpetual saturnalia, and the land is rendered barren and desolate—up into the white fields, where Angels are the reapers, and the “Harvest Home” is heard in Heaven.

Late in the autumn of 1856 the writer, by special invitation, visited the Governor at his “Forest Home” in Wisconsin. The Gothic cottage, in the midst of a large park, surrounded by native groves of oak and hickory, is associated with golden memories. Its surroundings were every way attractive, whilst peace and a truly generous hospitality presided within. During the week spent in that delightful retreat we had much familiar intercourse. Our friend regarded temporal possessions and worldly honors as altogether beneath the great

realities of the immortal life and world. Hence he looked forward to his own departure with a calm satisfaction that often found expression in words. Indeed, every allusion to the anticipated change indicated that his hopes were firmly anchored, and that no event could disturb the deep serenity of his spirit. This may be illustrated by a little incident. One day a visitor, who was viewing the Governor's domain, remarked to him that "the man who possessed such a home ought to live forever to enjoy it."—"Oh," said the Governor, "I have no idea of remaining *here*; I am only preparing this for some one else who has no better situation." Then looking up to the clear sky, he continued, "I understand that up there, where I am going, they have much finer places than this."

For several years the health of Governor Tallmadge had been seriously impaired; and in July, 1864, he sent a messenger to the writer to request a personal interview at his residence in Cornwall. He was able to walk about and to converse, but was feeble in body and his memory somewhat obscured. His mind was in shadow. It was not like the deep eclipse that hides the sun; it rather resembled the fleeting images of broken clouds, floating in the natural atmosphere. The intellectual light still shone through, and occasionally, for a moment, the original lustre seemed to be only softened and subdued like the light of the autumn sun, seen through the gathering mists of evening, or the veil of the Indian Summer.

Having retired to a private apartment, the Governor with great composure informed me that his career was about to terminate—that he had completed his mission on earth, and expected to receive his passport with little delay—how soon he was not permitted to know. A placid smile illuminated his features. It was like the glory of the departing day, when its fading splendors are poured through the windows of some classic and venerable fane, consecrated by time and the offices of religion. His special interest in seeing me prior to his de-

parture, was made manifest when he consigned to my keeping the materials for a large volume, embracing a record of his life and times, and comprehending numerous interesting incidents and reminiscences illustrating the public and private characters of many distinguished persons.

I spent one day and two nights with the Governor. When the hour arrived for the termination of our interview, he took me cordially by the hand, and pointing heavenward, said with impressive emphasis: "We shall meet up there." In reply to my remark, that we might yet enjoy another conference on earth, he added: "That is doubtful; but that we shall meet again is certain." The writer returned to New York, and the Governor soon went West to visit his relatives. There was truth in his impression. We were privileged to meet no more in the flesh; but it is yet left to the living to reverently cherish his memory, and to wait for the fulfilment of his prophecy when we shall meet in the spirit.

While the active periods in the life of Governor Tallmadge were wisely occupied, it is no less apparent that he finished his career in a manner that does no violence to the order of Nature. To spend the concluding period of human existence in the pursuit of wealth, and power, and fame, does not accord with any just conception of the responsibilities of life. Moreover, a sudden departure from the busy scenes and dusty highways of the world is abrupt and unseemly. Our friend had finished the battle of life and achieved its victory. He found opportunity to quietly lay aside the polished weapons of his warfare, to compose his mind, and to arrange the preliminaries for his journey in a becoming manner. The last years of his life were appropriately employed in communion with Nature, and in devout and grateful contemplations. The summons came to him on the second day of November, 1864, and it found him ready. The particular hour that witnessed his departure was suggestive. The shadows of night were passing away; the morning star paled in the orient, when, calmly—in the seventieth year of his age—he rose from his

couch, put on the robes of Immortality, and walked forth to behold the rising of the "sun that shall no more go down."

The ashes of our honored friend repose beneath the sylvan shades of RIENZI, near Fond du Lac, Wisconsin; but the spirit is free and confined to no local habitation. Wherever the glory of God is most displayed, even there the affinities of a noble nature may choose its dwelling-place.



THE MILLER'S GUESTS.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

THERE is a sprite,
In the pale moonlight,
O'er the mists of the mill-dam floating white.

And a window-sill,
In the mossy old mill,
Hangs over the mill-pond dark and still.

Like a wreath of spray,
In the air astray,
The sprite enters in at this shadowy way.

The mill-stones groan,
They shriek and moan,
And the miller thinks that he watches alone.

Half under the lid
Of the toll-chest hid,
There surely sitteth a guest unbid.

With fingers lean,
And eyes so keen,
He beckons the miller, and blinks between.

With footsteps slow,
And cheek aglow,
The miller moveth that way to go.

"I could starve," thought he,
"But my children three
Such a fearful fate their's must not be."

The hopper is full,
Yet with hollow roll
The bolt turns empty,—the stones are dull.

He fills a measure,
But not from his own ;
He had a treasure—
That treasure is gone.

He hath lifted the lid
Of the toll-chest, and hid
The measure of corn with the guest unbid.

With his long, gray ears,
And his eye that leers,
The guest on the top of the lid appears.

"I knew," said he,
"Thou hadst a treasure ;
'Thou hast lost it to me
In that stolen measure."

The miller's brow
Is in darkness now,
And his cheek in the dusk light is all aglow,—

And under his breath
The miller saith :
"I feel a shame that is worse than death."

Then his face grows bright
With a soft cool light,
As he turns to the window his sorrowing sight.

Mist-white and still,
From the window-sill,
Another guest hath entered the mill.

She points to him,
With her finger slim,
And smiles through her veil of the moonlight dim.

With trembling speed
He fills a measure,
His soul hath need,
He seeks his treasure.

Down the gates of the flume,
In the dark wheel-room,
The guest unbid is lost in the gloom.

The stones are dull,
Yet with merry roll
The bolt sifts fast while the hopper is full.

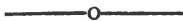
The dusty beams,
Are bright with the gleams,
That flow from the white guests' wings in streams.

"I know," said she,
"Thou hast found thy treasure ;
It returned to thee
In thy honest measure."

And with one hand,
Like a dewy band,
The miller's burning brow she spanned.

"I may starve," thought he,
"But my children three
In the care of their Heavenly Father will be."

And under his breath
Again he saith :
"Remorse is worse than the bitterest death."



PHILOSOPHY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN, M.D.

PHILOSOPHY, which usage has made a term synonymous with wisdom, must comprehend in its essence and spirit, if not in its details, the situation in which man finds himself—the universe of matter and of life—the life especially, which is our own, and the matter which affects that life and which gives it its theatre of operation.

It is no solution of the problem, no understanding of the situation, to fall back upon an infinite and therefore inconceivable power, which would only deepen the shadow of mystery. Nor is it a much better solution to weigh, measure, and analyze the ponderable elements of the globe, ignoring all that cannot be weighed and measured.

Neither in God nor in matter can we find that center of knowledge of which we can take possession, and to which all lines converging, enable us to take possession at the axial center of the radii that lead to the limitless circumference. That center is found in man. Through him alone we gain access to the world of mind, and in the contact of mind and mat-

ter which his constitution exhibits we are enabled to study the laws of correlation between matter or form, and spirit or potentiality. Force, whether physical or psychic, is not matter. Matter and that which is not matter constitute the universe. Language gives us no other comprehensive term for the immaterial but spirit, and it is therefore legitimate to use the term spirit for all potential existence beyond matter, and say that matter and spirit are the universe. These are most perfectly combined in man, and in him we may study both in correlation.*

From the highest standpoint of philosophy we are compelled to take the anthropocentric view of the universe. If life be higher than inanimate form, and volition a higher force than gravitation—if the world of life and consciousness be higher than the basic world of dead matter from which it springs, the science of life must be higher than the purely physical sciences, and man, the noblest embodiment of life, must be the commanding central figure in the panorama of science.

Perhaps to the purely materialistic mind, this may seem a fanciful view, and man may seem but a small or trivial product of the vast cosmic forces which, through immeasurable space and unlimited time, have rolled the blazing orbs that are still glowing within and beyond the range of telescopic vision, or have cooled their mighty masses here and there for the home of animated beings.

True, from the standpoint of physics, man is but a small

* To this very meager statement it may be added that mere force may be assigned to the realm of material science as commonly understood, though strictly speaking all force is spiritual. We then have on the one hand matter combined with force, and on the other spirit or conscious intelligence combined with spiritual force or will. But on the spiritual side we have not the simplicity of the material; for instead of two simple things, as intelligence and force, we have an infinitely varied combination of intelligence, sensibility, emotion, impulse and will—a variety of primal powers, like chemical combinations, the comprehension and analysis of which and of their relations to the material is the great problem of anthropology.

and impotent element of the universe ; but there is a world of mind as great *by its own standard* of magnitude as the world of matter ; yea, greater still—for in the world of mind the material universe is subordinate and external, and realized only when it enters the mental world subjectively.

But leaving the question of dignity and importance as determined by each observer for himself according to his own standpoint, let us appeal for arbitration to the right-minded man—the pure utilitarian, the lover of his race—to whom the happiness of each and all is the end and aim of existence. He would readily decide that all things are important in proportion to their proximity and power. As the earth is more important to us than the stars which yield a barely appreciable ray of warmth to the most delicate apparatus, and as our own generation is more important than the tombs of extinct nations—our own family more important than any remote continent with its millions—so our own constitutions, bearing in them all our weal or woe, are more to us than all the world besides ; and wise men, seeking useful knowledge, would have begun with the study of ourselves and our own immediate surroundings, instead of looking as far as possible from our own sphere.

But wisdom is the ripened grain of the harvest of the ages, and is not to be expected in the infancy of the race. The stars were studied astrologically before the continents of the earth were known. The social institutions of the Greeks and Romans were studied by the moderns before they had any social science, or had gathered the rudimentary facts of political economy from their own experience. The dead languages were studied before the arts and sciences of daily necessity ; the processes of logic before the useful knowledge to which that logic might apply ; and the speculations of metaphysics interested mankind for centuries before any really scientific knowledge of man had been collected. With the same erratic impulse to pursue the remote which led to the cultivation of alchemy before chemistry (endeavoring to master the

ultimate nature of matter before its most familiar phenomena were understood), barbarous nations generally have endeavored to solve the mystery of the entire universe, and to understand its genesis and destiny by theological speculation before acquiring any knowledge even of its superficial strata.

The cause of these innumerable errors is easily found in the combination of ignorance, arrogance, and indolence which has ruled the world's intellectual history. Arrogant and egotistical barbarians were unwilling to confess their ignorance, and habitually set up their crude notions and fancies as reliable knowledge. They guessed the world to be flat, and taught it as an unquestionable truth. Unqualified for patient and industrious research, they guessed, speculated, dogmatized, and imposed their speculations on posterity.

Science and true philosophy began with the abandonment of these vicious and delusive practices, and the overthrow of the fanciful structures of the ages of speculative barbarism. The revolution is progressing, but is far from being completed. Physical science is thoroughly redeemed, and speculation has given way to observation and induction. But *mental science still lingers under the shadows of the Dark Ages.*

With the exception of a few works of the last hundred years, all our German, French, and English philosophy relating to man and mind, painfully reminds us of the voluminous and jejune writings of the dark ages, and speculations of the schoolmen, before the astronomers, chemists, and geologists had given us any valuable knowledge of Nature.

My learned colleague of twenty years ago (Prof. S.), now a distinguished jurist and politician, published a condensed view of German philosophy, which unintentionally illustrated very forcibly its utter barrenness. The German philosophy was particularly and severely exercised upon the definition of matter, and arrived at the conclusion that everything which exists, exists not by virtue of any substance or potency in itself, but simply as the boundary and limitation of some other

thing, which likewise exists only in its limitation by some other thing ; in fact, that matter exists not by virtue of what it is, but solely by virtue of what it is not ! And after wrestling with these impracticable conceptions of transcendental speculation, the sentence was concluded, as if in despair of getting any clear idea of matter, with the declaration that "*matter is insane.*"

Yet it cannot be said that any work proceeding from the pen of an intelligent thoughtful being is entirely void of merit or of correct thought. The non-historical volumes of five hundred to a thousand years ago, which are now mainly little else but forgotten rubbish, had of course their full supply of philosophic platitudes and unprofitable statements, mingled with erroneous conjectures—constituting a mass of verbiage which it would be tedious and unprofitable to peruse. To have expressed such an opinion then would, however, have been a grave offence in the realm of letters ; and a similar opinion expressed now in reference to the mediæval style of philosophy which still lingers in our libraries, and darkens the atmosphere of our colleges, would be an offence to some whose perverted appetites, long fed upon such dry husks of knowledge, are scarcely capable of appreciating the sound mental food that should replace such innutritious material.

But the world generally has outgrown the appetite for the husks of speculative metaphysics. It is so utterly worthless as a preparation for medicine, for law, for business, for literature, or for moral and religious cultivation of the mind, that our young men cannot afford to waste their time upon it ; and it retains its place chiefly as a matter of curiosity, because it is called philosophy, and because it fills a place *that ought to be occupied* by something valuable—a sort of dummy figure in the family of literature, occupying its chair as a *locum tenens* waiting for the arrival of the legitimate occupant.

Precisely thus is it regarded by vigorous thinkers, by the scientific mind generally, and by practical men who have taken time to think of that gross violation of the Baconian

system of inductive philosophy which still by mere inertia holds its place in the schools as *philosophy*!

Comte speaks of the current philosophy as an "illusory psychology, which is the last phase of theology," and the members of the medical profession generally to whom it belongs to develop and to cherish the science of man (in which lies the philosophy that is required), scarcely give the metaphysical philosophy sufficient attention to express an opinion of its value.

Dr. Maudsley, an eminent and recent English writer upon insanity, says in his work on the Physiology and Pathology of Mind:

"Two facts come out very distinctly in the observation of the state of thought at the present day. One of these is the little favor in which metaphysics is held, and the very general conviction that there is no profit in it; the consequence of which firmly fixed belief is, that it is cultivated as a science only by those whose particular business it is to do so, who are engaged not in action, wherein the true balance of life is maintained, but in dreaming in professorial chairs; or if by any others, by the ambitious youth who goes through an attack of metaphysics as a child goes through an attack of the measles, getting haply an immunity from a similar affection for the rest of his life; or lastly, by the untrained and immature intellects of those metaphysical dabblers who continue youths for life.

"The metaphysician deals with man as an abstract or ideal being, postulates him as a certain constant quantity, and thereupon confidently enunciates empty propositions. The consequence is, that metaphysics has never made any advance, but has only appeared in a new garb; nor can it in truth advance, unless some great addition is made to the inborn power of the human mind. It surely argues no little conceit in any one to believe that what Plato and Descartes have not done, he, following the same methods, will do. Plato interrogated his own mind, and set forth its answers with a clearness, subtlety, and elegance of style that is unsurpassed and unsurpassable; until, then, the very unlikely event of a better mind than his making its appearance, his system may well remain as the adequate representative of what the metaphysical method can accomplish. Superseded

by a more fruitful method, it is practically obsolete, and its rare advocate, when such an one is found, may be said, like the Aturian parrot of which Humboldt tells, to speak in the language of an extinct tribe to a people which understand him not." *

Such being the condition of the intelligent mind of the age, the remark of M. de Bonald, that Europe in the nineteenth century is still waiting for its philosophy, is even much truer now than when it was first uttered.

The question that arises, then, in view of the "mighty void" that is confessed, is whether the philosophy which the nineteenth century is to receive, will be a COSMIC philosophy, in which man appears as an ephemeral outgrowth of the mighty forces of the universe—an interesting and complex result of the unending process of evolution, but still an ephemeral form of matter, like the flora and the animal life of past geological epochs, marking a stage of progress, and perhaps ultimately, by his fossil remains and his art relics, indicating where the extinct phenomena of human existence were manifested; or an ANTHROPOCENTRIC philosophy, which neither buries itself in the Telluric and Siderial masses, of which man's life is considered a trivial and transitory phenomenon—nor yet ignores the potentiality of the visible universe to rise to the supernal standpoint of an abstract theology—but avoiding equally, as ultraisms, the rigid materialism which sees nothing but ponderous globes and their physical forces—and the speculative supernaturalism which half ignores the physical realities and the innumerable laws of the universe, to revel in imaginary and *lawless* primal power of which our mightiest realities are but transient shadows—avoiding equally the sensuous and narrow materialism, and the baseless arbitrary idealism, shall contemplate the universe of matter and of

* "There still lives, and it is a singular fact, an old parrot in Maypures, which cannot be understood because, as the natives assert, it speaks the language of the Atures," an extinct tribe of Indians whose last refuge was the rocks of the foaming cataract of Orinoco.—(*Humboldt's Views of Nature.*)

mind—the two coterminous, parallel, and intermingling worlds—from the only central point of contact and conjunction which commands the whole of the dual realms,—seen from which, each becomes the interpreter of the other.

This philosophy is *Anthropocentric*, for the Spirit-world holds its communication only with the biological realm of nature (except in the matter of Creation, which is not yet a matter of scientific knowledge, indeed scarcely a subject of scientific investigation), and man may practically be regarded as the connecting link of the material and immaterial. In him, and through him, mind continually acts upon matter as matter continually acts upon mind, and each by its intimate and thorough connection becomes a satisfactory exponent of the other.

In him the spirit-world, of which mankind have in former times known so little philosophically, and so much by speculation only, comes into correlation with matter, of which we know the power, the forms, and the laws; so that the unknown, being brought down and measured in parallelism with the known, Psychology becomes a truly intelligible science, with its solid basis, its definite relations, its analysis and synthesis, and its ever-present limiting and explanatory forms.

But, in presenting this subject, it must be borne in mind that it is a novelty in the realm of positive science; and, as before the time of Volta, it was unknown that matter contained subtle, imponderable elements capable of controlling its chemical phenomena, so even at the present day it is not distinctly understood by many scientific men, and is even resolutely denied by many whose intelligence and love of truth cannot be questioned, that there is anything concerned in our mental phenomena but the blood and brain cells, the oxygen, and the chemical reactions of which those elements are capable. The organized cells, so long recognized as the basic element of vital organization, have given way to the crude *protoplasm*, in which vital bodies have been recognized without even cell-wall or nucleus. This, again, is supposed to

be proved capable of beginning from inorganic matter ; and from such limited data, the very elastic supposition is extended, like the tail of a comet, over the whole realm of life, that inorganic matter may, by assuming more complex organization, evolve the phenomena of mind, unaided by any psychic element.

The bold and frank positions of Buchner, Spencer, Owen, Bastian, and many others, involve the doctrine that matter alone, by proper combinations, evolves life and mentality. And although it is an utterly unthinkable proposition that *motion and consciousness should be the same thing*, our materialistic philosophers fearlessly assume it to be possible. [See concluding Note, p. 44.]

They assume the correlation of forces to be an adequate explanation of all imponderable energies and mysterious phenomena.* They carefully exclude from the domain of science, and from all potentiality as a cause, any conceivable spiritual element, and reduce mind to a mere phenomenon of matter—in other words, a product of material forces, dynamic and chemical, but not *psychic*. There is no conceivable product of physical forces but motion ; change of position and force tending to change position, resisted by other forces, are all that we can find in physical nature. If the physical world be all, and the psychic world an unreality, then thought and emotion do not exist except as a product of force or motion, which can be nothing but some other form of force or motion.

In following this mode of thought, we are compelled to adopt the inconceivable absurdities that motion is consciousness, motion is understanding, motion is love, motion is hate, motion is will. Perhaps those who, in former days, proved to themselves the non-existence of the external world, and the non-existence of causation, would not fear to adopt the

* In a lecture delivered by a learned Professor in the city of New York, under the most fashionable auspices, and which was merely an expression of the most recent notions of scientists, the attempt was made to calculate approximately the calorific equivalent of the thinking process.

conclusion that motion is mind. But all such insanity of speculation is now obsolete; and though our materialistic philosophers may for a while be steeled against argument and ridicule, the public will see that when they reject all psychic elements from the scheme of nature, they are driven into an absurdity worthy of the Dark Ages—into the miserable puerility that *motion is mind*.*

In this position they become obstructives to the progress of all comprehensive science and philosophy. Their assumptions destroy the very foundation of philosophy. There can be no science of mind if there is no mind as a substantive existence. All that would be left would be the science of chemical changes,—of oxygenation and disintegration in the brain, of organizing and disorganizing *neurine*, and the singular phenomena or acts of intelligence consequent upon these changes. Mental science disappears, and chemistry alone survives. Pyrrhonism, which denied all causation, would scarcely have been more fatal to philosophy than this modern animalization of our reasoning faculties, forbidding the recognition of anything but the material objects of the senses.

But we need not fear that the field of knowledge will be swept by any such a sirocco, and reduced to the bald desolation of rigid materialism. The scientists who aim to produce such a result, are simply dogmatizing beyond their proper sphere—concerning not that which they do know, but that of which they know little or nothing. Mental or psychological science is beyond their sphere, and requires methods of investigation of which they know nothing. The mere sol-

* The ludicrousness of this position will doubtless suggest the easy subterfuge, that the materialist is not concerned to know what mind is—that he merely determines the physical conditions in which mind appears, and leaves the nature of mind to more imaginative thinkers. But this is only such an escape as the ostrich makes, when he thrusts his head in the sand. When the materialist affirms the correlation of forces to be the sole and efficient cause of mind, scornfully rejecting all other causes or psychic elements, he does, by logical necessity, affirm that the product of physical forces, which can be nothing but *motion, is mind*.

dier is not more unfit to be a civilian than the *mere* physicist to investigate the operations of the soul. He begins with the false supposition that mind *per se* does not exist, and that all evidence of its existence, as an entity, may be properly ignored and treated with contempt, if not hostility. If asked for the causes of mental phenomena, of intelligence and emotion, he falls back upon the correlation of forces, and though he cannot show how force is converted into mind, he deems the explanation sufficient for the present.

When materialists are driven into this defenceless position by the *reductio ad absurdum*, they accept the position and cannot be laughed out of it; nor are they apparently conscious of the light in which they appear to critical observers. They think, indeed, for want of a proper knowledge of that department of science, that psychology involves so many absurdities, it is better to rest in their defenceless position than to leave it for one they suppose still more defenceless, and still more ludicrous. But there is no necessity for occupying any defenceless or ludicrous position. It can be shown these learned gentlemen that there is a science which embraces psychology as an integral portion of it, which is neither hasty in its generalizations, nor capable of being made ludicrous by any unthinkable absurdity involved in its pretensions.

And in presenting a philosophy that embraces psychology, we have this charming advantage and convenience, that as a true psychology and a true physiology of the brain are parallel and substantially identical in form and phenomena, they whose eyes are accustomed only to the earthward side of the shield, may still look on that side and fancy that the side toward the sky does not exist, and it will give them no trouble. He who cannot conceive of mental science as a distinct substantive science—to whom psychology is but a fanciful word, and the term soul a relic of ancient ignorance—can still contemplate a true philosophy of man, and eliminate from it all that is purely psychological without destroying the intelligible consistency and beauty of the remainder, though

he rejects from his knowledge much that is deeply interesting and of transcendent importance.

To return : if there be a world of mentality—not only mind connected with organized matter and working through it, but mind surviving its cerebral apparatus and possessing a substantial existence itself (as good and wise men in all ages have believed)—if there be something beyond or behind matter, invisible but powerful, and in some inexplicable way related to matter—if matter itself be permeated by invisible, imponderable forces, and *may itself be nothing more than organized forces*—in short, if we are not certain that anything exists in the universe but *force* and emotional *intelligence*—force wonderfully organized and intelligence mysteriously connected with force—then the great problem of the universe is, how are force and intelligence or consciousness related to each other? Is there between pure consciousness, which seems the very antithesis of matter, and ponderous forms or organized forces, a range of intermediate subtle forces, of which volition may be one—half intelligence, half power—by which the spiritual and material world may be in an intelligible correlation? or, in the phraseology of materialism, mental phenomena may proceed according to the intelligible laws of matter?

In this investigation we would soon perceive that the phraseology of materialism is awkward and unnatural. Let us, therefore, discard it entirely, and leave the materialist to translate our language into the forms of his own hypothesis. The proposition that mind or soul is something distinct from matter and from all its phenomena, is so clear and self-evident, that we may well forego all discussion of that proposition.

The Anthropocentric Philosophy is and can be nothing else but ANTHROPOLOGY. The science of man is, in its highest and truest sense, the science of his conscious, intelligent, sensational, emotional, passional existence—not the science of his instrumentalities, his carcase or corpse—for, revolting as the terms may be, the person deprived of the soul is not a

man, but a corpse—it may be a warm, beautiful, perfect corpse, with the glow still on the cheeks and the smile still lingering on the lips, which would tempt us to address him ; but that is no more a man than an Egyptian mummy ; the man is gone, his old garments and instruments are left behind.

It is but a puerile and barbarous mode of thought, which is satisfied in studying man with the visible unconscious body, and ignores the invisible but conscious soul. Anthropology, then, is the compound science of soul and body, mind and matter ; and the word cannot be justly applied to anything less. It would be more just, indeed, to apply the term Anthropology to a science of the soul ignoring the body, than to a science of the body ignoring the soul—in other words, Psychology is, even more than Physiology, an Anthropological science.

Certainly, without the combination of the two we have no true Anthropology ; and as the world has not had heretofore a science of the soul and body in combination and correlation, it has had no Anthropology, and has had very little use for the word. Some thirty years ago the writer brought forward an Anthropological science, and endeavored to introduce, as its representative, the word Anthropology, which had been quietly reposing in the dictionary, and was generally supposed to mean an anatomical science. Latterly the word has gained some currency among naturalists as a substitute for the word Ethnology. But, excepting among a few thousand readers of my *System of Anthropology*, published in 1850, and of my *Journal of Man* during several years, the great world is not aware that there is a complete Anthropology in existence, or that there is any demonstrable solution of the great problem of life, and the correlation of the two worlds, fortified by experimental investigation, and firmly based upon the anatomy of the brain and body by the scalpel, and the anatomy of the soul by the isolated play of its various faculties. As this essay will be the first distinct announcement of the fact to some of its readers—a fact of the most cheering and inter-

esting nature to all lovers of truth—it will be necessary to outline briefly the new Anthropology. Resting upon experiments often repeated, it may be presented as a science, and a *full* presentation is all that is requisite. Argument is not necessary with clear, intuitive, truth-loving minds, for to such, truth clearly and fully stated is always acceptable.

The soul, in which are all the elements of humanity, communicates directly with the brain, and from the brain with the entire body. The brain is its primitive, the body its secondary seat. Its correlation is not indefinitely with the whole person, but is first with the central superior regions of the brain, which it enters on the median line, and thence, radiating to the posterior and basilar regions of the brain, descends into communication with the whole body through the spinal cord.

In robust animal life this radiation of the soul-power to the basis of the brain, and thence through the body, is very complete; but when vitality is destroyed by disease, or when, in trance or ecstasy, the soul is withdrawn from its bodily tenement, it withdraws from the body and from the basis of the brain, and, concentrating to the summit of the brain and to the median line, takes its departure thence.

In occupying the entire brain, all the faculties of the soul are brought into a definite relation; for every convolution and every minute subdivision of a convolution has a special distinct function, and the myriads of fibres and cells in the brain enable it to become the organ of the immense variety of faculties and traits that belong to human nature—an immensity which no power of language or literature can ever fully express.

These powers, emotions, and traits of character have all specific locations in the brain; for no two convolutions or groups of fibres and cells have identical functions, except as the right and left hemispheres of the brain correspond each to the other. The craniology of Gall and Spurzheim, who were the true founders of cerebral science, was a very meager

and limited affair in comparison with the vast extent and intricacy of the cerebral functions. No external mapping of the skull, however closely it may be made to correspond with the convolutions, can be at all satisfactory as a survey of humanity; for each convolution is a volume full of meaning, of impulses, aptitudes, capacities, and characteristics. A true organology would approximate the infinite, and would require in its fullness an illimitable nomenclature which no language can furnish. Nevertheless, as the English language abounds in words of comprehensive meaning representing those faculties and traits of character which have been generally recognized and understood, those words will be sufficient practically, when located on the brain, to denote the functions and traits of the various convolutions, and with from 100 to 150 terms we may convey a tolerable conception of human nature.

The Gallian system of Phrenology, though rude and meager as it must necessarily be (derived from the cranial observations of its founders), was substantially correct, though incomplete in details, erroneous and deficient in system and philosophy.

The Anthropological system, based on the method of experimental excitement of the organs, discovered by the writer in 1841, and their psychometric exploration in 1842 (an explanation of which need not be attempted at present), evolves from the brain all its various capacities in every state and stage of excitement or action to which humanity is liable. Hence we discover the abnormal as well as the normal capacities; the eccentric as well as the ordinary phenomena of mind and character; the marvelous as well as the commonplace capacities of the mind. Under the action of the various organs the individual becomes amiable or passionate, rational or insane, sensitive or hardy, energetic or weak; and as each hemisphere of the brain may be excited separately, the opposite side of the body may share its effects; and thus, for example, the left arm be energized to unusual strength, while the right is reduced to extreme weakness.

We thus trace to their specific seats or sources in the brain the capacities for sleep, for somnambulism, for dreaming, for trance, for clairvoyance, for sympathy, for spectral illusion, for insanity, and for disease.

This is a wide departure from Gallian phrenological conceptions; for we find in the brain not merely organs for the ordinary faculties and passions, but the *capacity* for all the abnormal conditions of human life. The capacity for disease is based upon a certain irritable sensibility and a deficiency of tonic power to resist the irritations. This capacity or morbid sensibility we find, like all other forms of sensibility, connected with a specific organ. That combination of excitability and weakness which constitutes the insane diathesis, and results in insanity whenever the exciting causes exist, is also connected with a particular organ,—not as its normal function, but as the effect of its unbridled action, as murder is the result of uncontrolled destructiveness. One signal and valuable result of this psychological anatomy of man is the determination of what is normal or abnormal in the current opinions and philosophy. An intelligent person, placed under the influence of each organ or passion in succession, shows by his changes of sentiment and conviction the sources of the various opinions to which he is inclined. Under the influence of justice and benevolence he has very different sentiments and opinions from those which he is disposed to adopt under the influence of pride, selfishness, or anger. Even our materialistic friends will discover that it is not under the influence of pure reason and the most refined sentiments that *dogmatic* materialism becomes irresistibly fascinating. But this exposition must be reserved for another occasion.*

Thus far, our discoveries amplify and rectify the rudimentary system of Gall and Spurzheim; complete the survey of portions of the brain not explored by them; develop a complete and philosophic psychology; bring it into strict

* Skeptical materialism which honestly waits for evidence, is very different from *dogmatic* materialism which closes the mind against evidence.

harmony with cerebral anatomy, and solve nearly all the problems concerning the twofold nature of man.

But there are other fields opened in this exploration which neither Gall and Spurzheim nor any of the speculative writings of our predecessors have even glanced at. The operation of the brain *per se* is simply concerned in psychological functions ; but the brain, operating in intimate nervous connection with the body, becomes a centre of physiological sympathies, and a source of diffusive controlling physiological influences on all the bodily functions. Hence, we must have a science of cerebral physiology, enabling us to infer from cerebral development what bodily functions are vigorous or defective, and what is the character of the entire temperament ; to say to one, in you the liver is naturally defective, as indicated by the conformation of your brain ; to another your digestive organs are naturally feeble, or naturally vigorous ; and to a third, your nervous system is in undue preponderance in your constitution. Such a cerebral physiology we have, and my pupils have often successfully used its principles in diagnosis and prognosis in the practice of medicine.

There is another field, equally new and outside of all previous science and speculation. The sympathies of the mind and the body are known to be very numerous and influential ; but the scientific have very little better conception of these relations than the rest of the community.

Our experiments show that, although the mind is more centralized and concentrated in the brain in man than in any other living being, still the centralization is not complete. On the contrary, the psychic element has its residence and operation in the body in a secondary sense, which we may not be able to define with precision, and which indeed is very different in different persons, according to their rank in nervous development. A small brain, with a large nervous system and body, cannot effectually concentrate the psychic life within the cranium ; while a large brain, with a feeble body

dominates more completely over the latter, and disregards, in the strength of psychic power, the admonitions and claims of the body.

In the lower animals, consciousness and mentality are so effectually diffused and lodged in the body, that the loss of the brain does not prevent acts of a low grade of volition and intelligence. The alligator, after decapitation, lifts its foot and pushes away the stick that pierces its side.

The existence of a secondary and shadowy psychic element in the body, even in man, and the complete response to each mental condition by some or all parts of the body, with the well-known power of the various organs of the body in irritation or disease to affect the mind, as when melancholy proceeds from the irritated liver, and fear from pericarditis or endocarditis—are prominent and familiar facts that have long challenged investigation without receiving scientific scrutiny.

If we have now, by a new experimental process, the key to all these mysteries, the discovery will not only be of the highest importance to philosophic medicine, particularly to the Homœopathic school, by whom the mental symptoms of disease have been faithfully studied, but will be deeply interesting in that broad philosophy which hopes, by tracing the exact relation of the psychic to the material, to draw near to the ultimate mysteries of life and creation.

The science of mental and corporeal sympathy and correlation must enable us to perceive something of the mind in the conformation of the body, as it points out that certain faculties sympathize with, and tend to develop each portion of the body, and that each portion of the body in turn invigorates and sustains certain mental faculties. If well-developed shoulders correspond with firmness, we should anticipate, *cæteris paribus*, greater strength of character when the shoulders are prominent.

The fact that in consequence of this sympathy the body becomes, *to some extent*, an exponent of the mind, has led me

to adopt the term SARCOGNOMY as the expression of the science of corporeal and psychic sympathies.

A series of statues modelled upon the principles of Sarcognomy, to illustrate the various bodily forms that belong to different characters, would be sufficiently expressive to be recognized by every observer, and would at once carry conviction to every mind.

There are some very wonderful and unexpected revelations in sarcognomy which illustrate the relations that man bears to the entire animal kingdom and the globe itself; but the present is not the occasion to refer to that world of wonders.

In the application of similar laws to facial expression, we also find a rational system of PHYSIOGNOMY—for in spite of its seeming improbability, there are some very definite and exact mathematical laws governing facial expression, which are recognized at once, whenever they are presented to the eye, with a feeling of surprise that they should have so long and so completely escaped the attention of both artists and anatomists.

Thus far, our very meager and brief outline of the science of Anthropology might indicate vaguely its scope and magnitude to those who are accustomed to patient thought upon the mighty problems which have vexed the intellect of many ages. Not only the problems upon which attention has been fixed, but many others which philosophers have quietly ignored as being beyond their reach, are solved in the development and analysis of humanity.

A true solution of the problems of humanity must necessarily be no mere metaphysical speculation, nor mere expansion of thought and revelation of beauty, but a practical revelation for the guidance of nations and individuals in the march of progress.

Philosophy, meaning etymologically the love of wisdom, its end is the attainment of wisdom; and wisdom is an infallible guidance to happiness, and to all the just ends and aims of human existence.

Anthropology, radiating to all human relations, becomes the vast anthropocentric philosophy which satisfies our highest aspirations for wisdom. Let us, then, glance at its capabilities and probable performance—not perhaps to be realized in the nineteenth century to any important extent, but to be distinctly understood and grasped before the century has gone, and to be organized in germs to which the twentieth century will give a vigorous growth. Anthropology will give us a new philosophy of art and eloquence ; a new study of character, a new and philosophic medicine, a new education, a new sociology, a new genesis, a new exploration and evolution of mysteries.

1. *ÆSTHETICS*.—Anthropology develops a series of mathematical laws which govern all human relations, and which determine not only the expression of countenance, attitude, and gesture, but the relations of all things to psychological expression. The lines of drawing, statuary, painting, and architecture, so far as they are capable of expression, have a significance which the mathematical law interprets with exactness. The effects of light and shade are also determined with equal precision, and photographs or paintings may be made to assume precisely the expression that is desired (so far as it is controllable with lights and shadows), by a scientific adjustment of the lines of light. Oratory has its laws of expression in attitude and intonation, to which Anthropology gives us the key.

2. *CHARACTER STUDY*.—Anthropology gives us a cranio-logical system and a facial system of expression, with a philosophic explanation of temperaments—all novel, and all capable of extremely useful application in the study of character and in self-improvement. Moreover, it gives us, in the art of Psychometry, the method of studying, with minute appreciation, the characters of thousands to whom we have access only through their manuscripts. This application has already been made extensively in the United States; as there are many successful practitioners of Psychometry, whose delineations

of character are so much more minute, penetrating, and truthful than anything which can be inferred, even by a perfect system of craniology, as to render the latter of little comparative value—at least in the difficult cases in which, by education or modes of life, the character has departed materially from the original or congenital disposition indicated by the head.

3. PHILOSOPHIC MEDICINE.—Anthropology gives us a new basis for the Institutes of Medicine, by establishing the laws of sympathy in all the vital functions. Every philosophical physician will admit, that if this can be done, it will constitute a new departure in medical philosophy. But, in addition to this, Anthropology shows what are the significance and relation of the mental symptoms which accompany the action of remedies which have been heretofore neglected by all but the Homœopathic school. Moreover, it shows the true philosophy of prescription for various constitutions ; it shows that certain constitutions are affected by insensible quantities of medicine, and others require larger doses ; that many can be affected by external application, even without physical contact ; and that upon the impressible class we may most readily determine the physiological and pathogenetic relations of any remedy by brief and not unpleasant experiments ; and thus review the whole materia medica, and explore a thousand articles of value now unknown. When this is done, medicine will be practically reorganized.

4. EDUCATION,—which has been for ages a process most harsh, fatiguing, and disagreeable in its progress and barren in its results ; which has utterly failed to qualify men and women for the duties of life ; failed even to give strength and correctness of action to the reasoning faculties ; failed to develop a thirst for knowledge and love of improvement ; failed to give any high development to the moral nature ; failed still more signally in a sanitary view, by impairing the constitutions of students below the average of the community, and turning them out utterly ignorant of the laws of health

and means of prolonging life ; failed to stimulate progress, and served to perpetuate bigotry and prejudice—will, when Anthropology is understood, be revolutionized in its entire spirit, methods, and results. A volume would be required to do justice to this subject ; but we may allude to results which are certain to be realized, even if space does not allow a presentation of the *modus operandi*.

Young men and women educated according to the teachings of Anthropology will be fully equipped, with vigorous minds in vigorous bodies, for all the duties of life ; will understand industrial employments, not by rote, but by science ; and will be fully competent to progress toward wealth by honest industry. They will have complete mastery of themselves, and will obey every moral law ; for every unbalanced mind liable to crime will be *revolutionized* by an educational power not now brought into play. They will understand the laws of health, and will pass through life *almost entirely exempt from disease*, recognizing and obeying the principle that no one has a right to be sick, and that disease should be considered disgraceful, if not imposed upon its victim by some power from which he could not escape. All will have the power of clear and appropriate expression of ideas, and of eloquence under exciting circumstances. All will be progressive and fit for a higher order of society. Not only the pliable youth, but, to some extent, the adult minds will be made to feel much of this educational power ; and prison discipline will send forth *good citizens, thoroughly reformed*, no one being discharged until his reformation is complete. If these statements seem extravagant, as they probably must to those who know nothing of the processes, they are nevertheless fully sustained by experimental knowledge.

5. A NEW SOCIOLOGY is the inevitable result of a science which explains the relations of men to each other, which shows precisely what are the capacities of human nature, what are the basic forces on which society should rest, to what system of society each individual is adapted, and what are

the best institutions of which a nation with a given development is capable. It shows how, when the most desirable condition of society is conceived, the educational processes may be adapted to inaugurate that condition.

Moreover, Anthropology demonstrates the nobility of the divine plan of the human constitution, and shows that it only requires the removal of certain hindrances, and obedience to certain obvious principles, to bring the race to its moral maturity, and establish a society in which crime, ignorance, and suffering shall be unknown. No mountainous accumulation of statistics or voluminous history of social conditions will be necessary to understand the capacities which science demonstrates in man, and their most natural organization in social institutions.

6. A NEW GENESIS.—The reproduction of the race is that which determines its destiny. The character stamped by birth is generally more influential than all the conditions of after-life. Complete education, it is true, is capable of overcoming many congenital defects; but as it is not necessary that such defects should exist to any great extent, it may be sufficient to say, that with a profound and complete knowledge of the laws of reproduction, *to which Anthropology is essential*, nearly all our social misfortunes and degradation might be made to disappear with the existing generation, a new race coming on in the next to live in a higher social condition.

7. SUNRISE.—Notwithstanding the grave objections, the doubt, the disbelief, and, with some, the scorn which apparently Utopian expectations may excite, it is due to the truth to assert, that the intellectual progress of the race, even to this day, is but contemptibly slow in comparison with what it might be by following the imperative dictates of Anthropology. With a proper organization of scientific commissions for the advancement of human knowledge, more would be accomplished in even five years than has been accomplished in the last century—more for the industrial arts, for sanitary science, for moral science, for the exploration of the Universe

in every direction, and for bringing into human life and universal utility the highest results of science. But how, it may be asked, is Anthropology especially to accomplish this, or to render it practicable to do more than we now understand how to do? First, because the Anthropological philosophy itself points directly to all that should be accomplished; to much of which our slowly-creeping scientists have as yet but dim conceptions, if any; and it also indicates the men who can accomplish such labors, and the whole *modus operandi*. It indicates new methods of investigation not yet brought into use, and even points out in man faculties and senses not at present understood or made to do their duty in the intellectual labors of the age. The revelations of Psychometry are but a premonition of other and greater revelations and discoveries, of which man is capable when he shall be emancipated from the stolidity of the Dark Ages, and go forth to conquer and possess the rich domains of knowledge which lie before us; not merely as many of our scientists have been doing, picking up shells and little specimens on the shores of the great ocean of truth, but exploring its depths, its coral islands, and the vast continents which are as yet beyond our gaze.

The experiments which in 1841 opened to us the entire field of Anthropology, are but the precursors of others which shall lead us on in the path that Anthropology opens to that intellectual mastery of the Universe, which the strong soul knows within itself is the sure destiny of man.

Four sciences, of prime importance to human welfare,—three of which are, as yet, undreamed of among scientists,—are distinctly recognizable by their orient gleams from the high standpoint of Anthropology. They are not for us except in contemplation, for it will require more than the twentieth century to realize in human life the rich blessings of Anthropology, the glorious changes which are to

“ Ring out the ancient roar of strive,
Ring in the nobler forms of life;
Ring out disease and hideous crime,
Ring in the glorious Eden clime;
Ring in the harvest's vast increase,
Ring in the endless years of peace.”

And yet, if the dull ear of capital should be reached at last by the "still small voice" of Reason, or if governments should ever learn their true function in promoting the increase of knowledge instead of the increase of international strife and internal corruption, there *might be* a tide of progress, with an increasing ratio, which in half a century would make a new world "of sweeter manners, purer laws," without a pauper, without an army, without a single agonized and breaking heart. But alas! governmental bodies are blind to the future, and have no sympathy with Watt or Fitch, with Gall or Columbus, or with the host of those who have loved and toiled for humanity. Those saddest words, "*it might have been,*" have not yet lost their mournful reality.

But these sad days are the days of infancy and suffering. A world without a philosophy, without a chart or map for its progress into the dark future, must toil on in weariness and pain until it has attained years of discretion—adopted a true philosophy and obeyed its admonitions.

NOTE—(Reference from page 28). Want of space forbids a proper reference to numerous writers, who by a metaphysico-scientific method, which is not really philosophical, have been endeavoring to construct a cosmic philosophy, or to raise physical science to the position of universal philosophy. Herbert Spencer, the most conspicuous at present, has signally failed, notwithstanding his fine powers, in working out a mechanical philosophy that shall embrace life. He avoids the question of the origin of life, and in discussing its phenomena he adopts hypotheses incompatible with his mechanical theory. The mechanical or cosmic system, which is the fashion of to-day, is merely metaphysics combined with dynamics and chemistry. But no science can go beyond its proper sphere. The science of the steam-engine does not explain plant-life; neither can physics and chemistry explain human physiology. To suppose that they can explain psychology (implying that motion is mind) is an error more worthy of ridicule than argument.

THE INWARD VISION.

THE subjoined lines are said to have been found among the literary remains of Milton. They present a touching and forcible illustration of one phase of spiritual experience. It is a well-known fact that the suspension of the organic functions of any one of the senses often leads to an abnormal quickening of the other powers of external perception. In like manner, either the sudden or gradual closing of the channel of outward sensation is sometimes followed by the interior opening of the same sense to a perception of the more subtle principles of Nature, and a view of the great realm of spiritual causation. Then the soul is flooded with light; the mind peopled by ethereal forms, and immortal realities are comprehended. Such was Milton's spiritual experience under the shadow of the eclipse that obscured his mortal vision. His trust was sublime while he seemed to stand alone in the gloom of a rayless night. Morning had dawned within, revealing manifold splendors that "eye had not seen," and the "excellent glory" seemed intensified by contrast with the outward darkness. The lines are not only beautiful, but they are characterized by the simple grandeur peculiar to the great epic Poet.

S. B. B.

I AM old and blind !
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown ;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind ;
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong ;
I murmur not ! that I no longer see ;
Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong,
Father supreme ! to Thee.

Oh, merciful One !
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near ;
When friends pass by me, and my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me ; and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown ;
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear ;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing ;
Beneath it I am almost sacred ; here
Can come no evil thing.

O ! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapp'd in the radiance of Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go ;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng ;
From angels' lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is something now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes !
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre !
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine ;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
Lit by no skill of mine.

SOULS AND SCENES IN SPIRIT LIFE.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

AMONG all the subjects that engage our attention, there are none that come to us with such absorbing interest as the conditions and relations of the Human Soul in other states of being. All peoples, in all times, have had their speculations and their theories, their heavens and their hells. These are generally in accordance with their respective degrees of enlightenment,—rude and undeveloped nations having crude ideas on this, as well as all other subjects. Everywhere man makes God after his own heart, and in the image of his own character. Heathen or savage nations have savage, puerile, or brutish gods. The ancient Jews conceived of Jehovah as a capricious, cruel, and vindictive being ; and though it seems to be a strange exception in the case,—marked by these same characters intensified and fixed in attributes of eternal terror,—still appeared—within the period of our remembrance—the Orthodox Christian God, demanding love, but addressing chiefly the passion of fear ; or, in a wider sense, only the supreme selfishness of mankind.

But it is rather more than questionable whether there *is*, at the present day, any belief in literal hell-fire, in undying physical torture, or even a very sincere faith in any unlimited punishment. Scan them closely, and you will find that all the Christian Churches have, in this respect at least, unconsciously outgrown their faith, and now only await the time when they shall be true and brave enough to know and say so. How such a faith could have existed so long in a world of fathers and mothers, friends and neighbors, husbands and wives, and comparatively just men, is one of the problems

that yet remain to be solved. Indeed, there can be no stronger proof of the insincerity of all faith in this cardinal doctrine of the old creeds, than the fact that people affect to believe it and yet are happy. If we really thought that every Soul that goes out hence, without having made—in the sense implied by the Church—its “calling and election sure,” must be irretrievably lost, we should carry something better than gold-headed canes and diamonds, feathers and flounces, to St. James and Trinity. We should go clad in sackcloth and ashes, and wear the pavements with our bare knees in unceasing prayer for mercy.

It is often asked what good Spiritualism has done. It has done this, and if it had done nothing more, it would still be an infinite good. It has bridged the abyss of death, and demonstrated the continued conscious existence of the human soul. This it not only has done, but continues to do, daily and hourly. It may here be observed, in passing, that all the direct and absolute evidence on this point, which the Bible contains, is of the same character and based on the same principle—the capability of reëpearance in spirits that have left the earth. It is a remarkable fact that the Christian world does not perceive the truth of this, that any attempt to overthrow Spiritualism is a blind thrust at the very cornerstone of its own faith.

The teachers of Spiritualism only share the fate of all advanced Minds that have led the Ages on in the eternal march of power and progress. Socrates, who flourished in the very zenith of Athenian power, for teaching the immortality of the soul, was made to drink poison; and Jesus, who called men away from the locked caverns of myth and mystery, where all light and learning had been hid, to be reached only by the few and favored, and taught the multitudes on the mountain and by the sea, was crucified, mainly because he made teaching free. If he had talked only with Rabbis, Priests, and Doctors he might have lived on to a quiet and happy old age.

• When Galileo constructed his wonderful telescope, claiming that it demonstrated the Copernican system, all the University Doctors and other hoary representatives of the scholastic learning of the times refused to look in it, stoutly declaring that there was nothing there. And this is precisely the behavior of many at this day. They refuse to look into our Celestial Telescope, constantly affirming that there is nothing in it. But if this is really so, why do they give themselves so much trouble to denounce and put it down. In this view of the case, an attack on Spiritualism would be as airy and unsubstantial as Don Quixote's famous raid upon the Windmills. Better reason for fight, and better argument, have they who see under the lens the familiar features of their satanic Prime Minister. But no denial, no persecution, can overthrow the Truth. Still it stands untarnished, like a grand statue, towering up to Heaven, immaculate, impenetrable, and indestructible; and in the fiercest collision sparks are called forth that shall yet kindle the watch-fires of the world.

But the present object is not to discuss creeds, nor yet to describe what may be called the physical or external appearance of the Spirit World, but rather to unfold the states, conditions, and experiences of the Soul itself—its various modes of being and action, with the laws that govern them. Not by my own unassisted reason should I dare undertake subjects so vast, or themes so grand. But by inspiration of higher power I give, as I believe, the actual experience of a noble and heroic Soul, who not very long ago passed from our midst. I give it, verbatim, with all its dramatic features of character, incident, and diction.

This account of experiences in the Spirit World was given me by Gen. Baker, the soldier, poet, and statesman, who is here almost an object of idolatry. It was written with almost inconceivable rapidity, giving birth to unfamiliar trains of thought. For three months or more after its production, I lived on terms of daily intercourse with this noble Spirit; and during all that time never, for one day, did he fail to come to

Vol. I.—4

me in the morning. After the article was finished the Spirit said, "We will revise it." A day was appointed for this purpose, and we sat with closed doors. I then read slowly and thoughtfully, and at the close of each succeeding section or paragraph the portion last read was commented on, and was either approved or criticised, and alterations proposed. The presence and power of the Spirit, during the time occupied in this revision, was as real to me as any presence could be. After having described his own terrific transit from the Field of Battle, with the interposing rest, waking and reünion with friends who came to greet him on the farther shore, he thus continued :—

The period of earthly probation being at length complete, by the Sage, Swedenborg, I was led away to be instructed in the real aspects and conditions of Spirit Life. As we passed along it seemed more as if the scenes were approaching us than we them. I had observed this phenomenon several times before, and I confess it puzzled me.

The Sage perceived the silent question, and thus responded : "Dost thou remember the childish illusion of flying shores, and hills, and road-sides, while the boat, or carriage, that was really in rapid motion, seemed to stand still? This phenomenon is owing to the same cause, the rapidity of our own motion, which we can perceive only as reflected from surrounding objects."

While he was yet speaking, a certain outward, or onward pressure, was arrested, giving much the same feeling that a sudden check of speed, whether physical or mental, did in the earth-life. It was a sense of revulsion, as if a strong tide were turned suddenly back upon itself while yet pressing hard headward. Until this I hardly knew that we moved at all.

"It is even so," said the Sage, as I staggered under the pressure of the inverted power. "Transitions are always more or less difficult and painful, and even here we can offer no exception to the established rule. In every change from state to state, we must enter in the position of a novice, to

try all things, and determine for ourselves. The true human Soul must always be an experimenter. That is, it must learn by its own experience. Without this never was there made a single step of progress. But look more closely, my son, and tell me what thou seest."

"I perceive that not only we are moving, but the objects we approach are moving also. Are the trees and hills, the objects and scenes of Nature, really unfixed and floating? What is this new wonder? Speak, I beseech thee!"

"This," he answered, "is the common attraction of like to like, as of thought to thought, or will to will. It is maintained by the presence of a reciprocal power, or action, and is chiefly due to the principle of spontaneous emanations. Thus, when I desire to approach you, I send out an aroma, which, if your organism is sufficiently fine and delicate, will find a thousand avenues of entrance, and inform you of my desire. If there is kinship between us, the power sent forth attracts you; and, in return, you send out a response, which attracts me. And thus we spontaneously come together. This power is present, if not active, in all things; though not yet always manifest to thy inexperienced spirit."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, joyfully, "I now see how and why thoughts so truly respond to each other. And this also accounts for the miracle of spirits sometimes being so suddenly present when we had imagined them far away. But, as it appears to me, it wholly fails to account for the effect on material things, as this moving landscape—this magnificent panorama, which really seems inspired with life."

"And, truly, seeming *is*," answered the Sage, laconically. "Know, then, that after their degree and kind, all things have life. This life is always twofold. That is to say, it has an inflowing and an outflowing power. The first is magnetic and conservative, the second electrical and diffusive. These are the bases of all power and the parents of all motion. You will find magnetism in the mineral; magnetism and vitality in the plant; magnetism, vitality, sensation and voluntary motion

in the animal ; magnetism, vitality, sensation, motion, intelligence and individuality in the human ; and of all these the corresponding outflowing power is an emanation, which is more or less potent and refined. In free, or perfectly natural conditions, the attraction operates according to the degree of its intensity and composition or state. But when any intelligence governs the movement, the will power takes the helm ; and the grosser or more material conditions are thus brought into obedience, or at least partially overcome.

"And hereby hangs a secret for the people of Earth. When magnetism, with its essential relations of positive and negative, is thoroughly understood, men will learn to establish corresponding points, the positive here, the negative there, and to maintain between them all kinds and degrees of motion and power. But we are touching on deep and inexhaustible themes. The time will come for these also ; but not yet."

As he spoke, his whole being became suddenly luminous. I looked, and perceived the tide of great thoughts, as it flowed through him, till my yet unpractised eyes fell, blinded with the brightness.

After a little he said more quietly : "Look yonder ;" at the same time stretching out his arm toward seemingly immeasurable depths of ether. As he did so, banners and curtains were furled away, ærial doors were opened, and the illimitable heavens appeared in view. Group within group, system beyond system, they were all seen, shining through the pure crystalline, and evidently in rapid motion. This was the first time I had witnessed the actual movements of the heavenly orbs. My heart heaved, and my brain whirled with a strange, ecstatic sense of delight, not unmingled with terror. For a moment it seemed as if I should be drawn into the profound vortex of fire in which all attraction centred, and toward which all motion tended.

It was but an instant, when I felt the strong reaction of my human power. I stood erect, growing taller and stronger.

I, a son of God! I, a brother of Angels! I, in my own right, an Immortal!—would any dead matter, though it be in the form of quickest fire, swallow up ME—or take me from myself—or control my actions—or shorten my will? No, never.

The Sage had withdrawn to one side, reabsorbing himself, if I may so speak, that I might be left wholly free from his influence. He smiled on me with a deep, serene smile, and after a little he came forward and blest me silently. And this blessing was a new baptism of the consciously human being.

“Behold,” he said, pointing to the radiant and rolling spheres, “the law of Reciprocal Emanations on a grand scale. Science may tell you that it is merely a balance of the centrifugal and centripetal forces, and that, too, imposed by some foreign power. Learn, then, the wisdom of a truer science, that leaves nothing suspended without a consistent and sufficient counterpoise. Behold the higher Omnipotence, and the truer Omniscience, of a Creator who works by laws. Know, then, that these moving forces are in the constitution of the planet itself, and belong to every particle of included matter. The sphere is the first and simplest organic form; and the power that determines it is inherent and vital. As a plant puts forth stem and leaves, or an animal its proper organism, so does an Earth sphere itself, and for the same reason. The particle, which may be termed the manifold germ of the sphere, is itself endowed with the forces that must so ultimate themselves. And this is the true God-power that puts into everything all that it may need, to develop, to maintain, to reproduce, and preserve itself.”

This was followed by an expressive and eloquent silence; and then he added: “Could the mechanical value of magnetism only be known, men might move mountains, navigate the air, write speeches, lectures, and even books by telegraph; dissolve the earth, and draw forth pure its hidden and disguised gold.

“But I have other teaching for thee now,” he said, turning

abruptly from the subject. "Know, then, that the Spirit that has not entered consciously into the sphere of progression, has power to reproduce its own experience, and so to invest itself, that this ideal character or equipage becomes for the time an objective reality."

As he spoke, he led the way toward a group in the distance. On approaching them I felt a cloud pass over me. And directly I saw what I had not perceived before,—a large town, in the midst of which we suddenly stood. At first the place seemed wholly unknown, but directly, on looking through the minds around me, I perceived it was the city of Manchester, in England.

It was a cold, gray, foggy morning in early summer. The factory bells were calling to work; and I saw multitudes of shivering, deformed, and half-starved creatures hurrying to and fro, with haggard and anxious looks, especially after the bells had ceased tolling. As their eyes turned toward me in passing, they had a vacant, stony stare, or a kind of glassy insane light. "What is this?" I asked. "Are we really returned to earth, its heavy cares and its intolerable wrongs?"

"You see only Thought-pictures," he replied. "These people are still bound by the material necessities of the first estate, simply because they have not yet grown out of them. That is to say, they have not acquired strength sufficient to liberate themselves. Elsewhere thou hast been shown that the human Spirit can only advance by its own efforts, intelligently and freely. Here that great truth is demonstrated. We cannot transport the Soul beyond its own power of flight. It must make its own wings; and dark and hopeless as it seems, wings are being woven* even here.

"Look," he added, pointing to a group of Spirits, from whose white forms radiated lines of light, beneath which the shadows were gradually melting away. Tracing the luminous

* Figurative, to represent the development of the innate capacity, and the spiritual instrumentalities of volition and motion.—Ed.

lines, I perceived that wherever they fell they woke a kind of discontent in the present, and the aspiration for higher and better things ; yet even these changes appeared to be of the same material type, and on the same material plane.

Beyond one group, for instance, I could see landscapes, pictures which I recognized as different scenes in America,—cities, towns, wharves, canals, railroads, and especially farming operations, where everything seemed to go on more freely and cheerily. By this I saw that they had heard of America—that there food is ~~cheap~~ and labor high ; and especially that ~~the very~~ peasant may there become a lord of the soil.

“You read aright,” said the Sage. “The higher Spirits, unknown to them, are inculcating these ideas ; for, strange as it may appear, only by these material processes can they be brought out of their present state. This you will more easily understand when you reflect that all genuine progress is a result of voluntary motion, or of effort and growth, and is never a forced or arbitrary transfer from one point to another.

“These spirits have been operatives in the cotton-mills of England. They have lived in such a state of deformity and dwarfhood that they could no more conceive of the duties and rights of a free human soul than they could conceive themselves possessed of a royal pomp and power. They must change their state and come into better material conditions before they can progress spiritually. After a while they may have an ideal emigration to America, or something equivalent. Then they will have the idea of better wages, and more time for self-improvement.”

“But they know, at least, that they are in the Spirit World,” I ventured to say ; “and if so, all these fantasms must appear the height of absurdity. Is it the office of wise and good Spirits to cherish these illusions ? Nay, is it consistent with a strict regard for truth ?”

“I answer thy last question first, because it is often asked, and has never yet received the full and broad answer which its importance demands. It is not so much literal fact as the

spirit of things that constitutes truth or falsehood. How should it affect science to know if Newton founded his theory on the fall of one or two apples? The principle involved is the only important thing about it. And precisely in this way have Spirits been accused of lying, when they have given as much of truth as could be understood or accepted. It is conceded by all liberal moralists that the intention to deceive constitutes the lie. By this rule you will find that intelligent Spirits are never guilty of the imputed wrong. And yet the points of view are so different between the giver and receiver of instruction, that occasional misconstructions are not only probable, but sometimes inevitable. But this will be treated more at length when we come to speak of evil Spirits.

“To return to the more immediate subject of our discourse, I ask, What could such darkened minds conceive of the Spirit World? By their cruel and scanty religious instruction they have been taught only of a Hell of endless and infinite woe, and a Heaven of vague and pointless pleasure. And when they find neither of these, skepticism necessarily intervenes, and they are thrown back on their own resources. These, with very few exceptions, are essentially groveling and material, and they always bear a more or less strong and complete resemblance to the Earth-life. This is natural and inevitable. The human mind is never at rest, and it must always work with whatever material and power it has. Neither do bare theories satisfy the Soul. There must be, always, demonstrative proof, and both this and the principle itself must be measured by the capacity to receive and appropriate.

“Take a little child and explain to him the philosophy of the diurnal and annual revolutions. Tell him how the first makes day and night, and the last brings the beautiful change of seasons, and all the corresponding ministries of the year. And if he be a child of thought he will be amazed, terrified, almost paralyzed with a sense of the inconceivable. But the ordinary child will coolly tell you that he knows better than that. Pointing to the West, he will say, ‘There the sun sets.

When he gets tired of walking so far, he comes right down the hill quick, and goes to bed. But he doesn't sleep all night. When he has rested himself he gets up. He can see in the dark ; and he goes round, away under the ground till he comes there,' pointing to the East. ' And then he gets up and walks away, high up in the sky, till he begins to get tired ; and before night he goes down to his bed again.'

" Now I submit that this theory is better than anything the philosophers can give him. Just as soon as he wants a better he will have it. It is the part of wise teachers not to deprive the simple mind of anything it possesses, until something better can be given it to rest upon. They should simply watch the wants of the Soul, and administer accordingly.

" Do you not feel the truth and reason of this, or something like this ? " he resumed, as he perceived that my incredulity was slowly giving way. " You cannot," he continued, " prove this or that to be a better state by simply asserting it to be so. You cannot enlighten the benighted—you cannot make men spiritual by simply declaring that they are in the midst of darkness and error, and must come out of their evil and wicked ways. Even if this could be achieved there would be in it no genuine progress. Every particular step must be unfolded by the Soul itself—out of its own needs—out of its own desires—out of its own aspirations. When it is once well awakened to the sense of want, to the necessity of change, the future progress becomes more easy and rapid. It is the apathetic and inane contentment in these low conditions that is most to be dreaded, because it is most nearly impervious to higher influences."

" This is horrible ! " I exclaimed, in a burst of almost despairing thought.

" And yet," returned my Guide, " hard as it appears, this is an essential step in the progress of Humanity. In the grand march of the Race, all phases and conditions of being must be represented. And hence, every human creature, however exalted he may be, has either in himself or his antecedents passed through them all."

"This atmosphere is gross and stifling. It distresses me," I said. "How, then, can the highly refined beings who preside over these spheres, escape the ill-effects of pernicious effluvia which I now perceive in the cloud of corrupt emanations?"

"They are guarded as you are not," he responded. "If your spiritual sight were more expanded, you would see that all these shining ones are invested with a shield, composed of a substance that seems, so far as we can examine it, intermediate between fire and light. It is an emanation from the heart and brain of Love and Wisdom, and it is the most potent of all material things. These two potencies mingle and unite in the rays they form; and their finely tempered edges cut or turn aside the less potent rays from below. If these Guardians should so far relax their care, even for a single moment, as to become negative, they and their charge would both suffer for the neglect. Strange as you may think it, only very high Spirits are intrusted with these important and responsible positions, or could maintain them if they were."

"Yet how wearisome this watch must be!" I exclaimed. "How hard and heavy must seem the leaden-footed hours, with only this dull routine before them!"

"If you think so," returned the Sage, "you know not the genuine inspiration of humanity for its own sake. But you mistake in supposing their life to be an idle and vacant watch, without variety and without relief. They pass their time in the most ennobling and delightful employments, in cultivating and enriching their own powers, and in fashioning good gifts for those who need. They also frequently relieve each other; for were not this the case, even the highest Spirits would be exhausted by this incessant strain on their vital forces. They must frequently go back to the fountain-head of Love and Wisdom to endow others and enrich themselves with inexhaustible supplies."

It might be my own consciousness, but I thought his expression was verging farther into rebuke than I had felt be-

fore. By a rapid glance I saw ~~my~~ own course. I saw how often I had bartered away Principle ~~for~~ Policy—how I had trampled on Truth and Right—how basely I ~~had~~ betrayed my trust and sold myself for a mess of pottage. It seemed to me then, that I had been willingly and wilfully disloyal.

“Think not so,” returned the Sage. “Every man is the result of all that has made him what he is. As your sphere of observation widens, you will see that the partisan is no more accountable for his ambition than the usurer for his greed, or the poor man for his poverty. They are all, either in themselves or in their state, diseased; and by enlightened Spirits they are so considered. A truer and more philosophical observation of men will teach you that the pure instincts of human nature, spite of all its temptations, its wrongs, its misdoings, and its misgoings, almost always draw us toward good. Capability of judgment and freedom of choice being given, men will seldom volunteer on the side of wrong. Hence, they are always just about as good as they can be. If we could see all the motives, all the forces and materials, that go to make up human character and action, we should look at it much more leniently than we do. The morbid craving for popularity and power, in the office-seeker, is no more voluntary than the appetite which compels a hungry man to steal a loaf of bread.

“But we must extend our observation,” he continued, after a little pause; “for you will return to Earth as a teacher.”

Thus saying, he led the way to a distant scene. It was darker and more repulsive than the other. But what at first appeared very remarkable was, the Guardian Spirits were brighter and more beautiful than those we had before seen.

“This, you will perceive, is necessary,” said the Sage, replying to my thought, “because the greater the resistance, the greater must be the controlling power.”

Approaching the nearest groups, I saw in their dreadfully depraved self-consciousness, pictures and scenes of drunkenness and profligacy too horribly gross to mention. They

seemed surrounded by the emblems of punishment, poverty, misery, filth, and woe unspeakable. Prison shadows, dark and cold, fell around them; and the Work-House, hardly less pestilent and horrible, frowned from over the way. In their miserable Thought-pictures were foul ditches, crowded courts, slimy cellars, yawning graves, and homeless streets. And in the midst of all, black and high, towered the Gallows, a specter with an evil charm, which, spite of its horrors, drew the forlorn ones unto itself, and multiplied the wrongs it was sent to punish.

Sometimes these unfortunates tried to put on a false gayety; but many of them appeared sunk in a confirmed despair. They had lived without hope, died without hope; and now it was difficult to make them believe there could be any good for them. They would not believe they *could* be led out of the long, dark shadow, ranker than death, that enveloped and bound them.

But there were healing rays penetrating even there. And by means similar to those made use of in the former instance, they were to be led forth into the broader beams, and the higher plane of a true self-consciousness.

I need not repeat; but we passed in review many groups, including criminals of every degree, character and kind. These were all the outbirth of Civilization. Not a barbarian, nor even a savage, appeared among them. Mortifying it was to see that the lowest, foulest dregs of humanity are deposited in Christendom. The heathen world can furnish no parallel to this horribly depraved Selfhood. But in and around them all shone rays of love, and mercy, and wisdom, in the ministry of higher Spirits.

"Where, then, are the Hells?" I asked, as we returned to the beautiful bower where the noble Spirits we had left still reclined.

"What hast thou beheld, my son?" answered the Sage. "Certainly not the Hells," I responded confidently; "for we have not yet left the Heavens. Nor do I see anything like

the tortures which the accepted Christianity has led us to expect ; and even in the most deplorable places we have seen the most beautiful Spirits preside."

"That word, place, is misapplied in this case," he rejoined. Heaven, or Hell, is a state, and not a place. Take any one of these poor benighted beings, and transfer him anywhere, and he will still be the same. No mere change of locality can bring light or intelligence to him. He must expand into a truer measure before he can either appreciate or enjoy a rational happiness."

"I see not the good of coming hither," I exclaimed, yielding to a feeling of momentary discouragement, "if men are to continue the same."

"Do you not perceive," he returned, "that the conditions are more favorable? The pressure of actual physical want is removed ; all the pangs of disease are taken away, and there is no punishment, in the common earthly sense of the word. The influence of vicious character and bad example is greatly lessened ; and to ignorance—however dark and deep—in due time comes the truest teaching."

"And yet," I said, "the poor operatives still imagine themselves bound to the machinery of a hard, unpitying Toil ; and the wicked still dream vile dreams of outrage and wrong."

"That is in some degree true," he returned. "But this diseased consciousness is by no means perfect. It is more like what we call reveries or day-dreams. No man, when he startles himself wide awake, believes it wholly. And the evil illusion is but a temporary thing."

We sat silent for a little time, and then he resumed : "In this connection let us pay some attention to the law that governs the action and influence of Evil Spirits. I perceive that a highly pernicious faith in the power and predominance of these is gaining ground among men. I scarcely need to say, that all the evil spirits, demons, or devils that we know, are simply the undeveloped classes of mankind. You have seen that they are under the care and influence of very highly

advanced minds. Hence, it may be inferred that the evil powers are held in a very strong check. This is true. And when we note, farther, that the most depraved and degraded human beings are looked after and guarded by the highest Spirits that visit the Earth, it may also be inferred that the poor and ignorant are protected from the demoniac invasions they might otherwise suffer. And this is a still higher truth ; for while the Undeveloped, by the crudeness of their propensities, attract low Spirits, by the wants of their humanity, they also attract high and noble ones ; for while their misfortunes open the door to the vicious, their nature always invites and attracts the exalted and refined."

" This is a new doctrine," I observed, " and quite different from the theory that the low always, of necessity, invite only the low."

" Nevertheless it is true," he answered, with a quiet smile. " You have seen that the highest Spirits guard the lowest in the spheres we have just visited. And for the same reason the Unfortunates of Earth will be in like manner guarded and protected. It is a law in all mechanics, in all science, in all logic, that the greater the resistance to be overcome, the stronger must be the operating force. It is a false notion that prevails with many that high Spirits cannot enter a gross or corrupt atmosphere. The opposite of this is truth. Only high Spirits can do so with perfect impunity. Be assured that the nearest to God are brought also nearest to those who most need them. For as the extremes of a circle meet and blend together, so do light and darkness, right and wrong, wisdom and ignorance, love and hate. All positives and all negatives approach and sate, or equalize each other."

The aroma of this beautiful truth seemed to float around me as an atmosphere of light ; and though my prejudices still clung to some of their old notions, the reasoning was so clear I could not choose but believe ; and we relapsed into that expressive silence, which, when Spirits really understand each other, is always most eloquent and inspiring.

"Take careful note, my son," at length resumed the Sage, "and you will see that there are always on the watch, over every community, every group, every individual, a sufficient number of good Spirits to note all important changes, to take advantage of opportunities, and to ward off, as far as possible, all unnecessary dangers and misfortunes. Were men only influenced by their inferiors or equals, they would make no progress. And for reasons before shown, the worst and lowest must be attended by a sufficient guard of the best and highest to prevent any undue encroachment on the part of inferior or evil Spirits.

"Much of the wrong-doing that is imputed to evil Spirits may be traced to perfectly natural causes, in the follies and vices of present parties. And not unfrequently the evil action is excited and maintained by a simple belief in the power and presence of malicious beings. Or, in other words, the medium is self-psychologized. It often happens, too, that the whole party enter into the same state; and all the follies and extravagances which they commit meanwhile are laid at the door of much-abused Spirits.

"There is, perhaps, no mere opinion or form of faith more injurious than this. The less men believe in evil Spirits, and the more they feel that such can have no power over them, the nearer they will approach the actual truth."

"Is it, then, to be understood that there is no influence of evil Spirits among men?" I asked.

"By no means. Such influence may for some good reasons be at times permitted; but of this be assured, it cannot exist without permission. There is one good rule that will never fail. Always try the testimony of Spirits as you would any other testimony, by itself. Never surrender your reason, your freedom, your individuality, to any Spirit in the body or out. These are your own, and there is no power, finite or infinite, that has any right to infringe them.

"There may be a few exceptions to this in some very peculiar cases and periods of development. But in the main

the rule holds good ; and if it were adhered to there would be fewer silly and ridiculous things done in the name of Spirits than are now witnessed.

“ By and by,” he added, after a short pause, “ there will be no ignorance in the Earth ; and before the higher Intelligence, that knows and claims its own, selfishness will recede. Then there will be no more evil Spirits, and no more Hells.”

A soft, opaque veil flowed around the Sage, and even as he ceased speaking, I saw him no more.

CHINESE CAMP, Tuolumne Co., Cal.



HYMN OF THE BATTLE.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

CAN ye lengthen the hours of the dying Night,
Or chain the wings of the Morning Light ?
Can ye seal the springs of the Ocean deep,
Or bind the Thunders in silent sleep ?
The Sun that rises, the Seas that flow,
The Thunders of Heaven, all answer, “ No ! ”

Can ye drive young Spring from the blossomed earth ?
The earthquake still in its awful birth ?
Will the hand on Time's dial backward flee ?
Or the pulse of the Universe pause for thee ?
The shaken mountains, the flowers that blow,
The pulse of the Universe, answer, “ No ! ”

Can ye burn a Truth in the Martyr's fire ?
Or chain a Thought in the dungeon dire ?
Or stay the Soul, when it soars away
In glorious Life from the moulding clay ?
The Truth that liveth, the Thoughts that go,
The Spirit ascending, all answer, “ No ! ”

O, King ! O Despot ! your doom they speak ;
 For God is mighty as ye are weak ;
 Your Night and your Winter from earth must roll
 Your chains shall melt from the limb and soul ;
 Ye have wrought us wrong, ye have brought us woe
 Shall ye triumph longer ? We answer, " No ! "

Ye have builded your temples with gems impearled,
 On the broken heart of a famished World ;
 Ye have crushed its heroes in desert graves,
 Ye have made its children a race of slaves :
 O'er the Future Age shall the ruin go ?
 We gather against ye, and answer, " No ! "

Ye laugh in scorn from your shrines and towers,
 But weak are ye, for the TRUTH is ours ;
 In arms, in gold, and in pride ye move,
 But we are stronger, our strength is Love.
 Slay Truth and Love with the curse and blow ?
 The beautiful Heavens ! they answer, " No ! "

The Winter Night of the world is past ;
 The Day of Humanity dawns at last ;
 The veil is rent from the Soul's calm eyes,
 And Prophets and Heroes and Seers arise ;
 Their words and deeds like the thunders go ;
 Can ye stifle their voices ? they answer, " No ! "

It is God who speaks in their words of might !
 It is God who acts in their deeds of right !
 Lo ! Eden waits, like a radiant bride—
 Humanity springeth elate to her side ;
 Can ye sever the twain who to Oneness flow ?
 The voice of Divinity answers, " No ! "

LABOR, WAGES, AND CAPITAL.

DIVISION OF PROFITS SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED,

BY J. K. INGALLS.

THE right of Property, or private control over accumulated wealth, rests ultimately upon the principle that such wealth is the product of one's labor ; and since, in society as at present existing, little or nothing is the product of unaided individual effort, but the result of the labor of numbers combined, the correct division of this product becomes the great underlying question, upon the proper solution of which depends all *exactness* in social or economical science.

The system of traffic for gain, or for *profits*, is older than civilization. Wages followed inevitably the emancipation of the worker from slavery and serfdom. That such a change was the best thing possible, in that stage of social development, may be admitted without raising the question as to the scientific importance of such an improvement ; for all science, as we understand it, is by many thousands of years younger. In a general way we must recognize the several steps which have been necessary in the attainment of true knowledge. The astrology of the Arabs was as near the truth of an exact science of the stars as was the system of wages and profits—resorted to in utter ignorance of social and economic law—in its approach to a correct method of division. With the attainments already made in economics, and with the methods of analysis we have applied with so much success in other fields of investigation, it ought not to be regarded presumptuous if we attempt to determine the true value of a custom, ancient in its origin and general in its adoption.

It will be necessary to consider these subjects somewhat in detail. I propose to treat of wages as the system is found in actual operation ; not as to whether it is just and equi-

table between individuals and classes. The question is as to whether it effects the results proposed, and which social economy requires. I wish it borne in mind, that more than specific and temporary results must be secured in order to justify any custom. Those results must be uniform and continuous. Bribery and subsidies will produce specific effects; but they can never insure continuous results. Their ultimate consequences will be precisely opposite to their immediate effects; and instead of promoting the contemplated purpose, will finally render it impossible to be done at all. They are therefore economically as well as morally unjustifiable. Now, if the system of wages is lacking in permanent and uniform influence upon human industry, we may rest assured that it has been at best but an expedient, resorted to in the ignorance and barbarism of earlier times, and which must certainly pass away as soon as society is prepared to profit by its advancement in knowledge.

Labor, the source of all social and individual wealth, consists in those efforts which man puts forth to produce whatever is necessary to his subsistence, and the realization of his aims in life. For the purpose of this discussion we need not distinguish between the labor of the hand and that of the brain; or whether it be devoted to actual production, or to any of the services required by society. With regard to the product which results solely from individual effort, there is of course no question of division; and with that we have nothing to do. In a general view, the whole social wealth is the result of the united effort, and therefore society, in its collective capacity, has a voice, rightfully, in determining the method by which the common product shall be subdivided among its members.

Having defined Labor, I must refer to *Capital*, in order to be fully understood. Capital, according to political economists, is "that stock in business which is made the basis of profit." But this defines nothing, and means nothing more than the appropriation of a certain proportion of the labor product under certain conditions.

The conserved, or accumulated labor product may be used directly as the passive agent in production ; indirectly, by supplying the wants of the laborer while he is employed on other material ; or be used in the form of machinery, tools, and otherwise in increased facilities for business. But we must not lose sight of the fact, that however employed, it is still nothing but the product of labor ; and as truly so, as the more perishable things which are immediately consumed. In the place of Labor and Capital, we simply have only *Labor and its product*. Now the claim for profits from invested Capital assumes this untenable position : That the labor of yesterday, or of last year, is more valuable than the labor of to-day, or of the present year. And here arises the question of *abstinence* ; a term with which our cowardly moral scientists and political economists attempt to conjure up a spirit that will justify the greed of our land and money systems ; by a casuistry similar to that which once would have justified human slavery.

But it can be shown that the principle of abstinence can be utilized, without any such resort being necessary, as is assumed by these apologists. The man who has produced a surplus of some perishable article, finds a pressing necessity to put it into a more durable form, if he would preserve it. This he can do by direct exchange with some one who has a more enduring product, but requires the perishable product for immediate consumption ; or he may permit another to use what he possesses, returning the same at some future time when it may be required. We see, therefore, that he has all rational inducements to preserve his surplus, and indeed to constantly increase it.

All forms of the labor product are subject to constant change if they do not absolutely decay. The precious metals, by very slow degrees, to be sure (and this is why they became the "tender for choice"), lose value by attrition ; the great mass of the animal and vegetable products of the earth maintain their values only for a short season ; while

houses, fabrics, machinery, tools, and all the implements of industry and the conveniences of life decline constantly in their power to serve and please. Now, no one can naturally receive *more* for his abstinence than the thing he abstains from using or consuming ; but always *less*, according to the time of his abstinence and the nature of his surplus. It follows, therefore, that a man has every healthful motive to conserve his surplus, by changing it into renewed forms of use, without the idea of profit or gain in so doing ; and the assumption that he will not do it unless enabled to lay other labor under tribute, is as impertinent as it is gratuitous.

An abundant motive being shown to produce and conserve the surplus product of labor, any system that offers a greater inducement must partake of the nature of a bribe, subsidy, or hazard, and cannot, on the whole, work beneficially, however plausible the instances which may be cited to prove certain desirable results.

The claim of the political economists, that *profits* constitute the great main-spring of all economic action, is as philosophically absurd as it is morally degrading. But, for the moment, admitting the proposition in their sense, how does it bear upon our main question of wages as an economic force ? No one, say they, will do anything but for profits. But the man who works for wages has no profits ; and is not only destitute of this stimulus, but his labor product is *minus* the profits of the capitalist, landlord, and forestaller. A rational economy would seem to require, that if any one received extra inducement to act, it should be that one who did the most laborious and repulsive work. It is thus seen, that while exorbitant profits afford an unnatural stimulus, in mere wages we have an inadequate motive to action.

Not only does our current system fail in the above-mentioned particulars, but it also fails to secure the wages system itself from the most palpable discrepancies. The rate of wages for various kinds of service, and for different individuals, is in *inverse* rather than *direct* ratio to the labor done

and the thing produced. One will be struck with astonishment at the disproportion in the compensation of those who are engaged in the actual production of the wealth of society, and those who are employed in light and frivolous duties, and even in services which are useless and destructive.

That such a system can be productive of economic results, none can be so demented as to suppose. What, to-day, is the universal complaint with regard to those who work for wages? Are we not told that they have no proper interest in their work? From the kitchen-maid to the bank president the cry is, that they are not faithful or honest, do not attend to their business, but improve every advantage which offers to promote their own purposes. Profits are seen to be more tempting than wages; and if, in addition to the economic argument, I may be allowed to refer to the moral one, I should add, that the result has been to infect our whole social fabric with dishonesty, from the servant-girl who helps herself and next friend to the tea and preserves, to the public functionary who appropriates to his own use the public funds, the contents of safes, the stocks of railroad companies, and whatever else he finds loosely lying around.

Let us now proceed to consider more closely the history and nature of wages. I have already stated that the system followed of necessity the emancipation of the laborer from chattel slavery. The earliest disposition of the labor product was by the strong arm. The one took who had the power, having destroyed the producer. After the era of mere brute force, came ownership of the laborer. He was held as a slave, and his labor compelled by stripes. We will find no one now to justify such a system. It became impracticable hundreds of years ago, except for a rude and barbaric race, preserved in the freshness of its primitive condition by importation.

To refer again to profits, let me now say, that through all the different ages of savageism, barbarism, and our inchoate civilization, trade, or dealing for profit, has existed in essence unchanged. If we analyze it we shall see that the purpose of

gain is inseparable from the idea of compelling another to produce for our advantage. The mere robber had a very uncertain dependence. Those whom he had destroyed could not produce more. He slaughtered "the goose that laid the golden egg;" and other producers were discouraged by witnessing their fate. The slaveholder had a more economic system; but still there was much uncertainty in his method, since at times he might have to change places with his bondman. Thus hazard still entered largely into all the industrial affairs of social life.

As slavery disappeared, the worker was allowed wages. This word is derived from the same root as *wager*, and has a similar signification:—"a thing laid down," to abide or be staked upon the result of a certain action or event. In those early times the result or the actual product of a certain number of days' or years' effort was a matter of much uncertainty; as instance Jacob's service with Laban. As they could not trust each other for a just division after the event, they previously bound themselves by contract. And thus in the barbarism of our industrial system we still follow a similar method; only we may have shortened the period, and now stake the money on one hand and labor on the other, upon the productive result that shall follow.

If this hazard were conducted by an open and fair method, then the laborer's chance to obtain more than he had produced, would be just as good as the employer's to realize a profit. But wages and profits result from different mathematical processes, as will be seen by a simple analyzation of the elements involved in each. Wages are determined by the employment of two factors, viz., the rate, and the number of days. Profits, on the other hand, are calculated by rate, time, and amount of principal. This last factor is the one which is potentially an increasing series, and by a duplicate geometrical ratio. What is purely profit, has the ability to double itself in definite periods. Thus while one's utmost effort and toil can not yield him over one thousand dollars

value per year, for whatever term of years, the income from profits, or usual interest, or rent, may increase from one to ten, or to a hundred thousand dollars ; nay, to millions. Take a most expert laborer or mechanic, and it is perhaps possible he can produce double what the average man in his calling can do. But by profits, one man is enabled to claim an amount, the production of which requires the incessant labor of a hundred men. Nay, there are men, even in this country, whose income absorbs the entire product of thousands of men.

With small capital, but insignificant profits can be realized ; so the small operator finds scanty support. Yet the smaller transaction is frequently as serviceable to society as the larger. Take an instance in Finance. It takes a Bank President no longer to sign a thousand-dollar bill than a one-dollar bill ; nor does the paper and printing of the one cost more than that of the other ; yet the profit on one is *seventy* dollars per annum, and on the other seven cents. The latter has effected the greatest number of useful exchanges, and, on account of its rapid circulation, perhaps to an equal amount. Could the excessive profits here shown, be accumulated and conserved, and reëmployed in production, the result might be economically justified. But in accordance with a well-known law governing distribution, this absorption of the labor-product inevitably begets and fosters a class of parasites and sinecurists, who consume the wealth and corrupt the habits of society, without contributing in any respect to its support. And yet we are told by professed scientists, that unless, through laws of land-tenure and inheritance, etc., men are privileged to place their children in such conditions that no necessity shall exist to require from them any useful service to society, they will put forth no effort to create wealth and increase production. We need not go to the offices of our State and National governments, to find the evidence of parasitic growth in our system. Sinecures are not confined to Church or State. They exist in your Banks, Insurance Of-

ices, Manufactories, Railroad Companies, and in fact, every branch of business. Nay, they enter the homes of the people, and the self-assertion, which claims the right to do what it will with its own, incites parents to guard their offspring from the remotest suspicion of ever having done anything useful or serviceable, while encouraging in them the most exacting temper and extravagant habits.

Now no one can maintain sinecures, unless he has some resource other than his own effort. With the absorbed product of a hundred men's labor, however, he may indulge in the luxury ; and lackeys, favorites, and pets, are the logical concomitants of such absorption. Strictly speaking, economical principles are best subserved where the utmost freedom is given to every available productive force in society, and where none are either repressed, wasted or corrupted. In a broad philosophy, to be sure, we may see the wildest departures from wisdom resulting in progress ; but even such philosophy assumes that we grow wiser by suffering the consequences of misdirection, and hence cease to repeat the follies we deplore.

One thing is certain ; no one who is interested in the future of human society can look with unconcern upon the present aspect of our industrial affairs. The worker is beginning to realize his position as the creator of society's wealth, and to feel that *hazard*, rather than any system of justice or science, determines his share in the wealth he alone has produced. He discovers that he is the victim of a system—could it be reduced to any certain rule—which can never be made to favor the toiler ; and that he it is who must pay all the profits and shoulder all the risks of every venture, and though often losing can never win.

I know our political economists claim that there may be *gains* without corresponding *losses*. I am not ignorant of the sophistry by which it is attempted to sustain this claim. It is assumed that under certain conditions of privation, results cannot be obtained by the same amount of effort as they can

under more favorable conditions. Hence the standard of real service is not determined by the amount of effort put forth, but rather by the measure of labor saved to the one who has been supplied with more favorable conditions. The economical objection to this is plain; the moment we admit that the need or the condition of the one served, is to enter into the question of exchange of services, we involve a new element in purpose or motive. It will then become a mutual struggle not to supply each other's demands, but each will strive to subject the other to such conditions as will render his own service of paramount value.

The system of wages and profits effectually accomplishes this result: the one depressing the condition of the laborer and the other improving the fortunes of the employer. It may be sometimes necessary to give enormous salvage for the saving of ships and cargoes placed in perilous positions; but the effect must be to cause the wreckers to desire more wrecks, and it is not the fault of the system if they do not show false lights to lure mariners to destruction. When our service to another is to be measured, not by the amount of effort put forth, but the necessity to which he is reduced, our study may then be to keep him in that necessitous condition rather than render him the required service. The system of profits, however, obviates the necessity for any *intentional* effort in this direction; for its inevitable operation is to force labor into more and yet more necessitous conditions, wherein the increased exactions are shown—of course by the same rule—to be wise and salutary. The inequalities relied upon at the start to justify this unequal dealing are perpetuated thereby, and rendered more and more intolerable; thus increasing the demand for the unequal exchange, or, as Mr. Kellogg says, "compelling consent as it operates."

No fact is better established by political economy than the normal industry and frugality of mankind. Industrious habits and judicious accumulations and appropriations are found to take place almost in direct ratio to the proportion of

the labor product which they are enabled to enjoy. As this proportion diminishes improvidence and idleness prevail. It is equally true, that while profits often stimulate to great penuriousness and greed in individuals, they also, on the whole, excite to great extravagance and dissipation, and to the engendering of parasites and sinecurists ; and hence, to increase the desire for expense and diminish the tendency to conservation. Thus we see that the general operation of the system of profits is to discourage industry, incite to extravagant consumption, and beget indifference to judicious accumulation. No wonder that useful labor is held in such contempt by both extremes of society, and that the attainment of the means of extravagant living, by whatever dishonest method, is respected and encouraged.

I have already answered the argument of the economists, that unless the capitalist could be awarded profits, he would not allow his accumulations to be used productively. He has no other means of preserving them in existence. It is sometimes urged that inasmuch as the tool, the machine, or seed lent, enables the borrower to do so much more than he could possibly do without them ; that in paying usance he is not subjected to any loss, but he is actually benefited. Bastiat makes a very labored and specious plea from this premise ; but it is a most puerile, inconsequent, and one-sided argument, from a mind so able and clear on other points.

Please bear in mind that this is all hypothesis. Now for the facts. Notwithstanding the great advantage to be derived hypothetically under these circumstances, the lending of tools among workmen, both in country and city, is practiced widely, yet payment for their use is wholly unknown. Let a stranger go into the country and be destitute of tools, and he has little trouble in borrowing. The lender will be only too glad to get them again in reasonable time and with moderate wear. On the frontier neighbors will turn out and assist the new-comer in rearing a cabin, and only ask that he shall take his turn in helping some other settler. But let him

want the loan of a hundred dollars, or of a piece of land which is made monopolizable under our laws of tenure, and he will be required to pay ten to thirty per cent., although he returns all that he borrows—not as he did the tools, more or less worn—but uninjured as well as unconsumed. This payment will tend to keep him in the same condition of need, because the amount of land and money do not increase by labor; and whatever is paid for their use is by so much *labor's loss*, whoever says to the contrary.

These views of the industrial problem beget no feeling of hostility against the wealthy, for many of them are useful workers; nor of especial interest in those who work for wages, merely on that account. Many of them are employed not in adding to the genuine wealth of society, but in pernicious and destructive pursuits. They do, however, awaken an interest in those who produce in contradistinction to those who merely absorb and consume the labor-product of society. No especial blame attaches to any class. No one with true manly feeling can contemplate occupying the position of a hireling all his life without disgust. Nor can any true man feel that the account is wholly settled between him and his life-long helpers when he has merely paid them the current wages during his prosperity and business success.

If asked what remedy I propose, I answer none. I have no faith in quacks and nostrums. The world must acquaint itself with the science of Industry and Economics, and apply the knowledge so obtained in the interest of labor, which underlies all social order and progress. Moralize wealth, as the Positivists say, not merely through the exercise of benevolence and bestowment of charities. These are already magnificent. Let us supplement and complement benevolence with a justice which shall divide the labor-product *according to work*, and leave mere wealth little to bestow in charity, and labor nothing to ask of alms.

Society has advanced to our present state of civilization through one grand conception:—*the right of private property*

—the public acknowledgment of one's right to control his own labor-product. This idea is not yet so inwrought into our social and civil system as to supersede the older idea of force, particularly its subtler manifestations of cunning and mere intellectual domination. We have only just freed ourselves of slavery, which totally ignored this idea, though arrogantly pretending to proceed therefrom ; and in Land monopoly and other systems of class legislation, we have still the relics of the older barbarism. But the idea stands acknowledged in our theory of law and science of economics. Indeed, both the one and the other proceed from it, and could have no logical existence upon any other basis.

The beneficent effects and the progress of society resulting from the recognition of this right have been falsely referred by the political economists to the love of traffic and passion for profits. A scientific analysis of the principles will show that they are wholly incompatible with each other. The individual is protected in his private right to property, upon no other principle than because it is the actual product of his labor. If then another has produced something that I want, the science of economy, no less than that of morals, teaches me that to obtain it I must produce an equivalent in order to exchange with him. On the contrary, the theory of profits suggests, that although I may not take the *whole* of another's product by superior muscular force, I may take *a part* of it by guile, by duplicity, or superior intellectual activity. To the clear vision of reason, however, this latter conception is essentially the same unscientific, crude and barbarous notion, which in the earlier ages prompted the robbery and enslavement of labor.

We have now to supplement the right of private property with the recognition of the general truth that individual effort is of limited extent ; that the *wealth of society is the result of the united effort or aggregate labor*. And it logically follows that those who represent the labor of the past, or capitalists, and those who do the labor of the present, are *equal partners*,

and should be rewarded in proportion to the labor performed.

The remedy, then, lies in the direction of coöperation ; not after any specific plan, but by giving place in our thought to the grand idea that the useful industries of society are carried on under a widely-extended copartnership. At present the products of this partnership are unwisely as well as unjustly distributed. Wages and profits partake of the character of hazard, bribery, and subsidies, and are not subject to any rational or equitable division. We must recognize the social as well as the private right in property. Industries of every kind, which do not begin and terminate with the individual, have a social as well as a private side. Especially must we recognize the fact that exchange, finance, and distribution, are public rather than private functions.

We see a great discrepancy between classes who are employed at wages ; but when we contrast the income of the producers with that of the individuals who accumulate profits, the inequality of the method is most glaringly conspicuous. Skilled mechanics do not realize over \$1,000 per year. Many useful laborers do not realize more than one-quarter of that sum. The agricultural laborer, whose work is, in fact, the most serviceable of all, is generally the most poorly paid.

In contrast with this, there are persons with hundreds of thousands and even millions of income, who render no useful labor. They only speculate in the products of others' labor ; monopolize the land which the poor need for homes and cultivation ; make a "corner in Erie," or lock up some millions of greenbacks, and so profit by the general distress they produce. By our class laws they are thus enabled to plunder society of its wealth, and to impoverish most those who have produced the common treasure by their persistent toil.

The banker or merchant essays the performance of a public function, as truly such as the mayoralty or presidency. When these functionaries are unprincipled enough to grasp and lay by a few thousands or millions from the public funds, we

justly regard them as malefactors. A broker, merchant, or landlord, lays aside an equal or greater amount annually from the results of the general industry, and we honor him as one of our "merchant princes," "bank barons," or "railroad kings." Really they have made society just as much poorer, by their transactions, as the official delinquent; and there is no certainty that they will employ this accumulation to any better purpose than he.

Science must despair of any intelligible method for the division of the labor-product, or for any relief to society, from the existing conditions of poverty, venality and corruption, until the principle is practically recognized, that all genuine service has a social as well as a private interest; and our industrial, commercial, and financial affairs, are regulated upon this basis.



SPIRITUAL MATHEMATICS.

BY PROF. A. F. EWELL.

SCIENCE treats of the laws of the Spiritual and Material Universe. At its foundation we find, "like causes produce like effects." By contemplating matter, and reasoning therefrom, men have developed physical science. Similarly they may proceed with spiritual science. Knowledge requires order: "Order is heaven's first law;" Mathematics is the language of order, and, in its speculative phase, considers quantity without reference to matter. It investigates unknown quantities as well as known; therefore it is fitted for the solution of spiritual problems. Its brevity, exactness, and comprehensiveness are needed by spiritual scientists.

Men have not used equations, diagrams, and notations to embody their reasonings with an attempt at exact results;

except by agreements and conventions in regard to the use of symbols. If spiritual truths are infinite in variety and magnitude, there are expressions for an endless series, or a lack of limitation in mathematics. With the minutest conceptions we may deal by means of infinitesimals. Combinations of a changing nature are found in the mind ; and by means of Fluxional Calculus we deal with variations of value and probabilities of chance. Thoughts are units, and therefore may come under the laws of arithmetic.

Dr. Carpenter observes : " As the power of the will can develop nervous activity, and as nerve-force can develop mental activity, there must be a *correlation* between these two modes of dynamical agency, which is not less intimate and complete than that which exists between nerve-force on the one hand, and electricity or heat on the other."* This admits that spiritual things, like the will, are mathematical functions of material things, as nerve-force.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, in *English Traits*, says : " Each religious sect has its peculiar physiognomy. The Methodists have acquired a face ; the Quakers, a face ; the nuns, a face. Trades and professions also carve their own lines on face and form." If spiritual states can be studied by the geometry of the face, it suggests that algebra might furnish equations for such states as are represented in the lines of the face.

Truth, thus simply stated, would be more readily comprehended by the student ; corollary and scholium would more easily appear when the main proposition was digested. Could the laws of fluxions be introduced, the changes of progress and civilization could be analyzed, and many valuable methods of producing harmony among men be formulated and established.

Professor Rankine, of the University of Glasgow, observes in his *Manual of the Steam-Engine*, that " The science of energetics comprehends, as special branches, the theories of

* Human Physiology, page 542.

all physical phenomena." This includes the physical phenomena of mental states as well as those of heated bodies ; and thermo-dynamics is no more embraced by energetics than will-power in its dynamical effects on the nerves, and thence on the muscles. Mathematics is useful in abridging the work of one, and could illustrate the other.

In his *Applied Mechanics*, Professor Rankine, after admitting that the Greeks are our Masters in Philosophy, Poetry, and Rhetoric as well as Geometry and the Fine Arts, adds, that they thought natural laws—studied by contemplation—were also applicable to *celestial and indestructible bodies* ; and empirical laws applied to gross and destructible bodies. The Professor urges that Geometry is applicable to laws of Physics and Mechanics. Both may be correct in one sense, for spiritual and material sciences are all related to Mathematics.

Equations can be used to exemplify spiritual truths and theories. For instance, if a man have a limited amount of "sense of justice," represented by j , and a certain degree of "tenacity," denoted by t , we can reason thus : If $t=j$, his tenacity of purpose equals his sense of justice ; therefore he will continue a course of action as long as he sees it just. If $t < j$, the sense of justice is the greater, he will give up if even conscience says go on. But if $t > j$, the tenacity preponderates, he will continue, just or unjust.

Much labor may be saved to the person familiar with such symbols by rejecting many words for a few signs and letters. This method shortens the work. Such equations can be represented by lines—and diagrams may be employed in problems of intensity of spiritual states. As many unknown quantities could be evaluated, as equations could be obtained independently. Harmony of association is subject to discord as well as harmony in music. The waves of the latter are expressed quantitatively, and quantity is seen in the increase of hope or harmony of soul as well as in concord of tones increasing in volume or intensity of vibration. Society and music are both spiritual conceptions out-wrought in the ma-

terial world. We express time and distance as functions of velocity, and find differentials to show their law of variation in ratio ; yet they are not matter, though studied by theorem and example in colleges and universities. Thoughts are units in series ; we can tell one from two or more of them ; and they may be considered abstractly, as well as units of heat. We have a scale of hardness for minerals ; why not a scale of thought as numerical and distinct ?

There is a remarkable analogy in the same terms as used in Mathematics and Metaphysics ; for example : Point, a position in space ; or the point of death at the end of life. "Life is a series of moods," says Emerson. This is no mere visionary figure of speech, but an actual fact. We also speak of lines of thought—one leading to the other, or intersecting it. Planes of life and spheres of action are terms that can be used with all the modifications of geometrical meanings. "The problem of the couriers," so well known in algebra, is as little fitted for a discussion by symbols as the typical one given on tenacity and justice in this article. Students seeing such things as zero divided by infinity, are as much at a loss to find any connection with material things at first sight, as they would be to read of a proportional ratio of virtues ; and a teacher could as readily impress a beginner with the reality of an equation of condition for peace and war, and its usefulness, as the equation for the condition that two lines intersect in Analytic Geometry.

Bishop Berkeley said infinitesimals were ghosts of departed quantities. Could it be that his calling led him to see more in Mathematics than those around him ? There may be a double significance in Longfellow's lines :

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream ;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem."

WINNIE WILD.

THE FAIRY OF THE HONEYSUCKLES.

A BALLAD FOR VERY SWEET LITTLE GIRLS.

COME to the veranda, Alice and Mary, and let us look up at the stars that shine so steadfastly and earnestly. Let us remember the moving story of the little maiden of other days—the little maiden-mate, that ever must stand and shine in the sunrise of Memory and Affection, a spirit of purest flame, white and fair forever.

Truly the story should be turned as sweetly as the vespers of elves, or the symphony of guitars in starlight.

O that our voices were sweet and soft ! But they are not ; neither are our lips sufficiently pure. Seldom, indeed, our words are as musical as elves ! The story of mortal, told by mortal, is at the best a rude work.

Let us think of the grace of the little maiden of other days. The glow of sunlight, as a golden surge, still laved the shadowy world ; and the old charioteer, sitting on his chariot of fire, was driving his bright steeds away behind the hills. The quivering glory of his eye glanced no more on river, ruin, cataract, or spire. Alice and Mary ! Listen, my dears, to me ! I sometimes think I sat that night upon the mountain-tops of Life, far out—entirely out—of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. All around me were the low monuments, glimmering white, and the grassy graves.

I was thinking then, or dreaming—perhaps I was dreaming—of little Winnie Wild, whom the merry and lively group, partly for love of her gentle ways, and partly for girlish joy, were wont to call "*Winnie Wild, the Fairy of the Honey-*

suckles," because she was very sweet. I always think of Winnie when the sun sinks and the *light* is lost. But Winnie was brighter, and better, than day or light.

Like the day, she is gone. But upon the summit of our souls is left the radiance, the glory, of her blessed presence.

Alice and Mary, mine, we all knew Winnie Wild ; and we loved her, too, with real love, and coaxed her to mate and play with us in every childish holiday and merrymaking. By the ancient rock I leaned and lingered, thinking very deeply—perchance dreaming—and, yet, *thinking*, too.

Mary and Alice, mine, O listen now to me ! There were myriads and myriads of sweet and happy Voices in the air everywhere !

The Voices were all very fine, and plaintive. They were over my head in the blossoms of the honeysuckles upon the rock ; they were in the leaves, zephyrs, stars !

They issued wildly from the Mosses, and the Grasses. They were all around me, as an innumerable choir, mingling the fine spray of their melody in an infinite sea of Happiness and Harmony. The language was scarcely intelligible, and the symphony was almost a mystery. I have never been gifted, alas ! to interpret the whispering of stars, nor am I now clear-thoughted enough to know why the foliage should have been so rapturously touched and stirred.

I have a thought, but it is all too vague to speak. The Honeysuckles were so jubilant !

I bowed my head among the Grasses, and listened eagerly to their madrigal.

Alice and Mary ! the Grasses are a gay nation (such a bright little folk) ! merry and vivacious ; and all of the day waving their little heads, and singing away !

But it is said that they are all born of the Dust and Ashes. I do not know. Their voices there among the tombs were as clear and sweet as sounds of Elfland.

And I fancy that I have since learned much of the *meaning* of the melody I heard. It is a very pleasant fantasy.

But the words of the world are coarse and harsh. Listen!

We are the Grasses!
And under the starlight,
The fair light and far light,
Marry! O marry!
Winnie, the fairy,
Passes and passes.

And behold we are proud
To avow it aloud:

There is not in the land an old man, an old *maid* of us,
But is true to the Fair! Nor a knight nor a blade of us;
(Let the wicked beware!
For Winnie is fair!—
'Tis the truth that we tell),
But would draw for the Fairy, and fight till he fell.

O the prison, the prison,
So cheerless and chilly;
She loved not the prison
So gloomy and chilly;
And she is arisen, arisen, arisen!

Why is it, why is it
That Winnie doth visit
Us the unworthy,
The evil and earthy?
For we *are* unworthy,
Are evil and earthy;

Why is it, good Grasses, why is it, why is it?

The whole world, I think, has known a Winnie Wild. Everybody can say how the child looked, and how she laughed—can tell you of her kind, mild words, and how she sang her little songs and smiled. Blue-eyed and blessed! Pale and pure! Quiet and thoughtful! Everybody must have seen her—nobody can ever forget her. That night, among low monuments glimmering white, and grassy graves, I saw

the quaintly insculptured little tomb where Winnie rests. It stood behind a gray old rock, around whose stern and rugged brows the Honeysuckles hung like a wreath of worth and of honor. The inscription upon the white stone, that stood in shadow, is clear in my thought to-night as the stars in the sky.

WINNIE WILD,

"Fairy of the Honeysuckles."

*"The Death-blight fell,
Quick oped the Blossom,
And the fairy flew!"*

O light as the flake is the fall of her feet—

We are burnt up with blisses !

And crumpled with kisses !

There is nothing—in *sooth*, there is nothing *so* sweet,

As the quick, warm kiss of her rosy feet !

The sounds grew fainter, fainter, fainter. Suddenly here the strain broke ! I looked up, and the stars were clear, and bright, and silent ; and the moon as pale and calm a mystery as ever. The white stone, that always stands at the head of little Winnie Wild, glimmered on the gloom.

Mary and Alice, mine ! May your dreams be ever sweet, and your lives, and thoughts, as sweet as your dreams. These are my last words.

F. W.

WINNIE WILD.—This poetic conception of our dear departed friend, FORCEYTHE WILLSON, was sent to the Editor some years since, as a contribution to a Spiritual Annual. As the proposed Gift Book was never printed, Winnie Wild did not make a public appearance. Great have been the changes of the years ! The young and brave have fallen ; States have been revolutionized ; and the author has gone to dwell in the poet's heaven. But his story of the "Fairy of the Honeysuckles" is still fresh, and beautiful, and sweet as ever ; and therefore we embalm it to-day, with the sacred memories of his young life and poetic genius.

S. B. B.

INVISIBLE ARTISTS.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

AMONG the curiosities of modern Spiritualism are Mystical Writings in many foreign and unknown tongues, and Drawings in almost endless variety, as well in respect to the objects represented as in the varying degrees of æsthetic taste and artistic skill exhibited in their execution. The Drawings are often made through the instrumentality of persons who have neither the ability to draw the simplest object, nor even the capacity to determine the relative excellence of the different specimens that may have been produced through their own mediumship. These illustrations of the agency of Spirits represent many forms of earthly origin and other objects not at all familiar to our observation. It is proper to observe that they frequently violate the conventional rules of Art, at the same time they as often exhibit a peculiar clearness of conception, with great force and exquisite delicacy of expression and manipulation.

The accompanying specimen of pen-drawing was executed, some time ago, through the hand of Mrs. Miriam M. Thomas, of Manchester, Vt. In authenticating its claim to an ultra-mundane origin, a brief account of the lady's experience will be necessary. At the age of thirty-five years she had never received the least instruction in drawing, nor had she so much as attempted any exercise of the kind in the absence of a teacher. One day, while seated at table and holding a fork, her hand repeatedly moved backward and forward across her plate, without any conscious agency of her own. Feeling some curiosity to know what might result from this new automatic motion, she substituted a pencil for the fork and paper for the plate, when—to her surprise—the initial letter of the



name of a daughter (then in the Spirit World) was made in precise *fac-simile*. As this was wholly involuntary, so far as

she was personally concerned, the circumstance very naturally suggested the possible agency of the daughter in the motion of the hand. For a short time Mrs. Thomas was moved by the invisible agent to write, when—under the same or a similar influence—she began to draw in a rude way. The improvement, however, was extremely rapid, and very soon the objects were represented with remarkable precision and delicacy. It is worthy of observation that in the execution of some forty pieces, during the first year of her experience as a medium, the accident of a single blot had never occurred, nor had one false or irregular line been made.

And here is a striking and peculiar feature in these phenomena, that will not admit of a rational explanation on any hypothesis hitherto suggested by popular skepticism or instituted by the most accomplished jugglery. Neither our experience nor observation warrant the expectation of such invariable accuracy of delineation, even after a very careful training of the mind and hand. The voluntary efforts of the most skillful artists are not thus free from accident and irrelevancy. In this respect the Spirit Drawings and Writings, of these days, are scarcely less remarkable than those mystical characters, traced by the finger of a Spirit, upon the walls of Belshazzar's palace.

The Illustration presented in this connection is a *fac-simile* from one of the forty specimens referred to in this article. The original was executed with an ordinary steel pen and common ink. The pen was forwarded with the drawing for our inspection, and was such an one as may be found in the hand of every school-girl. In some cases Mrs. Thomas has a kind of psycho-photographic image—on the brain and in the mind—of the picture to be drawn; but more frequently she has no idea of what is to be done, any faster than the work is accomplished under the automatic action of her hand. The careful elaboration of this small specimen suggests that the Spirits might possibly excel the Gobelins and other tapestries of the Old World. It has intrinsic merit; but when

we recall the fact that during its execution the mind of Mrs. Thomas was either vacant or otherwise occupied, it is not only unique but in other respects remarkable.

The phenomena developed in the experience of this lady are not peculiar, since there are hundreds of similar mediums in the country. And yet our modern scientists—with a few honorable exceptions—attempt to dispose of all such facts by either attributing them to a diseased bodily action, or by boldly disputing the testimony of the witnesses, who are numerous, and many of them of fair reputation and blameless life. Whether prompted by ignorance or cowardice, this conduct is highly reprehensible. What right has a scientific inquirer to dispute the occurrence of any class of actual phenomena? By what authority does he presume to question the veracity of thousands of men and women whose integrity is above suspicion? His appropriate business is to *observe, analyze, classify, and explain*. When he attempts to evade the truth, to deny the facts brought to his notice, and to defame the passive instruments employed in their production, he abandons the true methods of science, and becomes a mere dogmatist, whose arrogant self-conceit is far more conspicuous than his wisdom.

It is scarcely necessary to remark in conclusion, that, among the numerous and various illustrations of Spirit Art, we find many examples that are destitute of merit—resembling the rude exercises of the inexperienced limner. At the same time we have many others, embracing flowers, fruits, landscapes, animated forms and still-life, portraits of Spirits, etc., that are every way extraordinary. Among the specimens of portraiture are mythological and other heads, automatically drawn by the hand of a delicate young lady, that exhibit a freedom and boldness in the handling, a graphic power of delineation and expression, that might, naturally enough, suggest the idea that the mantle of the immortal Angelo had fallen on the medium.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY HON. JOHN W. EDMONDS.

IN all the religions which have ever existed among men—at least so far as history teaches us—there have been two most interesting and difficult questions, namely:—Whether there is any existence for man beyond this earth life; and, if there is, what is the nature of that existence?

There is an innate feeling in us which tells us that there must be, and is, some future life for man. But when, in the maturity of our manhood, we have set our intellect at work on the problem, and asked for the evidence, it has not been forthcoming in a satisfactory form, and mankind, therefore, in all ages, have been vacillating between the extremes of unreasoning credulity on the one hand, and logical infidelity on the other, or reposing in a state of doubt which is well expressed in scriptural language, “Lord! I believe. Help thou my unbelief.” And as, in the course of time, man has advanced in knowledge and in the capacity to reason—and such advance is manifest to any reflecting mind—the question has still recurred, again and again, What is the evidence of our immortality, and what is the life that we are to lead during it?

How full of anxiety, in all ages, have these questions filled the human heart! How often has the question been asked, Why does not the Great First Cause give us the evidence? This question has been one of absorbing interest, and now prompts the inquiry, Has it been want of power in Him (or It) to give, or want of capacity in us to receive? Is the darkness which has enshrouded us on this subject, a spot on the sun, or a cloud around the beholder?

Century after century has rolled into the bosom of eternity while all around us Nature has been telling her story, bearing

her evidence of a renewed and continuing life in all things—even in inanimate matter—and putting the question, Why not also in man? The human intellect has not been able to answer this question satisfactorily to itself; and it would seem as if, just in proportion to the increase of our knowledge of the infinite universe around us, and of our capacity to comprehend it, has increased the incapacity of that evidence to convince us of our own immortality.

Something more, then, than the mere voice of Nature, would seem to be necessary to our conviction, and that necessity would appear to have increased in exact proportion with our progress in the power of reasoning upon all subjects brought to our consciousness. In the wisdom of a Divine Providence that necessity has not been disregarded, and something more has been given.

If one, whom I had once well known in this life—and as to whose actual existence at this moment I was in doubt—should appear personally before me, and make himself manifest to all my material senses and to my inward convictions, I could no longer—if I was sane—doubt his continued existence. We have that same evidence now of the continued life of those whose deaths we have ourselves witnessed, and whose bodies we have seen consigned to the grave and buried beneath the sod at our feet, and that so long ago, that those bodies have, ere this, crumbled to dust.

Yes! This is Spiritualism! This is what "Modern Spiritualism" teaches, and can be testified to by hundreds and tens of hundreds yet living upon earth. And what is equally important, the direct evidence is within the reach of any one who will honestly and earnestly seek for it. But it must be sought. We have no school-house running around town on wheels seeking for scholars. The evidence must be sought for. We must dig for our diamonds, perhaps amid a mountain load of dirt and rubbish; but if we do thus seek, we can do so with the certain assurance that, first or last, the evidence will certainly come.

How wise ! how beneficent is this dispensation, in the midst of which we are thus living ! There is no other evidence, of which we can conceive, that could be so comprehensible by us, or be so satisfactory to us. If any other can be conceived, for mercy's sake ! let us know it, for at present, the natural, the irresistible inclination is, to receive this, as the best that the subject is capable of.

If this be true—if this evidence does thus exist, and is thus accessible, then at length are the two questions answered which have so long disturbed humanity, and that by means of a revelation, similar to those which have been known in all ages and among all peoples ; but going a step farther, because man—in that progression which is eternal—has attained the capacity of comprehending it.

In respect to the first question—a future existence—the proposition was once well stated to me by the late Professor Hare, who, during his long life of “ threescore and ten,” had entertained his doubts. He told me that he had long been communing with a spirit, who, he was convinced, was his sister, who had been dead some ten years or more, and he added, with characteristic simplicity, “ Surely, if she lives beyond the grave, I shall.”

The other question—What is the nature of that Future Life?—is equally important, but more difficult of solution, because here less aid can be derived from inanimate nature, and more intimate knowledge of ourselves is required.

Here the best, if not the only evidence we can have, is by revelation from those who have entered that life and can detail their experience in it. This involves, at the very outset, the questions, How we are constituted ? and What it is that we leave behind on dying, and what we take with us beyond the grave ? In answer I quote from myself, as I have found it necessary to do in other parts of this paper :—

“ 1. The soul is an independent entity or existence of itself—possessing its own individuality and identity independent of all other existence, whether connected or disconnected with it.

"2. It has its own peculiar attributes of thought and feeling, which it can exercise independently of, as well as in connection with, the body.

"3. Science has long spoken of the duality of man, conveying the idea of two separate and distinct entities belonging to him ; but how thus connected, is involved in profound mystery.

"Strange as this idea has seemed, it has been accepted by many, because it was only thus that many things, indisputably established as facts, could be explained, and because without it the reasoning mind had no refuge but in denying the reality of that whose existence could not be questioned.

"4. This quality consists of two existences (being or entities), each possessed of its mind and heart, or in other words (for it is difficult out of old words to convey new ideas for which they have not been fitted), each having its own power of reasoning and feeling ; which, in the earth-life, most commonly act in unison, but possessing the ability to act independently of each other, and at death one of them ceasing to exist, and the other acting on for ever.

"5. These two parts of the entire man are connected together by a third being or entity, which has no separate attribute of thought or feeling, but whose office it is to connect the other two parts together in the earth-life, and to give form and shape to the man in the Spirit-life.

"Thus there is in man the emanation from God in the soul—the animal nature in the body, and the connection of the two in what I will designate as the electrical body. Hence man is a trinity.

"6. This electrical body has, among others, two attributes applicable to the matter in hand. *First*, in death it leaves the body, and passes with the soul into the Spirit-life, and lives with it there. In the earth-life its presence is manifested by that odic light of which Reichenbach speaks, and in the Spirit-world it causes, or rather is, that pale and shadowy form which the seer beholds when he sees Spirits. *Second*, It has a power of elasticity, which enables the soul to pass to a distance from the body, and yet retain its connection with it. When that connection ceases, death ensues, but while it exists, life continues.

"Hence it is, that in dreams and in clairvoyance we behold actual realities, existing and occurring at the moment far distant from us.

This is not a mere picture, like a painting presented to the mind, but is the passing, changing reality, for we behold the various and incessant changes of the scene, and we hear the conversation accompanying it.

"7. The soul and the electrical body are never separated, but the animal body may be separated from one or both. In death the animal body is separated from both."

That part of man, then, which passes into the Spirit World possesses all the powers he ever had of perceiving, comprehending and relating his surroundings and the incidents of his life, as well as the memory of what occurred in this life, and the passions which marked it here. Hence, it must be capable of communicating to us all that there is of that life, if we are only capable of receiving it. It is like my going into a foreign land, where the natives can give me full information of all things connected with it, if I only understand their language well enough to comprehend them, and will place myself in a condition to be approached by them.

This power of the Spirits to communicate has always existed. It is the greater capacity of man to receive, that has been developed in this age, after centuries of human progression; and primarily in this country, where freedom of thought is of the very essence of our social and political life. Thus has now arrived the epoch when can be accomplished the one great end and aim of Spirit Communion, in so revealing to us the life to come, that in this life we may know adequately how to prepare for that.

The first step toward attaining this result was the removal of the false impressions of the past, first, that such spirit intercourse was demoniacal, and next that it was impossible. As far and wherever that object has been attained, and as rapidly as the reality of a future life has been established, revelations of what that life is have been made.

The amount and extent of such revelations are not, I suppose, known to any single individual on earth. But they have been very numerous. They are now occurring fre-

quently in all parts of the world, and gradually, but steadily, increasing in extent and in interest. And what is remarkable about them is, that while, in other respects, there may be found incongruities in Spirit Communion, there is, in regard to the nature of the spirit life, an accordance in the statements made, that is calculated to remove all doubt, and enable us to know, to comprehend, and to prepare for the event, which is so near in its approach to each of us all.

This, then, in my view, is the end and aim of the present advent of Spiritual Intercourse among men. I say present, because it is, by no means, the first time it has appeared on earth.

There is in man—planted deep in his very nature—an instinct of Devotion. He must worship something, and that must be according to his capacity of comprehension. What is that something he must learn in the course of that progression which is his destiny.

To teach him that has been the office of the Spirit World, and gradually, in the progress of time, it has done its work. Step by step, it has led man on, accompanied by the ever-present craving for a future life—from worshiping stocks and stones, to the idea of an overruling Intelligence—from the idea of a host of deities to one Supreme God, from believing in annihilation, and hailing it as the reward of virtue, to the conviction of a future life for both the good and the bad, until at length it has reached the point of teaching what that life is.

THE PROMISE.

It was in January, 1851, that I began my investigations into Spiritual Intercourse; but it was not until April, 1853, that I became fully satisfied of the reality of its existence. In the summer of that latter year, having fully, and to my satisfaction, investigated the phenomena, my attention was turned directly to the objects and purposes of it, and what

it was calculated to teach. And then—now nearly twenty years ago—it was said to me :—

“ Our work, your work is of more importance than you can at present realize. Spirits of higher position than any with whom you have had intercourse are to teach you, through me, and also personally to influence your hand, and write out what takes place in the localities in which they reside ; to give descriptions of places ; the customs, habits, laws and government of each locality ascending ; to give the history of the progression of spirit from sphere to sphere ; the passage from one to another ; the history, too, of the surface of the earth, or rather the spheres ; the vegetation, such as the flowers, fruits, trees and all those vegetables which are cultivated for the use of the spirit ; the animals found there ; the spirit communion and power ; in fine, everything in connection with life in the spheres, in the ascending scale, as far upwards, as it is possible to have any distinct and tangible communication.

And it was added—a short time afterwards—that in their “ teaching or vision of fact,” would be “ given more of life, actual life of spirits, than ever before—their occupations, habits, connections, dress, conversation, pleasures, amusements, business, and, in fine, all that could or should interest us as belonging to the spheres.” “ The teachings will assume the particular details of real life and what is given is the reality of life as it is. You may suppose many things, indulge your own imagination, but it is really the absolute reality of living fact.”

Such was the promise then made to me, and I can safely say, that, so far as those faculties which enable me to know anything of earthly affairs, could enable me to learn and to know these things, the promise has been performed.

To enter into an account of all that has thus, within the last quarter of a century, been given me, or even to detail ever so briefly the great truths that have thus been taught, would far exceed the limits of such an article as this. That may be the subject of future papers. In the mean time, one suggestion at least may be made, and that is, that the Spirit Communion, in the midst of which we are now living, by rolling

away from our minds the false conceptions of the future which have hitherto obtained among men, is teaching us what is to be the influence of this life upon the next, and how our conduct here is to affect our condition hereafter.

It is not, of course within the compass of an article like this, to give much of what has thus been revealed generally, or much even of what has been given to me individually. It will not, however, be amiss to detail some of the instances which go to show what it is to die, and what are the characteristics of the life beyond the grave. The following are from my own experience only :—

A DEATH SCENE.*

“THERE was no group of pale mourners around the bed of the departed one. The room was vacant of mortals ; but floating in the air, over the bed on which the body lay, were two bright spirits, apparently young. They were her two children. Her spiritual body was also floating directly under them. It was evidently unconscious when I first saw it. At length she opened her eyes and extended her arms towards her two children. At the same time she felt the strong attraction of the love she bore to those she had left behind. She turned to look at them. They were in another room in the house, yet she saw them. She seemed somewhat bewildered. She was aware she had died, yet the scene around her was precisely the same to which she had been accustomed. Death was so different from what she had supposed it to be ! It was but a continuation of life ! She saw our sorrow. She was reluctant to leave us, and wanted to return to comfort us, yet she felt attracted upward. She arose to an erect posture, and felt so buoyant that she could not help rising. She saw other spirits in the distance, some of them her old acquaintances on earth.

“As she arose she saw, opening to her view, a very glorious country, and she was accompanied by a great number of spirits, who were rejoicing at her advent. Among them were spirits from other planets, some from Mars in particular. It was a very joyous welcome they

* September, 1853.

gave her. Still, she thought of those she had left behind, and often turned her looks back to them while borne aloft in the arms of her children, and welcomed by glad shouts all around her.

"As the scene passed from my view the spirits who surrounded me said to me—'Such is the death of the pure and the good, who have subdued all selfishness and cultivated a love for others.'"

ENTRANCE INTO SPIRIT LIFE.*

I once asked the spirit of one whom I had known very well on earth, What were his sensations or perceptions after awakening to consciousness after his death? He answered :—

"Surprise ; perfectly amazed at what surrounded me. I saw my dear wife sleeping sweetly, and blessed her, knowing how much alarmed she would be at the mortal form of her dear husband inanimate and lifeless, and tried to make the blow as soft as possible. I suffered so much that I could not remain in bed, so got up to get breath, and soon passed away.

"As I saw earthly objects fading, I saw my dear mother's spirit, which convinced me I had made a great change. Then soon saw father and brothers. I was satisfied I was gone from earth.

"I had feared the pangs of death, and, not suffering them, I thought at first it must be a delicious sleep, on waking from which the stern realities of life would be made manifest. But, to my joy and great happiness, that was not so."

I asked : "What next did you see?"

He answered :

"My darling boy, whom I had so deeply mourned—then vast beauties in art and nature—soft, gentle atmosphere, sweet with perfume ; sweet, melodious music, and bright faces beaming love upon me, bidding me welcome to their abodes of bliss. Oh ! I was overcome with joy, and wanted all my friends to die instantly, that they might realize what I was enjoying. But they told me that I must not carry my selfishness into spirit-life—that was to be left behind. They whom I desired had glorious missions to perform among men, and must live for the good they could do to mankind, while I must aid them with my influence and experience. I was too happy, and wept

* April, 1863.

with joy ; then came to you, and tried to speak to you through ——. But I was fearful I might injure her, and desisted. Then I tried to have you see me, but could not convey my full idea ; but now I will be able to."

I inquired if he could tell me what had made his condition there so happy and joyous ? He said :

"The knowledge that I lived on in happy consciousness."

"But," I remarked, "the vicious and depraved must have the same consciousness there ?" He said :

"Well, I had tried to live an honest man ; they tell me that assisted me to be happy. I do not, in looking back through the area of time, see that I have wronged any man."

At a subsequent interview I inquired :

"Have you, since I last conversed with you, learned any more definitely why you are happy ?"

"Yes. That I had found all things here vastly beautiful, and different from what I had expected ; I was so happily disappointed. As has been expressed, I wronged no man, and have a keen appreciation of truth. And then an influence that I got from you, brother, helps me to see and understand more readily and rapidly than I would or could have done if left to myself. It is like placing a powerful glass over a half-blind man's eyes—I mean your influence to me."

I referred to the law of progress in love, purity, and knowledge, as at the foundation of his happiness.

"It elevates the mind," he answered, "and makes it advance in the great love and truth of intelligence, and brings man nearer to the Divine Mind—Love being positive—and he who possesses much has less of the lesser good in him, and is, in consequence, pure here and nobler in his nature.

"I have hardly expressed this as I desire it. I find some difficulty in the use of language to convey my full idea ; yet your comprehensive mind may understand my meaning."

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.*

When Lincoln awoke to consciousness in the Spirit-world he was surprised and somewhat confused ; for he had no idea

* Given June 9, 1865.

that he was dead. The shot that slew him instantly suspended all sensation and consciousness, and he was not aware of what had happened to him. This condition of bewilderment did not, however, last long. He was familiar enough with Spiritualism to understand what death is; and he was not, as many are, astonished at the state of existence into which he found himself ushered.

He perceived himself surrounded by many whom he knew to have been long dead, and he was soon fully aware of his condition, and soon learned the events that had caused his death. The feelings that then overcame him were very great. He found himself surrounded and most cordially welcomed by many, very many, for whom he had ever entertained a high regard. He felt their warm sympathy and love for him, and he saw at a glance enough of the bright and beautiful world into which he had entered to be able to appreciate how great and happy was the change for him. At the same time there arose in his heart a feeling of anguish for the suffering which he knew his family must be enduring; he was filled with anxiety for the effect which his assassination might have on his country and its cause, which he had so much at heart; and he felt the grief and sympathy of the whole people at his sudden "taking off." These feelings drew him strongly back to earth, and overpowered the more natural desire to pass away at once into the happiness that was apparent to and waiting for him.

.

In the mean time Lincoln is enjoying happiness far beyond anything he ever anticipated. It fills his heart so full that he is overpowered and silent. He has already met and is almost constantly attended by many of those who have died during the Rebellion, and whose patriotism was as pure and as ardent as his, and whose full-flowing sympathy is ever before him; and by very many of those who were engaged in our Revolutionary War, and who welcome him as the man who has

finished the work which they but began. He meets, also, many a slave emancipated through his instrumentality ; and many a one of this and other countries whose hostility to slavery awakens in them love and admiration for him ; and he feels in the whole atmosphere around him a quiet and a repose most grateful to him after the turmoil of the last few years of his life. He is thus realizing daily the true condition of his present existence. His attraction to the earth is fast wearing out, and it will not be long before he will pass away to his far-distant home, and feel only an occasional impulse to return to earth.

FATE OF THE UNHAPPY.*

Among the visions of the Future Life which have been accorded to me, this is one : —

“It was a vast country that was before me. I saw to an immense distance. It was peopled by great numbers. Some parts were darker than others, and some of an ink-like blackness. There was a great variety of shade to the atmosphere from a light-gray to black. I had seen the same variety in the happy spheres, only there it was a variety of light, here it was a variety of darkness.

“I approached one of those black spots, and there, in a miserable hovel, was a human being. He was ghastly, thin, haggard—almost a skeleton. He knew no means of escape from that dark habitation, where he was all alone. The most violent of human passions were raging in him, and he was ever walking back and forth, like a chained tiger chafing in his cage.

“There was a little light in that habitation of his, but it was an awful one. It was the red, flame-like light of his own eyes. They were open and staring like burning coals, with a black spot in their centre, and were constantly straining to see something—the darkness was so horrible to him ! He had no companion but his own hatred and the memory of the evil past.

“He paused once in a while in his walk, raising his clenched hand above his head, and cursed his Maker that ever he created him. He cursed also the false teachers, who had pretended to tell him the con-

* December, 1853.

sequences of a life of sin and yet knew so little of them. They had told him of a hell of fire and brimstone only, and he knew that when he died, casting off his material garb, such a hell could have no effect upon him. He knew that such a hell was impossible. He therefore laughed the idea to scorn, and, dreaming of no other, he believed there was none. Now, wakening to the reality of a hell far worse than had ever been painted to him, he cursed God and man that he had been left alone to dare its torments—that he had been left in ignorance of what must follow the indulgence of the material passions to which he had given up his whole life.

“If you could have seen the agony that was painted on his face, the despair and hatred that spoke in every lineament, the desperate passion that swelled every muscle, and the horrible fear that stole over him of what further, or worse, might ensue from his daring defiance of God, you would have shuddered and recoiled from the sight; and what aggravated all this suffering was his ignorance that there was any redemption for him, and the belief that it was for ever!

“He clasped his hands together over his head with a gesture of mute despair, and standing thus a few moments he cried, ‘Oh! for annihilation!’ If you could have heard the tone in which that imprecation was uttered, you could have formed an idea of ‘the torments of the damned.’ He had worked himself into a frightful paroxysm of passion. He had thrown himself prostrate, and there, groveling in the dirt and writhing in agony, he howled like the most furious maniac that bedlam’s worst cell ever saw. At length, from sheer exhaustion, he was still. His physical powers could go no farther, but the worm of his memory of the past, which never dies, was but the more active because of the cessation of the external effort, and now, as he thus lay prostrate and exhausted, solitary, and in utter darkness, all the evil deeds of his life on earth chased each other through his memory, sporting with his agony, and faithfully performing their terrible duty of retribution.”

AN OLD MAN AND HIS INDIAN COMPANION.*

Among the spirit scenes which I thus witnessed, was on one occasion, this:

“The beautiful scene returned upon me again, and it seemed as if

* September, 1853.

I could stand for hours in one spot, and see ever new beauties around me. On my left was a border of stately trees. How gorgeous they looked in that glowing light ! On my right, and before me, as far as the eye could reach, was spread out a magnificent landscape, the face of the country gently undulating and covered with trees, and flowers, and running waters, and smooth paths, and interspersed with pleasant mansions of a beautiful order of architecture, and most pleasantly located. What a home for a man after his weary pilgrimage here !

“Off at my right, the land rose gently into sloping terraces, one above another, and pure streams of water were tumbling down the slopes, adding their hoarse murmur to the repose of the scene.

“The trees were so majestic ! One I observed in particular was immense ; it drooped like the willow, with a leaf like the oak and shaped like the elm ; its foliage was very dense, and it cast a shade large enough to cover the whole of one of our parks.

“Under its shade, nestling snugly beneath its wide spreading branches, was a log-hut, like those I have seen among the backwoods-men on our frontiers. The man who built it had chosen that spot and all its surroundings, because it brought back to his recollection his earth-life. He had been fond of Nature, and had been wont to select such romantic spots in which to reside ; and thus he continues to enjoy what on earth was so beautiful to him. He can here enjoy everything that is beautiful. He belonged to no church ; he was of no sect ; but he looked from Nature up to Nature's God. He could not read the Bible, but he read of God in every leaf that trembled in the breeze. An Indian lived with him. How they loved one another ! He was an old man, and the Indian was younger.

“As he sat at the door of his hut, he heard the footsteps of his companion approaching. He immediately asked himself what he could do to make the Indian more happy ? And so the Indian, as he approached, was thinking what he could do to contribute to the old man's comfort. Thus forgetting self, they thought only of each other's happiness.

“I saw, much to my surprise, that they had their dogs and guns with them. The old man was sitting on a bench, made of a slab, with four legs thrust rudely into holes bored at each end. Scattered around the ground were the rude implements common in a frontier lodge.

"I suspected they did not use that cot to sleep in, and I soon found that it was not indeed their home, but had been erected by them as a reminiscence of their former life, to recall to mind their earthly hunting-grounds. They were exquisite lovers of nature. Behind their hut, was a large rock, higher than the building. Growing out of its crevices were trees and flowers, and creeping plants ; at its base gurgled up a spring of pure water, running near the end of the hut, and there forming a little pond. They had excavated the earth just behind one of the large roots of a tree, and thus the pond was formed, the water falling over the root as over a dam, adding its gentle sound to the pleasure of the scene. Behind them, stretching far off in the distance, was an earthly scene, consisting of dense woods and mountains, among which was a beautiful lake which

" 'Its lone bosom expanded to the sky.'

"It seemed to be ten or twelve miles long, and two or three wide, and meandered up among the hills. It was an earthly hunting-ground, and recalled to them again the life which their love of Nature had made so pleasant.

"As they sat at the door of their hut, on one side they could behold those hunting-grounds, and on the other, that beautiful country with its heavenly light. Far as their eyes could reach, the scene was so beautiful ! presenting every variety of form, and colored with the tint of that gorgeous ruby light, so clear, so soft, so grateful, and reflecting from everything around—from every leaf and flower, as if from ten thousand sparkling mirrors. And thus they conjoined their life on earth and life in the spheres, and enjoyed at the same moment the beauties of both.

"And it was so, because while here they had enjoyed the beauties which God had scattered around them, and had learned of them the lessons they taught of Him, the lesson taught as well by Nature as by revelation—to love the Great Creator, and one another—this they did when here, and hence the happiness they now enjoyed."

A SPIRIT SCENE AND ADMONITION.*

I was once presented with a scene, on beholding which I exclaimed, If this is a specimen, then there is indeed a happi-

* November, 1853.

ness in the Spirit-life of which we have had no conception. I cannot describe the scene which opened to my view. It was filled, as far as my eye could reach, with a mellow golden light, mingled and fringed with a rosy hue. Imagine the most gorgeous, and, beautiful, and variegated garden ever pictured in Eastern fable; select the most beautiful scenic representations of our theatres, multiplying them a million times, and you can scarcely conceive the reality that was before me. What happiness to be there! And yet I saw higher elevations in the distance. It seemed to me impossible there could be higher conditions of beauty and happiness than the scene before me. Yet there were, for I saw them.

Everything was so full of joy and gladness. Look where I might, I saw it:—among birds, beasts, plants, man, all, all were full of it, overflowing with it.

I saw innumerable spirits moving about: some in shady bowers, some sitting beside a murmuring brook; some reclining on beds of flowers; some floating, as it were, on the perfume and drinking it in; some sauntering around sparkling fountains, whose pure waters were of different colors; some strolling in the smooth walks in pairs and in groups lovingly clinging to each other. I saw no one alone. No sad recluse was harbored there, but each one's happiness was in that of others. Interspersed amid the flowers and shrubbery were many statues.

But I cannot describe the infinite variety of beautiful objects before me. I stood and gazed with solemn awe. Ever and anon as I gazed around I saw in the distance—his head shining like a blazing sun, but with a mellow light—the presiding Spirit of that community, and I learned from my spirit-guide that all the Spirits I saw around me, and many others not then there, had duties elsewhere, and here assembled only in the pauses of their toil. They were constantly coming and going, and this was their relaxation only.

The Presiding Spirit said to me, "Is it difficult for you to conceive a condition of man so superior to your mortal exist-

ence? Know that we have only entered on the threshold of that eternity of love and happiness which is your destiny. The difference between you and the merest atom of inanimate matter from which you have been developed is but a step—though a step of ages—a feeble, halting, crippled step in that eternity. See to what you may attain! Is it not important you should understand how to attain it so as to hasten your progress and not retard it? That knowledge is now proffered you; are you prepared to receive it? It would have been in vain to have proffered it to inanimate matter, to the vegetable, to the unreasoning animal, or even to the reasoning animal, man, until, in his progress, he had attained the capacity to comprehend it. Are you yet at that point or must the lesson so often attempted to be taught to man be again abandoned for a fitter season? Must they, who can be used as the instruments of conveying that knowledge to man, be again, as they so often have been, done to death for that cause? Is man ready yet again to strike the hand that is outstretched to lift him up, or will he grasp it with some appreciation of the infinite love it proffers? Is man yet so enveloped in his material garment that the light of Heaven's love cannot penetrate it?"

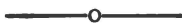
A SCENE IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

Extract from the account of another scene I beheld in the Spirit Land :

"The path, as it ascended the slope, was turned off by stone steps, made of a yellow, beautifully variegated sort of soap-stone, not as hard as marble, but polished as highly, and shining with innumerable sparkling atoms. I could have paused here for hours, merely in enjoying the beauties of the path. Everything around me was beautiful. There was nothing to mar the scene. The air, the light, the objects around, all were beautiful; and then the people seemed so happy, a sober, calm happiness which filled the heart too full for utterance. Then so calm a silence rested upon the scene, inter-

rupted only by the chirping of insects and the song of birds, and off from the distance came floating on the air, the sound of vocal music, exquisitely soft and touching. And thus alone was the peaceful silence broken."

And such are the lessons that Spirit Communion comes to teach to man—to lift him from the degradation into which his material proprieties have sunk him, and draw him nigher unto God. In his love, and in man's capacity to understand and appreciate it, he will find at once his Redeemer and his Saviour. Whether the truth be spoken through mortal lips, or through his vast creation, it is still full mighty to triumph over sin and death—all powerful to save—all conquering for Man.



FOOTPRINTS.

BY CHARLOTTE BEEBE WILBOUR.

IT matters not at what page of Earth's History we open, we can scarcely fail to find the blessed footprints of the holy Watchers, with their diviner thoughts, irradiating the primeval soul of man, or yet may light upon some scorched and fire-blackened trace, where the hot-handed demons-souls of men irregularly developed, have clutched at the natural graces of the human heart, and left a stain forever.

Far back in the unremembered ages, when the very souls which rose in ordered forms on the swarming plains of Shinar, were walking there in fair organic life, the long dim vista seems to open to my uplifted eyes, and offer glimpses of primeval man, his ways and works, and the far wandering of his tireless thought, in fearless wonder or in wondering fear.

Time has not touched the essential nature of our souls

since then, nor the marked traits of individual and national character.

Men vary in their ways and thoughts of expression as we look from land to land, and some of their universal features are more strongly brought out in one people than in another.

It is so in the ages, and the human nature which I see struggling in joy and pain, in the far sunrise of the world, is at its centre what we see to-day ; only this I must notice, that man seems in that far-off time to be more a child in simple wonder and blunt healthy loves and hates, more open and direct, a downright honest being whether good or bad.

I see a vision of that primeval time. A mother leans over the lifeless clay of her only boy. A serpent has stung him, and his loving young soul has gone up from the purpled body, a fair and beautiful mist, just forming in the beatific perfection of the visible features.

His little palms are spread to clasp his mother, and the first deep smile of that new conscious bliss is dimly troubled by the mother's grief, and her unheeding look.

A darker spirit stands at her side and whispers in her ear : "There is no God ; life comes and goes, and death ends all." She lifts her eyes with a momentary wonder and one inquiring look, then saddens into gloom again to find herself alone. The cherub clings unnoticed about her neck, and only says, "I love you, mother ! I love you, I love you, mother !" and the dark spirit grows yet darker, and mutters, "Love is lost when life is lost, and there is no God to pity us."

She wails, and lifts up imprecating hands as if to curse the hollow heavens and the invisible God ; but the breath of her darling is cool on her cheek, and the hand of her darling is soft on her brow, and his angel lips breathe over and over again the same sweet words, "I love, I love, I love," and the dark spirit slinks away before the simple persistency of that undying love.

The mother's curse is softened to a prayer, the shriek and wail are mellowed to a moan, and now she sinks into a

momentary trance, and sees and feels her darling on her bosom, and hears the low word, "love, love, love," as a sweet melody in her ears.

Eternal love is life's eternal pledge. The conscious child leaps jubilant on her arm, and his whole form flushes with a transfiguring delight which thrills and flutters to his utmost limbs, as a quick gladness flutters in the mortal face.

And now the angels lead him to their bowers, for the heart of the pained mother has felt the eternity of love, and thence the certainty of life.

It is not a faith, but it is a feeling ; it is not an outward consciousness, but the retained conscious influence of an inward impression, which, though lost in form, still masters all her soul in its essence.

No positive consciousness of any presence goes with her, but a deep sense of central good, a feeling that all is well—somehow and where, to be made manifest—attests the holy influence of her angel boy, and shows how even in that far-off age the souls of men were led by the souls of the departed.

A poet sits by the shore of that primeval sea which once beat on the wild Armenian hills, before the valleys and plains of Palestine rose from the weltering waters, fat with the slime of immemorial ages. The cedared mountains stretch away to illimitable distances, losing their purple crests in the descending heavens, and the blue sea rolls ridgy and whitening, and mingled by times with angry green and black, where the homeless west-wind howls like a forsaken soul in the deserts of despair. An ancient harp, whose frame is a gigantic shell, and whose chords are the raw fibers of leviathan strung to their utmost tension, leans by his side, and seems to ring a fierce, wild monody in the unequal gusts, while the eye of the poet looks far out over the waters, with an intense gaze that seems to fathom, not the blue air or troubled deep, but the great deeps of time, into the chambers of eternity. An awful Spirit, clothed with sixfold wings, two black as brooding thunder-clouds, two livid as the lightning, and yet two light

as the lining of that cloud the sun has touched and molten through with glory. This Spirit broods over the Prophet Bard, now with his black wings brushing the sun out, and anon with the broad fire-vans, setting the world aflame, and now again smoothing the wrinkled forehead of the heavens, and the perturbed bosom of the deep, with the wide winnowing of the dove-white twain ! Ha, it is not the wind that sweeps that giant lyre ! There comes a meaning in the measured motion, and the deep echoes of a heavy tramp are booming from the rigid strings, touched by invisible fingers. A rude wild song breaks from the poet's lips, that keep time with the measured tramp, a song of loss and triumph, ruin and restoration, inspired indeed by the vast Spirit with the sixfold wings who stands above him, dimly touching the dilated retina of his inward eye, and faintly fluttering the quick chords of his consciousness.

It is coming ! coming ! coming !
A day of doom ! a day of gloom !
A terrible and memorable Day.

Hills shall dissolve and the mountains melt,
And the great sea burst from its adamant belt,
And drown the wail of a world of crime,
In its reeking slime, with a wrath divine ;
And drown the wail of a world of woe,
In one wild flow, and overflow !
On that terrible and memorable Day.

It is coming ! coming ! coming !
A day of change, a day more strange,
A wonderful and memorable Day.

From the hollow deeps as a beryl-cup,
Red tongues shall lick this mighty sea up,
And the sea-green grass shall rock like the sea
Over the lea where the wild waves be ;
And man's old wrath burn on and burn,
As it burned before, with a red return
In that wonderful and memorable Day.

It is coming ! coming ! coming !
A day of right, a day of light,
A beautiful and memorable Day.

Old hatred and crime, and oppression shall die,
Young love glow in beauty, from lip, cheek and eye,
And a song of delight, a delightful life song,
Now faint, and now strong, shall leap out and along,
And man be restored to his innocent prime,
A being divine, as his Maker divine,
In that beautiful and memorable Day !

As that song ends, the dark wings are folded over, the lurid and the white wings only fan the rippling air into a lull, and the ruffled soul of the Poet into a holy calm. Almost he knows that a spirit has breathed the gift of prophecy into his broken dream, and sunshine and water, and wind are vital with all that uncertain spiritual influence which he feels.

It is thus in all ages that this gospel has had its witnesses, sometimes unconscious of the power that moves them, yet doing well the work of superior beings, sometimes aware of the very forms that rise aloft in startling grandeur, or surprising beauty ; or even in darker hours, of those awful figures which have made the all-prevalent faith in devils coëxistent with the faith in Spirits of God.

That comfort which comes even to untaught souls, when pouring their wild wail over the dead, is an imperishable witness of the faith. How the old heart puts out new tendrils, yearning toward the dark with a blind necessity, as dungeon plants lean to the single ray that pierces their night ! The bereaved are never quite bereft, while reason lasts, for hope survives however dimly seen, and still says there is something for them yet, still something more for that undying love to rest upon.

When the Tree would let go its hold upon its leaf, it prepares for the change by loosening the tough fibers, cell by cell, till it drops without violence and floats away. There is maturity.

But no heart's love was ever mature. Dearer and dearer to the last breath grows the beloved, and nature lends no merciful relaxation of the strong fibers of fellowship, as she ought if here was a finality, as with the individual leaf.

But nature never works in vain. If she put out tendrils from the growing vine, her intent is that they shall cling.

When she creates relations, it is that they shall hold as long as the chords hold which unite them.

The loves of the birds and beasts cease when their definite purpose ends. The passions of men burn out when their work is done. The love of earthly life itself wears away with the decaying earthly faculties, till in all natural deaths the feeling of readiness comes as fast as the change itself.

But not so with the higher loves. They never let go. The first departed is the best beloved, and the dead are ever dear. Nature reverses the method of her action ; when she means to end, she changes.

To the final change she prepares the way by relaxing the ties which hold the transient to the permanent, the going-to, the remaining ; but when she means futurity and not finality, she strengthens the ties as she lengthens them, and the departed go hence more loved and dearer than before.

This universal feeling is radical spiritualism, and but a little process of reasoning would convert the feeling into faith, and the faith into demonstration of the soul's immortality. For no man who did not believe this whole world to be one monstrous mockery, the work of deliberate cruelty and refined diabolism, could notice such a significant arrangement without seeing there the angelic finger of God's providence pointing forward to man's reunion, or better still, to man's unbroken fellowship.

AN ANGEL LEADING THE WAY.

BY BELLE BUSH.

"He who laughs at any living hope,
Or aspiration of the human soul,
Is just so many stages less than God,
That universal and all-sided Love."

Alexander Smith.

"Oh! please do n't tramp on the pretty blue flowers,"*
Said an innocent child one day,
As I walked with her in the glad Spring hours,
Through a flower-enamelled way.
Violets gay in our pathway lay,
But I heeded not their light,
Nor the lovely bloom, nor the sweet perfume,
They were yielding us day and night.

I carelessly trod on the gifts of God,
And sighed as I passed along,
Oh! dreary and old, how weary and cold
Is earth to my heart of song!
I had counted the joys of the past, and wept
O'er the graves of departed years,
Till shadows dark to my heart had crept,
And earth was a "vale of tears."

Oh, weary world! oh, dreary world! .
I cried as I passed along,
Where are the flowers, and the sunny bowers
You pictured to me in song?
Down, down in the grave of my youth and love,
Their ashes repose to-day,
But tell me, oh! *earth*, and ye skies above,
My *beautiful*, where are they?

* These are the exact words used by a little girl with whom I was walking one Spring morning, down a garden walk bordered with blue violets, upon some of which I inadvertently stepped.

They are gone, all gone, and I tread alone,
A weary and darkened way ;
Oh, lovely world ! oh, fair, bright world !
Why did you pass away ?
Tell me, oh ! winds and ye answering waves,
Where their radiant spirits fled,
Whose forms we laid in the cold dark graves,
In the homes of the voiceless dead ?.

Ye answer me not, from cave or grot,
By winds, or the rolling tide ;
I only know, it was long ago
They lived, and loved, and died.
Thus I sighed in my grief and pride,
Unheeding the sunny hours,
And the lovely bloom, and the sweet perfume,
Of the delicate star-eyed flowers.

I carelessly trod on the gifts of God,
And sighed as I passed along,
Oh, weary world ! oh, desolate world !
Thou art cold to my heart of song.
“ Oh ! please do n't tramp on the pretty blue flowers,”
Said the innocent child once more,
With a voice whose pleading, mysterious power,
Seemed born of some heart's deep lore.

I stepped aside from the flowery path,
When lo ! from her eyes of blue,
A light I have dreamed that an Angel's hath,
Shone tearfully struggling through.
Then I saw her stoop, and with tender hand
Lift up from its lowly bed,
A flower that was lying half buried in sand,
Crushed down by my careless tread.

“ Ah, poor little flowerie ! ” she pityingly said,
And laid the bruised form in her hand,
Then tenderly raising its low drooping head,
Her tears washed it free from the sand ;

And the timid thing, with its eyes of Spring,
Looked upward and seemingly smiled,
While a sunbeam bright, from the founts of Light,
Kissed the brow of the innocent child.

Then I saw where I trod were the gifts of God
In daily munificence spread ;
Only each hour, like the timid flower,
They were crushed by my careless tread.
'T was a beautiful lesson the dear child taught
In her innocent artless way,
And one that came with a blessing fraught,
To live in my heart alway.

For a vision bright to my mortal sight,
Like a ship from over the sea,
Dawned on my gaze thro' a golden haze,
And showed me her destiny.
She stood before me a woman grown,
All lovely in face and form,
But motherless, out on the cold world thrown
In a blinding, pitiless storm,—

A storm of fate more merciless far
Than a tempest of rain or sleet ;
For her heart saw only one waning star,
While snares were beneath her feet.
Then I saw her roaming the streets at night,
So weary, and sad, and lone,
That I heard in the hush of the still starlight,
Her desolate heart make moan.

Then I knew she had loved and had been betrayed,
But I read in her eyes of blue,
A look of innocent trust that said,
To love and to God I am true.
And I seemed to hear in the ether clear,
The rush of a viewless throng,
And heard a sound from the deep profound,
Repeating her childish song.

It rose with the chimes of the midnight hour,
And said to the hearts at strife :
“ Oh, please do n't tramp on the pretty blue flowers,
In the paths of human life.
Then I saw her turn with a pleading eye
To the crowds in the city street,
Seeming to ask of each passer by,
A rest for her weary feet.

And I saw a woman with raiment white
Gently her footsteps stay,
And I knew she was safe from the storm that night,
For an Angel was leading the way.
The vision faded ; we wandered on,
The dream of the years went by,
But we met no more on the sunny shore,
The innocent child and I.

But oft since then I have felt the power
Of her words in my heart astir ;
And I never look on a blue-eyed flower,
But I tenderly think of her.
And whenever the eyes of an innocent child
Look lovingly into my own,
My heart by that scene is again beguiled,
And I list to the Angel-tone.

Ah ! the world hath fairer and brighter grown
For the lesson she taught to me,
Till I hear no more the murmur and moan,
For souls that were lost at sea—
The infinite sea, where ships set sail
But never come back to shore,
Except in dreams like a phantom pale,
That the midnight has ferried o'er.

No more I tread on the gifts outspread
In the path where my feet may be,
Or dream that the loving, the beautiful dead,
Can never come back to me.

No more I thrill to the plaintive lore
I sang in my heart that day,
Saying, oh, earth! and ye skies of mirth!
My beautiful! where are they?

For I know they live in the "Better Land,"
In the gardens of love and song,
And I see by the light from the farther strand,
That my bark will be there ere long.
And I know there are times when the distant chimes
Of the spirit-bells I hear,
And voices low, that come and go,
To tell me "the loved are near."

So I work and wait for the garden gate
To turn on its golden hinge;
I cheerfully wait, tho' I read my fate,
In the evening's purple tinge.
I know the sun of my life will set,
And the world move on the same;
Friends will be gay, and perhaps forget
I e'er had a place or name.

But I do not fear, I have this to cheer,
No matter how far I stray,
On sea or on shore, I can sing the lore,
There's an Angel leading the way.
Oh! oft the voice of its singing breaks,
Like a dream on my listening ear,
Stilling my heart when it plains and aches
With songs of the loftiest cheer;
Oft in the midst of a moving throng,
With the patter of hurrying feet,
They rise, like a flute-note, sweet and strong,
With a musical swell and beat.
That Angel-voice,—“the persuasive voice,”
Wanders the wide world o'er,
And seems to say to each heart to-day,
Rejoice with the loved once more.

It rises and falls, yet ever it calls,
And seems to each soul to speak :
Saying to man, "'t is the nobler plan
To guard and protect the weak.
"Then know, O mortals of high estate,
That the truth shall outlast your gold,
And love with the LIVING, the good and great,
Can neither be bought nor sold.

And when for pelf you have bartered self,
Then say in your palmiest hours,
I have carelessly trod on the gifts of God,
His beautiful Spirit-flowers.
"When you look with scorn on a dusky brow,
Or on hands made hard with toil,
Then the pure white buds of the heart bend low,
Till their petals are stained with soil.

When you turn a slave from the 'greed of gain'
To bend to the 'lust for power,'
Ah ! then you may list for the Angel-strain,
And sigh for the bruised flower.
"Oh ! free as the air and the light of Heaven,
Will be the rich gifts of the earth."
When men shall learn from these lessons given,
What a *living* soul is worth,—

What its hope, its trust, its rest in joy,
And that holiest gift of God,
Pure love, that no one can ever destroy
Though he trample it into the sod.
O friends ! O brothers and sisters true !
O resolute hearts of youth !
Make way for all who would toil with you,
In the whitening fields of Truth.

From far and near let the words, "*good cheer*,"
"God-speed" to you toilers all !
Be heard to fall like a "bugle-call"
On hearts that have dropped their thrall.

Say not of *one*, *he* is little worth,
Or his zeal ill-timed and vain,
For the grandest plans have an humble birth
From a thought in a toiling brain.

"There's strength in Union," and love will ne'er
Enkindle the fires of strife,
Or crush out hope with a laugh or sneer
When it brightens another's life.
It never will tread on the gifts outspread
By a bountiful *Father's hand*,
But gratefully gives what it *freely receives*,
As waves give their pearls to the *sand*.

O Manhood ! Womanhood ! fair to see,
Will thy equal lives appear
When none shall say what thy work *must* be ?
And neither shall serve through fear.
But the ages are long, and the work begun,
Seems often to lag behind,
Yet we know that the right is the central Sun,
Attracting and swaying each mind.

Though some may swing from their arc and bring
Disorder, and grief, and sin,
Yet we hear sweet voices from heaven that sing,
The *Father* will gather them in.
Thus through my life with its toil and strife
Runs the golden thread of my lay,—
To every soul there's a bright'ning goal,
And an Angel to lead the way.

SEMINARY, BELVIDERE, N. J.

The Editor at Home.

SALUTATORY.

TO THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS:

REVOLUTIONS are thoughts endowed with life and locomotion. Some revolutions proceed in a noiseless manner, so as really to endanger no human interest; and these, especially, are most potent. Like the gravitation that moves worlds, these silent forces are greater in their development, and far more lasting in their effects, than the shock that rends a continent, and rocks the globe to its center. The boom of thunders and the hoarse voices of the sea shake the audience-chamber of the soul, but a silent thought has power to move the soul itself. The waves rise and beat the unyielding shore; the impassable walls of the ocean remain, but the angry billows fall, recede, and disappear. In like manner do great facts and principles resist the elements of passion and prejudice through all ages. Like bold promontories, from which we look out above life's troubled sea, they are left unmoved when the elemental strife is over.

Too long already has the idolatrous world deified the attribute of brute force, and sought for the noblest examples of heroism among its military animals. The deeds of kingly warriors, who have never ceased to immolate Humanity in their conquests; the legends of blind superstition and religious strife; the bloody stories of the crusaders, and the savage villainies of reputed saints, whom fear consecrated and tradition invested with Divine authority; these have too often been the themes on which the painter, the sculptor, the orator, the poet, the musician, and the historian, have exerted their noblest powers. But the world shall yet recover from this sad delirium, and the human mind and heart be brutalized no more. The Spirit of the Age is the swift herald of important

changes to come. Great events slumber in the womb of the Future, but their shadowy outlines now fall on the prescient soul. A little while and the revealing Angel shall wake the sleepers and renew the world.

Long ago, when the Earth was new and Humanity was young, Despotism set his unhallowed foot on the image of the living God ! But we live in revolutionary times, and the reign of tyranny draws to a close. Yet not chiefly by the power of fierce embattled legions are these changes to be wrought. No ! But truth, like lightnings, shall rain from heaven on perjured priests and kings, until a mortal palsy shall smite the tyrant's arm, and seize the dying brain and heart. The avenger of all human wrongs is at hand, whose sword is Justice ; whose royal habiliments are Liberty and Love ; and whose followers are the immortal ministers of Light.

The dying prayer of Goethe is emphatically answered in our time. We have more light now, and a clearer perception of the intricate mysteries of being. We look through the material forms of the world and perceive their spiritual essences. We discover that in the most ethereal elements reside the dynamic forces of Nature. In the last analysis all the powers of the Universe are invisible and spiritual. With this knowledge of the sources of power, we can do far more with essential principles and inspired ideas than the ancients ever did with battering-rams and battle-axes. The true reformer arms himself with these subtle implements—he wields the sword of the Spirit. The truly great men of this, and indeed of every age, are those who smite the powers of evil by the force of great moral principles. Such men are great, in a divine sense, because they make mankind far better and happier. Strike boldly, then, at thy brother's error, but be persuaded to lay thy hand gently on his Manhood.

The advent of Spiritualism and its rapid growth, present an amazing phenomenon in the religious history of mankind. With no recognized individual founder ; without the prestige of illustrious names among its early disciples ; without seek-

ing any alliance with the powers of government ; with no ordained ministry ; without so much as an organization of the believers ; derided by pantheistic philosophers ; shut out of the schools of modern science ; and anathematized by the priesthood of a Fashion and Mammon worshipping Church, Spiritualism—in a very few years—has made its way throughout the world, not even stopping at the outposts of civilization. Its invisible missionaries have made themselves at home alike before kings and cardinals, savans and savages—on the four Continents and among the distant Islands of the sea. To-day its influence is felt in every walk of life. It is surely demolishing the superstitions of the ignorant ; quieting the fears of timid mortals, and scattering forever the vain speculations and foolish devices of popular skepticism. Its radiant image is indelibly stamped on the best literature of the age ; its message of mercy has softened the tone of the pulpit, and stifled the thunders of Sinai ; the press either speaks with becoming civility or it is silent ; while the clear light that Spiritualism reflects upon all the springs of human feeling, motive and action, leads juries to disagree in the trial of capital offences. Its logic of love unnerves the arm of the executioner, subverts the duelist's code of honor, and renders war unpopular.

Error is presumed to be sacred when it enjoys the fellowship of the Church ; imbecility and deformity are usually respected when they are generated in royal bed-chambers and nursed in the palaces of kings ; but Truth is sublimely great when it stands alone, and unsupported, and the thought that is born in a manger may live, and grow, and silently conquer the world. Thus may we triumph in the spirit. Too long have nations and races been led and governed by the lusts of the flesh and the selfishness of a misguided ambition. It is time for the Spirit to assert its rightful supremacy. The inspired thinker must again have his turn in the government of nations. In that more interior life where thoughts are things, and moral qualities are substantial realities, his power

is felt and comprehended. A starry diadem encircles his brow, and he wields a peaceful scepter over the enlightened and redeemed. Hereafter it shall be said that the great Reformation commenced in the Nineteenth Century. Compared with this, the Reformation under Luther was insignificant in its principles and unimportant in its bearing on the moral growth and spiritual freedom of the race. *That* asserted a single principle, while *this* proposes to furnish the world with a new philosophy of human nature and its relations; to lend an immortal quickening to the human senses and all the powers of thought. It promises to enlarge, indefinitely, the field of investigation and the boundaries of science; to restore the lost treasures of the human heart; to spiritualize our worship; and to roll the stone from the door of the sepulcher, that our buried hopes may rise from the dead.

Having some grave things to speak of, we desire to be heard. In the social and political institutions of the world are great falsehoods which must be uncovered, that all who live a lie may be rebuked. The strong oppress the weak; Innocence and Beauty are spoiled by smooth depravity and unbridled lust; while the gilded Juggernaut of wealth rides over the prostrate forms of Genius and Virtue. Fashionable hypocrisy appears solemn and goes to church; "the money-changers" defile the temples; avarice leaves God to look after its "golden calf;" priestly hands have planted the Upas by the river of Life; and the wrongs of Forty Centuries find an apology at the altars of Religion.

Of these things we must speak fearlessly, but in love for oppressed and misguided Humanity. Nor is this all. Divine mysteries and immortal realities yet wait to be revealed on earth; and the laws of the Celestial Republics must be expressed in the actual life of Man. Personally, we may fail as a translator of the silent speech of the invisible nations; but they will send their own interpreters. Ordinary language may be wanting in flexibility, power and fitness for this purpose; but the fire of inspired thought may soften and illumi-

nate its rigid outlines, and even melt and mold its discordant elements into music.

We have elsewhere observed, that what the world most needs is a record of our convictions *in our work*. This is the demand of the time, and my friends are those who hear me for this cause. Our chief object should be the incarnation of the world's best conceptions in its institutions. We come to actualize our ideal. The times are auspicious and we are in earnest. The very ground about us is covered with the essential elements, and the viewless air is alive with the dynamic forces required in the erection and consecration of the Spiritual Temple of the Ages. The light of all eras shall illuminate its open portals, and the superior effulgence of the Spirit World glorify the sanctuary. Our philosophy must cover the nature and relations of all material and spiritual existences, and our science demand the liberty of the Universe. For our faith we claim a holy alliance with Nature and Reason. On this basis—in a reverential spirit—we come to rear the Church of the Future. It must be neither a nursery of vain pride and arbitrary power; a display of fashion and ambition; a theater for the performance of solemn ceremonies; a museum for the collection and preservation of old manuscripts and fossil remains; nor a sarcophagus for spiritually dead men. On the contrary,—it must be quick with all vital principles, living thoughts, and unselfish deeds. The devotee will neither exhaust his energies nor wear out his sandals on the old road to Jordan; but he will go directly to the river of life to celebrate his baptism; while in the true heart and illuminated mind will be the altars of its universal worship.

Verily, this shall be called the Church of the Divine Humanity, and its holy sacraments shall be feasts of charity given to the poor. It will neither depend on the "broken cisterns" of the ancients, nor on the dispensaries of modern theological doctors for living water; but within the soul of every true spiritual disciple shall be the "well of water springing up into everlasting life." Our communion seasons will be hours

of silent meditation, when, by the subtle chemistry of souls, the spirit blends with all kindred natures. With such a faith and worship, it becomes us to be earnest without dogmatism, religious without cant, and free without irreverence. With one accord let us build and consecrate such a Temple, and bring our sacrifices to the altar.

Hereafter we shall not venerate, above all else, the crumbling relics of the Past. Not lifeless things from Egyptian and Hebrew sepulchers do we fold to our hearts; but forms of living beauty, inspired with divine affections, and radiant with the freshness of an immortal youth. The Angel of the Spiritual Dispensation walks unveiled in our midst. At his approach the fires are rekindled on altars that were cold and deserted. In this benign presence Spring encircles the year. Perennial flowers blossom in his footprints, and exhale their fragrance over the dismal solitudes, and unnumbered graves. He touches the restless and sorrowing heart, and it is full of peace. He breathes into our souls, and life and love become *one*, not in the etymology of our speech alone, but in spirit and in truth.

Friends of Progress! we are rapidly approaching great crises in governmental affairs, and in the religious institutions of all civilized nations. America to-day presents a grand eclecticism of Peoples, Arts, Sciences and Industries; and she is destined to become the luminous center from which light will radiate to every part of the globe. It is for the existing generation to begin the work of organizing the mundane instrumentalities for this wide diffusion of light and knowledge. We feel that the time for action has come, and that the capacity for important achievements is imminent and visible in the period. The field of labor is before us, and our objects are defined. Not unlike the promises of success, are "the signs of the times." The four winds are made eloquent with the earnest words that daily come to us with assurances of profound sympathy and active coöperation. The names of all such shall have a place among the builders of the new Church

and State. Honor to all true men and women, whose position, in this great Era, is defined by the clear light in which they stand. Friends ! you are doing good service in a noble company—a multitude that no man may be able to number, and of which not even the Angels of Heaven shall be ashamed. All hail ! Far over the broad spaces that separate our mortal shadows, I greet your earnest spirits To-day, and recognize your immediate presence.



INSANITY OF POLITICS.

“Get thee glass eyes ;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see things thou dost not.”

IT is greatly to be lamented that political life in this country is deeply depraved. Our leading politicians are far less devoted to correct principles than to the interests of personal ambition. Few among them merit any high distinction as reformers. They are poor blind guides whose shameful career terminates in darkness and desolation. Where are those fixed stars that once illuminated the political heavens ? Many of our present leaders are rather wandering lights in the national firmament, whose very eccentric orbits even the wisest of our political astrologers may not determine. Or, they are mere *ignes fatui*, that bewilder and mislead the traveler. Such men are rarely either united by noble sympathies, pledged to any improved political policy, or animated by the spirit of a pure and lofty patriotism. On the contrary, they are often homogeneous only in a common feeling of bitterness, the unbridled lust of power, and the exercise of their destructive propensities. Our local and national politics are a Dead Sea of corruption that no agitation can purify. There is mortal

poison in the bitter waters ; and the upas that blooms along the shore loads the very atmosphere with invisible shafts of death.

It is true there are several natural causes of national in-harmony and sectional strife. We have a vast territory ; our interests are widely diversified ; and we have a mixed and restless population, never content with the present, but always grasping after the possibilities of the future. But beyond all these are numerous sources of political injustice and partisan hostility. If an honest man chances to be elevated to some high position ; if we have a magistrate who is dispassionate, self-poised, and just in the exercise of his power, he is quite sure to be pursued by all the dogs of contending factions. Swarms of political parasites fasten upon him and defile the magisterial ermine with the foul slime of their own iniquities. Vampires from the realms of political perdition seize him. They must live by extracting the elements of a superior life. How can the restless knaves be still ? Such lively and irreverent souls would not be quiet in the kingdom of heaven. Of course they would scarcely find anything there suited to their peculiar tastes ; and, very likely, their ambition might suggest a reconstruction of the divine economy of the country. The modest sense of propriety that always covered the naked truth, might prompt them to criticise the scanty costumes of the Angels. Or, some enterprising journalist, just arrived, might start a New Jerusalem organ, or get up a party to control the celestial administration.

Intriguing politicians are subject to several infirmities, such as obliquity of vision and paralysis of the conscience. They have also a mania for office, as imperative as if it were supported *jure divino*. They also suffer from the tenderness of the pericranium, and, according to Shakespeare, have the scurvy. But they seldom exhibit any abnormal delicacy or irritability of the cuticle, the epidermis of an old, unscrupulous politician being thick (dry, of course), and so indurated as to resemble a "hard shell." Indeed, this is the peculiar armor

that the necessities of our depraved political warfare render indispensable. The empty aspirants for public recognition, and the gamblers for official distinctions, must not be too impressible. Loss of sensibility may, therefore, be esteemed to be a good preparation for a vulgar politician. He must be a tough subject, indeed, if he would follow the devious ways wherein many travel. All who had rather "rule in hell than serve in heaven" should be fitted for their own place and prepared for their master's service. Let the "itching palm" be scratched; and such as have the itch peculiar to a large class of American politicians, should not pause at the smell of sulphur and the touch of fire. Carbolic acid is a good disinfectant; but there are depths of degradation and sinks of uncleanness in our political life that can only be cleansed by the process of combustion. It is written, "The fire shall try every man's work."

The composition of our political parties is often so heterogeneous, and the elements so completely animated by a spirit of mutual antagonism, that the Christian, the patriot, and the philosopher, sicken at the contemplation. No deformity can exceed the vile distortions of political character in America. "Paradise Lost" and Dante's Vision of the Inferno, are redeemed by their sublimity. Such conceptions of exalted genius inspire a feeling of sympathy rather than of disgust. They are the very poetry of hell compared with the vile prose of our political pandemonium, around which Cerberus lifts his hundred heads and barks at every honest man. Such compacts may be fitly symbolized by the "bond of iniquity," the contents of "the witches' caldron," and the herd of swine into which the demons entered. We have all read the story of Arnold's treason; but he had no country to betray. Others have; and we are quite sure there are bold apostates and political Iscariots in our country, compared with whose treacherous deeds the literal history of Benedict Arnold is a holy memory.

SPIRITUAL BALLOONERY.

THERE is a class of religious teachers who approach the spiritual heaven as a man goes up in a balloon. Whenever their spirits are exalted to such a degree as to overcome the strong terrestrial gravitation; in other words, when they are sufficiently *inflated*, they ascend into aerial regions, and go angling after Spirits and Angels. But they seldom stay long up there, owing to the powerful attraction of the earthly nature. As soon as their gas is exhausted they inevitably come down in a hurry. If such people have been wakeful enough, during their spiritual peregrinations, to have made any discoveries, they generally lose sight of the same on their way back, and so at last we find them empty.

Now it appears that a result not altogether unlike this has followed Mr. Beecher's heavenly excursions. It is said he knocked hell out of his creed some time ago, not leaving so much as a single rafter for the Plutonian birds to roost upon. The Universalists were greatly elated, and seemed to think that at length the millennium had dawned. Then he began to preach Spiritualism, apparently in sober earnest. The secular press reported his radical utterances from week to week, and the evangelical churches were powerfully exercised in view of the new departure. Those Spiritualists who rest their faith on influential names rather than immutable principles—on a mere personality instead of the truth—were ecstatic in their joy. And even the pine tables at the altar of Plymouth Church performed a "round dance" before the distinguished convert, as David did "before the Lord;" and things in general were jubilant, as when "all the trees of the field" were said, in the hyperbolic language of the Hebrew poet, to "clap their hands" for joy! Selah!

But the chain of earthly influence is strong—how strong

we may not say ; but several men, as well as inanimate objects, are wont to yield to the sublunary attraction. Hence it follows that some people still

“Dive at stars and fasten in the mud.”

The rocket that goes up, enveloped in a many-colored flame, breaks in the revelation of its ephemeral glory, and descends in darkness to the earth. So Mr. Beecher appears to go up, under the high-pressure of his inspired moments, and thus he comes down when his afflatus gives out. According to the phonographic reporters, he preached Spiritualism with pious fervor and apostolic unction ; but, according to his own more recent pen-and-ink professions, he doesn't yet believe it much. In the inelegant but expressive parlance of Young America, “One can't exactly, sometimes, always tell ” precisely what one does believe.

But such aëronautic explorers in spiritual realms afford rare opportunities for pleasant observation. Their power to enchant us, however, depends upon their distance. Their comparative elevation, and the consequent angle of incidence, determine the intensity of their light and the measure of their influence. When they ascend toward the zenith, and reach the purer atmosphere above, they begin to be luminous with star-like scintillations. This is true in respect to the elements that form the most brilliant meteors. So long as they exist in the lower atmospheric strata they are dark as the earth from which they are eliminated ; but when they attain the proper altitude they ignite, and even dim the stars by the momentary splendor of their incandescence.

Such are the spiritual teachers who are here, there, yonder, and nowhere—whose experience affords no solid foundation. When dressed for Sunday, they may be “caught up ” and made to hear unutterable things ; and then, they are abruptly let down through the week into the murky sphere of our common life. They cannot define the position they occupy ; and if they could the definition would be rendered unsuitable

by the next day's experience. In their vague conceptions the whole world of Spirits is nebulous, and souls, like fire-flies, dance about in the illuminated mist, seeing nothing clearly, and never touching bottom. Such are the recent phases of Brother Beecher's development, and his career—as a brilliant meteoric phenomenon of the religious world—furnishes a fine study for both saints and sinners.



THEATERS AND THEOLOGY.

THERE certainly have been extensive improvements in both theaters and theology, if one may judge from Rev. Rowland Hill's programme of the Day of Judgment, which he posted beside the regular playbills on the walls and fences of London, one hundred years ago. That eccentric divine advertised the performance to come off "on the eve of Time," in the "theater of the Universe." The solemn drama was artistically arranged in Three Acts.

ACT I.—Oppressive silence, and a Trumpet Solo by the Archangel.

ACT II.—A Triumphal Procession of Saints, marching to the music of golden stringed instruments (*pianissimo*), and the grand Epithalamium of Christ and his Church.

ACT III.—The vast assembly of the Unregenerate—*ecce signum!* under the lurid shadow of what Pope calls the "infernal sky." A melancholy medley, performed by many dissonant voices, with Satan to wield the baton—*doloroso* to the last possible degree. This piece of not very refined blasphemy was made to terminate with the announcement of an Oration by the Son of God, in which he was represented as doing very much as selfish and vindictive men will do in these degenerate days—blessing his friends and emphasizing the damnation of his enemies.

Rowland Hill's theater was divided into two parts—Gallery and Pit. There was no dress circle, and hence no provision for the aristocracy. The fashionable classes were ruled out of both heaven and hell by Hill's imperfect architectural design. He elevated the white-

robed saints to the place now usually assigned to the cyprians, and sent the whole impenitent crew to the pit, with no provision of reserved seats for such as might be willing to pay extra for superior accommodations. Theaters have evidently improved in the last century ; and the latest programme of the Judgment presents the entire subject in mild aspects, with tender epiphonema, and none of the melo-dramatic thunder and frightful glare of infernal pyrotechnics.



NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE *Review* conducted by PROF. EDWARD I. SEARS is not merely national in its character. It is so much more than its title implies that it fairly covers the interests of Literature and Art, and the progress of Civilization throughout the world. In the profundity of its erudition it takes rank with the ablest foreign Reviews, while in the breadth, independence and liberality of its thought, it may be said to occupy the first place in the entire periodical literature of the age.

Professor Sears approaches every subject with the quiet consciousness of his mastery, alike of its essential principles, historical details, and practical bearings. His faculties, naturally keen, have been sharpened by conscientious discipline and thorough scholastic training ; his power of analysis leaves no problem unsolved, and the decisions of his judgment—within the broad, legitimate field of his researches—seldom fail to command the respect of the intelligent reader. The uniform justice and fairness of his treatment of Authors and Books ; the mild severity of his criticisms ; the candor that tempers his views ; the learning that solves difficult questions, and the genius that touches everything as with a pencil of light, are all happily blended and clearly revealed in this masterly work.

Professor Sears has placed men of letters in this country under great and lasting obligations, by furnishing a Review that is at once a substantial monument to his own industry and ability, and an honor to American literature.

AMONG THE BIRDS.

WE are indebted to *Zara*—an invalid friend in pursuit of physical health and spiritual repose—for several sprightly letters, intended for our eye alone. She writes from Vineland—the New Jerusalem of New Jersey—from whose quiet homes and peaceful highways “the powers that be” have banished those evil spirits that are wont to come up “from the vasty deep” of old hogsheads and dark cellars. As a consequence of this process of legal exorcism there is no open door to pandemonium in Vineland. Something like a vital elixir pervades the very air, and the moral constitutions of the people are presumed to be eminently free from the contamination of popular vices.

In that mysterious city of refuge, our esteemed correspondent has spread her tent for a season. Not only is she in intimate sympathy with external nature, but not less so with those inspiring powers that touch—with invisible fingers—the innermost springs of the human heart. She holds intimate relations with all living creatures. The sweet singers that, through the long Summer, have been caroling about her windows, wake an interpreter within, and her voice mingles with the matins and vespers of the feathered choirs. In one of her epistles she thus interrogates the beautiful bird that often calls—in the morning and evening—for “Bob White !” with the passionate emphasis of a distracted lover.

Who is he—this “Bob” of thy fond devotion ?
Is he trusty, stanch and true ?
Ne’er deserting his mate for a “higher notion,”
As some “Bobs” we know of do ?

Yes, it must be so ; thy note, so cheery,
Has no undertone of pain,
As the saddened chord of a spirit weary
With watching and hoping in vain !

Ah ! bright brown bird, with glance so tender,
Have I read thy secret aright ?
No wrongs to redress, no rights to surrender,
Only loving trust in “Bob White ?”

THE POLITICAL BETHESDA.

"The Lion and the Lamb lie down together."

THE political assemblage at Chappaqua, immediately after the Summer solstice, was unique in its composition and decidedly original in its suggestions. We are actuated by no partisan feeling in referring to this curious illustration of the science of political chemistry. The company was far more interesting, as an exhibition, than Barnum's Happy Family, and the occasion of the interview seemed to warrant the announcement of the millennium at hand. The old democratic lion met the white bell-wether of liberal republicanism in the quiet fold of the latter. The lion approached, bowing meekly and trailing his caudal extremity. He seemed to have lost his original ferocity and to have become very lamb-like in disposition. It was indeed a beautiful sight, inspiring soft words, gentle manners, and sweet prophecies of the good time so long coming and yet so unaccountably delayed. What precious memories will hereafter people the brains of the contrite ones who made their peace with the great Commoner over a bumper of pure spring water!

The spring of Castalia, made sacred by the presence of the Muses, possessed no such inspiring influence as this water. The Castalian fount was chiefly visited by heathen, and of course it was far less sacred than the Christian spring of Chappaqua. Even baptism in the Jordan, as a cleansing process for great sinners, was nothing in the comparison to "a drink" from the philosopher's well. The patriarch Jacob had a very excellent watering-place, and he "drank therefrom himself, his children and his cattle;" but it afforded no such lasting satisfaction as the faithful are said to find in the placid waters of Westchester.

We have tried St. Catherine's water, but did not derive any special benefit from its use. Vichy and Congress waters have not rendered our politicians very healthy; and hence it may be well to resort to a new spring. And so at last we have discovered the Bethesda for political sinners. To this pool they must come and be purified; and here the half-converted disciple shall complete his religious experi-

ence. All who drink of this water forgive their enemies, and that is beautiful. Everybody has his iniquities blotted out, and that is good enough for him. Their sins are to be remembered no more, and such forgetfulness is Christian charity *ne plus ultra*.

By the way, this peculiar virtue that brings obliviousness of the past may render this Spring celebrated. Forgetfulness is refreshing when memory oppresses the conscience. Fire-eaters who have long and vainly tried to cool their parched tongues at the Sulphur Springs—and to quench their burning thirst with “gin and tansy”—may hereafter make a pilgrimage to the haunted Spring of Chappaqua, whose waters shall be “for the healing of the nation.”



PROGRESS OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

THE steady progress of spiritual ideas, in and about the commercial metropolis, can not be doubted by any one at all disposed to notice the illustrations of the subject. The depravity of the great City, visible alike in its filthy lanes and splendid avenues; in the low dwellings of squalid poverty and the high places of aristocratic influence and titled power, can not suppress the light that at once unveils the deepest depravity and points the way to a higher life. But a few years ago the opposition to all spiritual views was strong and general. The enemies of truth were vigorous and venomous, and they pursued its fearless advocates with determined hostility, and a bitterness of spirit only surpassed in those darker ages when political and religious ostracism was accompanied by a passport to another world.

We may still expect to witness some “ground and lofty tumbling” in connection with solemn rites and scientific assumptions. Occasionally some progressive religious teacher—becoming alarmed at the thought that he may have ventured too far—suddenly determines to take the back track toward arbitrary authority and the Dark Ages. The accredited masters of science may dispute the facts they cannot explain, and resist the force of their moral convictions; but the Race moves on toward the adoption of a spiritual and scientific Rationalism—the ultimate faith and philosophy of the civilized World.



Authors. and Books.

SOUL TO SOUL.

WE have been favored with the advanced sheets of a new book with the above title, from the graceful pen of MRS. CHARLOTTE BEEBE WILBOUR, and bearing the imprint of G. W. Carleton & Company. It embraces eight "Lectures and Addresses." The several themes are thus distinguished by appropriate titles. "Unity in Diversity;" "Divinity of Truth;" "God in all Things;" "The Inward Peace;" "The Conqueror and the Savior;" "Heaven in its Multiplicity;" "Spiritual Culture;" and "Faith and Life."

Some sixteen years ago, Miss Beebe (now Mrs. Wilbour) made her first appearance as a lecturer before the Spiritualists in New York. She was then quite young; but the inheritance of genius, thorough mental discipline, refinement of manners, and a certain susceptibility of the influence of inspiring agents, enabled her at once to command general attention and respect. The youthful Priestess—consecrated at the altar of a new faith—went forth as the herald of a despised truth, and her foot-prints are still visible on the mountains of our Spiritual Zion. Her public ministry was short, but it will long be remembered. She had fairly awakened a strong interest in herself and the cause she had espoused, when, suddenly, she retired from the observation of the people. Her place was left vacant; and many were the expressions of regret that an apostle had been called from a sphere of great public usefulness by the not less sacred obligations of marriage and maternity.

The title of Mrs. Wilbour's elegant volume—"Soul to Soul"—is fitly chosen, since the fair Evangelist speaks from her own prescient spirit to the waiting souls of mankind. In the treatment of the several themes, she exhibits unusual intellectual powers and possessions. Nothing, however minute in form or subtle in substance, eludes her keen perception. The exuberance of thought; a natural wealth of imagination; the refinement of the æsthetic sense; the quiet playfulness of her satire, and the affluence of her speech, though conspicuous on every page, are not more manifest than the precise methods of severe discipline and scholastic culture. With no ambitious attempt

to display her erudition, we are everywhere reminded that she is familiar with History and the Mythologies of the ancient nations ; that she is deeply imbued with the spirit of Poesy ; that she commands the entire circle of the Sciences ; that she is learned in Theology and Moral Philosophy, and versed in the subtle mysteries of the Soul.

This modest teacher of the religion of Progress has a happy faculty of illuminating whatever she touches. While the homiletics of the priesthood are often as lifeless as dry skeletons, and bear about them the aroma of the graveyard, these discourses, on the contrary, have all the vitality of living creations. Though prepared some time since, they have the freshness and grateful incense of spring flowers, gathered in the morning while the dew is upon them.

When we meet with so many books that give evidence of unbecoming haste in their preparation ; in which hypothesis is mistaken for philosophy, naked assumptions for solid reasons, and empty bombast for true eloquence, the perusal of such a work as "Soul to Soul" is doubly refreshing and delightful. The too current rhetoric of much of our literature no more resembles the chaste and graphic language of this book, than the cheap tinsel on an Indian's wampum is like the precious gems that scintillate in a royal tiara.

Mrs. Wilbour's philosophy of religion and life is both reverent and profound. Her power of analysis is sharp, discriminating and irresistible ; her argument is "logic set on fire of love." It is always clearly conceived and logically drawn—polished as a Damascus blade, and sweetly tempered in the divine fire. She has a large vocabulary ; her diction is pure and lucid ; and her ideas are always beautifully clothed, in garments so transparent that the truth is never concealed. Her thoughts flow in such rhythmical numbers that the sense is captivated, and the soul is touched and moved as when we wake and listen to the chime of silver bells in the still morning air. And above these fine qualities, so felicitously illustrated in her style, and above every other excellence, is the all-embracing Love that finds a happy solution of the darkest problems in our mortal history and immortal destiny.

We cannot dismiss this book without earnestly recommending our readers to purchase and read it, and then send it out to do its missionary work. An unbelieving world—narrow in its thought and frigid in its selfishness—is in need of its liberal philosophy, its earnest moral inculcations, and the warm influence of its abundant Charity.

REMINISCENCE OF A POET'S CONVERSION.

THE London *Spiritual Magazine* for July last fills no less than twelve pages, taken bodily from an Essay by MR. CARLOS D. STUART, prepared expressly for, and originally published in, the *Shekinah*, in 1853. Our foreign cotemporary prefixes the name of the real author, but otherwise does not intimate the source from which the same was derived, so that the reader is left to infer that it is an original contribution. The article is decapitated by the omission of the introduction, and eviscerated by taking out other portions. And it is otherwise disguised by the suppression of the original title—"BELIEFS REJECTED ON REALIZATION," and by the substitution of the following:—"Does the World accredit its own expressed faith in the *Spiritual*?" The latter may, possibly, be the more appropriate title, and yet we are disposed to recognize one's right to name his own offspring. It may be necessary to add, for the information of our English readers, that Mr. Stuart has been a citizen of the Spirit World for years, and that being otherwise well employed he does not find it convenient to contribute directly to our current periodical literature, whether it emanates from Southampton Row or from some other place.

The writer sustained the most intimate relations with Carlos D. Stuart. We often dined together, especially during the period that the latter was at the head of the editorial staff of the *New York Sun*, and also of Colonel Fuller's *Evening Mirror*. Mr. Stuart was thoroughly skeptical on the spiritual question; but the dissimilarity of views neither interrupted our friendship nor ever restrained the freedom of our intercourse. He was a most unselfish, genial, and honorable gentleman; and his cold skepticism was utterly at war with the deep affections and exquisite sympathies of his large and loving nature.

There is a little history connected with the origin of the essay in question, that may interest the reader. One day it occurred to the present writer, that he would engage the mind of his friend in a

direction that might possibly help him to work his way through the shadows that still darkened his mind, and veiled the grand realities of the immortal life and world. Accordingly, we requested him to prepare an essay for the *Shekinah*, designed to illustrate the presence of the spiritual element in poetry. Mr. Stuart readily yielded to our solicitation. In looking over his favorite authors, with a view to the selection of illustrative passages, he was surprised to find that the illuminated poets of all ages and all countries had freely accepted and clearly expressed the spiritual idea. He discovered that he had been reading their works all his life with a veil on his understanding. Now the spiritual conception was plainly visible, flashing out, here and there, like heavenly scintillations, or running like silver threads through the fabric of their works. The preparation of that essay—thus undertaken at our special request—made our friend a Spiritualist. In its profound philosophy his reason obtained anchorage; in its living faith his spirit found repose; and in those sublime hopes that "*lay hold on immortality*," he rejoiced up to the close of his brief but useful and noble career.

Carlos D. Stuart—the dearest friend we ever had among American authors—was himself a true poet, and he left many beautiful Lyrics, that are sweet, flowing, and natural as wayside flowers and running brooks.



THAT OLD STAGER.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE has a writer with the cognominal designation of "OLD STAGER," and he gives his misty recollections of several of our public men such an airing as may puzzle and amuse the readers of that excellent journal. In a recent issue, his ideas appear to be considerably mixed. Out of the order of events he brings confusion, and inverts the history of the times. By some means—possibly by a lying spirit—his chronological tables are upset, and we find "Old Stager" in a semi-unconscious state—lost in the mazes of a lapsing memory. After referring to the characteristics of Mr. Webster, as displayed in his social relations, he briefly

describes a visit to the elder Adams, at Quincy, just before the death of the venerable ex-President. He then proceeds with his own remarkable experience, by recording his recollections of a personal interview with Mr. Webster. To illustrate the value of this writer's contributions to the history of our public men, the following brief passage will be quite sufficient.

"Meeting him [Daniel Webster] at the Astor House, in 184-, I mentioned that Nathaniel P. Tallmadge, lately Governor of Wisconsin, was dead. 'Ah! is Tallmadge dead? Well, all the tears that will be shed on the occasion lie in an onion.'"

"Old Stager" here represents himself as telling an untruth; and then the great expounder of the Constitution is made to respond in terms that would scarcely be creditable to a ragged loungee at the corner grocery. We are not at liberty to believe that Mr. Webster ever made any such observation as is here attributed to him. In fact we discover that the memory of the ancient individual—who records these reminiscences of distinguished men—is not at all reliable in respect to the main facts of the case. He announces that the death of Mr. Tallmadge occurred (the time is not definitely stated) prior to 1850, and while Mr. Webster was yet living. Now the truth is, the present writer spent two days with Hon. N. P. Tallmadge, at his temporary residence at Cornwall, on the Hudson, as late as July, 1864, and his death did not occur until the November following. Thus it appears that the worthy Governor preserved his relations to this world during a period of from fourteen to twenty-four years after his alleged death, and that he survived Mr. Webster by a number of years.

If one may thus draw on his imagination for his facts; employ hypothesis where knowledge is required; and when he loses the logical thread of his argument, dive headlong after a conclusion, and have the whole accepted and paid for, it occurs to us that the superior merits of authentic history over fiction are not likely to be recognized in the scale of commercial values. If the party employed to do the public men for *Harper's Monthly* does not stop his heedless dreaming, and make haste to brush up his "recollections," he should resign his place to some younger man with a more retentive memory. We are now ready to drop the curtain on "Old Stager." Let him either revise his biographical statistics, or *excunt!*

SORRY FACTS AND FALSE CONCLUSIONS.

SOME time ago, *Appleton's Journal* recorded the fact that one Charles Elam, M.D., of London, published a paper bearing the title, "Medicine, Disease and Death," wherein he assumes that :—

"Medical control over disease in general, has retrograded, instead of advanced, with the wonderful development, within the past thirty years, of the sciences tributary to medicine. In support of this theory, he shows, by the returns of the Registrar-general, that the death-rate in London has been steadily increasing, and the average of ages steadily decreasing, since 1847."

Without stopping to question the alleged fact, said to be shown by the report of the Registrar-general, we may observe that Dr. Elam's theory of the *cause* of this increasing mortality in London, so far from being demonstrated, has not even the merit of probability. If it had, the Faculty, including Dr. Elam, ought to experience a deep sense of mortification. If his hypothesis were the true one, we should certainly deem it best to convert our medical colleges into common schoolhouses, and to dispense with chemistry in all its relations to medicine. Dr. Elam appears to have just the measure of knowledge required to misinterpret his facts ; and it is no less apparent that several public journalists in this country are none too wise to import and publish such doubtful speculations in a work ostensibly devoted, at least in part, to the scientific instruction of the American people. So many plausible reasons may be assigned for the increasing mortality of a large and over-populated city like London, that it seems a little singular that not one of these should have been suggested to the mind of Dr. Elam. Among the causes referred to we may name several without stopping to discuss their bearings, respectively, on the general result.

1. The city is constantly extending its boundaries and becoming more densely populated. A wider area is thus covered with human beings who necessarily consume a larger measure of oxygen in the chemistry of vital combustion ; while the manufacturing processes which corrupt the air are every year increased in number and magnitude. These, altogether, contribute to augment the quantity of organic matter in a state of chemical decomposition ; and, for this

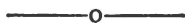
reason, the atmospheric conditions of health and life are rendered less favorable now than formerly.

2. The number of persons born of morally depraved and physically diseased parents is rapidly increasing ; and the multitudes who are miserably fed, clothed and housed, are annually reinforced by vast additions to their ranks. Thus the sanitary condition of a great city is impaired by the gradual physical degeneracy of the race under the influences of a corrupt civilization.

3. The extremes of passional indulgence and general dissipation, stimulated by the prevailing indolent and luxurious mode of living among the wealthier classes, and the want of free, invigorating exercise of body and mind, all serve to weaken the springs of vital power, so that health and life are becoming a more uncertain possession.

4. There are numberless arts in this age of growing intelligence and declining virtue, practiced to an alarming extent in fashionable society, especially in great cities, all of which seriously impair the health of those who are chiefly to determine the average constitution of each succeeding generation.

Other important reasons might be assigned for this growing insecurity of life—admitting the evidence to establish the fact ; but if Dr. Elam will sufficiently consider those already offered he will have no occasion hereafter to jump at conclusions so grossly unjust to the claims of science and to the medical profession, and which virtually involve the absurd assumption, that all the developments in human physiology, chemistry and pharmacy, for the last thirty years, have been worse than useless to mankind.



SPIRITUAL MELODIES.

“OVER THE RIVER.”

AMONG the reputed authors of the simplest and the grandest metrical and musical compositions, several would seem to have been merely interpreters for the inhabitants of Spiritual and Celestial Spheres. Some Spirit, descending from Melodious Heavens, breathes the living conception into the human soul on earth, or translates—through the instrumentality of Genius—the superior harmonies of the

upper world. Such a medium was Mozart, who affirmed that his best compositions were rehearsed in his presence by invisible choirs; that the soul-inspiring strains were distinctly audible; and that, when he was undisturbed, the several parts could be clearly distinguished. If we may credit his own account of his experience, he was merely the amanuensis of some Spirit-composer whose notes were thus echoed through the earth.

We still have occasional examples of a similar form of inspiration. If these rarely equal in grandeur of conception and execution the sublime experience of Mozart, they may still emanate from a kindred source. "Over the River" is the appropriate title of one of the sweet songs of the Spiritual Era. The verses were written by MISS NANCIE A. W. PRIEST, and the music was composed by MR. CHALMERS P. LONGLEY, of Northampton, Mass. The sentiment of the words and the spirit of the melody are in sweet accord, and in both the living faith is happily expressed.

Mr. Longley is not, strictly speaking, a musical composer by profession; and to what extent spiritual agency is employed in the production of his songs we may not exactly determine. Suffice it to say, he is an earnest believer in a present, living inspiration, and that his themes are all spiritual. Fortunately he is not afflicted with any ambition to be merely *technical*; nor does he come before the public as a musical gymnast, to astonish us with the vast possibilities of harmonic combination and expression. On the contrary, his music—at once simple, natural, and beautiful—appeals to the better affections and the deeper sympathies of human nature; it is susceptible of universal comprehension, and equally well adapted to the home circle and social assemblies.

Mr. Longley has other original Spiritual Melodies—musical as soft winds and gentle waves—which he should give to the waiting disciples of the new faith. His songs embody the pure feeling and sentiment of thousands who only find free and adequate expression in that universal language of the heart. Brother, take down thy harp! Wake its slumbering strings by the River in the valley, and sing for us the inspired songs of the New Zion.