BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE,

LITERATURE, ART AND INSPIRATION.

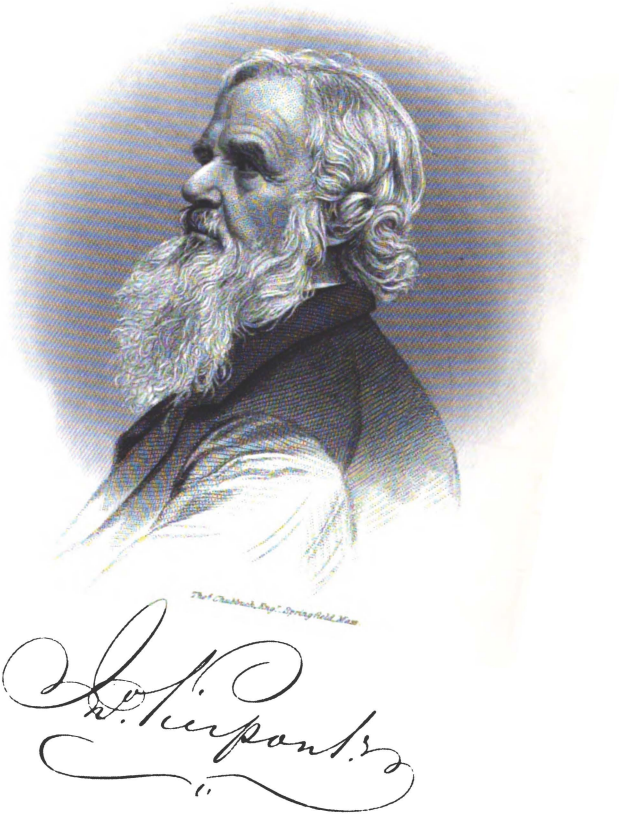
Vol. I. JULY, 1873. No. 3.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

BY REV. SUMNER ELLIS.

HOW little we know or think of many who are among our benefactors! History does not always seem just, nor fame impartial; and certainly every worthy and generous heart delights, however late, to learn the story of its unknown or forgotten friend, and to pay its tribute of gratitude and meed of praise.

Gladly do I turn aside from my accustomed duties to sketch for the readers of this JOURNAL a brief record of the life and spirit of Rev. John Pierpont,—as of one with whom, I doubt not, they will be pleased to renew an old acquaintance, or to form a new. I am to speak of a man to whom every American, at least, owes a debt, and who should not be lost from our circle of remembered and cherished benefactors. He was a remarkable man in very many respects; was "his own parallel," and has had no other; and his life-story is a sort of romance of history. Real life never runs in old ruts. He was many-sided, blending traits not often joined; in dead earnest about whatever he set his hand to;



every motion of his mind was terse, and every sinew of his body tort, and the complex machinery of his nature lost none of its firm adjustment to the last; he was sunny as a child, and warbled poetry like a bird; stern and unyielding as a Puritan, and, like a Puritan, never halting between two opinions; merry as a jester, grave and devout as an apostle; a great lover, and a good hater; exquisite in taste, careful as an artist of the minutest details, cutting seals to perfection with his penknife, almost finical in a multitude of matters, and yet forceful as a good general or great ruler, and capable of overlooking all the ground at once; he had the grace of the willow and the vigor of the oak; in short, he was the harmony of many extremes, and justified, more than would any other American who has lived, the alliterative tribute which has just been cut in marble for his monument at Mount Auburn:—"Poet, patriot, preacher, philosopher, philanthropist." Such a weight of various encomium would seem to be enough to disturb the repose of ordinary dust. But they who have dictated the inscription know whereof they affirm. They are of sound mind and sterling character, and not given to idle or extravagant utterances; whilst an acquaintance with Mr. Pierpont, extending over a full half-century, and to all possible relations,—private and public, sacred and secular, placid and stormy,—entitles their solemn verdict to high respect.

John Pierpont was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, on the sixth of April, 1785, having an honorable ancestry whose blood had not turned to water. His great-grandfather, Rev. James Pierpont, "was the second minister of New Haven, and one of the founders of Yale College." His mother was a vigorous, sweet-spirited and pious woman; and to her he often referred in his manhood and old age, fully recognizing the heavy debt he was under to her maternal love and influence. The muse came to the aid of his filial expressions, and the beauty and feeling of the following lines no reader can miss:—

"She led me first to God;
Her words and prayers were my young spirit's dew.
For, when she used to leave
The fireside, every eve,
I knew it was for prayer that she withdrew."

With honor he graduated at Yale in 1803. Soon after, caught by the spirit, partly prudential and partly adventurous, that actuated many young men of his time just out of college, he went "down South" to seek employment as a teacher. He became a private tutor in the family of Col. Wm. Allston, of South Carolina, and made, in a couple of years, some money and more experience to serve him. On his return to the North he studied law, and was admitted to the bar at Newburyport, Mass. "A born lawyer," in the language of one who knew him longest and best, still he did not succeed in his profession. Days and due-bills came, but there was dearth of clients. He dabbled in poetry, but made few pleas in court. He read Blackstone some, but Campbell, Akenside, and Scott more. If he could not, for the lack of opportunity, untwist the tangles of the law, he had all the more time to weave the tissues of fancy. In obscurity and under defeat, he was moulting wings for other flights.

Thinking at length that patience had ceased to be a virtue —a thought which young lawyers and doctors, and young men generally who would make for themselves a place, should never entertain—he removed to Boston and opened an office at 103 Court street. But the second chapter of his experience was like the first; and, soon settling it in his own mind that his dream of a metropolitan fame "was all a dream," he readily yielded to an opening and went into trade. He turned from Vattel and "digests" to dry goods. But the finances and markets were in a bad way all over the country, for it was just after the war of 1812. His firm weathered the rough sea of Boston commerce for a time, and then removed to Baltimore, Maryland, hoping for greater safety and better success. But this only proved to be going from bad to worse,

and after a hard struggle and an extension of their venture to Charleston, South Carolina, as a vent for surplus goods on hand, the firm failed outright and wound up its disastrous career. And we can but whisper in our own heart, at a low breath, Amen—so mote it be,—since at least an editor and author of some fame, whose name I must withhold, and the John Pierpont of history, whom we could not spare, came of it. It was a fall up-hill. It was a victorious defeat, a blessed disaster, a loss that was gain. Horace said that poverty drove him to poetry, and poetry introduced him to Varus, Virgil, and Mæcenas; Diogenes of an exile became a philosopher; and the John Bunyan of Pilgrim's Progress fame, was born to authorship of a cruel imprisonment in Old Bedford jail. In these and all like cases, where misfortune sets a man right with fortune and gives him more fully to himself and the world, our pity will insist on telling itself out in the major key. As it was, we see not how we could else have had, to the great joy and pride of our hearts, the true John Pierpont, with his "Airs of Palestine," his "American First-Class Book," still the best reader published in the land, his dear hymns so familiar in our Sunday worship, his long and heroic battle for the freedom of Hollis-street pulpit and all others, and the "thirty years' war" of a fiery and bold prophet upon the national sins of slavery and intemperance. The result reconciles us to all that went before it. The sharp flames were only to prepare the ore for the statue.

Brought up in the Puritan faith of New England, Mr. Pierpont was drawn, while in Boston, to the Unitarian church in Brattle-street, by the eloquence of Edward Everett, at that time its pastor. To what extent his open and earnest mind had been biased by the liberal thought of the city, before he took this step, we cannot say. In Baltimore he became fully confirmed and deeply interested in his new views, and embraced them with all the natural ardor and conviction of his soul. Theology had a special charm for him, addressing, as it did, at once his inherited reverence, his strong love of mor-

al laws and duties, and his quick poetic sense of the beauty and infinitude of the spiritual realm. In fact, the better side of the universe, opening more and more to his admiring gaze, lured him like a spell, and when he finally failed as a merchant, he was ripe and ready for the ministry. In 1818, then in his thirty-fourth year, he entered Harvard Divinity School; and was ordained the following year, as successor to the celebrated Dr. Holley, of the Hollis-street church in Boston.

We may say, he had now struck upon the grooves of his destiny. He had found his appointed place, which is one of the happiest events that can befall an earnest soul. To a man of punk, and devoid of all bias and native characteristics, one place may be as fit as another,—all callings may be alike; but the elect must make their election sure, or there is no rest and no peace for them. Life is all chains and fetters, and galls them, till they find their right mission and in that their emancipation. Mr. Pierpont had overtaken his flying destiny in Hollis-street pulpit; and for a quarter of a century he found in it a sphere worthy of his gifts. He could here breathe his tenderest reverence in prayer, indulge his heart in sympathy with sorrow and need, discuss and enforce the high principles of the Christian religion in the interest of both private and public life; whilst in his study he could give himself to literary pursuits, and in society to that genial good-fellowship which was his delight.

With a dominant moral nature, and a heart of broadest humanity, he was naturally drawn into the reformatory movements of his time. Where could such a man stand, but with Garrison, Parker, and Phillips, in the thickest of the battle waged against the minions of sin? His active temperament and firm will, and courage like a Spartan, made him somewhat of a soldier by birth; and when we add to these the clearness and force of his convictions and the loyalty of his conscience, we have the man for moral conflict,—one who will cry aloud and spare not,—one who will hold friendship, ease,

house and home, and life itself, in subordination to duty,—one who, like Luther in Germany, Knox in Scotland, and Tyndall in England, will be the hope of neglected virtue and outraged justice. We quote the words of his old friend, John Neil, from the *Atlantic Monthly:*—"Believing that, as a servant of God, he had no right to preach smooth things when rough things were needed, and that acknowledging other people's transgressions would not satisfy the law, he came out boldly, with helm and spear, against two of the worst forms of human slavery,—the slavery of the body and the slavery of the soul, the slavery of the wine-cup, and the slavery of bondage to a master."

And he drew every weapon at his command into this conflict, like one who meant a hard fight and no surrender. He slept with his armor on; he was alert at every call of duty, near and far. Like Whittier, he invoked the martial muse; and his songs of Freedom and Temperance were sung from east to west, and on a thousand platforms. Their ring was decisive as the tones of a trumpet, and the enthusiasm they often kindled in mass-meetings of the hardy and earnest reformers, justified the old saying, that "Who makes the ballads and lyrics of the land, is master of the people." He was the poet of all kinds of anniversaries, because he was ready at the shortest notice, as if he was beforehand and had these effusions finished in advance, as editors write up the death of great men before they die, and only have to run to the pigeon-hole in time of need; and because, with a divining instinct, he knew how to touch the key-note of the occasion. How he mingled poetry and point to serve, three or four stanzas from as many platform-songs will suffice to show:—

"Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!
Though lips of bards thy brim may press,
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
And song and dance thy power confess,
I will not touch thee; for there clings
A scorpion to thy side, that stings!"

"Should God in wrath ordain
A universal dearth,
What need He do, but rain
On all this green, glad earth,
From cloudy urns,
The curse that fills
Our vats and stills,
That blights and burns?"

"Is it his toil that wrings
From the slave's bosom that deep sigh?
Is it his niggard fare that brings
The tear to his downcast eye?
Oh no; by toil and humble fare
Earth's sons their health and vigor gain;
It is because the slave must wear
His chain."

But to poetry Mr. Pierpont added, in his determined and fearless advocacy of human rights and well-being, conversations at every corner with friend and foe, serious and satirical stories in the public journals, telling selections in his "American First-Class Book" and "National Reader," to set the young right, lectures, speeches, and sermons and prayers almost without end. But in that day of bitter hostility between parties, and of the general subordination of pulpits to pews, the hero we are considering was not likely to have an easy time of it. His parish was wealthy and conservative. Some of his most influential men were extensively engaged in the liquor interest, as manufacturers or wholesale dealers; whilst others had large Southern patronage at their stores, and numbered many slave-owners among their friends. They found their pastor troublesome. It was not pleasant to be set in the criminal-box on Sundays, when they sought the peace and complacency of dignified pews. They thought him presumptuous to disregard thus their wealth and social standing. Was it not for the pulpit to defer to the pews from which it derived its bread? Had they not "called their minister to preach the gospel?" What right had he to "meddle with

trade or politics?" Who was he that he had a right to set aside custom?

They remonstrate. But with the coolness of conviction, he replies that "moral principles are given by our moral Governor and Judge, to be applied to every subject and in every relation in life." They next threaten. And he responds, "I will stand in a free pulpit, or I will stand in none." Driven to desperation, they play the game of malice, and trump up scandal and set foul rumors afloat. But, conscious of a clear and worthy record, he is not disturbed, holding still the even tenor of his way and hewing to the line as if nothing had happened. They close up their pews and seek a financial wreck of the concern as a means of riddance. But a secret mint of money is found to be available to the pastor's need. At length a formal trial is projected. The brave, honest man is summoned to answer a formidable catalogue of charges, which lawyers, aided by *ex parte* witnesses, have been months in framing. Fancy has been fertile in furnishing sinister facts. Madame Rumor has been taken as damaging authority. Rhetoric has been invoked to make much of little, to show white as black, to stamp earnestness as animosity, and to twist general statements into personalities, and so forth. So far as possible, public sentiment has been forestalled and a decisive prejudice invoked. No stone was left unturned. Ingenuity had been exhausted. Never was a case worked up with less sparing of pains and cost. Tax upon tax was voted upon the parish for the furtherance of the case, to the point of ruin. The conservative and unhumanitarian interests had selfishly combined and enlisted for a death-struggle.

The trial came. The jurors were the prominent Unitarian clergymen of Boston, with Dr. Lothrop as secretary, who finally put the trial in book-form, a solid volume of three hundred or more finely-printed pages. Mr. Pierpont defended himself. Having been a lawyer, he knew the art; and, being in the right, he counted on an easy victory. Speedily was every charge touching his moral character set aside. He vin-

dicated his honor to the last degree, and turned the reproach of scandal-mongers upon his accusers. His life of uprightness and charity spoke for itself. Virtue makes its defence in advance. He whose worth doth speak need not speak his own worth; and Mr. Pierpont needed really only silence on this point.

The trial virtually narrowed to the following "Grounds of Complaint:"—"His too busy interference with questions of legislation on the subject of prohibiting the sale of ardent spirits; his too busy interference with questions of legislation on the subject of imprisonment for debt; his too busy interference with the popular controversy on the subject of the abolition of slavery." The phrase "questions of legislation," in the above charges, was simply a thin disguise; everybody saw, at a glance, it was a tub thrown to divert the whale. It was not that he discussed laws, but *principles*, that was the real head and front of his offence; but this fact they felt it would be more to their credit to conceal. They preferred to draw the conflict from its real centre, but Mr. Pierpont steadily held it where it belonged, and came off fully triumphant. The Council decided that the pulpit must be free to the extent that the defendant claimed; that all moral questions may properly be discussed from it; that trade, statutes, customs, fashions, all private and public provinces of life, are legitimately open to its criticism and counsel; that Christianity is for universal application. The only qualification made by these grave jurors, in view of the occupant of Hollis-street pulpit, was that, in some instances, he seemed to have been too vehement in his manner. The tempest of years' duration narrows to a mere mist! Months of heated and turbulent accusation and pressing of charges draws a verdict of an excess of vehemence! The toiling mountain agonizes and delivers a mouse! Well, the hero of humanity can afford to go down the way of history as one who, in the estimate of the dignified clergy, was too ardent! The censure becomes him, like saying of a fond mother, she loved her babe too well.

The crime of enthusiasm is one of credit, where the ends are moral and for the good of the race. An intense eagerness to do away national sins, to which most others are as farthing-candles to the sun, and to set free from moneyed and selfish rule the pulpits of the land, may well be forgiven!

After a quarter of a century of hard and noble service in Boston, which endeared him to the city and won him a name that shall outlive marble inscriptions, he resigned his place, and went to reside in Albany, N. Y., as pastor of the Unitarian church. But, acclimated to New England, he found life there an "exile;" and with joy he returned, at the end of four years, to settle in Medford, near Boston, and to spend, as he hoped and expected, the entire evening of his life, honored by foes, and happy with friends. He looked for a peaceful sunset and a calm sunrise beyond, as the best fortune that could await him. But when the late civil war broke out, fermented and precipitated by the South in the interest of slavery, the veteran soldier, sleeping on his armor, was aroused to all his old "vehemence;" and, although at that time he had reached his seventy-seventh year, he resigned his quiet pastorate, and applied for a chaplaincy in the army, on condition that his regiment should "go through Baltimore." He was accepted by Gov. Andrew, his true and tried friend, with much enthusiasm; and his regiment went into camp near Washington. But camp-life was too hard for the brave but feeble old man. His spirit indeed was willing, but his flesh was weak. He asked, through his colonel, for a three-days' leave of absence to rest and recruit in the city; but the general commanding, not knowing the man, sent back the order: "What does your chaplain want of three days' absence? Give him two." This was a new chapter of experience for him who had always had his way; and, setting his wisdom above his valor, he decided to retire from active service in the camp and field. He was soon installed, by favor of his friend, the late Chief-Justice Chase, in an office in the Treasury Department, and spent the last five years of his life

in "writing up a digest of the Treasury decisions." He entered into the work with his usual zeal, and said to a friend, when past eighty, "I am in the midst of some work at Washington which I hope to live long enough to accomplish." But he did not. For, soon after this, whilst visiting his friends in Medford, he retired, after a day and evening of unusual vigor and happiness, "sparkling with wit and lighted with wisdom," and was found asleep in the long sleep the next morning, with a composed and cheerful smile on his face. The star fell unseen from its earthly sky. But the manner of his death seems much like a fulfilment of his prayer, expressed in a poem he had written many years before :—

> "Fain would I, if I might, be spared the scene
> Of wife and children round my dying bed,
> Kneeling in prayer, or to my last poor words
> Bending with tearful eyes."

And so activity passed into peace! The long and wild day, crowded with high and useful toils and triumphs, was "rounded with a sleep." He has gone to his rest. And the angels hail him with "Well done, good and faithful! enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Mr. Pierpont's poetic gift was of a high order, but it evidently received unfair treatment. The muse claims solitude and much silent and undisturbed musing and questioning of Nature and Life. Homer has no biography; and all that is known of Shakspeare can be written on the palm of your hand, and neither historian nor critic can add a line to the meagre story. Tennyson is a recluse, and Whittier dwells mostly in retirement on the banks of the Merrimack. Poetry does not grow in the street nor bloom in the public square. But Mr. Pierpont's active temperament got the better of his meditation. He forsook his muse and went abroad. Poetry was too much a home-bred affair; and after his life-work of reform had been fairly taken in hand, his periods, both in prose and poetry, lose something of their grace and ripple.

Still he has written much fine poetry that will live in our literature. He did well, if he did not do his best; and we are quite ready to pardon much to his practical zeal for his race. We may be allowed to make a single quotation, from his better poems, trusting its familiarity, which is a token of its merit, will not detract from its interest. It is entitled,

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

"The Pilgrim Fathers,—where are they?—
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
When the Mayflower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

"The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale
When the heavens looked dark, is gone;—
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

"The Pilgrim exile,—sainted name!
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head;—
But the Pilgrim,—where is he?

"The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest;
When Summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure drest,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

"The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled;
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more."

On the evening before his seventy-seventh birthday, the glorious old man felt again the poetic fire, as of old, aflame within, and wrote an "Address to his Soul." And nothing in all his writings is more characteristic, or truer to the type and spirit of his life, than these two stanzas from this swan-like song of the fading day:—

"Spirit! my Spirit! hath each stage
That brought thee up from youth
To thy now venerable age
Seen thee in search of Truth?

"Hast thou in search of Truth been true,—
True to thyself and her,—
And been, with many or with few,
Her honest worshiper?"

Brought up a Puritan, becoming in mid-life a Unitarian, Mr. Pierpont embraced, in his later years, the doctrines of Spiritualism. More and more he came to blend the two worlds in one, and restore to earth and present communion a heaven and a spiritual host that theology had set at an immeasurable distance. He yielded his venerable heart to the attractions of "unseen presences" and listened to "silent voices." He felt himself still with those who had been, in earlier times, the light and joy of his home, and the friends of his active days. His pious heart and poetic soul revelled in contemplation of an undivided universe; he felt that the lost had been found; to him the old had indeed become new, and the distant near, and the void populous! Among the last of his public acts was the attending and presiding over a national convention of Spiritualists at Philadelphia.

THE MASTODONS OF METAPHYSICS.

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

PROGRESS, which has a boundless past for its historic career, and an infinite future for its majestic march, has stages or eras of corresponding extent and grandeur.

The progress of the human mind has reached a stage corresponding closely by analogy with that period in the development of our planet in which man first made his appearance. Human knowledge, from its feeble beginnings in the animal perceptions of the savage, has attained increasing development and complexity, until in the nineteenth century it presents an organized science of man.

The plan of the animal kingdom, which is also the plan of growth for the human embryo, presents us a scale of progress through the Radiata, Mollusca and Articulata, to the Vertebrata, and in the latter, the gradation through fishes, reptiles, and birds to the Mammalia—the latter class attaining its maximum development in man.

Thus knowledge, beginning in the rude arts of nomadic and agricultural industry, advancing by architecture and sculpture to the ingenious mechanic arts, progresses through divination and alchemy, through physics, mathematics, astronomy, geology, natural history and chemistry, to anatomy and physiology, in the progress of which the necessity and imminence of a science of man becomes apparent, and with the exploration of the brain the science of man is born.

Corresponding as it does to the growth of the human embryo and to the plan of the animal kingdom, this intellectual progress is equally parallel with the developmental history of our planet, which presents, with all the magnitude of space

and time, the same magnificent system of progress which is embodied in the growth of each living being.

From the measureless ages of the Azoic time, progress through Palæozoic, Mesozoic, and Cenozoic periods displays an increasing complexity of organization, an increasing capacity for higher modes of life possible only in higher conditions, and a gradual culmination of life through improved nerve-structures and higher intelligence to the final consummation in MAN.

In this grand progress, the conditions of the higher development prove incompatible with the continued existence of much that appeared in a lower stage. Geologists tell us that remains of nearly 40,000 species of animals have been found, not one of which is now in existence, and that probably ten times that number may have passed away and left no record or sign of their having existed.

As man came on the scene, many of the huge quadrupeds which roamed over the wild earth and seemed unquestioned masters of the continents, yielded to the mysterious law that sweeps aside the gross and powerful forms of a lower grade of existence, to bring in the more delicate, refined, and spiritual beings who have a nearer relationship to the kingdom of heaven.

Gigantic elephants and oxen, huge tigers, bears, and hyenas in post-tertiary times held possession of the forest, and seemed to forbid the entrance of man upon the scene. The Mastodons roamed over the American continent, and, in company with the Megatherium and Megalonyx, seemed to say to feeble humanity, "This realm is ours alone." But they have all passed away, and their ivory tusks still strew the plains of Northern Asia, while their bones, found in a hundred different localities, reward the search of the antiquarian geologist.

Similar to their fate is that of the huge systems of speculation, born of semi-barbarian conditions, that have occupied the world of letters from the dawn of civilization to the advent of the science of man, but which are now rapidly passing away, soon to be known only by their lifeless remains in

the cold and dusty corners of the library. These speculative systems of the post-tertiary age of literature, which may be properly compared to the mastodons of the animal kingdom, are a proper subject for a hasty *post-mortem* examination at the present time, before all interest in such remains is lost, and Hegel and Duns Scotus are equally forgotten.

Our title, "The Mastodons of Metaphysics," suggests the study of huge but extinct organisms in the literary world —systems of no utility to man, incapable of being serviceable in a true civilization, and notable only for the historical fact of their existence and monstrosity.

Dropping the figurative language with which we have treated these systems of hypotheses and *nescience*, let us inquire into their substantial merits, and the real worth of that factitious reputation which has grown and flourished in the universities, and has served, like the glamour of military renown, for a false and misleading light on a dangerous shore to the young beginners of the "voyage of life."

No humble, earnest seeker of truth, who brings his observations to the common stock of human knowledge, deserves aught but the lasting gratitude of mankind. Nor can we cherish too tenderly the memory of those who, like Socrates, Kepler, Columbus, or Jefferson, are impelled by their superior wisdom and heroism to become the teachers of their race. But the teachers of metaphysical subtleties belong to a different class.

While mankind have been engaged in the necessary labors of subsistence, and slowly, very slowly, from age to age, gathering useful practical knowledge by experience and observation—learning to build, to cultivate land, to manufacture implements and domestic comforts—learning also to regulate society by law and magistracy and to train their children in the proper principles of life and conduct, they have been supervised from the earliest periods by a class of fluent and dignified men whose capacities for talking were associated with a conviction that their lectures were highly important to hu-

manity—were, in fact, the very embodiment of the highest wisdom and *entitled to be called philosophy*.

They did not teach a better agriculture, architecture, or manufacturing art, or better government, education and hygiene—such subjects they generally regarded as beneath the dignity of their intellectual vocation, and ignored or scorned as a feudal baron scorned every species of productive industry. Nor did they collect and classify the facts concerning the operations of the human soul, or ascertain the laws of its connection and interaction with the body, or determine anything whatever as to the brain, or even cast a glance in that direction, or extend a single word of encouragement to students of the brain.

Their vocation was to discuss curious and unimportant questions and mysteries—matters of little value if thoroughly understood, and matters beyond the sphere of positive knowledge and purely conjectural. If upon such subjects they had thrown much light, by gathering facts and arranging a satisfactory demonstration of any theory which might serve as a basis either for any improvement or for any reasoning leading to improvement, we might, to that extent, feel some respect for their labors or rather writings. But unfortunately they have generally scorned to stoop to the acquisition of *information*, and have considered it sufficient to talk from the ample resources of their ignorance, to give their speculative opinions on matters of which they *knew* no more than their fellows, and concerning which their ability to instruct others depended entirely on their superior critical genius, sharper reasoning and more ingenious imagination—their ability, in short, to comprehend nature without especially studying her phenomena and to understand the laws of the universe as if they had been its creative builders. Most of their writings are pervaded by an exalted conception of the divine dignity of man and his ability to understand the world by consciousness and meditation—and especially to comprehend the incomprehensible, the infinite Divine.

It is true that all of these writers have not strictly limited their pens to profitless speculation, but many have, in some degree, given attention to governmental and ethical questions, and matters concerning science. But these were minor matters with them, and we speak of them simply in their historical character as metaphysical philosophers, when pronouncing their writings the most worthless class of contributions to human progress. From Plato to Proclus, from Kant and Fichte to Schopenhauer and Hartman, from Descartes and Malebranche to Cousin, from Duns Scotus to Dugald Stewart, from Abelard and Albertus Magnus to Peter Ramus and Cardan, from Raymond Lully to Van Helmont, from Anselm to Cudworth, or from Pyrrhus to Berkeley, their writings present us the most remarkable, vast and wearisome intellectual Sahara, covered with deceptive mirage and blinding clouds of sand, where if anything green, beautiful or refreshing is found, it is only in little oases too far apart to sustain and restore the exhausted traveler.

Voluminous verbiage clothing the dry skeletons of lifeless ideas—verbose discussions and subtle discriminations in reference to matters utterly void of interest; chimerical hypotheses substituted for facts, and a singular absence of reliable evidence to establish any conclusion; a remarkable incapacity to express useful ideas in a terse, direct and simple manner, and a remarkable inability to recognize self-evident truth or self-evident absurdity—such are the characteristics that pervade our metaphysical literature for over 2,000 years, and render every volume a profitless study if not a stultifying influence to its reader—of little more value in reference to true psychology than Plato's superb nonsense about the attraction of dry for moist, cold for hot, bitter for sweet, empty for full—or the equally puerile notions of Kant in an age of scientific enlightenment about the difference between live force and dead force.

The remarkable and numerous company of talkers about abstractions, who have stood in the way of true progress, and

diverted men's mind from beneficial studies, have fostered a barren and verbose style of writing—a pompous vanity that delights in its own vague speculations and neglects everything that is necessary to the real increase of knowledge and cultivation of true philosophy.

These charges may be enforced in detail against almost every writer of any prominence in the metaphysical ranks, from the days of Greek speculation to the very latest German follies. Indeed the motley corps, though very much alike in their spirit and modes of thought, have not hesitated to enforce the charges of absurdity against each other, as when Peter Ramus delivered his thesis upon the proposition that "All that has been affirmed by Aristotle is a fabrication," or when Schopenhauer denounced the philosophy of Hegel with unbounded scorn, which was cordially reciprocated by the Hegelians. So Dugald Stewart denounced the Ontologists—and Hamilton, with a wide-sweeping claymore, demolished an army of his predecessors.

Being the last, and in some respects the ablest of the great metaphysicians, his work of destruction was a good work for human progress, which it may be worth while to inspect. He says of his modern predecessors generally, with justice as well as force, that "almost all modern philosophers" have taken an erroneous view of consciousness, and therefore are lost in error. "In reality, by refusing any one datum of consciousness, philosophy invalidates the whole credibility of consciousness, and consciousness ruined as an instrument, *philosophy is extinct.* The refusal of philosophers to accept the fact of the duality of consciousness is virtually an act of philosophic suicide. Their various systems are now only so many *empty spectres*, so many enchanted corpses, which the just exorcism of the skeptic *reduces to their natural nothingness.* The mutual polemic of these systems is like the warfare of shadows, or the heroes in Valhalla; they hew each other into pieces, only in a twinkling to be reunited, and again to amuse themselves in other bloodless and indecisive contests."

Yet Hamilton himself can but be regarded by any true scientist as one of the most animated of the spectral heroes of Valhalla, who now look down on a scientific progress which to-day they are impotent to resist—and the science of the brain was progressing with accelerating speed when the dying Hamilton supposed that it had passed away like a spectral system of metaphysics.

One single decisive fact illustrating the connection of the mind with the brain, or its capacity for action independent of the brain, or its capacity for anything after the dissolution of the body, is worth far more than all that can be found in a thousand volumes of pure metaphysics. Yet such facts are actually shunned, if not abhorred, by the followers of the metaphysical systems of the universities, and the *British Quarterly* with another dignified periodical descends to malicious tattle and even to vulgar scurrility against men so eminent as Messrs. Huggins and Crookes for daring to make psychological experiments, as *Blackwood's Magazine* once denounced Gall and Spurzheim for dissecting the brain and inquiring into its functions when the world was waiting to hear from them its anatomy.

Metaphysical systems formerly devoured each other as serpents swallow their prey, but even if not borne down by their flagrant absurdities and by hostile criticism they would be forced into obscurity by their voluminous inanity and enormous accumulation.

The writings of the schoolmen, the mediæval metaphysicians, are thoroughly obsolete. The speculations of the Greeks interest no one now except as we read Plato through curiosity as a representative of Greek culture, and it cannot be very long before Kant, Fichte, Hegel and their metaphysical cotemporaries will be consigned to the depositories of rubbish.

It is scarcely remembered now that the voluminous writings of ALBERTUS MAGNUS required twelve pages to record their titles, or that the equally voluminous scribblings of

Raymond Lully were reverenced by his followers as superior to the writings of Aristotle, though in the present day he would be regarded by many as a lunatic—or that Duns Scotus had thirty thousand pupils and gave them in the 13th century much the same kind of mental food as the most modern metaphysicians—or that Abelard, 200 years earlier, figured as the chief founder of mediæval philosophy—or that Peter Lombard, the "Master of Sentences," furnished the text-book of philosophy in the 12th century on which the "Seraphic Doctor" Bonaventura and many others were delighted to write commentaries. The text-book and the commentaries are now forgotten alike, though they were more reverenced in their day than Locke, Stewart, Brown and Kant in the early portion of the present century.

Our subject may be dry and profitless; indeed one is often tempted to turn aside from inspecting the speculative rubbish of centuries, but we have a necessary task to perform. The exposure of falsehood is sometimes a necessary duty for the vindication of truth. American and English universities still cherish metaphysics, still ignore the science of the mind in connection with the brain, still refuse with blind stubbornness to look at any single fact in experimental psychology or even to tolerate experimental investigation. Let us examine, then, the chaff which they substitute for proper intellectual food.

Ontological metaphysics, derived from consciousness, can rationally be regarded only as an absurd and abortive speculation. That which is outside of ourselves cannot be found in ourselves. We might as well hope to develop astronomy and civil engineering by looking into our consciousness as to develop any philosophic conceptions of the universe in general. The attempt has invariably resulted in vague and chaotic conceptions, more worthy of a mad-house than a university. The metaphysical critic, Mansel, remarks: "The ideas of God, Freedom and Immortality are too special to be elicited by the processes of general Ontology, except in the form of Pantheism, which disposes of them by annihilating

them altogether. The idea of God becomes merged in that of the sum total of existence; that of Freedom is destroyed by representing this quasi-deity as the sole real agent; that of Immortality is exchanged for the absorption of self into the real universe."

"Like Ontology in general, the three branches of Ontology [God, the world and the soul], if deductively treated, will deal with words and not with things. Unable to verify their fundamental assumptions by an appeal to the facts of consciousness—unable even to determine whether those assumptions represent thought or the negation of thought—they can but torture words under the name of analyzing notions, and arrive at conclusions which indicate no more than a consistent use of language. Thought itself, in its bare and unmixed form, cannot be handled in any mental process."

As a fair and brief statement of the Cosmology of the metaphysicians, the following passage from Mansel shows its absurdity sufficiently to need no comment:—

"Cosmology, as exhibited by Wolf, professes to deduce from ontological principles a demonstration of the nature of the world and the manner in which it is produced from simple substances. The office of Cosmology is to deduce from the abstract principles of being in general, the necessary relations which the world as a compound being must exhibit. It is thus based not on an examination of the mundane phenomena, as they actually exist in the present system of nature, but on the general conception of the world as a possible system, and in which the actual system is included as an individual under a species. Cosmology, as thus exhibited, can contain nothing more than an analysis of general notions, and can lead to no conclusions but such as the philosopher has himself virtually assumed in his premises. The abstract notion of the world contains implicitly whatever attributes we choose to assume as its constituents; and the metaphysical or logical analysis of that notion can contain no more."

Equally conclusive is the objection to metaphysical theology, as stated by Mansel;—

"We are supposed to start from a nominal definition of the Deity, as the most perfect being, containing in his nature the sum of all possible realities in an absolutely perfect degree. How do we know that our conception at all corresponds to the nature of the being whom it professes to represent? Such a system claims in its very conception a right to transcend consciousness. The form of consciousness is *myself*, and the facts of consciousness postulate my existence as their condition. By what warrant am I justified in reasoning *from the relative to the absolute*, in identifying that which depends on me with that on which I depend? A conception of the Deity in his absolute existence appears to involve a self-contradiction; for *conception itself is a limitation*, and a conception of the absolute Deity is a limitation of the illimitable!"

Kant, in opposition to the cosmologists, denied our ability to know anything of the world or of being exterior to ourselves, because of the limitation of our faculties. He affirms that space and time are mere conditions of *our own perceptive faculties*, and that if we would understand external objects, we must conceive them independent of space and time; and as we cannot do this, we cannot know anything truly, but can only recognize certain delusive appearances.

The assertion of the non-existence of space and time, except as a law of operation for our own minds and the philosophisms based upon it, are another illustration of the general truth that *pure metaphysics* is *pure absurdity*, and that men may write not only from the inspiration of vanity, but from the *controlling* influence of each of the (Adhesive) anti-intellectual faculties,* which in their predominance revel in absurdity and ignore every intuitive perception, as well as every dictate of reason.

To throw the mind out of all relation to space and time, was Swedenborg's prescription for attaining knowledge of the spirit world—in other words, for rising from matter to spirit;

* The existence of such organs and faculties, leading in their abnormal excess to bigotry, stubbornness, absurdity, etc., is a fact in human nature first explained by the writer's system of Anthropology.

and it is certainly true, that to understand spirit properly, we must get rid of the essential conditions and qualities of matter. Yet Kant proposes to learn the realities of matter by getting rid of the inseparable conditions of its existence, as if we should attempt to understand Geometry by ignoring the conceptions of lines and of magnitude.

Fichte, equally absurd with Kant, decided by a course of inconsequential reasoning not worth repeating in its jejune tediousness, that *man exists, but nothing else*. The supposed reality beyond man (the universe and deity) is merely derivative from man; in other words, is merely an affection of our consciousness. Of course, then, each human being must consider himself the universe, all other human beings being merely affections of his consciousness, as he is but an affection of their consciousness—which seems logically to annihilate even the substantial existence of man, leaving only ideas. It was in reference to such a philosophy that a Boston transcendentalist was said to have pronounced it very unphilosophical to say, "It snows," or, "It rains." It would be more philosophical to say, "I snow," "I rain."

This would seem to be the very climax of pure absurdity, and yet Schelling and Hegel go still further into this intellectual chaos.

Schelling ignores even man's existence, and virtually makes all things a baseless dream. He fancies himself, or his thought, identified with the divine mind, or the *absolute*, and conscious by an omniscient act of both the personal and the phenomenal, *of both as one*.

The system of Schelling, which, equally with that of Hegel and that of Fichte, seems to defy rational comprehension, is thus criticised by Mansel. Any fuller exposition of its futility is unnecessary, and would be as tedious as the systematic analysis of a maniac's dream:—

"It is obvious to ask how such a system, admitting it to be possible or even true, can be known to be possible or true. Can the individual man, supposing him to be a phenomenon and not a reality,

become conscious of his own nonentity? The first testimony of consciousness is to the existence of the conscious subject; the idea of reality and existence arises in and by that testimony. Can I then, existing in consciousness, be at the same time conscious that I do not exist? Can I be conscious and not conscious, substance and accident, reality and phenomenon, personally existing and merged in the absolute, at one and the same instant, in one and the same act? This Schelling's theory virtually declares to be possible, and the means by which it is accomplished is intellectual intuition. This intuition is the instrument and the method of philosophy; it is the process by which the absolute becomes conscious of itself, by which the philosopher becomes conscious of his identity with the absolute. It is an act out of time and by which time is constituted, and which is distinct from and above ordinary consciousness; which cannot be described in language or apprehended in conception; whose results cannot be communicated to ordinary consciousness, and of course cannot be verified by it."

The system of Hegel is even a little more incomprehensible and visionary than that of Schelling. In fact, it is difficult to state his leading idea in any concise and intelligible phraseology. Rejecting Schelling's scheme of intuition, he recognizes an indescribable universal *something* for which we have no word in the English language—a something that is conscious in man, unconscious outside of man—embracing everything and *everywhere identical.* This *something* is thought, and being, and consciousness—all three, yet one. A very successful effort to get rid of all rational conceptions, and speak with mysterious dignity of the universe with an affectation of wisdom.

Mansel says of Hegel, and his criticism is very fair and just:—

"The method of Hegel is sometimes described as an attempt *to rethink the great thought of creation;* the philosopher being supposed to place himself at the point at which the divine mind developed itself into finite existences, and to repeat that development in the processes of his own system. This supposition is *sufficiently presump-*

tuous; but, as usually understood, it by no means expresses the full pretensions of Hegel's theory. Creation, in the Hegelian point of view, does not imply a creator, nor thought a thinker. Instead of commencing with God as the beginning of all existence, this philosophy commences with zero. The *notion* whose development constitutes the process alike of existence and of thought is pure Being, which is identical with pure Nothing. The union of Being and Nothing constitutes Becoming, and from Becoming proceeds all determinate existence. The Hegelian process may thus be described as a creation of the Deity, no less than of the world; for it recognizes the existence of no Deity distinct from the world. But the philosopher, though aspiring to construct the universe, is virtually compelled to assume a prior universe as his foundation. Though he will not postulate a mover, he is compelled to postulate motion. *The pure being, which is also pure nothing, has a power of self-development.* How this process takes place, or how pure nonentity can contain a principle of self-development; or how, if being and nothing are absolutely one and the same, they can at the same time be two elements united together; or how the union of the identical with the identical can form a compound distinct from its factor or factors, these points Hegel has omitted to explain."

Hegel the very high-priest of speculative absurdity, glories in his cloudy preëminence.

"In the other countries of Europe (says Hegel in 1816), in which the sciences and the cultivation of the understanding have been prosecuted with zeal and credit, every remembrance and trace of philosophy, the name only excepted, has perished and disappeared. Among the Germans alone it has maintained itself as a national possession. We have received from Nature the higher mission to be the preservers of this sacred fire, as the Eumolpidæ of Athens were intrusted with the preservation of the Eleusinian mysteries."

Hegel and his cotemporaries were in full sympathy with the blindly speculative spirit of the schoolmen and ancient metaphysicians—a spirit diametrically opposite to that of true science and philosophy. It was quite natural, therefore, that he condemned Bacon and denounced Newton's Optics as

showing exactly how scientific investigations should *not* be conducted.

The old Greek and modern German schools are really the proper representatives of metaphysics, as claimed by Hegel, as they regard pure speculation as the only avenue to philosophy. The British mind, more solid and practical than the German or Greek, has advanced but little into the fog-land of *pure* speculation, and hence the true metaphysicians of Germany, who arrogate to themselves the title of philosophers, look with contempt upon the less speculative English, saying that they have developed no philosophy. In truth, however, the quasi metaphysicians of England have *almost* reached a rational view of philosophy, and have pretty effectually demolished most of the fog-banks of continental philosophizing. Hamilton regarded the greater portion of the metaphysics of his predecessors with undisguised contempt, and Stewart denounced their Ontology as "the most idle and absurd speculation that ever employed the human faculties," yet still retained enough of the same spirit of "idle and absurd speculation" to make him a deadly opponent to the scientific study of man by Gall and Spurzheim.

Metaphysical studies have ever exerted a paralyzing influence upon the power of investigating nature and discovering truth. Their true source is in Vanity, the antagonist of Perception—a faculty which in its self-sufficiency scorns to look at any external object, and feels itself amply competent to teach from its meditative faculties, and its wealth of superciliousness.

Nearly all forms of pure metaphysical speculation exhibit a warfare against the dictates of the intellect; and as the intellectual faculties (imaginative and literary) are employed in this warfare, metaphysics may be defined as the *suicide of intellect*. Causality is assailed by Hume and Pyrrho. The faculties of form, size, locality, number, and time are demolished by Kant; Fichte, Hegel, and Schelling make war on every faculty that supplies intelligence, not even sparing consciousness, which other metaphysicians enlist as an ally in their war.

The English and Scotch halfway metaphysicians, endeavoring to use their intellectual faculties, exhibit a partial convalescence from the metaphysical epidemic and develop quite a number of rational ideas. But having looked at the disease in its worst form (for it is a species of intellectual measles, to which young men and nations in their intellectual juvenility are most liable), it would not be worth our time to look among the convalescents to trace their approximation to healthy thought, except to mark the movements of one (Sir Wm. Hamilton) whose writings, approximating more nearly to rationalism, still claim a position in our colleges. This task must be reserved for another occasion.

The least extravagant of the metaphysical speculations, that of Hartley and Condillac, ignoring the difficulties presented by the diversified and complex traits of humanity, and the strength of will and passions which are constitutional endowments, supposed that all the powers and traits of humanity could be built up by mere impression or sensation and association. The extravagance and incompleteness of this theory renders its refutation unnecessary; yet even Sir James Mackintosh was so charmed with its simplicity as to say that the doctrine of association was the basis of all true psychology, and to compare its teacher, Hartley, to Sir Isaac Newton.

The creation of our faculties solely by impressions on the senses would leave little opportunity for the development of differences between men and animals, when reared in the same apartment and receiving the same impressions on their senses. It would permit no remarkable differences of character between children of one family, even between brothers and sisters; and would leave as an inexplicable mystery the vast differences between male and female animals.

The doctrine of vibrations, that all our mental processes, from sensation and perception to the most complex emotions, passions, and reasonings, were mere vibrations of matter curiously combined together, acting and reacting according to

mechanical laws of impulse and elasticity, was still more extravagant. Even if these complex vibrations were possible in the human body, the blank idiocy of confounding vibration with thought and emotion makes it astonishing that such writings should ever have been held in honor. But metaphysics being mostly the *wild hypotheses of ignorance*, a long course of metaphysical reading had prepared men to welcome any hypothesis, however baseless.

It has required two thousand years from the time of Plato for the intellectual faculties to assert their paramount authority and check the career of self-satisfied ignorance by leading us to observe, to understand, and to reason upon nature.

What was the skepticism of Hume but a crushing of the intellectual faculties? When he affirms that we are conscious only of a succession of ideas and not of the mind, the self that entertains these ideas, he disregards the voice of consciousness, the sense of personal identity. To deny causation which we perceive, and affirm that there is only succession of events without causal connection, is simply disregarding the voice of the intellect. We might with the same propriety deny the existence of form, affirming that we are conscious of nothing but an infinite number of points, and that the idea of form is a creation of our own mind corresponding to nothing in nature. The next step in misological absurdity is to deny, with Kant, the existence of time and space, affirming that they appertain only to our minds. The next beyond Kant is to deny all perception, with Fichte and Schelling, and affirm that nothing exists but our own consciousness or thought. The very *ultima thule* of absurdity is reached with Hegel in ignoring our positive consciousness of self and observation, to affirm a limitless consciousness—unlocated, undefined, and commingled with being and unconsciousness in a *tertium quid* which defies description or even conception.

If the metaphysical method of philosophizing in any case falls short of blank ignorance or idiocy, it is only because it is not purely metaphysical and does not consistently follow its

own path to the end. It denies the existence of the external on the ground that it *cannot be proved*, but *assumes* the existence of consciousness which is not proved, or attempts to prove something, as Descartes, in saying "*cogito, ergo sum.*" But if I know I am because I think, *how do I know I think*—how do I know anything?

The truth is, we cannot reason at all without beginning with the postulate of what we know; and we have no right, as honest, earnest seekers of truth, to reject any portion of what we intuitively know—whether it be consciousness of the internal or a *perceptive consciousness* of the external, which every sound mind enjoys, believes, and relies upon.

The system of *Herbart*, another of the famous German mystics, resembles that of Leibnitz with its monads, in supposing a set of points or entities, *destitute of extension in space or duration in time* as the basis of the sensible world—an inconceivable supposition, which would explain nothing, if there were the slightest evidence of its truth.

The entire mass of German mysticism may be characterized as a very successful effort to eliminate from our opinions nearly everything derived from the intellectual faculties—all knowledge of nature—all knowledge of man—all historical as well as all scientific knowledge—all that we derive from reason, understanding, and intuition—the knowledge of objects, of time, space and causation—and substitute for true knowledge a set of baseless and inane hypotheses.

The existence and prevalence of such systems among men of literary culture, in so enlightened a period as the nineteenth century, and after the rational study of the brain had been developed by Gall, will be one of the most remarkable psychological facts of history—an overpowering demonstration of the existence of *Absurdity* as an essential element of human nature independent of Insanity; for intellect alone, however feeble, perceives clearly, so far as its power extends, and seeks to know all it can. Blind impulse alone ignores our intuitive perceptions, doubts, denies, and disbelieves everything,

but our own dogmatic infallibility, and rushes blindly to chimerical absurdity and ignorance in philosophy.

Shunning the discussion of metaphysical theories in general as a waste of time on obsolescent follies, let us briefly notice the almost universal doctrine of metaphysical philosophizers, which is called *Idealism* in opposition to *Realism*, which latter being the common sense of mankind—the recognition of the objective realities around us—has been contemptuously rejected from the lofty realms of metaphysics, which faithfully adheres to its character expressed etymologically in the word Meta-physics, by ignoring physical existence.

The Idealists maintain that we know nothing of external nature, but only know that we experience certain impressions, and are thereby led to believe in the existence of objects corresponding to those impressions. In other words, we know nothing but a remarkable procession of ideas in our own minds, and have not the slightest evidence that any objective existence corresponds with those ideas, or that there is any truth in the ideas we entertain of objects about us.

Yet every one of these Idealistic philosophizers believes just as firmly as the mass of mankind that surrounding objects exist just as he perceives them, and succeeds in life by acting on that conviction on which he acts during every moment of his waking consciousness. He asserts an opposite doctrine as philosophically true, which he does not really believe—cannot possibly believe, and cannot act on, for its belief and practical adoption would be pure idiocy.

The speculative mind, embarrassed by metaphysical logic, is in the condition of the credulous and thoroughly puzzled little boy whose father gave him two apples, and informed him that they were three; when he expressed his doubt of having so many, his father convinced him by saying with dignified emphasis: "Here, my son, this is one, and this is two —now you know one and two make three." He replied, "Yes, pa, I've got three, but you see it's only one for me and

one for sis." The metaphysical disciple perceives that it is logically proved that there is no reality but our own consciousness and accepts it, but experiences no change in his practical ideas, and remains in a hopeless state of mental confusion and inconsistency from which he might be relieved by more thorough and correct reasoning.

Our knowledge of external objects arises in the mind by a primitive law of its operation, which we cannot disregard or disobey, and which no one but a lunatic ever disregards. When such a conception is *first* developed, the metaphysician may properly come forward and challenge its correctness—may deny that it corresponds to any reality, and he would be unanswerable —that is to say, the newborn babe would be unable to refute his philosophy. The helpless infant, with its eyes but a short time opened, is the only true disciple of metaphysical idealism. But very soon ideas produced by vision are confirmed by those of touch, and as often as an object is seen its existence, in accordance with the visual image, is verified by feeling a solid resisting object. Hence we learn that when we see a block, there is an object which, if we come in contact with it, resists our touch and firmly occupies a certain rectangular space, and has a certain amount of resistance or inertia when we attempt to move it.

This is our positive knowledge—a knowledge of solid, resisting, inert, divisible, ponderable objects. The totality of the conceptions united in one object is what we recognize as that object. The idealist may justly affirm that we do not know the substratum or essential nature of that object beyond its cognizable attributes, but this would be merely asserting that we are not acquainted with atoms or the basic forces which are manifested as matter, an assertion which cannot be controverted at present. But when he goes beyond this and asserts, because we do not know the basis of matter, that we do not know anything at all to exist, he asserts what he does not and cannot believe, for at any and every moment he verifies the existence of matter by finding a resisting substance that checks his movements—

that gives him pleasure or pain, and manifests itself to him exactly in accordance with his previous ideas of its reality.

To suppose that these ever-existing, infinitely-multiplied experiences or observations, proceeding according to laws that may be understood in accordance with the understood properties of external objects, are but arbitrary processes of our own consciousness, not produced by an adequate exterior cause, is to advance a hypothesis for the truth of which there can be but one chance against *innumerable millions*. In fact, it is an unthinkable absurdity to any healthy mind to suppose that millions of millions of effects in consciousness going on in eternal progression, should correspond continually with certain external causes the existence of which is verifiable at any time that we choose to receive an impression from them, and yet should be entirely independent thereof, as no such causes exist. The human mind, in the supposed case, would be the most gigantically ingenious instrument of deception that fancy could conceive. We do absolutely know by experience that when we see certain objects, the totality of properties by which they are recognized will be found connected with their visible forms.

We rely implicitly on the testimony of our faculties, because we find them trustworthy; we find that when they assert a certain object existing in space and time definitely located, does exist, we never fail to verify, if we choose, the existence of that object or that group of attributes which we call an object (without any reference to ultimate causation or its basic nature). We therefore rightly trust and believe in our perceptions, because we never discover anything to contradict their veracity,* and the mutual corroboration which our perceptions give to each other assures us of the existence of the object they recognize, for we find the group of attributes —constituting that object—inseparably united, and present

* The veracity of the senses is not contradicted by an image seen in a mirror, for when we get the *entire* testimony of the senses, by looking around the mirror and at the object, we arrive at the truth.

wherever the object is in any way recognized. We know that we cannot produce this combination of perceptions by any effort of volition nor by any arbitrary powers of our own minds, and that, when we thus recognize an object, we can with it produce a similar impression on the minds of others, and also in handling it produce various effects corresponding to its character.

The error which misled the Idealists was the confounding of that group of phenomena which we perceive as exterior to ourselves (just as distinctly as we perceive our own existence), and which aggregate phenomena we call matter (for matter is but a combination of attributes or qualities), with the unknown substratum or efficient cause of those phenomena. Realistic perception, or the doctrine of Realism, does not imply that we know or perceive any such substratum, but only that we perceive matter in its phenomena, which phenomena we find combined in certain forms that we call matter or material objects. The Idealist, therefore, mistakes the nature of the question—and makes the very grave mistake, also, of supposing that when we are conscious of, or have a simultaneous conception of something external and something internal or personal, our consciousness is a false witness—true as to one-half only of its testimony, and not capable of discriminating between internal personality and external objectivity, the latter being demonstrated by innumerable coincidences and concurrences in observation.

The value of our consciousness as to external objectivity and its perfect reliability are forcibly illustrated by the existence of the intuitive faculties which, without any intermediation of the organs of sight, hearing, or touch, give us vivid conceptions of external objects (called clairvoyance), and they tell as consistent, credible, and demonstrable a story as when they speak of our own existence, so that the consciousness of our own existence and action and the consciousness of the external stand on the same basis, and are each equally true or equally questionable.

The philosophic partisan rejects just so much of the connected and unbroken testimony of consciousness as his passions* lead him to discard. Hume, admitting that we are conscious of ideas in succession, denies that we are conscious of our own existence or mind; the materialists, admitting our consciousness of external nature, reject our consciousness of our own spiritual nature—while the idealist, glorying in our spiritual consciousness, refuses to receive its testimony as to the infinite world without.

All these vagaries are but different forms of *unreason*—evidences that man has the power of suspending or overpowering any of his intellectual faculties when he writes or speaks—ignoring self-consciousness, ignoring physical science, ignoring memory, ignoring causation, ignoring time and space, ignoring correlations, ignoring common sense, sagacity and intuitive perception.

The misological or bigoted spirit which has opposed and discouraged the cultivation of science and art—which arrayed itself against Bacon, Galileo, Columbus, Harvey, and Gall, discouraged every great inventor and persecuted every advocate of freedom of thought or discussion, was but a more intense and violent display of the vain and arrogant spirit which assumed to understand nature and give forth philosophy without condescending to observe and learn.

Hence metaphysical speculators may properly be classed among the opponents of human progress, efficient only in perpetuating the ignorance of earlier ages, discouraging the study of science, and hindering every species of progress. In the earlier ages they dogmatized in physical science until the exercise of the intellect redeemed that department from speculation and alchemical theories. From the department of physiology the speculators have been effectually expelled; but Psychology has been so little cultivated by scientific methods, that its dreamy speculators are not yet expelled. The study

* "Passions" may seem an inappropriate term, but it is applicable to all the impulses of stubbornness, defiance, infidelity, scorn, vanity, adhesiveness and bigotry.

of the brain will, however, soon expel them from Psychology, leaving them only a narrow boundary along the theological borders of the un-knowable from which to war on science until they take their final leave of the higher spheres of thought.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—If it should be asked why those who study nature in the spirit of modesty, docility, and candor should criticise the champions of pretended philosophy, we may reply that *all falsehood is powerful for evil*, and metaphysical delusions have been preëminently powerful in blighting the fair outgrowth of humanity, by their narcotic influence on *education*. The University systems of education, organized in accordance with the true spirit of metaphysical philosophy, have been no less effectual in deforming the mind of man than the wooden helmets or head-boards of the Flathead and Chetimachi Indians in deforming their crania.

Throughout the present century the best thinkers have protested in vain against the *stultifying system* of the Universities. President Barnard, of Columbia College, in an address to the University Convocation, in 1866, after denouncing the ultra-classical education of the Universities of England, quoted the following graphic description of the results of such education from a writer in the London *Times*:—

"Common things are quite as much neglected and despised in the education of the rich as in that of the poor. It is wonderful how little a young gentleman may know when he has taken his university degrees, *especially if he has been industrious and has stuck to his studies*. He may really spend a long time in looking for somebody more ignorant than himself. If he talks with the driver of the stage-coach, that lands him at his father's door, he finds he knows nothing of horses. If he falls into conversation with a gardener, he knows nothing of plants or flowers. If he walks into the field, he does not know the difference between barley, rye, and wheat; between rape and turnips; between lucerne and saintfoin; between natural and artificial grass. If he goes into a carpenter's yard, he does not know one wood from another. If he comes across an attorney, he has no idea of the difference between common and statute law, and is wholly in the dark as to those securities of personal and political liberty on which we pride ourselves. If he strolls into any workshop or place of manufacture, it is always to find his level, and that a level far below the present company. If he dines out, and as a youth of proved talents, and perhaps university honors, is expected to be literary, his literature is confined to a few popular novels. The girl who has never stirred from home, and whose education has been economized, not to say neglected, in order to send her own brother to college, knows vastly more of those things than he does. The same exposure awaits him wherever he goes, and whenever he has the audacity to open his mouth. *At sea, he is a land-lubber; in the country, a cockney; in town, a greenhorn; in science, an ignoramus; in business, a simpleton; in pleasure, a milksop;* everywhere out of his element; everywhere at sea, adrift. In society and in the work of life he finds himself beaten by the youth whom at college he despised as frivolous or abhorred as profligate. He is ordained and takes charge of a parish, only to be laughed at by the farmers, the trades-people, and even the old women."

And yet it is a daring and difficult undertaking for a professor to suggest any improvement on this venerable and fossilized system, which is so successful in the perpetuation of ignorance.

THE SOUTHERN HEART:

THE AMERICAN EAGLE AND THE CAROLINA PALMETTO.*

BY D. J. MANDELL.

I.

Sons of the South! ye sunny souls,
  Born of the Summer skies,—
When fierce the tempest round ye rolls,
  Bent—not to fall—but rise,—
Accept a brother's humble lay,
And hear his kindly words, I pray.

II.

Deep in its native solitude,
  Ere man-craft smote the land,
Where primal forests proudly stood,—
  And nigh the sea-girt strand,—
A tall Palmetto reared its crest,
With brightest verdure richly dressed.

* This legendary poem is founded on an alleged incident of the war between the United States and the Southern Confederacy. The episode is this:—The Palmetto tree is the State symbol of South Carolina—the beautiful type or emblem of her native patriotism and honor within the American Federal Union, of which she was, originally, so earnest and distinguished a member. This Palmetto is reported to have been artistically imitated in wrought-iron and planted or erected in Columbia, the central or capital city of South Carolina. The Union troops are said to have assaulted it during "Sherman's raid," hacking it with axe and chisel, and even bombarding it with the more destructive implements of war. But the firm and stately structure withstood the mightiest shock; and, as we are told, still stands, indicating, we trust, the vitality of the earlier and active nationality of our Southern brethren, in their legitimate connection with the country—our whole country—North, South, East and West. It is in this hope, and on this incident, that the annexed poem is conceived and founded; and the author trusts that he has herein struck the true *chord of conciliation* which will yet ring out the chimes in full measure unto the glorious Jubilee of our Nation restored, expanded and magnificent beyond precedent in its own or any other history.

III.

An Eagle spied the graceful tree,
Then with prophetic screech,
Cried—"When, as emblem of the Free,
My Bannered Throne I reach,
This Tree shall be fair Freedom's bower,
As I will be its pride and power."

IV.

The NATION came—and Genius glowed,
And brightened all the scene,
And, by its Art and skill, bestrewed
Our Union's broad demesne
With tributes num'rous, works of Fame
Enshrining many a noble name.

V.

One task, 'mid these, most nobly graced
Columbia's finest square :—
An iron-wrought and firmly placed
Palmetto towered there,—
Aye, towered in massive strength and form,
Unharmed by lightning or by storm.

VI.

O question for both head and heart !
Why Freedom's champions dared
Assault that patriotic Art,
Which even Nature spared ?
But, yet, the stanch trunk bore it well,
Defying even shot and shell.

VII.

Thus Carolina, 'mid the strife,
Thy grand, thy sacred Tree,
So triumphing, reveals the Life,—
The truer Life,—in thee :
With strength and force which trial gives,
Thine ancient, Patriot-heart still lives.

VIII.

The EAGLE laughs to see it so,
And cleaves the utmost skies,
As with his inmost soul aglow,
To his starry perch he flies—
While Freedom, from sublimest heights,
Her Nation onward! yet invites.

ATHOL, MASS., May, 1873.

RELATIONS OF MIND TO OFFSPRING.

THE singular effects produced on the unborn child, by the sudden mental emotions of the mother, are remarkable examples of a kind of *electrotyping* on the sensitive surfaces of living forms. It is doubtless true that the mind's action, in such cases, may increase or diminish the molecular deposits in the several portions of the system. The precise place which each separate particle assumes in the new organic structure, may be determined by the influence of thought or feeling. If, for example, there exists in the mother any unusual tendency of the vital forces to the brain, at the critical period, there will be a similar cerebral development and activity in the offspring. A lady who, during the period of gestation, was chiefly employed in reading the poets, and in giving form to her day-dreams of the ideal world, at the same time gave to her child (in phrenological parlance) large *Ideality* and a highly imaginative turn of mind. Some time since we met with a youth who had finely molded limbs and a symmetrical form throughout. His mother has a large, lean, attenuated frame, that does not offer so much as a single suggestion of the beautiful. The boy is doubtless indebted for his fine form to the presence of a beautiful French lithograph in his mother's sleeping apartment, and which presented for her contemplation the faultless form of a naked child. B.

SOULS AND SCENES IN SPIRIT LIFE.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

NUMBER THREE: THE HEAVEN OF HEAVENS.

HAVING traversed the Heavens of Beauty and Truth, we are now to enter on the most interior plane of the human spirit's life and consciousness, reaching out into the Immeasurable, the Immaculate, the Infinite.

Again my Guide stood before me, but at this time clothed with such radiations, I could with difficulty look upon him.

He smiled graciously, in salutation, thus answering my thought.

"We have simply put on the regalia of the Heaven we are to visit; for every true aspiration, whether we know it or not, clothes the soul with whatever brightness it has. And could'st thou, at this moment, see thyself, my son, thou would'st behold thyself also clothed in this externalized divinity. These outflowing garments do not belong exclusively to Swedenborg, to Zoroaster, or even Jesus, but to mankind. This pure effluence is native to the soul, and needs only to be set free in order to be exhibited."

He paused a moment and then said; "I am drawn Earthward, and perceive that a visitor from thence is seeking to approach the Heavens. I rejoice in this; for you can thus see some of the phenomena of the Spirit's temporary exodus from the Form which it still inhabits. Now repose."

Suddenly the finest and divinest dew of sleep passed over and pervaded me. Atom by atom, soul and sense were permeated, as the lightest and softest drapery fell and folded over me.

But suddenly there was intense reaction. The passivity of repose in an instant became the very essence of positive

power. I was no longer faint-hearted, or doubtful. Rising high above the mists of speculation and even the atmosphere of faith, sight was knowledge, and knowledge was strength. Then for the first time I really felt my regal dower, and wore, with becoming majesty, my more than kingly crown. I gloried in the name and nature of Immortal Man. I claimed the sireship of Almighty God. I was one with my Father. I took hold of his Greatness; I rose into his Omnipotence. I comprehended his Omniscience. I stood unveiled, and unabashed, in the all-inspiring splendor of his Godhood. My kinship with all the Infinite was confirmed; and blazoned in letters of light, it seemed written on all I saw.

The Sage smiled. "This power that now pervades thee, my son, is thine by the rights of the Race, and not of the Individual. In this sphere, Humanity is sanctified from its sins, and for the first time completely invested with itself, to be, and to do, what God ordains. And so strong and positive is this power, that no one can come, not even momentarily, within the range of its spheral emanation, without feeling and being moved by it.

"In this sphere originate all great and important reforms for the benefit of Mankind. This, too, is the highest Heaven of Invention and the fountain-head of all progressive impulse and action."

"But have I not seen," I interrupted rather warmly, "ay, with my own eyes, seen the bosom cells of philosophers in the realm of Truth, with the very germs they nurtured? If inventions originate there, as I was told, how can they also have their beginning here?"

"All that thou hast seen is true, and far more," he answered, bending leniently toward me, that the fine aroma of his presence might restore the harmony, which my hot haste had, for the moment, disturbed. "The only trouble is you have not seen the whole truth. You regard a certain class of spirits as isolated, when, in fact, THERE IS NO ISOLATION. As Thought touches Thought and Will binds Will, so do

spheres intermingle and blend, in one uninterrupted series, from the highest to the lowest—from the lowest to the highest. Presently you will perceive that the irradiations of Beauty and the flowing River of Truth have their correspondence in this sphere—in all spheres. According to their grade and kind, all spheres radiate. The higher reaches down to the lower, the lower again to the lowest; and by a beautiful dispensation of want and supply, the lowest, in its extremity, invokes the highest, and the highest, in its ministry, bends benignly to the lowest."

After a short pause he waved his hand in the air, as if to catch its vibrations, then he said; "The Heaven of Love invites. Let us enter."

As if borne by a thought, we were wafted upward, through a drifting cloud of blooms and essences of such fineness, that they penetrated the whole being, enveloping it like an atmosphere, that touched and laved the Inmost. Indescribably delicious were the sensations thus received. I here use the word sense, having no other to express this kind of spiritual consciousness.

Suddenly a broad dome, as of a higher Heaven, rounded up above us, with a majesty of outline passing all description. The light and color were also peculiar. Rose, saffron, purple and azure, in their richest deepest depths were continually interflowing, *dis*placing and *re*placing each other. But their hues were not to be conceived of by any external tints, or tones of color. They were composed of essences so fine, that none but the truest spiritual sight could be affected by them. Above, or in the higher series, all other hues, with their innumerable lights and shadows, were fused in one, which may best be represented by the outblooming rose-hue of the finest pearl. Nothing below is like the effect thus produced. The blending of bloom and brilliance was not like the flashing light of gems. It was infinitely softer, yet not less lustrous; and in the masses, or depths, it passed into the opake. If the tenderest and most interior bloom of flowers could be

clothed in living sunbeams, it would present the best possible idea of this light. But above, and still higher in the arch that spanned and encircled all, the rose-hue passed into immaculate whiteness, that hung like a myriad-fold canopy, over all worlds, infusing its benison of grace and love into all being.

I stood as one entranced, with all the powers of sense and soul strained to the extremest tension and thus fixed, transfigured and sublimed by the highest, the profoundest capacity of love and worship. Then I knew how lovely and precious to the soul is suffering for the good of others. The Christ-power took hold of me; and I not only felt, but knew, how glorious above all others, is the martyr's crown.

But of a new form of music the soul thus became cognizant. Breath, motion, thought, were for the time denied me. And then my power flowed out freely into this divinest melody. As all colors blend in perfect whiteness, that seems void of all color, so do all sounds, in their most ethereal essences, merge in perfect silence. This, to the tutored sense, is the sublimest, the divinest utterance of harmonic numbers. Tune within tune, and harmony within harmony—soul within sense and sense within soul—an unlimited series of vibrations, that made no audible sound, stirred and touched, and woke each other, until, at length, it really seemed as if all the musical notes in Nature and in God, had been fused together, in one all-pervading almighty rhythm.

All I had heard before seemed crude and cold, a harsh discordant jargon of untaught performers, compared with this majestic music of silence. It was the Infinite Love, living in all life, moving all motion, informing all intelligence, inspiring all harmony. It was the latent God-power waking in all things. All Nature feels and owns its potency; and her harp of ten thousand thousand strings, vibrates to its vital breath. Not a man thinks, not a creature moves, not a plant lives, not a leaf grows, not even a single grain of sand concretes and crystallizes, but this all-informing spirit is of it, and in it.

This was the song of the Morning Stars, as they sang together in the beginning of time. It is still the song of all stars, and will be forever. It is the majestic music that leads the march of ages. It fills all time and pervades eternity.

Such thoughts as these flowed through me, as we stood there in the unbreathing stillness; and I knew not that any others were near. But a touch of the Sage's hand melted the film from my sight; and then, indeed, I found myself surrounded by glorious forms. They were mostly reclining on scrolls of soft translucent light, fair and feathery, like heaps of down. Some of them were like cars, others like couches, but they all had the scroll-like character—infinitely lovely and graceful. At first these were all that I could see. It was only the potentialized sight, that could behold the spirit forms of that radiant sphere.

But my sight being unsealed, they, too, came forward, and welcomed, and blessed me. I thought I should have shrunk away, and fainted in their presence. But, on the contrary, the enlarged selfhood seemed more stately than ever, as one of the most ancient and glorious approached me, with outstretching hands of love and benediction, saying at the same time, "And thou art, also, heir of the Father's House."

I saw, as it were, a torch, blazing before him; and then I knew, indeed, that I stood face to face, with the Father of the Fire Worshipers—Zoroaster, the Persian Seer.

I tried to scan his thoughts, that I might realize more fully the grandeur of my position. But the moment I did so, I became faint and sick. His greatness of soul reassured me. I reposed in it, and grew strong.

I could see, as we passed on, how the peculiar circumstances of each life were, in some manner, reproduced. Thus Plato still taught in groves, like those of his beloved Academus; and Polycarp kept still, for his spirit Heaven, a reminiscence of his own Syrian skies.

Here I observed that the suffering of martyrdom concentrated within itself ages of ordinary life, and ripened the soul

prematurely. Most of the distinguished martyrs were either inhabitants or frequent visitors of this sphere. I noticed, too, the sweet and pure naturalness of the primitive teachers of mankind, and that they all retained, in a striking degree, their peculiar traits. Thus Christna, the "Cross-borne" of the ancient myth, beneath a godlike wisdom, still exhibits the same hilarious gayety, as when he led the dance or sang by the silvery streams of Indus, favorite of the happy milkmaids; while Boodha, through all his profound happiness, yet bears traces of the mind, that sought in annihilation, the only remedy of infinite sorrow.

And these were heathen gods, impostors—demons—as I had once believed—who had willingly and wantonly misled the world, and brought Humanity to wreck with artificial shoals and false lights.

Jeremiah—once known as the Weeping Prophet—merely smiled as he saw the thought. Waving his hand expressively in certain directions, he showed me that of all the highest there were none higher than these. O that I could picture this scene to the minds of the hard-hearted, stony-eyed, self-glorifiers, who think *they* have all the wisdom—who look forth with the range of a gnat's eye, and then imagine that they have seen all that *is* to be seen. Would that I could delineate and impress it truly on your minds, as a confirmation of your highest faith, or a cure for honest narrowness of sight. As it is, it has been a lesson to me, which I shall never need to learn again. I see now how truly all religious systems are allied, and of one origin. Sincerity and the real devotion to human good, are the tests everywhere. Omnipotent Love is pleased with these; and Omnipotent Justice asks no more.

"How shall I describe these immaculate forms?" I said to myself; for with every attempt at scrutiny they are resolved into a drop of intense white light. But after a little, the mind, as well as the eye, became accustomed to their highly refined organism; and then I saw many great Teachers from many spheres of widely distant systems, all brought together in one

grand fraternity of human love. How wonderful—O how sublime the conception! All the Earths in the immensity of space, peopled with the children of one common Father—all members of one common family!

As I came into rapport with many of them, I saw they had the same interest in their native Earth as we have in ours, and that they were looking for something better, that is to come, showing that the eyes of the Soul, everywhere, are turned toward a higher state. Progress is the law of all worlds.

There was one phenomenon that greatly affected me.—Whenever any remarkably vivid thought struck me, I was sure to attract some spirit, with a corresponding consciousness. Thus when I was musing on the effects of the light, I saw pencilled in letters of gold, over the broadest and most radiant of brows: "God is truth and light is his shadow."

This was the divine Plato; and the well-known sentiment thus set forth, was, in itself, a letter of introduction. Again, as I was pondering on the philosophy of this voiceless music, a noble presence, with a spirit of alabaster pureness and clearness, responded thus:

"Neither speech, which is produced by the voice, nor even internal or mental language, if it be infected with any disorder of the mind, is proper to be offered to God; but we worship him with an unspotted silence, and the most pure thought of our nature."

This favorite passage made me personally acquainted with Porphyry of Tyre. Thus also came other honored ones; but none more clearly or grandly than Socrates. He came in answer to a thought. I was musing on the soul—its powers, its wants, its paramount grandeur and importance.

When I first saw him he stood at a little distance, bending gently forward, leaning, as it were, on his folded hands supported by a staff. This brought the eyes very near. And yet they seemed so deep and distant. There was a world of light within, wide, high and unsearchable. Then in a kind of silvery phosphorescent light his great sentiment was formed

into words: "Feed the perishing body with meat that perishes. What matter if it be honey or hemlock? But the Soul, which cannot die, nourish with immortal Truth."

I could not pause to ask myself if I were indeed dreaming. If I turned to my position for a single moment, I was overwhelmed with wonder. Did I, in truth, stand face to face with the "Ancient of Days?" I could not choose but dwell upon it, for the very marvel that it was.

"Would'st thou from this height behold the Earth, my son," was whispered in my ear; and Swedenborg, my Spirit Guide, once more stood before me.

Perceiving my desire, he led me to what seemed the brink of a profound abyss, which at first appeared wholly dark. But following the lines of light that were continually radiating from the spirit spheres, I was at length able to command sufficient tenuity of sight, to reach the Earth. I knew it by many familiar objects, which, however, all appeared in a murky, lurid light. The kingdoms of the world, with all their sorrows, were spread within eye-reach. They were all seething with the elements of waste and suffering, want and woe unspeakable. Disease and Death were lurking at every fireside; and War went forth unbridled. My eyes were pained with the sight of suffering. My ears were maddened with discords. Wrong, Shame, Tyranny and Servility everywhere prevailed. I took up the strain of the Weeper, crying:—"Woe! woe! I lament! I mourn for thee, poor unhappy Earth! When will thy sorrows end? When will the ruin cease? Will Good entirely perish from our midst, and the unchecked powers of Evil reign alone? Is there no real God—no true Man—no pitying Angel—no devoted Redeemer—no invincible Liberator?"

But, hark! Away; away! A voice comes through the deep distance: "Behold, the day of Redemption is at hand; and God, and Man, and Angels, shall be associated, and interwrought, and harmonized; and the present shall flow out into the future, as a dark and troubled stream, into the

profound life of a sunlit sea, to be purified and carried up into higher and holier uses."

As I turned in the direction of the voice, clouds, like the shadow of a great curtain, were lifted up from the horizon. In the light that was thus thrown down I beheld the whole Earth as it were transfigured; and I surveyed it, as through a lens, where every object was clearly distinct and brought near. The horizon became a spiral; and it wound itself up the clear and sunny heavens, with every convolution becoming more serenely calm and beautiful, until at the zenith the rays all converged into a great white splendor, where I beheld the projected shadow of higher spheres, into which the exalted Earth Life, by a natural transition, merged, still bearing types of the present, but ever passing into a nobler strength and a finer beauty. It was the great Highway of Generations, the ascending spiral of the Future, bearing with it, out of the miasma and mire of the Present, the indestructible Essences, which must still unfold into finer forms, and be clothed with diviner beauty. It was infinitely grand and lovely. I rose into the greatness and was glorified along with it.

Again, looking toward the East, I beheld a great white cloud, as of a mountain of light, which, rolling out from the sky, softly rested upon the Earth. The world woke, as with the joy of a new day. The young Morning, with the star upon her forehead, fading in the light of her own happy eyes, came forth. Waving her hand to her dusky sister, whose queenly shadow fell on the steep declivity beyond, she went abroad, sandaled with light and robed with woven blushes, scattering over all she touched the bloom of a thousand roses, and waking, wherever she breathed, the music of a new life—divine orisons of love, and harmony, and happiness.

Then, on the verge of the Orient, a lofty arch of still whiter light sprang from the summit; and its substance, blending with the early mists, became concrete with the cool translucent hue of alabaster. A luxuriant vine, as of myrtle, ran over it and relieved its gleaming luster, with the shadow

of green foliage and hyacinthine blooms. Beneath it opened two massive gates. They were as of pearl, irised with the splendor of dissected sunbeams. They swung back on their golden hinges; and the musical opening announced still more wonderful scenes.

A majestic Form came out of the mansions of light beyond; and with a gracious wave of the hand, he seemed to pass over the intermediate boundaries, and stood directly before me. The white hair fell in silvery waves over the grand and noble forehead, and on it rested a chaplet of bay-leaves, old as the "Beauty of Zion," yet still shining with a bright and imperishable greenness. Robes of light, which seemed to flow out from him, were thrown back in folds of such a stately grace as made him appear still more august. They fell aside from the elastic motion of his step, without impeding the forward spring of his firm and vigorous foot.

In his hand he carried a lyre; and its music sounded deep and solemn, as if it were borne up by great billows from the breast of a heaving sea; and yet it was sweet and joyful, as if it had rippled in vibrations of light from the song of the Morning Stars. As he came forward laughing Joys awoke; frolic Loves caroled around him; and new-born Harmonies followed in his footstep; and, as if projected from his own prophetic eyes, pictures of millennial beauty appeared on the background of the shadowy distance.

When a little way off he stood still and I felt myself expanding into the high and beautiful sphere of his greatness. There was no cause of fear in the benign look, in the protecting love, and in the paternal blessing of the outstretched hand; but I bowed myself down at his feet, and touched the border of his garment, with a true and heart-felt reverence; for I knew the Inspirer of my youth, the Poet-Prophet, Isaiah, to whose matchless song my child heart, with all its throbbing pulses, beat time; and its bare echoes, even now, stir it as no other song does. And as he spoke I heard again

the old-world music, which had so early fascinated and enthralled me.

Suddenly he stood still again ; and I knew by the peculiar expression and action, that he was magnetizing. The palms of his hands inclined downward, the finger-tips pointing toward the Earth. In the silent action was a concentration of power, that might not only move mountains, but hold them suspended in mid-air. We know very well that a magnet may be made to lift many thousand pounds ; but we do not yet know how far more potent is human, or spirit magnetism.

Observing the process, my sight flowed into his ; and directly I saw a female form reclining on a couch in a dimly-lighted chamber. The figure lay on the back ; and I saw distinctly what may be termed the physical law of the process. Innumerable points of magnetic contact were made all along the sides, from the head down to the feet. These were slowly drawn out into films of invisible fineness, myriads uniting, as in the spider's spinning, to form the main cord.

I saw that the sleeper, if such she might be termed, was watching this process with a pleased and curious eye. But presently the whole power of sight became fixed on the magnetizing eyes. Thus she was drawn upward, and lifted, as it were, out of herself. As soon as this was effected the liberated spirit lost sight of the room where the body lay, and rose into the air—with higher and higher flights—by the planets —beyond the orbit of the sun—above the stars—on—on—toward the center of all systems—the Heaven of Heavens.

A wondrous thing it was to behold—wonderful, indeed, to experience. Once she tried to turn her eyes, for a wider view of the aërial systems. But the instant the magnetic hold loosened, she became sick, with a sense of falling from a great height. But taught by this experience, she held fast to the potent eyes, that bore her up, as in a chariot of safety and strength. As she entered the Spirit World, delight, rather than wonder, was manifest in all her action.

How shall I describe this Spirit? What can fitly image her fairness—her pureness? Robes of the tenderest tint of sea-green flowed over her feet; and the bright hair spread about her, like a mantle of living sunshine.

"Can it be," I asked, "that this being is mortal, and yet a denizen of the dark degraded Earth?"

"It is even so;" returned my Guide, who was again present with me. "And for her, and the like of her—many of whom you would know there are, could you only see the beauty of the disrobed Spirit—the Earth itself shall be redeemed, and made altogether glorious."

Gradually the maiden and the Poet-Seer were drawn toward each other; and I saw the grand affinity of soul which thus attracted them. For a moment they stood regarding each other, like two matchless marbles of symmetry and power—so still that their aërial vesture felt not the motion of a breath. And yet they were instinct with the truest, the intensest life.

With outreaching hands of benediction, thus he spoke; "Daughter, I have come to lead thee out into the purer air and finer light, which have long been hidden—buried deep in the heart of coming Ages. A new spirit and a new power are waking; and now they are at the very threshold. When all the light of yon fair Earth, lay undeveloped in the chaotic masses of crude matter, angels of higher spheres, whose prophet eyes could sweep through myriads of ages, saw this very day, and knew when it would come. And now, behold the dawn, as the life of the New Age is evolved from the decay and death of the Past. Come up, then, to a higher standpoint, and let us behold together the unfolding life of the New Earth, as it is fashioned by the refining elements and forces of the Future.

"Not without its uses—not unworthy of the good worker—will be the lessons we receive; because with the changes themselves, must be unfolded the paths that lead to them."

Thus saying, he grasped her hand, and they walked through the air as on a solid and level plane, my Guide and myself

following. At length we came to the mountain, whose massive walls of light lay against the Orient. Winding around it by an easy ascent, we arrived at the summit, which gradually expanded into a wide sphere, lighted up by a soft auroral splendor, and arched by a firmament of surpassing grandeur; for it was the great highway of a thousand Universes.

Looking down through the bright crystalline, we beheld the Earth, now smiling, as if it, too, were already beginning to be conscious of its translation into the atmosphere of that blissful Future which we could now distinctly see, vibrating among all its elements.

"Changes," said the Seer, "unheard of—undreamed of—by a single being on the face of yonder planet, are at hand."

As he spoke there was a beautiful expression beaming out from the inmost, making his whole being radiant with heavenly joy.

My very heart was hushed in the profoundest interest, as he resumed: "Not the keenest sight—not the finest perception—not the strongest grasp of thought—not the boldest flight of prophecy—can, as yet, compass or unfold them. And yet many of them are in the chrysalis. The dead crust shivers beneath expanding wings."

"I know not of these—" the maiden answered meekly; "but many wonderful things have already come, or I, an humble child of the Present, should not be standing here, face to face, with the august Dweller of Ages."

"Signs have truly come," he answered, with the same wondrous smile; "but the great realities have not yet appeared. Would'st thou call them up, and behold them in their pure spiritual forms, as they are projected from the brain of highest Angels, ere yet they have taken the shapes of Earth? come, then, with me; and let us look through the horoscope of Ages together. Thus will I lead thee through the labyrinths of Change, and unfold some of the laws by which it is to be; for thou must be a Teacher and in showing thy fellow beings—and especially thy own sex—what is to be,

show them how, or by what means, the good can be achieved; that when the Work is ready, the Workers may be ready also."

"But how can I either know, or see?" she asked, sorrowfully, as if almost swallowed up in the Greatness that opened before her.

"Thou shalt look with the eyes of a Seer;" he answered quietly; "and all the wisdom that is necessary for thee shall be unfolded. But rest thee now. Again shall we come to this work together, fellow laborers in the great field of Human Progress."

"And shall I, a weak and humble being of Earth, work with thee, O beautiful Angel of Wisdom! O, glorified Prophet of Power!"

"God works even with the humblest; and why not I with thee. Accept then, and be assured of thy kinship with Isaiah; for in thy love of Right, and in thy zeal for Good, thou shalt be his companion and his equal. I have chosen thee for this work. I have endowed thee with its power. It shall thrill in thy simplest speech as with a tongue of fire. But rest now. We meet again."

The vision floated away; and by following the flight of the Earth bound Soul, I saw that with much pain and regret, it was returned to its clay tenement. The dampness and darkness of Earth were once more thrown around her; but a light shone in her spirit, which shall never be extinguished.

"Why is it," I asked, after a temporary absence, "that this woman, who is still of Earth, should be drawn to this highest Heaven? I remember to have read in some writing of this character, that no very highly developed Spirit can communicate directly with Earth."

"That is a mistake, my son, as you yourself have seen. As well might it be said that God has no power to reach and minister to his unfortunate children. Is it not plain philosophy that as the Larger includes the Less, so does the Highest the Lower and Lowest? And thus also the most highly de-

veloped mind can reach, affect and move, the grossest and most turbulent, with less danger, and with more power, than the Lower Series. Be assured, my son, that they who are so much afraid of contamination and loss are not of the highest.

"But in the present instance this woman is drawn thus high, because the celestial power, by her peculiar experience, is prematurely unfolded. She has the gift of prophecy; and by this she is allied to the Highest. But wend we now to still sublimer heights."

Resting in the bosom of a convoluted cloud, we were borne up the spiral stairway into a light unlike any other we had yet visited. It was so fine and white that everything became like itself, of transparent or translucent clearness.

Reposing on a scroll that was tinted with the splendor of her immaculate form, was a being of wonderful attributes. The heart was wide as the world; the love deep as the sea. She beheld, embraced, and loved all. Not a son or daughter of Adam escaped her attention and care.

"I know thee, O Divine Madonna!" I cried, pressing forward to kiss the border of her robe. And now, of a truth, I read the secret of thy many worshipers."

"It is true;" she returned, reaching out her hand with a gesture of benediction. "The prayers of the World have made me what they name me, the Mother of the World."

As I stood there for a moment, I felt and saw how, and why, the weeping World could so trustingly lay its head on the breast of that Infinite Motherhood.

But my sight was drawn to a radiant being near by. It was Joan of Arc. The grand old poet Deborah, stood at her right hand; and on her left the tuneful Greek, Sappho; while at her feet reclined a Spirit young and lily white. It was the youthful martyr Theodosia, the peerless Virgin of Tyre.

A little way off, and apart from all others, stood a majestic Form; and the face was turned toward the Madonna, with such an infinite expression of mingled love, tenderness and

gratitude, as I never before felt. O, then I knew that the sentiment of a true natural love is mighty and indestructible. But from such a son to such a mother, it was invested with an almost omnipotent power.

I needed not to see the cup of gall, the crown of thorns, the Garden of Agony, the cruel Cross and the riven tomb. No one for a moment could mistake the intense Individuality of that presence. Never was there another like him. He was begotten, conceived, molded, moved and inspired, atom by atom, line by line, with one all-pervading spirit of pure Love. With lifted hands and streaming eyes, I bowed myself down, and wept at his feet, for joy in his divine Presence. O how beautiful! how majestic!—how passing all language to describe—all imagination to conceive! And yet, I fainted not, as in the sight of some others far less holy. On the contrary, I grew strong—so strong I could have invoked a share of that transcendent and glorious martyrdom.

By a rapid passage of thought I went out into his life. I followed him from the manger of Cana to the Temple at Jerusalem, where he talked with the Doctors, a prematurely wise child. I stood with him by the side of Jordan, where, obedient to the ministry of John, he bowed down to the renovating wave. I ascended with him the Mountain of Temptation, and beheld the Arch-Demon turned away by his omnipotent armor of Divine Love. I stood with him on the brow of Olivet, when he wept over the doomed city. His words came booming back, borne on the troubled billows of Time: "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thee, as a hen gathereth her chickens beneath her wings; but ye would not!" O transcendent pathos! I lingered with him mid the shadows of Gethsemane, and saw the trickling blood-drops when he prayed: "O, Father! if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" I hung with him at the Cross, and heard when he forgave and blest his murderers. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" O, Almighty Love! was there no other reward than

this? Alas! no. The measure of the Martyr would have fallen short, without this highest consummation of faith and power.

"Now I know of a truth;" I exclaimed, bowing down more lowly at his feet, as he bent over me, with enclasped arms of blessing, "*how* thou art my Savior—the Savior of all Mankind. It is by this inexhaustible—this Omnipotent Love! Broad as the Universe—deep as Hell, and high as Heaven, its virtues and its potencies are sufficient for the wants of all."

He clasped my hand within his, and gently raised me. I stood erect. I grew tall and strong. I took new pleasure in myself, feeling how grand and glorious a thing it is to be a man. Thus I was baptized anew. I became one with that Immaculate Being; and forever, evermore I shall rejoice only in good.

For a little while there was a complete absorption of the senses. And then I heard that majestic Voice—the same that of yore moved and magnetized multitudes—whispering in my ear: "Rejoice, O my brother; for verily the Christ is born anew, incarnate in all Humanity."

Then after a little he added: "Veneration, my brother, is a good gift, because it leads up toward higher excellence; yet even in this go not beyond the true measure. There have been many Christs—many that have ascended to the Highest Heavens long before me. But are we not all as brethren—they to me, as I to thee? There are many great and glorious, but only one is perfect, and that is God, the Father of all Spirits and the Author of all Being."

Yet even while he modestly sought to veil his splendors, he became so transfigured that I could not see, for the great glory. And thus, while we were still sustained by his power, we passed imperceptibly into the lower spheres.

THE USES OF SORROW AND NIGHT.

BY BELLE BUSH.

OH, hearts that are weary and fainting!
Oh, spirits that pine for the light!
Would you know where its calm flowing fountains
Flow joyous and fair to the sight,—
As fair as young Morn to the sight?

Ah! list then the voice of my singing,
And watch for the on-coming light,
That is ready to dawn on your vision,
When you learn the sweet usés of Night—
All the uses of Sorrow and Night.

It is true, what the Scriptures have taught us,
What the voices of nature all teach,—
"That Night unto Night utters knowledge,
And Day unto Day gives it speech,"—
Aye, giveth it eloquent speech!

Sad Night is the mother of Morning,
Who strays to the orient bars,
Where he waits, till in tears she rehearses
The lesson and lore of the stars—
Oh! wonderful lore of the stars!

Oh, golden and beautiful lessons!
Oh, marvelous lore of the stars!
What wonder that angels who listen
Stay long by the orient bars—
Stray oft to the orient bars?

Young Morning the lessons repeating,
Looks upward with love-lighted eye,
And, decked with the tears of his mother,
Flings a rose-colored scarf o'er the sky—
O'er the somber, gray-garmented sky.

And the sky, blushing red at his coming,
Receives to her heart every ray
That meets in his smile as together
They pass through the portals of Day—
The amber-hued portals of Day!

Then they sing a new song, and its numbers
Reveal the sweet uses of Night,
Till we learn from the voice of their singing
Where flow the pure fountains of light—
The crystalline fountains of light.

From Night, with its darkness and terror,
Earth turns to the smiles of the Morn;
From the night of our labor and sorrow
We learn where Love's fountains are born—
Where her fountains of gladness are born.

Night weareth her mantle of shadows,
That blossoming stars may appear,
And Sorrow is sent that the spirit
May learn of the life that is near—
Of the beautiful life that is near.

Every flower, with its dew-dripping chalice,
Every cloud drifting on to the light,
With the hymn that is vocal in nature,
Proclaim the sweet uses of Night—
The uses of Sorrow and Night.

It never was meant that the spirit
Should find only sunshine below;
'Tis well there are seasons of darkness,
When the fountains of grief overflow—
Oh, the fountains of grief that o'erflow!

Night giveth the rest of sweet slumbers,
And foldeth the tents of dull care ;
Grief bringeth the rest of true worship,
And opens the portals of prayer—
The heaven-wide portals of prayer.

Night hath dews and stars and bright planets,
And a silent mysterious noon ;
She hath clouds and a silvery circuit,
Where strays the inconstant Moon—
The lonely, inconstant Moon.

And the soul hath its stars and its planets,
Thick set in its heaven of dreams,
But, ah ! they are hid from our vision
While the sun of prosperity beams—
While we walk in its radiant beams.

It has stars of faith fair as lilies,
That bloom in the meadows above ;
It has hope, like the moon, inconstant,
And planets that whisper of Love—
Of holy, unchangeable Love.

All these shine forth in the darkness,
When the night of our sorrow is nigh,
Till we turn from the flowers that are fading
To flowers that are blooming on high—
To immortelles that cluster on high.

Ah ! the world without has its tempests,
Its wars, and the pestilence breath ;
It has seasons of wasting and terror,
And broad-sweeping pinions of Death—
Oh, the terrible pinions of Death !

And the world within has its conflicts,
When passions in hostile array
Storm the beautiful castle of Wisdom,
Where Peace with her doves would stay—
Where her white-winged doves would stay.

From the mire springs the beautiful lily,
The fairest and sweetest of flowers;
From the tear-laden cloud comes the rainbow,
The seven-hued bridge of the showers—
Oh, wonderful bridge of the showers!

From death and the anguish of parting
Hath risen the orient star,
Love's signal to mortals proclaiming
The portals of life are ajar—
The loved ones have left them ajar.

Ah! thus out of chaos and darkness
The light of all beauty was born,
And God through the night of the ages
Was building the gates of the Morn—
Behold now the gates of the Morn!

Thus the life that is born of the Spirit
Flows onward in sweetest accord
With the life that's inherent in nature,
And both speak the will of the Lord—
The will and the love of the Lord.

BELVIDERE SEMINARY.

SPIRITUAL MATHEMATICS.

BY PROF. A. F. EWELL.

LANGUAGE is the ordinary method of conveying wisdom. We need a vehicle for thought that will do justice to our intelligence. Communication between spiritually distant centers should be so commodious and direct that ideas may be freely transmitted and opportunity for philosophical investigation be increased. The stereotyped remarks "words fail to describe," "language is inadequate," indicate the necessity for a more potent form of expression. A more universal language is found in mathematical formulas, which are nearly the same everywhere. They would diffuse truth more widely. Elegant and precise, not confined to things recognized by the senses, they penetrate the ideal, our conceptions of which are all associated with material things.

Matter could never be subject to mathematical analysis but for its relations to mind.

Geometry is recommended for the solution of purely spiritual problems by Plato.

Navigation, chemistry, mechanics, and other sciences made but slow progress, enveloped in mystery, and regarded by nearly all with awe, till pursued by the aid of mathematics. Washington Irving tells us that Columbus made his first appeal for aid in his great project, immediately after the discovery of the astrolabe, since improved and modified into the quadrant. The same author considers the invention of this instrument providential at this time, and says, "It was the one thing wanting to facilitate an intercourse across the deep." The value of Kepler's knowledge of conic sections to astronomy is illustrated by his title of Legislator of the Heavens. Prof. Liebig remarks, "for all great discoveries

chemistry is indebted to the balance." "The numerical laws at the foundation of this science could never have been arrived at except by this means," says another.

The Encyclopedia Britannica declares mathematics to be the most useful of all the sciences. These all show the great advantage always derived from an orderly progress. We use *figures* of speech, as they are called, both arithmetical and geometrical, though they are considered as vague and fanciful, and no attempt has been made to arrange the processes with regard to a system of combinations arriving at results.

We speak of *rounded* characters, and contrast them with *angular* people. The words *square*, *upright*, and *rectitude* appear to derive their meanings in metaphysical language from the equal adjacent angles of perpendicular lines, on the plan of which is constructed the balance, an emblem of justice.

Mrs. Somerville wrote The Connection of Physical Sciences, but there is also a connection of physical with metaphysical, and a relation of spiritual sciences to each other.

Intimate analogy is seen between physiology and mathematics when we consider that the latter has three simple forms of increment or aggregation, viz. :—addition, multiplication, involution. Corresponding to these the former science has deglutition, digestion, and generation all accumulative. On the other hand, subtraction, division, and evolution are depletory as well as bleeding, amputation and death.

Addition is the reverse of subtraction; their analogues also revert to each other, as taking in food is the reverse of losing blood; one tending to strength, the other to weakness. Multiplication reciprocates with division; so while digestion by chymification forms new products in the system, amputation divides and cuts off the members of the body. Generation, though *involved* at present in mystery, is certainly one of the *higher powers* of the bodily *functions*, and death *unwinds* the mortal coil to make way for the new actor on the scene. Something more than a play upon words is seen in

involution here. The factors of a higher power, both multiplier and multiplicand, the active and passive terms, are parts of the same whole or are the same number in two different offices. Analogous to this is the sentiment or principle that true parents are other selves each to each.

Prof. Tyndall, in the second lecture of the Cooper Union course, remarked of light as illustrated by sound: "in the undulatory theory, pitch is the analogue to color." On the staff, pitch is analogous to altitude in the position given to notes. In metaphysics, high and low represent refinement and baseness respectively.

Addition is applied, in numbers, to similar quantities only, but multiplication combines numbers measuring dissimilar quantities, to produce a third number representing a quantity unlike either factor. Thus a body in simple motion traverses a distance denoted by the product of the measures of time and velocity for the motion: or the moment of a couple in rotation is represented by the product of the measures of force and leverage.

Without the ideas connected with physical phenomena these numerical operations would be useless in mechanics. If a general case be stated in literal symbols, the deductions are no less true for not using numbers in the formula. Prof. Silliman, in Principles of Physics, says "mind is a force acting on matter, and forces of nature are manifestations of the mind of God." He uses the following novel *proportion* in speaking of heat, light and electricity: "What the spirit is to the animal body these mysterious agents are to lifeless matter." This is truth or vagary; from the reputation of its author the latter is out of the question. By equating the extremes and means, we might say:—If spirit ÷ animal body = electricity ÷ matter, then spirit × matter = animal body × electricity. If this relation is merely qualitative we may assume that the combination of the first member is of the same nature as that of the second; one evident resultant for both sides is motion, for spirits are acting on matter all their

lives in this world, and electricity continually moves animal bodies, producing motions more or less noticeable.

But forces may be measured numerically, animal bodies may be weighed, electricity and matter are expressed in numbers, the power of a spirit is proportional to its development according to some law, and the correlation of mind and matter is a region that advances in the line of mathematics to the solution of problems respecting our lives and actions. If standards of measure for spiritual forces were agreed to, and axioms stated, the relations of spiritual things would be much easier to express. Whether we obtained laws of measure, or useful hints in analysis by analogy, the translation of terms in ordinary language, into the shorter formulas of quantity abstractly considered, would invigorate the powers of thought, and cultivate the imagination, suggesting continually new trains of ideas, as the wave theory in sound suggested to Thomas Young the application of this principle in the study of optics.

If the proportion just given be represented by letters we may deduce another result more readily:

Let s = spirit, b = animal body, f = force, m = matter, and a = activity or motion.

Then $s : b :: f : m$

$\therefore \quad sm = bf = a$

$\therefore \quad \frac{a}{m} = s.$ A strict rendering of this reads thus:

The relation that activity bears to matter is expressed by spirit, or spirit is that which shows the relation of motion to matter. If this is the case, the motions imparted to matter and the amount of matter moved are the elements to be considered in order to obtain a numerical measure for spirit.

The philosophy of light is already studied by the mathematical science of optics to an extent that appears marvelous when we remember that the nature of this radiant vehicle of beauty is even yet a matter of hypothesis and speculation,

many able adherents being found for undulatory and oscillatory theories, notwithstanding Sir Isaac Newton's views regarding "luminous corpuscles." This, therefore, seems to answer any objection that we could not study, mathematically, with expectation of correct results, on a subject the nature of which was undetermined.

In problems of maxima and minima values of functions, many fine illustrations of a practical nature are found. Starting from any point or position we may be able to expand or progress in all directions on our own plane of understanding, as the scientist increases his knowledge. We may also be able to rise or become elevated, as the religionist seeking the higher walks of life. Now the well-known text-book used at West Point Academy (Church's Calculus, p. 108) gives as the relation between the radius of the base and the altitude of a cylindrical vessel open at the top, and having a definite finite volume, when the surface of the material is a minimum; the radius must equal the altitude.

The radius of the base is evidently the determining quantity on which the horizontal expansion from the center depends. The elevation of the sides of the open cylinder is the altitude. When we see that we can make the best use of our material by having the expansion equal the elevation, we are reminded of an application of this to the spiritual life. We are *material vessels open to higher or spiritual influences*, and therefore we might infer from the analogues to this problem in Calculus that expansion in the pursuit of material knowledge and elevation in approaching higher truths should be equal if we are to make the most of our spiritual resources. The universities of the present day are exploring vast domains without an adequate moral accompaniment, as witness the hazings at even our most enlightened institutions of this class.

The bigot is proverbial for his high-minded narrowness and ignorance of natural laws. We therefore find, by thus trying a case, the results of which we can verify by our experience, that the mathematical method indicated the true maximum

of economy although the proof was needed to show it in its fullness.

Therefore the truly enlarging voluminous policy, as expansive as elevating, is to investigate all on our level as far as may be consistent with an *equal* progress to a higher state. For capacity to hold or *comprehend* is dependent on the relations of dimensions or *form*, when the resources are limited. To make the most of the spiritual quantities at his control is the aim of the moral philosopher; and when the far-seeking inquirer into the mysteries of material nature, and the aspiring searcher after higher spiritual truths, shall each approach the other—the scientist, being more spiritual, and the religionist more intelligent—then it appears to be indicated that the capacities of mankind for *contents* (content) would increase.

———o———

A LESSON FOR CRITICS.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

I HEARD a critic Fly
Discourse, and wisely criticise the sky;
Because, of course, it was not to *his* liking.
He flew along and found some ants a-fighting,
And, sapient, to the ants spoke words like this:

"If you and I
Had had a voice in making up that sky,
Instead of building up a great abyss,
Where heavens are piled on heavens,
And all things numbered in a scale of sevens,
And all our ant-hills quite
Forgotten in the maze of stellar light;
And even lofty man
Inferior made to Him who formed the plan,—
We would have builded on a different scale,
Or, seeing the wonder, told another tale.

Surely God built yon ever-rolling skies
To serve the purposes of ants and flies,
And whatsoever ants and flies deny,
Hath no existence in the earth and sky."

An Eagle and a Lion passed that way,
And, seeing them, the fly went on to say:
"Yon Eagle is a well-developed fly;
And ants compose that Lion's ancestry;
Angels themselves are flies of larger stature;
And God an ant, of infinite high nature,
Who shapes the ant-hill of the heavens where dwell
The full-fledged antlings who have left the shell."

"Men say truth lies in books. This I disprove.
Truth never rests. No book did ever move
(Except when carried). Thus the human fable
Of truth in books is laid upon the table;
Nay, tell no fly that truth dwells in a page,
That flies and ants in their superior rage
Can bite and scratch, and quite efface the letters,—
Ant-reason spurns such superstitious fetters."

I passed that way
Upon another day;
But ant and fly were gone,
And the supernal heaven still shining on.

The critic race of men,
Who think, with ink-drops shed from out a pen,
To blot out Truth, run their ephemeral race,
And pass like ants and flies from the Creation's face.

PROF. TYNDALL AND HIS LECTURES.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS.

IT is but a few months since the excellent and eloquent lectures of that English scientist, John Tyndall, were delivered in our cities, and heard with so much interest by fine audiences. I give an extract from a report in the Boston *Advertiser*, of a lecture in that city, from which it would seem that this thoughtful scholar is looking a little beyond the ordinary range of his scientific brethren, and actually begins to recognize the interior and intuitive faculties of man as factors or elements in a true and perfect scientific method. He is reported as saying :—

"The philosopher works with his eyes, hands, and senses ; but does even more. This question he cannot answer *without going beyond the region of the senses into a sort of underworld from which all phenomena grow.* To do this, the mind must have a sort of pictorial power, and be able to form definite images of this underworld. If the pictures be correct, if the real phenomena are deducible from them, we have a physical theory by which they are explained. The formation of such a theory involves the use of imagination. This faculty must be invoked. Without it we cannot go beyond the mere animal world. The imagination is not the wild power it is supposed to be, but a power guided by cold reason. It does not leave the world of fact. Its power lies not in new-creating, but in rendering facts fit to aid the reason. Let us see how the mind forms theories to illustrate facts. This word theory is also much misused. We must theorize in order to rise above the animal world."

An intelligent lady who heard the same lecture gave me, in Boston, an interesting description of his fine experiments with the spectrum, of the wonderful colors produced, and of his illustrative remarks, brilliant as the colors he brought before

the sight of his audience. She told me he said that it seemed to him there was a realm beyond the explorations of science, and where the most subtle chemical tests failed, which was full of colors too delicate for the eye to see, yet more beautiful than those of the spectrum;—a world real as our own, yet not tangible to our dull external senses. It is interesting to see how the thought of this eminent man goes beneath the external aspect of things and gets a glimpse of the great truth,—to be recognized and to bear potent sway in the more perfect science yet to come,—that "imagination," or intuition, and all man's finest spiritual faculties, are to take leading part in the discovery and application of truth.

Man is a microcosm, made up, in spirit, of all finest essences and most subtle forces of this "underworld," and made up, in body, of all substances and elements in this tangible and material world. All these forces pulse through him, and meet and mingle in him, to make up his spiritual nature and organization; and something of rock, and soil, and tree, and fish, and animal, ascends into and makes up his corporeal frame. Thus is he linked, both to the realm of causes and to the realm of effects, and so feels the spiritual forces and laws. Principles and ideas are revealed from within the sanctuary of his intuitions; he touches and reaches all things, for nothing is foreign or strange to him. This idea of man's microcosmic nature may be primarily of the "imagination;" but without that "we cannot go beyond the mere animal world;" and "it does not leave the world of fact," but is the great discovering and revealing power, and "cold reason" usefully and valuably confirms and verifies its discoveries by inductive experiment. Science is but slowly beginning to confirm this view of man the microcosm, which first flashed out as the intuition and inspiration of ancient sages and poets, and is more richly stated and confirmed by modern seers in our own day.

The "imagination," which Tyndall says "must be invoked" in aid of science, is rather intuition, or deduction;—the shedding the inner-light of the spiritual law on external

facts, which are thus revealed and stand out clearly in their wide relations and fine beauty. When one *intuits* (to coin a word, possibly), "cold reason" and inductive thought and external experiment test and confirm the intuition, and it becomes a solid fact, and the range of our common thought is enlarged. Thus only can we, with best success, investigate and discover truth in Nature's wide domain, for thus only can we act in full acceptance of our infinite relations.

I would not depreciate the Baconian or inductive philosophy. Grand service did that regal nature of Bacon render to humanity in breaking the power of hypothesis and theory, held above all facts and all reason, and often not sustained or verified by either; but the inductive philosophy alone tends to "the pride of science," puts plastic matter, shaped and molded by spiritual forces, before the subtle and interior power which that matter but obeys, and lifts effects into the realm of causes.

Let all scientists and all theologians and students of man's duty and destiny accept the use of "imagination," or intuition, and the deductive and inductive processes of thought and experiment will meet and agree, and confirm each other, and a new Science, a new Theology, a new Religion will bless the world. We shall be saved from the skeptical pride of logical induction on one side, and from the visionary enthusiasm of idle dreamers on the other. Bigotry will pass away, superstition be impossible, and the "reign of law," the presence of Infinite Love and Wisdom, and the spiritual fraternity of the race will be known and felt.

A spiritual science we need indeed, that shall tell something of the permanent force which flings up the delicate spray of the fountain, flashing and dancing in the sunlight, as well as analyze the falling water-drops after they lie still in the quiet basin; that shall begin at the subtle vitality, ever building, and using nerve and muscle and bone, and then escaping therefrom, instead of scraping a little on the shell of these poor bodies, "which are but dust," indeed, when these vital-

izing spirits are fled; that shall deal with intuition and deduction as *first things*, and not exalt induction and logic until we tend to pride and materialism; and shall thus make the agreement of religion and perfect science possible.

I give an extract from the Autobiography of Andrew Jackson Davis, in which he describes his first clairvoyant vision, and his glowing picture seems like Tyndall's "underworld," made real to the opened spiritual senses. Mr. Davis says:—

"In my ordinary state I had never seen an organ of the human viscera; but now I could see all organs and their functions. The whole body seemed transparent as glass. It was invested with a rich spiritual beauty. It looked illuminated like a city. Each organ had *centers* of light, beside being enveloped by a general sphere. For example, I saw the heart, surrounded by one combination of living colors, with special points of illumination interspersed. The auricles and ventricles gave out distinct flames of light, and the pericardium was a garment of magnetic fire, surrounding and protecting the heart in the discharge of its functions. The air-chambers seemed like so many chemical laboratories. The fire in them wrought instantaneous chemical changes in the blood; and the great sympathetic nerve, whose roots extend through the lower viscera, and whose topmost branches are lost in the superior strata of the sensorium, appeared like a column of life, interwoven and blended with a soft and silvery fire!

"The brain was likewise luminous with prismatic colors. . . . I saw each ligament, and tendon, and membranous structure illuminated with sheets and centers of magnetic light, which indicated and beautifully set forth the presence of the spiritual principle. . . . The spirit of Nature and my spirit seemed to have formed a sympathetic acquaintance,—the foundation of a high and eternal communion. The properties and essences of plants were distinctly visible. Every fiber of the wild-flower, or atom of the mountain violet, was radiant with its own peculiar life. I saw the living elements and essences flow and play through these simple forms of matter; and in the same manner I saw the many trees of forests and fields all filled with life and vitality of different hues and degrees of refinement. . . Beds of zinc, copper, limestone, gold, etc., arrested my attention, and

each gave off diverse kinds of luminous atmospheres. Everything had a glory of its own. The salts in the seas sparkled like living gems; crystalline bodies emitted soft, brilliant, azure and crimson emanations; sea-plants extended their broad arms, filled with hydrogenous life, and embraced the joy of existence."

This fragment of a rich narration of personal experience seems like a glimpse nearer "the underworld from which all phenomena grow," and may help to put clairvoyance, where it will go at last, within the pale of highest scientific recognition.

The world's thought moves on, beyond the outworn theories of ancient science and the narrow limits of old theology; *and its path leads either to an external and inductive materialism or to a rational Spiritualism.* Tyndall has entered the path which leads to the latter, and has traveled well a little distance; but sometimes it costs more to follow an ideal than we know or count at first; and in this case this ideal of the use of "imagination" and "theory" goes into realms where even Tyndall has hardly explored. He will find as he goes on (as will many others) the question of the existence and presence of our friends beyond the grave meeting him for examination and solution. Here is this "imagination" and "theory" of the Life Beyond—these immortal hopes and longings that grow with the growth of humanity, as

> "The thoughts of men are widened
> With the process of the suns;—"

and "we must not be so practical as to fear imagination." In this case come the facts of spiritual presence and intercourse; and a host of critical and careful persons have tested them by "cold reason," *and they stand*, and thus imagination and reason meet and confirm the grand and inspiring fact!

We can afford to wait, and Tyndall and others, of course, can take their own time for this question; only it were well and wise to examine a matter that has awakened more thought and careful examination than anything else of that kind for

the last twenty years. So far, the few words this scientist has spoken of spiritual phenomena have not been candid or fair; but it is to be hoped he is growing to a better spirit. If not, he will but harm and dwarf himself.

———o———

MATTER, ETHER AND SPIRIT.

BY I. DILLE.

MATERIALISM is the ruling dogma of our age. Our scientific leaders insist that molecular force and molecular polarity are the grand agents in working out all the phenomena of Nature. Some go so far as to dispense with the necessity of an Intelligent Creator, claiming that intellect may originate from no intellect, and intelligence from dumb, unthinking matter. The rising scientific minds of Europe are coming up as a sect of Sadducees, holding "that there is neither God, Angel, nor Spirit."

Our Theologians denounce the materialism of science, while they hold to the resurrection of the material body, and "look for a new heaven and a new earth," to be peopled by material bodies of the risen saints. The difference between the materialism of science and the materialism of theology is, that the first relies upon matter for the source and origin of all life, the other looks to matter as the end of life in its highest and purest development.

This is not the place to discuss the theological question; but I may assume to say that, upon the authority of the Bible, the future state of man is spiritual, not material. The Apostle Paul expressly teaches that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." The Egyptians, in the belief that their bodies should again be animated, embalmed those of their distinguished dead, to preserve them for the return of the vital spark, when Phesh should recall the nephesh to reoccupy them.

The experiments, observations and inquiries of Liebig, Mayer, Helmholtz, Fresnel, Arago, Foucault, Huxley, Spencer, Darwin, Carpenter, Bastian, and Tyndall, are chiefly with matter and concerning matter, and their deductions are drawn from the action of atoms and molecules upon each other. Tyndall frequently approaches the great truth, especially in his investigation of the laws of heat, light, actinism, and electricity, but he stops just where Spencer should begin his researches, and where Darwin might find the clew to the true theory of development.

Dr. Buchanan, with broader views and keener perception, has been led to a more substantial basis for a theory of Force. In his article on the "Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century," published in the first number of this journal, he asserts that the forces are imponderable, and, without explaining his meaning, seems to consider all as spiritual which is not material. It is not to be supposed he would be so understood, for there is a long catalogue of forces between matter and mind, which play an important part in nature, all of which are imponderable, and cannot be classed as spiritual.

At present chemistry recognizes sixty-three elements of matter, of which the rarest and lightest is hydrogen, the densest or heaviest is platinum, and the hardest the diamond. Of these elements several in their pure state are gases, but all enter into combinations, under favorable conditions, making innumerable compounds, which constitute the world of matter. These compounds are of all kinds, chemical, mechanical, sedimentary, etc. The two latter are merely mixtures, by design or accident. The chemical are formed by affinities—by the aid of a force which is imponderable. The atoms or molecules must be in a state of freedom for the force to seize and place them; for two solids may have the strongest affinities, and will lie indefinitely in contact without any chemical union. Even two gases may remain together and not unite for an indefinite period, as oxygen and hydrogen, but will embrace with great vigor by a charge of electricity, and

water is the result. In the organic world the vital force is potent in bringing into solid compounds gaseous elements that are otherwise indifferent to each other. These two last-named forces are imponderable, or more properly speaking ethereal.

The forces recognized by science are heat, light, actinism, electricity, magnetism, cohesion, and gravitation. The analysis of a beam of light, by the prism, shows the existence of the first three forces within the range of the spectrum. By another ingenious experiment, Mr. Grove found electricity and magnetism in the beam of light. Instead, however, of discovering that they were different elements of ether, he employed the result to support his favorite hobby of the Correlation of Forces.

The spectrum is very instructive in its teachings of the nature and character of the forces. The visible portion of the spectrum consists of the seven principal colors, which graduate into each other by perceptible blendings. As it is now generally conceded that light is the result of the vibrations of ether, a medium which fills all space and pervades all things, the different colors in the spectrum indicate that ether is composite, having many separate elements, whose action and offices are distinct from each other. Each division of color in the spectrum indicates a wave of ether of a length in space and number in time peculiar to itself. The longest wave is the extreme red, which requires 36,918 to measure one inch, and there are 451 billions of such waves every second. The shortest waves in the spectrum are the violet, of which it takes 64,631 to measure one inch, with 789 billions to the second. It is said that between the red and the violet there are about 500 distinct measurable colors, each having its distinct length in space and number in time. That there is a peculiar element of ether for each color in the spectrum is evident from the fact that the beam of light, once analyzed by the prism, will not suffer any further analysis. The red will remain red, passing through any number of prisms. So

of all the other colors. Each element of ether is true to its own peculiar wave motion, and cannot take any other.

Beyond the visible part of the spectrum two other elements of ether are manifest. The ultra-red is where the heat of the beam of light falls; on the ultra-violet chemical energy is deposited. Here, then, are more than 500 distinct elements of ether shown by the spectrum. Grove's experiment indicated two more, electricity and magnetism. Mossotti shows the probability that every atom of matter is surrounded by a spherule or atmosphere of ether. If it be so, it explains why certain organs of the human body are insensible to heat that would burn other parts. Tyndall shows that the eye is insensible to heat that would instantly make platinum foil red hot. The matter composing the eye is wanting in the ethereal element, whose vibrations produce heat. It takes 30 times more heat to raise the temperature of water to 212° F. than for mercury.

Cohesion is the element which holds material atoms or molecules together in solids, and gravitation imparts weight to all material and ponderable bodies. It is a force extending throughout the universe, and unites, as Newton taught, every atom in creation to every other atom. It preserves the order of the orbs in space and the grand harmony of the spheres. This catalogue of ethereal forces cannot comprise the whole list. As we enter the organic empire we find causations so regular and definite in their operation, that we must refer them to fixed and established forces. The innumerable varieties in forms, qualities and habits, in both the vegetable and animal kingdoms, conclusively suggest the existence of forces adapted and adequate to produce all the differentiations in nature. This vast chain of being, from the microscopic plant or animal to the largest tree or elephant or sea-monster, are all animated by a single force, the vital, which, in the grand array of organic nature, is united with other forces to form, to qualify, and to differentiate into all the varieties of classes, orders, genera, and species. The vital initiatory germ of every

individual is perhaps a single molecule, generated in the appropriate organ of the male and quickened into a force by an ethereal element, which gives vital energy to the material initium which furthers its growth until it is ready to be transferred to the ovum, which is prepared for its reception and to nurse it into being. The perpetuation of every race, in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, is preserved in this way. But it is evident that other ethereal forms unite with the vital in the primal germ to secure the succession of each parent after its kind. Otherwise, the vine might be produced by the oak, or the lion hatched from the eagle's egg. There must be an unerring force, a directive capacity in each primal germ to associate with itself the proper materials to develop the form, the peculiarities and qualities of its kind. In the animal, this force passes from the spermatozoa to the embryo, into the fœtus, and finally into the young, born into the air and light, or, in the waters, ever preserving the distinctive character of its species, its race and sub-family.

Should it be objected that these positions require the permanent incorporation of special ethereal elements with material, it may be answered, that nature is full of such instances. The green color of leaves is doubtless obtained from the green element of ether, drawn from the ether that is found in the beam of sunlight. Is this doubted? Everybody knows that the growth of plants in dark cellars will put out the forms of leaves, but they are white, or colorless. Esculent leaves are blanched by covering them with earth, so as to exclude the light. The many-colored flowers, of all hues and tints, get their color from the proper elements of ether in the sunlight, and very few flowering plants will bloom at all without sufficient sunlight. Every farmer knows the injury to his crop by a shade of only an hour daily. It has been ascertained that even a cirrus cloud will diminish the energy of vegetable growth by a partial obscuration of the light.

It is the ethereal motion in light that enables the proper element of ether to unite itself with the constituent material

elements of the plant. So the colors of fruit, and of the plumage of birds, and in a measure the hair of animals, and of aquatic shells are all derived from ether. The magnet is formed by filling a piece of ordinary steel with magnetism, which gives a new quality to the metal. Magnetism is ethereal, and is found in a beam of light, as we have seen in Grove's experiment.

These are visible results of ethereal combinations. The great variety of odors and taste in plants, seeds and roots, are derivable from the same source. Odor and sapidity are volatile qualities; and from the persistence of some odors, at the smallest expense of matter, it is probable that the chief ingredient in some odoriferous substances is ethereal. Musk and asafœtida are instances.

Again, Geology teaches that the progress of the organic world has proceeded by a slow progress from the lowest plant and animal up to the present time. The time required has been inconceivably long, and the advance has been by a succession of steps. It was not an inclined plane, but the degrees of ascent were discreet. This suggests that matter must be prepared for ethereal combinations, by passing through a great number of organic admixtures, before the highest types of living beings could be produced. Man came last upon the stage, and could not come earlier, for neither the material for his frame nor the condition of the world to sustain him was ready. In man there is a union of more exalted and refined ethereal elements than enters into the structure of the lower animals. Man may be composed of all the elements, material and ethereal, of the animals below him; but he has an ethereal spark that is above any possessed by the beasts of the field. This spark is but faint in the low and degraded races and individuals, but still it exists there. In the elevated, reflecting, pure, and devout civilized Christian, who has, by a life of love, of good deeds, and broad charity, fanned this divine spark into a flame, it pervades and illumines his whole character, it shines out in his face, is heard

in his voice, and sheds its benign influence all around him. He is the benefactor of his race, and his name partakes of the deathless quality of his spirit.

Everything is the product of a force, and the force that produces must be adapted and adequate. The moral force, the intellectual force are superadded to the animal forces in the best specimens of humanity.

If these positions are well taken, we may look for higher developments of Creative Wisdom and Beneficence, when matter is qualified to unite with more refined elements of ether, when the spiritual shall predominate over the carnal, and an enlightened intellect shall be directed by a heart warmed with love and holy affections, and man shall cease to be the most destructive, the most selfish, and most ungrateful of the animal creation; but "peace shall prevail on earth and good-will to men."

If this theory should be adopted, a ready and simple solution of all the vexed questions in Nature, in Revelation and in Spiritualism is presented. We find the substance which forms the spirit and the force that constitutes the soul—the psychical force. Lo! these are only a part of the works of the Creator; but it is the first lesson in the Grand Study of Creation, and will qualify us to "vindicate the ways of God to man."

The Universe of Matter compared with the Universe of Ether is infinitesimally insignificant. The Universe of Ether is an infinite and exhaustless store of forces; but the elements of ether must be vastly more numerous than of matter. It would be wild to speculate upon the probabilities or even the possibilities of future developments. The great past, however, warrants a forecast of the future, of higher, holier and happier attainments. In the past, creation has been a progress, onward and upward, and we cannot presume that the resources of the All-wise and Almighty Creator are yet exhausted, but that with His efficient and potent ethereal instruments in hand, He will yet develop a creation more grand,

more sublime as a whole, and more perfect in its details, than the human mind has been able to contemplate or conceive.

——o——

UNIVERSALITY OF MOTION.

BY HON. J. W. EDMONDS.

BEFORE our eminent friend JUDGE EDMONDS became a Spiritualist, he conceived the idea—in the course of his philosophical studies—that Kepler, Hooke and Newton were in error in their theories of gravitation. After he was fairly convinced of the absolute reality of an open intercourse with the Spirit World, he secretly felt a strong desire to pursue the subject of his philosophical inquiries in that direction; but he was obliged to wait several months for a suitable opportunity. At length the occasion was offered. As early as 1852 the Judge sent to the Editor of this Journal, for publication in the SHEKINAH, an account of some of his earlier spiritual experiences, and one in which Sir Isaac Newton appeared to him in vision and confessed that he had been mistaken in presuming that the "attraction of gravitation was a distinct and substantive principle," and affirming that it was only an "effect of a combination of motion." In other words, that motion is an essential principle in all matter, and that gravitation is one of the forms of its manifestation. Here follows Judge Edmonds' introduction to the inspired communication.—EDITOR.

POWER AND OFFICE OF MOTION IN THE UNIVERSE.

IN the course of my subsequent investigations in Spiritualism, I received more on the same subject which I took care to preserve, in order to observe in that—as I did in various other matters—how the ideas given would comport with facts as they should subsequently occur or come to my knowledge.

I early made it a rule in my investigations, on one hand, not to receive such communications as absolute truth, because

they unquestionably came from a spiritual source, and on the other, not to reject them because they conflicted with my previously formed opinions, or with the opinions of the world around me; but, on all occasions, to "try the Spirits," and see whether they were likely to be correct.

In pursuance of this practice I preserved very many communications for future use, either as testing or sustaining the intercourse; and among them were the following, given at our regular *seances*, in the usual manner, and in the presence of our then existing circle. They were uttered by me and written down at the time by some one of the circle.

I was influenced and said:—

All things move. Motion is life. All things have life, and that which you call death, and suppose to be a cessation of life, is but a different form of the vital principle, and motion is not suspended. The motion of the living body is one thing, and it is to perpetuate itself in that form. The dead and decaying body has life, seeking to perpetuate itself in another form. So that matter, whether animated by what you regard as life, or inanimate and decaying from what you regard as the absence of life, has life still in some form.

Wherever there is life there is motion. Matter before it is developed into the animate form has life, and matter when developed into the disembodied spirit has life. The iron when it rusts but obeys the law of motion. So the stone when it crumbles to earth—water when congealed to ice—the most inert and sluggish form of matter has motion still—motion of itself, independent of that which it has in connection with other particles of matter with which it may be united. Motion then is the great law of the Universe—pervading all things—existing everywhere—from the unknown beginning to the unfathomable end.

Could your glance penetrate the vast Universe, you would behold the universal prevalence of this law. Could your vision but compass the atmosphere in which you live, penetrate

the earth on which you tread, the unseen existence toward which you are tending, you would behold the universality of motion.

If you seek to understand the world in which you live, how important it is for you to know what is the all-pervading law of its existence and what are the attributes of that law. It is the first element of knowledge for you. It is the foundation on which alone you can erect a proper superstructure. It is the very Alpha of your schools. And yet how little does man, with all his boasted discoveries, know of it. He hardly recognizes its existence, and still more is he ignorant of its qualities. There is then yet much for you to learn, without which you must wander, as man has wandered for ages, in comparative darkness and ignorance. Ye behold effects and in them ye fancy ye discover a cause; and ye speculate in your narrow wisdom until ye are lost in "a mighty maze" that seems to your contracted vision to be all "without a plan." Beholding effects, ye imagine ye can understand why the earth rolls ever on in its orbit without being drawn to the sun on the one hand, and, on the other, without being cast off to roam wildly through space. But unless ye know of and understand this mighty first principle, ye cannot know what it is that sends the vast orbs of the Universe through space with a velocity which the mind cannot conceive of, and with a complication of movement beyond its comprehension. Your ignorance, when ye do not know of the existence of that principle, is not greater than your darkness and obscurity when ye do not know its qualities.

Take, as an illustration of motion, the wheel of iron revolving rapidly around a center—it manifests an almost irresistible propensity to fly off from the center. But water revolving in an eddy, constantly tends towards the center. Know ye why these opposite effects are produced by the same rotary motion? Who among your philosophers has ever even speculated on that difference? Who has ever attempted to explain it? Yet the fact is before you every day. Every car-

riage wheel which rolls along your streets shows it in one form, every running stream shows it in another. Apparently to you it is the same cause producing opposite results, and you marvel how it can be. It cannot arise from the fact that one motion is vertical and the other horizontal, for the same effect is produced by the wheel of iron when it revolves horizontally as when it revolves vertically.

It cannot be owing to the relative density of the different elements, mineral and aqueous, for the comparative density of iron and water is not very much greater than that of water and air; yet the whirlwind has the same tendency to the center that the whirlpool has; and both the whirlwind and the whirlpool have likewise the same centrifugal force as the wheel of iron. You will behold on the outer edge of the whirlwind the leaves it has gathered in its progress thrown off; and the wheel of iron displays the same tendency to the center that the whirlpool has. Mark the wheel of your carriage as you drive rapidly along and observe how often the dirt that is detached from its outer rim instead of flying off in a tangent drops directly toward the hub. Here you observe a strange combination of forces, in the same matter, existing and operating at the same instant and displaying directly opposite effects.

I have given you these examples on a small scale, that from familiar matters you may readily comprehend the lesson I would teach. That same law pervades the whole Universe, and is operating through all time upon the globe you inhabit; upon the system of which your planet is a part; upon the countless worlds of which your system is a part, and is producing its effects, some of which you behold and some you do not.

But the marvellous complexity of motion displayed in the universe around you, and the effect of that complexity you cannot conceive. Take the familiar illustration already given you. The wheel of your carriage is revolving on its axis and is rolling forward. It is thus moving with a combined motion upon a plane—I mean the surface of your earth—which is also

rolling around its axis and also moving forward. The earth on which it thus moves is a satellite to the sun, which also revolves on its axis and rolls forward through space, and so on far beyond your vision or comprehension. Put this moving carriage wheel upon the moon's surface, and impart to it its motion, and you complicate the wheel's motion still more.

Now who can tell—who can conceive the mighty effects which this complexity of motion must of necessity produce upon the Universe of worlds, for it exists everywhere, pervades all space, governs all matter, animate and inanimate. It is the vital spark of creation.

Pause here and ponder on the question it involves, for at some future and fitting time we will endeavor to answer it for you.

At a subsequent interview it was said :—

Let us now resume our teachings. We were speaking of the Great Principle which pervades all creation, and is at the foundation of the phenomena which you behold around you—many of which you suppose to be causes when they are but effects. That principle is Motion, the life and spirit of all created things.

Locomotion, or the power of moving from place to place, constitutes but a small illustration of the great principle. To you, while bound to the earth by your material bodies, this locomotion is a matter of importance, but to us who have thrown off the earthly surroundings, it is of no moment; for we pass from place to place at a wish—with a speed that literally annihilates space, and "lags not behind the celerity of thought." To us the passage over the circumference of your globe, is rapid as the speed of a thought, and we may—in what seems to you to be the same instant of time—be here and thousands of miles distant. The swiftest motion of which you have any conception—a cannon ball flying with a velocity which makes it invisible to you—the ray of light which passes some thousands of miles in a second—the lightning which

streams from heaven to earth as with a flash, are but laggards compared with the velocity of motion which belongs to our spirit nature.

Marvellous as this may seem to you, and wonderfully as it affects your existence on earth, it is, I repeat, but a small portion of that all-pervading motion of which I speak. The iron as it rusts moves on to a change of its nature. The clay as it congeals into rock in like manner moves on. The plant as it springs from its germ and lives to the full-grown tree moves on. But why enumerate the examples of this motion, when enough has been said to show you what we mean by it?

But it is not merely while things have visible life—while the plants grow and the animals breathe—that there is motion. Even in death they move on. The tree decays and crumbles to dust. It moves on in that decay in the path of its destiny. The animal in becoming a putrid corpse moves on. The elements of which it was once composed all move ever on. The life principle, having gone through its process of progression while occupying vegetable and animal forms, passes forth into the atmosphere of life which surrounds you, and moves on until it again unites with some physical conformation and thus proceeds in its eternal pathway of progression. . . .

The atmosphere you breathe is ever moving on, not merely with the locomotion which it possesses in connection with your earth, but in its appropriate pathway of progression. Its constituent qualities are constantly changing and constantly becoming fitted to sustain more progressed forms of life.

The time once was with your planet—as it now is with some of the worlds around you—when your atmosphere was incapable of supporting animal life. Nay! the time was when it was incapable of sustaining even vegetable life.

Pause now one moment, and imagine, if you can, the awful scene of dreary desolation which the surface of your earth must then have exhibited. No life, no vegetation, no beautiful thing to break the dreary monotony, no humming insect to speak of life, no song of bird to cheer the heart, no perfume

of flower to charm the sense, but one all-pervading pall of dreary desolation wrapt around the form of the earth, and holding it in its appalling embrace. But even amid this solitude and desolation there was motion still. The great principle of creation inhabited there, reigning in lonely grandeur and performing its task. The rocks were crumbling from the beetling cliffs and filling the dreary chasms below. The melted minerals which had flowed over its surface and congealed there were crumbling to dust, and thus moving on to the formation of earth. The subterranean fires were performing their task, throwing up from the burning volcano the ashes which their motion had created, to fertilize the earth and fit its surface for the mighty task it was to perform. The atmosphere, though filled with elements that were fatal to organized life, was passing on to a great and almost radical change in its nature.

Thus, as it was with the air and the earth, so it was with water. It was then unfitted, by reason of the grosser elements which composed it, to sustain life even in the coarsest reptile or the rudest sea-plant, but it moved on in its pathway of progression, slowly indeed, but surely, until it obtained the capacity of sustaining life. And then amid its turbid streams, and in its muddy beds, was animal life first developed—developed as the legitimate result of that law of motion which from rude chaos had converted inorganic matter into an organized world prepared for the higher forms of vegetable and animal life.

Ages upon ages ago, far beyond what your imagination can reach, this process began. Began! Yes, of your world it may be said "it began," but not of the Universe of which your world is one of the latest creations, for who can speak of the beginning or the end of eternity? Far back in the distant vista of time, this process began. It has gone on performing its mighty work in obedience to immutable laws until it is duly giving birth to vast hordes of beings who are destined to live forever in the presence of the great Creator. And it will go on still, for countless ages beyond your capacity to calculate, working with accelerated speed its great task in the

Universe. I say with accelerated speed, for it has attained that condition of development when each particle helps its fellow on and is not hindered, as of yore, by the heavy load imposed on this great principle of motion.

Pause here again a moment and throw your imagination forward to the condition which must in time be the result of this motion of your earth. Man's physical form will become so purified of its earthly grossness that what little there may be for the soul to drop aside in its onward course, can be cast off, from time to time, and no death be necessary to shake off the impediments to its progress which now retard it so much. The man when born on earth will be born forever; to meet no death, but destined to pass on without interruption to his high destiny in obedience to this universal law of motion.

In the meantime your earth, in obedience to the same law, will have moved until in all its elements it shall be fitted for such a race of beings. The mountains shall have flowed into the valleys. The dark places of the earth shall have sprung forth to meet the light. The desert shall have assumed its soft carpet of verdure. Storms and clouds shall have passed away. The hurricane shall have sunk to rest forever, and your atmosphere once agitated by fearful commotion shall gently fan the brow with its genial breath, and be prepared to bear upward to his home the man of earth with all his material surroundings. Then indeed shall man have arisen from the dead. Then indeed shall the old earth have passed away and a new earth be born as the legitimate offspring of that great principle of Motion, which springing from the bosom of God, is ever performing its grateful and most momentous task of bearing upward to his throne all things which he has created in his wisdom.

The learned Judge claims confirmation of his own idea of the "attraction of gravitation;" also of the foregoing illustrations of the principle of motion in the recent discoveries of science. He refers to Professor Youmans' book on the "Correlation and Conservation of

Forces," in which the subject is treated, quoting the following from the author's introduction : [ED.]

"Heat, light, electricity and magnetism, are now no longer regarded as substantive and independent existences—subtile fluids with peculiar properties, but simply as modes of motion in ordinary matter—forms of energy which are capable of mutual conversion."

The Professor says the idea "has been accepted by the leading scientific minds of all nations with remarkable unanimity," and that "science holds securely her new position as a fundamental principle." *

When a statement, improbable in the judgment of the common mind, is made by a person of little or no reputation, the press either condemns it or leaves it unnoticed. But when a similar statement emanates from a person of commanding position and influence, the matter is usually treated, not rudely, but in a serio-comic style. The original publication of Judge Edmonds' experience with Sir Isaac Newton naturally attracted the attention of the press. A restatement of the subject-matter by Hudibras, Jr., in *The Scalpel*, is so clever in its facetiousness, that we shall be pardoned for reproducing portions of it in this connection. The writer proceeds from "Soda Powders" to [ED.]

THE NEW YORK SPIRITUAL CIRCLE.

And Edmonds, learned in law and science,
Can set our ignorance at defiance ;
For he has found, by reason strong
(Before the Spirits), Newton wrong
In what he said of gravity.
And only waited just to see
Old Newton's spirit on the matter
Before abroad the truth he'd scatter.
He found at last the fitting time,
And Newton said that thought sublime,
Which got within your fertile brain,
Like two and two are four is plain :
For without motion, gravity
Tis clear had ne'er appeared to me ;

* Professor Youmans' book also contains important papers on the subject, from William Robert Grove, Herman Ludwig, Ferdinand Helmholtz, Julius Robert Mayer, Michael Faraday, and William Benjamin Carpenter.

But this I did not understand
Till I got in the Spirit Land;
More happy you who found it out
Tho' flesh and blood were wrapped about
Your penetrating soul; but when
You cast its grossness off, why then,
Lord only knows the height sublime
To which your spirit may not climb.

* * * * *

And there at least are one or two
So learned that Newton comes and owns,
Before them on his marrow bones,
That when he saw the apple fall,
He discovered nothing after all.

———o———

LIVING AMERICAN REFORMERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

AUTHORS in the department of biography and history—like the multitudes for whom they write—are usually captivated by the dramatic phases of human character and the superficial aspects of social and political life, rather than interested in essential principles and the deep under-currents of popular feeling and thought. And yet we must search here if we would discover the subtile forces that touch the secret springs of action, to determine the nobler attributes of nations, and the development of the most important events. The written history of the world presents for our contemplation little more than a perpetual repetition of the rise and fall of States and Empires; the overthrow of old dynasties, and the revelations from the arcana of cunning diplomacy and cruel despotisms; the victories and defeats of armies and navies; the varying fortunes of royal princes and military heroes; the successes and failures of political gamesters, with all the wild schemes of selfish and lawless ambition. And

this is history. With startling scenes and melodramatic airs; with the pomp of heraldry, the pyrotechnics of war, and lurid flames,

> "—— like those that burn
> To light the dead,"

the imperial scene-shifters and their supernumeraries contrive to engross the world's attention. Such, in brief, are the histories of the historians, which serve to conceal the true life and real character of the people.

But the philosopher, in his deeper study of human nature, penetrates to the sources of its hidden life. His conclusions are determined by a wiser discrimination, and a high sense of justice that regards alike the special claims of his subject and the common interests of mankind. His vision is seldom obscured by personal prejudice, and his judgment is not likely to be warped by unreasoning affection. Those brilliant qualities that dazzle multitudes never hide from him the grave defects of an unbalanced character; and the rare splendor of such deeds as are only born of great occasions, are not accepted as an atonement for a dissolute career. If it be true that the written histories of persons and nations seldom reach this high standard, it is because we rarely either meet with a philosophical biographer or a historian of the People.

VI.

A. E. NEWTON.

IT is not our purpose in these sketches to select persons who are chiefly distinguished for the accidents of either rank, fortune or political power. A man in some humble walk of life, who was never teased by interviewers, nor annoyed by the world's inspection, may present a nobler example of natural development and a true manhood than is found in Senate Chambers and Royal Palaces. The simple people who

lead a pastoral life—the fair young shepherdess who inhales the incense of morning among the hills; the woman who lives, loves and toils, early and late, in an obscurity that the queens of modern society never care to penetrate, may be a far more beautiful illustration of a sweet, unsullied womanhood than can be found in the aromatic atmosphere of gilded *salons* and before the altars of a fashionable religion. It is nothing to the credit of a man to be born a prince, and there is no honor due to him who merely inherits the grandest gifts and opportunities. But, on the contrary, the man born in poverty; whose childhood was barren of visible chances of success; and yet in spite of all

"The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,"

did develop a manly nature—made his own chances in the world—contrived to rise by degrees to better prospects and higher planes of thought and life; and at last, from a forlorn hope, achieved a worthy distinction—such an one, above all other men, deserves honorable recognition, and the world needs to feel the force of his example.

A. E. NEWTON was born Feb. 23, 1821, in the town of Marlborough, Cheshire County, N. H. In that rural region—at the foot and beneath the shadow of Mt. Monadnock—he commenced the severe discipline of an earnest life. His father was a farmer, but was never able to attach himself permanently to the soil in any locality. After sojourning briefly in various places in the States of New Hampshire and Vermont, he died when the subject of this sketch was but twelve years old, leaving his widow destitute of means, but with such weighty responsibilities as naturally fall on the lone mother of a large family. Mrs. Newton—who appears to have been a woman of no little tact and energy—soon after this event removed her little group of fatherless children to Lowell, Mass.—even then a thriving town, and rapidly growing into notice and importance by the development of its manufacturing interests. Here the delicate boy—whose manifest inheritance

was in the poverty of his circumstances and the weakness of his constitution—spent eleven years of his youth, growing prematurely grave and thoughtful under the undue pressure of responsibility and labor. Sometimes his daily task was in the cotton-mills, where he served as bobbin-boy; and again, it was in a factory boarding-house, in the capacity of table-waiter; at other times the feeble youth was employed to saw the wood and carry the water for a large household—in short, was factotum in the house, in the factory, or out of doors—wherever he could earn an honest penny to support himself and lighten the burden of his mother. The labors imposed on him were often unsuited to his tender years and delicate health; but he was dutiful in all things, respectful to superiors and patient under suffering. In such a trying school—subject to arbitrary masters and a painful discipline—many of the noblest men and women have entered upon a career of great usefulness, and have discovered the way that leads to honor and immortality.

At that time "Young America" had not been discovered, and the "News Boys," as a class, had not made their advent. The carrier of the village papers, through the country, was any person, young or old,

> Who could travel night and day,
> And live lightly on small pay.

Being found properly qualified young Newton soon assumed the duties and the dignity of this responsible position. While thus employed he was able to attend the public schools, a part of the time, supporting himself and procuring the necessary books and clothes mainly by his own earnings out of school hours. At length when he had entered the High School and was making commendable progress, the sickness and death of an older sister—from whom he had derived some assistance—made it necessary for him to leave his books and seek productive employment for the support of his mother and a younger brother. Having conceived a *penchant* for the

printing business—with the art and mystery of which he had made himself somewhat familiar without serving a regular apprenticeship—he at once obtained work on wages, and the printing office became the College where he secured a more practical education than is usually obtained at the universities.

In 1844 he went to Boston as a journeyman printer. He was an enthusiastic advocate of the Temperance Reform, and soon obtained a position as foreman of a weekly paper de voted to that interest. In 1845, he was married and removed to Portland, Me., where he remained four years in the capacity of foreman and proof-reader in a printing and stereotyping establishment. Returning to Boston in 1849, he took charge of the *Pathfinder*, a new Railway Guide, which he conducted successfully for several years. While thus employed, in 1851, his attention was drawn to the alleged Manifestations of Spirits. Having received his earliest religious impressions in the "Orthodox Congregational Church," he was of course little disposed to give credence to the "specious delusion." But it chanced that a very intimate personal friend—who has since become widely known in the literary world—had been seized by the prevailing "mania." In his efforts to rescue this friend he found it necessary to go with him to the scenes of his investigation. For several months Mr. Newton pursued the inquiry as he had opportunity. He was thus occupied when his wife became a spirit-seer, and otherwise a medium for manifestations of an original and interesting character. He now continued his investigation at his own fireside—where no suspicion of deception could haunt his imagination—until his skepticism gave way and conviction fastened upon his mind. Then was the vail of the inner temple "rent in twain," and with it the narrow creed wherein the soul had reposed like a pale sleeper through the watches of the night.

Mr. Newton was too conscientious a man to keep the company of people whose religion is a grand masquerade, and his firm conviction was speedily followed by an open avowal. How to make the sacred privilege of Spirit-communion a

means of personal improvement, and an instrumentality for the uplifting of the human Brotherhood to a higher plane of thought and life were the important questions that have ever since been uppermost in his mind. In the pursuit of these worthy objects he seems to have enjoyed the constant sympathy and coöperation of his wife. On this point we will here venture to quote his own explicit testimony, from a private letter received some time since.

"I have been indebted at every step to the invaluable assistance of my companion, Mrs. S. J. Newton. Her keen sensibilities and acute perceptions; her fearless pursuit of truth in untried paths; her willingness to endure privation and obloquy for the sake of the good that may come to others; and her brave loyalty to truth and right—so far as perceived—have been my constant aids and incentives, to which I feel are due any advance I may have made from the position of obscurity to which birth and early surroundings seemed to have consigned me."

In April 1855, the *New England Spiritualist* made its first appearance under the editorial management of A. E. Newton. We will here extract a passage from a History of Modern Spiritualism, by S. B. Brittan, published in Philadelphia, in 1861. (This History appeared in Desilver's "Religious Denominations of the United States.")

Mr. Newton soon won universal respect and confidence by his judicious editorial supervision, and his own clear and candid elucidations of the moral and theological aspects and bearings of Spiritualism. During the limited period of his public connection with the Spiritual Press, no man labored more faithfully to disseminate correct views of the subject, to which he so fervently devoted the best energies of a frail body, and the noblest faculties of an earnest, enlightened and truth-loving mind. Such a laborer deserves to be adequately rewarded; but I am reminded that—*in a merely temporal sense*—his work has not been profitable. Moreover, it is to be regretted that unstable health, and other circumstances, have made it

necessary for Mr. Newton to retire from a field in which he achieved a truly honorable distinction.

Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation of Freedom came to our friend as a summons to a new field of labor. It was indeed an occasion of immeasurable moment. Had an archangel spoken from the zenith, as with the blast of a trumpet, the nation could not have been more thoroughly aroused. Mr. Newton went to Washington, where he found his place and entered on his appropriate mission. While at the Capitol he worked with untiring zeal and a truly religious devotion, in the development and management of a system of free schools for the colored population. His labors in the new field of his choice were highly successful, and were only measured in time and degree by Nature's limit to his powers of endurance.

Of late our friend has been spending several months at Ancora, N. J., in the hope of repairing his feeble body, to the end that he may spend his recovered strength in the further service of Humanity.

For the purposes of this article, Mr. Newton's idea of Reform is thus expressed:—

"Since the human race is a Brotherhood, whose interests and welfare are forever one, it is the manifest duty and interest of each, not only to refrain from whatever would wrong or harm another, but, renouncing all merely personal aims, TO LIVE FOR THE GOOD OF ALL, especially seeking to aid the unfortunate, the ignorant and degraded, of whatever class or condition.

A. E. Newton.

HERE let us pay our brief tribute to one of the people—a man of warm heart and cool temper; neither brilliant nor strong; but gentle, genial and loving, honest and earnest, and, in the *ensemble* of his character, more complete than great men whom the historians immortalize. But yesterday he stood by us, and—in his own unobtrusive way—labored manfully for the ends we also have in view. He has disappeared, but his work remains; and, for aught we know, there may be no breach in the ranks. He was a man who made the place he occupied, and did not fail to fill the place he made. This alone is an honorable record; for how many either depend on personal friends, the patronage of government, or the accidents of fortune to assign them a place and a work in the pursuits of this busy world! And when, at length, coming events determine their appointment, and they find their appropriate sphere of action, how many yet live but to illustrate either their unwillingness or their incapacity to discharge the obligations of the time and place!

But WILLIAM WHITE was no failure among men, since his life was devoted to honorable industry, and the fraternization of men of every class and name. Indeed, the life that is spent in the loving service of one's kind—that is productive of no bitter resentments—is not a questionable, but an assured success. In all the more essential characteristics of a true manhood, the subject of this sketch furnished a worthy example. His fidelity to his convictions and to his friends inspired universal confidence. It is not to be presumed that his character was free from defects, but no one who knew him well ever questioned the integrity of his nature. He was always credited with a sincere and loving purpose. If he lacked the power of severe discrimination, it was only a defect in the

structure of his brain and the discipline of his mind. If he seemed too credulous, it was because, in his judgment,

"It is happier to be sometimes cheated, than not to trust."

If he palliated the deliberate offenses of many people, it was in the interest of universal Charity. If his comprehension of our sublime faith and philosophy was unequal to the solution of the grandest problems (and who is equal to this) he was no less a worthy representative of their benign spirit and the earnest life of the true believer. If he had graver faults than these (we know of none) they must have belonged to what was mortal in his nature and should be entombed with his dust.

Those who worship Genius, and only pay tribute to the kingly mind, that

"Stoops to touch the loftiest thought,"

may have little to say of this man; but those who recognize modest worth, and feel the power of the silent forces in human nature; and all, indeed, who appreciate a life of loving service, will reverently pause to consider his claims. To be just we must respect the intrinsic merit rather than the outward splendor of human deeds and characters. The man who fills a respectable place, even in the humbler walks of life; who neither transcends the limit of his privilege nor stops short of the measure of his duty, needs no lordly titles to make him honorable. His nobility admits of no dispute who bears along with him the seal of Nature and the superscription of his Maker.

WILLIAM WHITE was born in Kittery, Maine, March 18th, 1813; but in his early childhood his parents removed to Newcastle, N. H., where he spent the period of his boyhood. His early opportunities for receiving instruction were limited, but such as are common to boys of his age who are not expected to fill a place in the learned professions. Childhood and early youth in the interior of New England—unlike the rugged experience on the frontier and the feverish life of the

great commercial centers—presents no opportunities for bold adventure and few elements of exciting interest. The daily life of a youth in the Granite State, in the early part of the century, embraced little variety beyond his labor in the shop and the field; occasional hours of recreation; the Sunday services; and, in winter, the exercises of the common school. It is a quiet life, measurably free from temptation, and remote from the chief causes that excite the selfish and destructive passions. The influence of this early life is yet manifest in the peaceable disposition that still characterizes rural life in New England. The influence of such early impressions is always strong, and the habits of life thus formed had no doubt much to do in determining the disposition and character of our friend of the luminous Ensign.

Mr. White, after his primary course, found his high school in a printing office, at Concord, New Hampshire, where he made such rapid progress that he soon graduated and became one of the proprietors of the concern. In 1840 he removed to Boston, where he formed a copartnership for the prosecution of his business. In 1852 the contract for the State Printing was awarded him, and in this capacity he continued for seven years, when, admonished by his failing health, he disposed of his contract. Among the works he published for the State were the Massachusetts and Plymouth Records, and the Journal of the Constitutional Convention. In his earlier journalistic experience he published the *Chronotype* and the *Washingtonian*. Subsequently he embraced Spiritualism and became interested in the BANNER OF LIGHT—previously established by Luther Colby and others—and in this relation he continued and labored faithfully until the 28th of April, 1873—*the last day of his earthly career*. His health had been unsettled for several months; but on the morning of that day he appeared to be as well as usual. In the afternoon, however, while on his way to meet a business engagement with his partner, Mr. I. B. Rich, he suddenly lost the power of voluntary motion, and in a state of syncope his spirit relaxed its feeble

hold on earth and his mortal life went out—quietly as the waning flame expires in the socket.

"How wonderful is Death,
The wakener of the soul!
His eyes are full of sleep,
His heart is full of love,
His touch is full of peace.
Gently the languid motion
Of every pulse subsides,
Gliding from out the body we have worn,
Without a jar to break
The mystic strain of harmony, that winds,
With sense-dissolving music, through the soul—
We are at liberty!"

"It is finished"—the mortal career of a good man. It is a satisfaction to know that no selfish passion or ignoble deed defiled the whiteness of his record. Life is a grand success when it is full of strong incentives and gentle reproofs. We cannot say much for the man who merely founds a throne. But it is a great thing to have lived half a century, in this selfish world, yet with clean hands, and a heart full of the love that daily grows more godlike in the blessings it confers. If Bro. White ever had any enemies, he outlived them; but no man may number the friends that remain, in whose hearts his name and memory are embalmed.

As we look around us we miss a faithful soldier who wore the armor of light. "The sword of the spirit" was in his hand, and he was always on duty. To-day his post seems to be deserted. But when the roll of the faithful is called he still answers to his name, and we learn that he has been promoted from the ranks of mortals. It is well. A worthy champion of the Right and a true lover of his Race—worn with the strife and weary with the march—rests from his labors. And now he spreads his milk-white tent in Paradise, while above his tomb—to cheer his followers, and to perpetuate his memory—waves

THE BANNER OF LIGHT!

FALLIBILITY OF LANGUAGE.

WHAT if infallibility appertains to the celestial springs of inspired ideas; it certainly does not characterize their terrestrial incarnation. The immortal thought may be precise and unerring in its archetypal form, but infallibility does not attach to the mundane instruments and earthly forms of its expression. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels," and it is but natural that the treasure itself should be more or less corrupted by its mortal channels and receptacles. Language is but a feeble and inflexible medium, which the most intense emotion cannot render sufficiently plastic and powerful to subserve the highest desires of the mind. But for the present, Thought, with its ethereal form and heart of fire, must employ this clumsy vehicle and ride slowly for the world's accommodation.

Men of exalted genius and profound learning have exhausted the resources of language in abortive attempts to incarnate the creations of mind. Many earthbound Spirits, ascending toward the highest heaven of imagination, have been transfigured by unutterable thoughts—have viewed and heard what mortal tongues can never express. They are dull, inactive beings, who have never felt that all language is cold, formal, and forever inadequate to express their highest thoughts and deepest emotions. The most subtile and condensed forms of speech appear tame and spiritless to the soul in the light of its transfigurations. If the reader has ever risen in spirit to the angelic abodes—has been permitted to gaze on the vast realms where unnumbered worlds encircle the Infinite Presence like the jewels in a kingly diadem—he has descended with the soul quickened, purified, and on fire with the inspiration of the Heavens, but only to say with an Apostle, that he was "caught up into Paradise and heard unspeakable words."

The Editor at Home.

THE TIME AND THE DEMAND.

ADDRESSED TO THE FRIENDS OF UNIVERSAL PROGRESS.

SOME months since the Editor of this *Journal* submitted to American Spiritualists and Reformers, through the *Banner of Light*, his Definite Proposals with a view to the speedy organization of certain National Institutions. The objects contemplated were a more natural and complete system of Education; the modification of our Criminal Jurisprudence in the interest of humanity; the disinfection of the Newspaper Press; the enlargement of the boundaries of Science, demanded by the new discoveries in the realm of subtile forces and the higher life of invisible beings; *and the organization of a Company with an adequate cash capital for the business of publishing a Standard Series of all valuable Books, written in the interest of Universal Progress.* In short, we demanded a free, orderly, and practical expression of the most liberal and enlightened views of the age in new and improved public institutions.

Some people may have presumed that the writer merely set himself to work to fill a given space in a weekly paper, and that the whole matter would end there. Such persons will probably have occasion to revise their conclusions. We have not done with this subject, but only paused to witness the reception our proposals might meet with among the professed friends of progress. In this direction our observations have been instructive. We leave to the reader's apprehension the causes of the singular taciturnity displayed by the Spiritual Press, while we record the fact that a multitude of brave and enlightened friends, in all parts of the country, have hailed the new enterprise with emphatic demonstrations

of joy. Before calling the reader's attention to some of these earnest responses we must here reproduce the substance of our original Proposals, with such further considerations as the occasion seems to require.

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

It is confidently affirmed that there are several millions of believers in Spiritualism in this country, and this is conceded by those who are most hostile to its principles and its progress. It is, of course, impossible to determine our numbers, even with probable accuracy, since we have no organization that represents the body, and no reliable statistics. It is, however, undeniable that our numerical force is very large ; that the influence of our cardinal principles and ideas is widely and deeply felt ; and, hence, that we possess latent powers sufficient, if they were organized and called into action, to create a revolution in Church and State. If these silent forces, now so manifest to the careful observer, could be gathered up by some strong hand and brought to bear upon the evils of our corrupt civilization, we should soon witness results that would arrest public attention and astonish the world. Nor is it necessary to wait in listless inactivity the advent of some great master spirit capable of holding the four winds in his palm. We may do some important things, if we are so disposed, and we may do them now.

Our ideas of human nature and its relations are destined to exert an important influence on the civil policies of States, and to fashion the religious eclecticism of the future. It may be difficult to comprehend the power that is lodged in our hands, much less have we attempted its practical application in any one of the chief interests of life. We are still looking after signs and wonders. As a community, we think too much of mysterious sights and sounds—too little of fundamental principles and earnest work. Facts, to be sure, furnish the material illustrations of a scientific philosophy ; but ideas have produced the greatest revolutions in human affairs. The governments of nations and the religious systems of the world are but the organic forms of ideas. When the popular thought outgrows the existing constitutions, laws and rituals, then comes a period of revolution—peaceful or forcible, as the case may be—that recasts the institutions of society.

In such a period of transition we are called to act our part in the drama of history, to what end we shall know hereafter. The age is distinguished for the boldness of its conceptions, and we know that thoughts are among the silent forces that move the world. This truth is either overlooked or but dimly discerned by the multitude. The curiosity-seekers—a company that no man can number—seldom have any clear perception of principles, or any capacity to estimate the power of spiritual forces. It is not altogether creditable to our intelligence that so many among us are merely interested in the constant recurrence of the phenomena they may have witnessed a thousand times. Such people remind us of the believers in some of the smaller so-called miracles of ancient times. We often meet with men who imagine they see more of God in the mere history of one blasted fig-tree than in all the living trees on earth; but we recognize the divine presence in the living rather than the dead.

Many professed Spiritualists are ready to go anywhere, at any time, and spend their money freely, to see a table mysteriously turned upside down—perhaps for the fortieth time—when they would neither occupy an hour in a rational effort to comprehend the philosophy of the fact, nor invest a single dollar in the practical application of the truth to any human interest. But the affections of men may be either perverted or *inverted;* and it is certain that there is confusion in the social state. If we have fairly achieved our own equilibrium, we may be profitably employed in looking after those who have wandered from the truth and fallen by the way. To merit recognition among true Reformers, we must see that we are not standing on our heads, and take care that society, of which we constitute a part, is "right side up" in its most important relations.

It is a standing objection to Spiritualists—I am sorry to say—that they are doing little or nothing to help the world along by improving its institutions. Many people regard us as an army of iconoclasts, determined to invade the domain of their religious faith, and chiefly employed in demolishing the cherished images of all sacred things. There is an excuse, if not a justification, for this inference. We may, however, disabuse their minds, and so vindicate the justice and beneficence of our aims as to silence and convince all opposers. I am reminded that it is sometimes necessary to remove the ruins of old structures, and to plow up their very foundations; but we must

not rest in this as an end. The true Reformer will go to work to realize the vision of Whittier:

"I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled;
The Waster seemed the Builder too;
Upspringing from the ruined Old
I saw the New."

During the last twenty-five years we have been doing a lively business in demolishing old theological dogmas and infidel speculations. We have been overturning the popular idols in the temples, revising the saints' calendar, pulverizing ancient superstitions, and grinding up the very bones of the gods. In this we have displayed unusual industry and audacity; but, in justice to ourselves, we should now pause in a work that inevitably quickens and strengthens the destructive propensities. In the prosecution of this business we have reached the bounds prescribed by reason, and need not go beyond. The image-breakers may now have leave to retire and make room for the peaceful artisans who come to fashion the structures and to mold the institutions of the New Age. Let the Waster rest from his labors while we record the advent of the Builder.

Twenty-five years have elapsed since the present writer commenced the publication of the first Spiritual paper ever issued from the press. It was near the close of 1847 when the first number of the *Univercœlum* appeared. It was like a burning brand cast in among the combustible elements of an old magazine, and the thunder it awakened was not the smothered kind. Following the first appearance of the periodical evangel, a period of nearly eighteen years was devoted to spiritual journalism; the development of the early literature of the movement; and earnest controversies with the sectarian church, physical science and popular skepticism. Those were years of uninterrupted toil, demanding constant sacrifices on the part of the public defenders of the new faith and philosophy. It was a protracted struggle against adverse circumstances; and at length our own varying fortunes forced a suspension of the work for a season. Our interest in the truth never diminished; but amid the gloom that so often gathered and deepened about the scenes of our retirement, it has been a light and a joy. And when, one after another, dear, familiar voices were hushed, it was heavenly music in the silence of the soul.

For several years I have been waiting in the hope that some strong mind might communicate the impulse to the people, and open the way for a more complete expression and practical realization of the truth that shall yet free the church and the world. While distrusting my own capacity for such a work, I have long been watching for an opportunity to return to the congenial sphere of my earlier labors—a field that is now "white for the harvest." To-day I am not wanting in significant intimations that the time and the opportunity are here. A quarter of a century has witnessed a silent but powerful revolution in the minds of men. We hail the promise of corresponding changes in our institutions. The laws require essential modification; the democratic system of government must be perfected by the political emancipation of woman; the boundaries of science should be made to embrace the soul, its relations, faculties and functions; faith waits to be delivered from the foul dominion of superstition, and we shall learn at last that earnest work is effectual prayer. After long experience and patient waiting for institutional reformation it seems to me that the time has come when the propagandism of our principles and ideas should assume a concrete form in our institutions.

THE REFORMER'S WORK.

1. In the light of our philosophy we may institute a far more perfect system of *Education*. We may adopt such improved methods of physical training, intellectual discipline and moral development, as shall greatly diminish the number of those poor creatures who now live but to caricature human nature. We are poor interpreters of the grandest truths, if, at this late day, we are not prepared to better comprehend the powers and possibilities of the human mind than those who founded our institutions. We are grossly indolent in the practical exposition of the noblest principles, if we are not yet ready to form a serious purpose and to perform an earnest work in this direction. We want a great Normal University for both sexes, where the more important living tongues; the whole circle of the Sciences —not omitting the Science of Life—all the elegant and useful Arts and honorable industries, and every branch of practical knowledge, shall be taught and experimentally illustrated by competent masters, until every pupil is qualified for the professor's chair. Such an in-

stitution we might have in successful operation within five years if, as a body, we were so disposed. Shall we take hold of this work in earnest, or shall we unwisely neglect the great opportunity Providence has thus placed in our way?

2. We can do something to purify the sources and channels of Political influence, by our example in supporting only honest and capable men for official places. Those who are willing to barter their long-cherished principles for a sorry chance in a desperate political game; the gamblers for wealth and power, who go up and down seeking opportunities to do mischief; who stake the national honor as freely as one throws his last napoleon on the gaming-table at Baden or Homburg; men of doubtful loyalty, with confused ideas of justice, elastic consciences and unclean record, are men on whom we should turn our backs, and leave them to the retribution that awaits all who consciously violate their most sacred obligations.

3. The Gallows still stands as one of the expressive symbols of a vindictive theology and a semi-barbarous law. Its cold, accursed shadow falls on all the land—on the Church and State; on sympathetic human hearts; on the faces of little children that lisp, with tremulous voices, the names of its victims; and on the souls of unborn babes, to blight and blacken human nature. Its hideous image and its frightful work; its bloody record of the law's mistakes; its long lines of innocent victims and of creatures morally deformed—all grim and ghastly in their gory habiliments; the infamy that falls on desolate homes and blasts the hopes of families—all present to the living only sad and sickening scenes of tragic interest, and to the future a foul inheritance of blasted hopes and bitter memories. We should bring the whole weight of our influence to bear on the criminal code. We know more of the intricate springs of human feeling, thought, motive and action than those who framed the laws against crime and criminals. Men are hung every day for deeds that are the offspring of disease, often inherited, and for which they are no more responsible than others are for the infusion of syphilitic poison or scrofula into their blood. Society goes on perpetrating these bloody deeds in the name of law and religion—rendering our Christian civilization a bitter mockery—and shall we do nothing to arrest this barbarous business?

4. The Press, which should be a chief bulwark of individual virtue,

domestic peace and public order, is rapidly becoming an engine of immense evil. From day to day it spreads out the shocking and loathsome details of the whole catalogue of crime. This mass of putrescent matter is devoured at the breakfast table, and if anything is left, it is reserved to season the evening repast. The young foster a morbid appetite for unclean things, and they inevitably grow like the vile stuff they feed upon. Like every other form of popular liberty, the freedom of the press is susceptible of unlimited abuses, and may become a powerful instrument of oppression. When it is understood to imply the right to assail the innocent and to tarnish the fame of womanhood; when it is used to blast the hopes of humble but honorable men; when it becomes a mighty scourge in the hands of unscrupulous writers; when it is employed to glorify error and to defame the truth; when it is a whip in the hands of political demagogues and sectarian dogmatists to drive better men into unreasoning and dishonorable submission to their authority; when it is used to defend great monopolies, to gild the crimes of vile rich men, and to burnish the characters of pious rascals, who still strive to serve satan with a saintly seeming—in short, when this great engine degenerates into an infernal machine or a common sewer, it is not a rational freedom that the press illustrates. No, never! On the contrary, such a freedom of the press is rather the devil's special charter or combination patent for the sum of all villainies.

Against this prostitution of the press, and this corruption of human nature, we should set our faces like steel. The country should at least sustain one paper of a totally opposite character. We want a journal that shall faithfully record the noble deeds of good men and gentle women, who labor and suffer in patience; whose hands are always open to the needy, and whose feet are swift to go on errands of mercy. Such a record would improve the moral health of the community. It would furnish numerous and powerful incentives to charitable deeds, and thus become a minister of blessing to the poor. By all means let us have one paper that is not disfigured by the trail of the serpent. We want a daily or weekly exposition of whatever of good there is in mankind—a paper that shall come to our firesides radiant with characters of light and labors of love.

THINGS THAT SHOULD BE DONE NOW.

Hitherto we have not witnessed the success of any organized effort

to illustrate our principles in actual life. The intense individualism that obtains among us has prevented their practical application on any comprehensive scale. In this respect our movement has thus far been a failure not less conspicuous than the want of unity among the different churches. The self-styled Evangelical denominations in Protestant Christendom do sometimes unite for the furtherance of certain common objects in which all are interested. And have we no similar aims and ends in view—no kindred sympathies to bind us together —no sacred interests wherein all are concerned? Have we no philanthropic plans for ameliorating the condition of the unfortunate classes—no heartfelt desire for the perfectibility of the human race? Are we prepared to make no liberal sacrifices for the wide diffusion of spiritual truth, or otherwise for the common welfare? May we not have "the unity of the spirit" in an unselfish devotion to the principles of reciprocal justice and genuine progress? Shall we not work together to bring out the lineaments of the Divine Image in the universal Humanity?

The patient ox bears his end of the yoke, and draws his part of the common burden without using his horns to gore his fellow. And shall it be said that there are so many acute angles, rough corners, and sharp points in our individual developments, that we cannot work together without crowding and scratching each other? Surely, the field is immeasurable; time and the world may not limit our aspirations; there is a season for every generous purpose under the sun; all around us are incentives to high thought and opportunities for illustrious deeds.

1. It is proposed to organize, in the City of New York, a Stock Company with a capital of $250,000, for the purpose of founding a Publishing House and Ware-Rooms, where the more important works on the main questions that concern the normal development of the body and mind, the proper education of the young, the philosophy of the true life, and all rational progress, will be published and sold. Among the works projected I will here specify a series of volumes, of similar size and uniform style, under the general title of the STANDARD LIBRARY OF SPIRITUAL LITERATURE, which will embrace Choice Selections of the best things, in prose and verse, that have appeared since the advent of Modern Spiritualism, carefully edited with critical observations and explanatory notes. Also, Original Contributions

from the most advanced minds in this country and Europe, including Scientific Disquisitions; Philosophical and Moral Essays; Critical Reviews; Biographical Sketches of the Seers and Reformers, with portraits; Artistic Illustrations of the powers of Spirits over the elements, forms, and phenomena of the Material World; Popular Speeches; Poetical and Musical Inspirations, &c. Thus the best thoughts of the most enlightened and liberal minds will be brought together, properly classified, handsomely illustrated, and preserved in a popular and enduring form. The publication of an uninterrupted series of choice books, of wider scope and variety, and covering all the principles and methods of reform is demanded, and could not possibly interfere with the interests of any one except the enemies of truth. The series will constitute a complete Standard Library, adapted to the present and future necessities of the free, progressive minds of all classes and countries.

2. It is proposed to establish a National Association for the advancement of the Occult Sciences. It is well known that the present American Scientific Association persistently excludes all subjects not intimately related to physics. By thus restricting its researches to the sphere of physical objects and phenomena it aims to confine the conquests of science to the Material World. This groveling tendency of accredited science and scientific men has been freely illustrated by the facts of their history. When, some years since, Professor Henry, at a meeting convened at the Smithsonian Institute, was requested to read a brief notice of a lecture on the facts and principles of Spiritualism, by a gentleman who had already acquired a reputation at home and abroad, he put the notice under his feet with an air of supreme contempt. And yet the venerable gentlemen of that Association could discover a lively interest in dead bugs and dry bones; in the great cedars of California, and, especially, in a grave discussion of the reasons why roosters crow at twelve o'clock at night!

Nor were the expressions of scornful indignation confined to the treatment of men who had no special claims to indulgence. When the late Dr. Robert Hare, one of the most eminent members of the American Association, asked the privilege of being heard in a statement of his own observations and experiments, at its session in Albany in 1856, his request met with a stern denial from men who were not worthy to be his peers. Professor Pierce insisted that if

there were any such physical phenomena as were described, they must be attributed to *legerdemain.* Professor Davies expressed his profound respect for the gentleman from Philadelphia, but, at the same time, manifested a determination to stop his mouth ; while Dr. Winslow—a volcanic light of the scientific world, in a state of fearful eruption—had the audacity to propose the consideration of the subject at a special meeting, to be convened "in the nearest lunatic asylum !"

Under such masters the profound and vital questions in which Spiritualists and all other Reformers are most deeply interested, can never be fairly investigated; and for this reason we propose the organization of a new Association that shall neither misrepresent the essential spirit and the true interests of science, dishonor its most venerable expounders, nor attempt to degrade the American name by imposing arbitrary restrictions on the freedom of thought. Let us by all means have a new Scientific Association, composed of learned and living men and women, assembled from every part of the country, to interrogate Nature, and to deliberate on the most significant developments of the age.

3. In connection with the objects and institutions already suggested, it is proposed to form a Spiritual Historical Society, the immediate and ultimate purposes of which shall be the collection—from every part of the continent—of concise accounts of the more important occurrences and peculiar developments, in each particular locality; the number of believers and other desirable information, to be preserved in the archives of the Society, and with a view of furnishing, from authentic sources, the materials for a comprehensive and philosophical history of the new Reformation. In proposing the organization of an American Society for the collection and authentication of materials for a comprehensive history, I am not looking merely to the present and the immediate future. On the contrary, the work I have in view can not, in the nature of the case, be a creation of to-day. The d'Aubigné of the Spiritual Reformation is probably not born, and certainly will not write before the beginning of the next century.

It is also our design to institute a course of scientific experiments, with a view to the development of a system of Mental Telegraphing throughout the world, by the use of sensitive or impressible persons.

This may not be practicable, but the results already obtained justify a course of systematic experiment. It is further proposed to found a Public Library and Reading Room, a Portrait Gallery of eminent Seers, Spiritualists and Reformers, and a Museum of the curiosities of Spiritual Art and Invention. The authors and publishers of Books and Periodicals having relation to Spiritualism and all cognate subjects; the Mediums who write in foreign and unknown tongues; the Artists who draw and paint under the control of a super-terrestrial influence; and the Spirit-taught Inventors whose models are already in the Patent Office, will, doubtless, furnish gratuitously such contributions to the Library, Portrait Gallery and Museum, as will at once render them objects of peculiar interest and important means of instruction. All these things may be secured at a trifling cost, and they would be of universal interest.

WHAT WE HAVE AND WHAT WE WANT.

We find fault with the existing institutions, while we do little or nothing either to improve them or to establish others more worthy of the age in which we live. We ought, however, to manifest a becoming interest in the welfare of society by contributing to found other and better institutions, which shall be an honor to the country and a blessing to mankind. Nor is it necessary to postpone this work until we can all precisely agree about everything else. That time will never come. Such unity of opinion is neither possible nor desirable; and the absence of impossible conditions is no justification of idleness. Hitherto we have done nothing really worthy of a great cause. We take time to gratify private curiosity in the realm of mystery. We follow those who exhibit the greatest signs and wonders, and would dine on a fresh miracle every day if it were possible. But as to any practical work—any labor of love and public utility—we are, comparatively speaking, idlers; or, at best, unprofitable servants. Shall it be said that more money can be raised to build a single sectarian temple; to purchase a yacht for pleasure parties; or to defray the expenses of a single evening entertainment, than whole States have given to a cause that demonstrates the certainty of another and a better life?

I do not mean to say that Spiritualists are naturally less liberal than other people; nor do I dispute the fact that they contribute

to support many public institutions. On the contrary, I am painfully reminded that they often help to strengthen those that wield a despotic power. But *we* have founded no institutions that represent our own clearer light and deeper comprehension of the necessities of mankind. We have yet to determine the outlines and fashion the character of the first important public institution. Much less have we fairly infused the pure spirit and lofty freedom of our ideal into a single enduring symbol of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Breadth of thought, patient research, and manly independence are eminently becoming the treatment of grave questions; and yet in nothing are we more deficient than in fearless criticism and honest work. We have numberless teachers who have no just claims to scholarship; disputants, who engage in controversies without so much as knowing what constitutes an argument, and whose limping logic would exasperate the patient ghost of John Locke; essayists, whose course of elementary instruction in their vernacular was sadly neglected, and who, like certain ambitious children, use many large words in doubtful relations; philosophizers without wisdom, who not only do not know how to state a proposition in philosophical terms, but do not appear to have even mastered the simplest definition of the word; metaphysical speculators, without any capital in the business, whose writings expose the reader to an attack of vertigo; poets, who never had the first clear conception of the laws of metrical composition; historians who remind us of the people who manufacture *provender*, by throwing both corn and cobs into the same hopper; multitudes of uneasy souls, unwilling to learn by patient study, but itching for instant notoriety, who mistake fancies for facts, and sensations for ideas, and need a vermifuge. And then, there are gentle natures, always pregnant with mental ephemera, bearing flowery disquisitions, and with mild rhapsodies breaking out, here and there, like the efflorescence of roseola, but containing nothing for the mind to subsist upon.

What we want in place of all this is a lucid statement of our ideas; a careful classification of important facts; a vigorous discussion of essential principles; rational research, a scientific philosophy, and manly criticism; and, withal, a literature that shall command respect in the most enlightened circles. Mother-wit and inspiration are good things, especially for those who have them at command. Culture,

too, is as good for brains and thoughts as it is for soils and plants; and, on the whole, we see no good reason why philosophy should have the "blind staggers," or literature go slipshod into polite society. The office of public instructor is one of great responsibility, and no person should undertake the heavy and the fine business of literature, science, and art, who is either wanting in the ability, the industry, or the patience to do his work honestly and well. When this suggestion shall have become a deep and general conviction we shall have a less number of teachers, but those that remain will be qualified for their work.

I am sure that no public or private interest is likely to be infringed in the pursuit of the objects herein proposed. There need be no conflict among the true friends of the same cause. Every sincere and earnest man and woman is not only entitled to the utmost freedom of thought and opinion, but each has an inalienable right to embody his or her ideal in the best form that the mind may conceive and the hand fashion. Indeed, *the world most needs an enduring record of our convictions in our work.* Those who will be associated with the writer are not likely to be identified with any clique or party among Spiritualists and Reformers. We have outlived the era of theological dogmatism and theoretical hair-splitting. We have no idea of realizing the grand harmonic expression of human nature in a ceaseless repetition of crotchets and quavers. Our conception of that harmony covers the scale of the divine life on earth. The principles of our faith and philosophy are broad and liberal, and our own particular aims and plans shall be no less catholic and comprehensive. We shall, therefore, gratefully accept the fellowship and coöperation of all friends, of both sexes, who can come—in the spirit of fraternal sympathy and mutual concession—to the aid of our enterprise.

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

That the Spiritualists of the United States are abundantly able to found and sustain the chief enterprise herein proposed, is too evident to require the statement of a single fact or argument. This may be done without personal injury to any one. What then shall hinder the accomplishment of the enterprise? Let us have a national Book Concern that shall

be to the Friends of Progress, of every name, what the great Book Concern in New York is to the Methodist Episcopal Church. There is no rational reason why it should not soon represent as large a constituency, rapidly grow into a profitable business, and become the great intellectual and moral lighthouse of the Western Continent. The present income from the Methodist Institution is a significant revelation of the grand possibilities of a similar establishment, organized in the interest of universal progress. After deducting the large sums said to have been purloined, and over $100,000 paid to Bishops, the net profits for the four years next preceding the last quadrennial statement, were nearly a quarter of a million of dollars! *

It is not in the private interest of the writer, nor to aggrandize his personal friends; nor yet to give a comely appearance to another and more subtile form of sectarianism, that it is proposed to organize a Stock Company for the purposes already expressed. It is not to perpetuate the darkness of the old Night; not to discourage freedom of thought, and to forge chains for men's souls; not to arrest the progress of civilization, and to stifle religious liberty by enthroning the Jewish God in the American constitution; but, on the contrary, that we may *avert all these evils*, and hasten the final triumph of universal Liberty and Light.

In this appeal we do not care to know what any man or

* "The last report of the New York Methodist Book Concern shows that the cost of the lots, buildings and fixtures on Broadway, was $950,356.62, and that a portion of the building was rented for $72,700 per annum, which leaves a considerable surplus after paying the seven per cent. on the investment. The sales of books and periodicals in the last four years amounted to $1,426,840.42, leaving a net profit of $275,140.17. Adding other revenues, and the total income was $362,094.67. Of this sum, $105,413.04 had been paid out for Bishops' salaries, leaving a net sum of $236,381.63 to be added to the capital. The net capital employed in the business now amounts to $1,055,179.57. The capital of the other book concerns raises the aggregate to $1,850,415.50. This enormous business, started about a century ago, is now, we believe, the largest religious publishing interest of the world."

woman *believes*. We are not hunting for a dogma, nor is it a confession of faith that we are after.

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight."

We furnish no samples of new creeds; we issue no proposals for a revision of old rituals; we advertise no mere glossary of obsolete terms; we offer no apologies for the barbarism of cruel customs and religious despotisms; we publish no studied exegesis of ancient scriptures; nor have we the marketable morality of the period—the veneered and stuccoed virtue, and the stuffed effigies of stupid saints, either for sale or exhibition. No! But our Proposals contemplate something vastly better than all these things, for which Christendom has already expended more than the entire available capital of the world! Let us resolve to arrest this lavish expenditure of time and money in the common cause of ignorance, superstition and error. Let us turn the currents into new channels, that shall feed the true life, promote the normal growth of individuals and races, secure the fraternity of nations, and the glory of a world-wide illumination.

Let no one imagine that we reason against time; that we only write to fill the measure of our space; that we make our plea to awaken a momentary impulse in the mind of the reader. We have stronger motives and higher aims. We were never so serious as now, because we never before felt so deeply the great wrongs we would arrest. They disturb the public peace; they menace the liberties of the people; they obscure the future of all nations; and we must resist their influence by all the legitimate means at our command. We must hold them in check; indeed, we must overpower and crush them; or, with their gathered strength, they will yet sweep down upon us, from the world's bad eminences, like an Alpine avalanche; and at last, in their cold embrace all that is most precious—prosperity, beauty and hope, justice, liberty and life may perish together.

There are people among us who are determined to either

forge chains or wear them as long as they live; some prefer to make religion consist in stately temples and a weekly masquerade, rather than find it in spiritual science and a blameless life—and these cannot distinguish heaven from a fossil museum. And then, there are several complacent souls who find the only divine revelation in Pope's aphorism; and hence they entertain the sweet conviction that the world is just as good and beautiful as it possibly can be, and themselves "altogether lovely." For obvious reasons these classes are not expected to take any interest in our Proposals; nor do we look for coöperation from those who generally find fault, but never subscribe. Our appeal is to men and women who have brains and hearts, and our purpose is actual *business*. We want to elicit from every Spiritualist and Reformer in the country an explicit answer to this plain question:—WHAT ARE YOU WILLING TO DO TO REALIZE ANY AND ALL OF THE OBJECTS HEREIN PROPOSED? How much stock will you take in this enterprise? Spiritualists, Reformers—Friends of Progress! The eyes of all nations are upon you, and posterity will judge of the sincerity of your professions by your acts. You stand in the morning glory of the world's spiritual illumination. To you much is given, and much is required. May you rightly interpret the signs of the times and wisely improve your great opportunities. In view of the present necessities of mankind, and with a just reference to the sublime possibilities of the Future, will you reflect and answer. The occasion for serious deliberation, and the time for resolute action, are HERE AND NOW.

VOICES OF THE PEOPLE.

It would be doing great injustice to many brave and true friends were we to leave the public to infer that they are either hostile or indifferent to the objects we have proposed. Moreover, we need assistance in a great work, and others may be prompted to engage in the same, by earnest words and noble examples. Such considerations forbid that we

should altogether stifle the *vox populi* from any unprofitable suggestions of false modesty and the possible misapprehension of our motives. That the reader may be able to form some conception of the profound interest awakened by the original publication of our Definite Proposals, we here subjoin several extracts from the letters of correspondents.

FROM W. T. VAN ZANDT, NEW YORK CITY.

My Dear Brittan :—Let me congratulate the world's cause that you have again taken hold of the plow, and are leading off in the direction of practical labor. Set down my name as one who hopes to hold out the purse as freely as he now expresses the will. The Angels must be with you in this work.

FROM H. M. RICHMOND, CHICAGO, ILL.

I have noticed your Proposals, and fully agree with you that such an Institution is a necessity of the time. It would be valuable in its relations to American thinkers, and of service to the whole world, as we are fast becoming the center from which will radiate the great spiritual light of the planet. I will do whatever my ability—backed by my strong faith in this matter—will enable me to accomplish.

FROM A LADY OF GENIUS AND CULTURE, BOSTON, MASS.

Your Definite Proposals are so earnest and yet so practical, that they must take hold of the minds and hearts, and, I trust, the purses of all thinking people. If ready hands and a willing spirit can avail anything, most gladly will they be exerted in this good cause.

FROM A. E. NEWTON, THE EMINENT SPIRITUAL JOURNALIST.

I have read your recent communications, entitled Confidential Suggestions and Definite Proposals, with no common interest. The proposals you submit all seem to me eminently desirable. They look to associated action on a large scale, for the general benefit. The plan is broad and comprehensive, and I trust the capital to carry it out may not be lacking. I should be glad to coöperate in any way in my power. Of late I have been feeling most earnestly that a new departure of some sort must be inaugurated in the great Spiritual Movement. . . I do not know that I am competent to have any

part in the Builder's work, but my sympathies, and my interest are all there. Your announcement comes to me as the bugle-call to a new campaign.

FROM J. H. HARTLEY, SHAKER COMMUNITY, NORTH UNION, OHIO.

I have read and carefully considered your Proposals in the *Banner of Light*, with great interest. I beg you will register my name and address, as one having very greatly at heart the objects you have set before the public. . . I shall watch your movement with great anxiety, and will do all I can to help it along.

FROM HERMAN SNOW, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

I am exceedingly encouraged that the old friends of the cause (reference to Brittan and Newton) are again at the front, where their services are so much needed. The plan unfolded by you is magnificent. . . Do not fail to let me know when and wherein I can aid you.

FROM MRS. L. L. C., ST. PAUL, MINN.

You have touched the key-note that will arouse the sleeping millions from their lethargy and put a new song in their mouths. A master hand has awakened the strain which shall vibrate through Christendom. My own soul thrills with rhythmical vibrations, deep enough to touch the lowest notes in the scale of mortal life, and high enough to celebrate the spirits' coronation. From such a platform as yours we may build a living monument that shall fix the attention of all nations. . . May the recording Angel enroll my name as one worthy to contribute something of use or beauty to this monument of wisdom.

FROM THOMAS GALES FOSTER, THE POPULAR LECTURER.

I hasten thus early to thank you for your Definite Proposals, which I have read with great satisfaction. The spirit of your communication is admirable, the recommendations eminently judicious and appropriate to present conditions. I offer my hearty coöperation and poor abilities, in any way they can be rendered available toward effecting so grand a consummation as is held forth in your proposals.

FROM L. B. LYMAN, HELENA CITY, MONTANA TER.

I have perused your Definite Proposals with much interest. The work marked out by you commends itself to me as promising more

effective and substantial usefulness to humanity than any other plan I have either seen proposed or that has occurred to my mind. Should you enter upon the work it will command all the fraternal support and substantial aid in my power to give.

FROM A. N. GOULD, ST. JOSEPH, TENSAS PARISH, LA.

I have carefully read your Definite Proposals. I am about to visit New Orleans, and while there will see some of the liberal thinkers—will lay the subject before them, and answer you. I will aid you, however, as will my wife, in any way you may hereafter suggest. Your thoughts are grand and your plans noble. May you go on and carry out your project is the prayer of, Yours in Truth.

FROM MISS BELLE BUSH, BELVIDERE, N. J.

DEAR FRIEND :—I feel like writing you a few lines asking, "What of the night?" Doth the day begin to dawn? Hath the morning star, that is to guide you to a new Spiritual Bethlehem, made its appearance?

See you the light all the hill-tops adorning;
Hear you the herald cry, Lo the blest Morning?

I feel more than ever persuaded that your "dream" is not half so Utopian as it may seem to some of our doubting friends. I believe the hour has come for action—for organization upon a business plane—and I do not believe that the intelligence that prompts your efforts has unwisely anticipated the time.

Let faith be ours and victory is won,
In spite of all croakers under the sun.

FROM REV. OLYMPIA BROWN, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

In respect to your new proposals, I am sure I shall like the Quarterly. At present we have nothing in the shape of a periodical publication which represents the best ideas—the underlying truth of Spiritualism unmixed with humbug and various clap-trap.

FROM A. EISWALD, PROFESSOR OF LANGUAGES, SAVANNAH, GA.

Permit me to express the most fervent wishes for the success of your grand enterprise. I am very glad to know that you are going once more to wield your forcible pen in combating error and eluci-

dating truth. I congratulate the cause of Progress upon this resolution; and I hope, nay I am sure, that with your long experience as a writer, your tact as a debater, your erudition and influence as one of the literati of the century, and with your keen insight into the laws of Nature as a scientist, you will be successful.

FROM H. S. WILLIAMS, BOSTON, MASS.

After perusing your Definite Proposals, I cannot refrain from a few congratulatory words, expressive of my hearty sympathy with your views, and ardent desire to realize the inauguration of the important movement contemplated. Your propositions are clear and in my judgment practical. Please consider me a subscriber. Rest assured that whatever I can do to further the ends in view, shall be done with a will.

FROM HUDSON TUTTLE, BERLIN HEIGHTS, OHIO.

I am impelled to write you a brief note, expressive of the deep interest I feel in your plans, as expressed in a late number of the *Banner of Light*. Your proposition for a scientific organization, and accumulative centers, is just what is demanded, and I pray for every success which must attend it. In my next letter to "Human Nature," I shall speak of it in the high terms of praise I think it deserves.

FROM GEORGE A. SHUFELDT, JR., ESQ., CHICAGO, ILL.

Your Definite Proposals. I am greatly pleased that you have taken this inaugural step toward the accomplishment of so desirable a result. Your remarks are wise and just, and exhibit a scope of thought which, I regret to say, but few appear to reach. I know of no one better fitted to manage such an enterprise, and I only hope you may succeed in your effort. The day may not be distant when I can give you a helping hand. My disposition in these directions is strong, and I am always ready to aid in anything which promises to result in good.

FROM A. H. MCFALL, M.D., HUNTER'S RETREAT, TEXAS.

Your Definite Proposals thrill my very soul with joy while I read, and I hail them as marking a new era of great promise, and a de-

sideratum of momentous magnitude. I have no doubt they will meet with hearty responses from every lover of progress. . . . Situated as I am, what a treasure would be the consummation of your proposals! May God and his Angels speed the glorious work. . . . You may count on my subscription to the extent of my ability, while I shall use my every effort to secure others. Again I bid you God-speed.

FROM C. A. REED, SALEM, OREGON.

I have just read your Definite Proposals, and am much pleased. The ideas are grand, and the plan I believe practical. I have longed for the time when some man should strike as you propose to do. If I can help you in this undertaking I am at your service.

FROM FRANK L. BURR, EDITOR DAILY TIMES, HARTFORD, CONN.

I am glad you have taken this matter in hand. . . . I know of no periodical at present published in the interest of what is called Spiritualism, which discusses the fundamental laws of Life and the Spiritual Phenomena in any adequate way. I believe you are the one to do this in a manner which will not discredit the great and glorious truth whose cause you espouse.

FROM MISS E. L. BUSH, BELVIDERE, N. J.

Your Proposals have been frequent subjects of discourse by our little band, composed of friends in the form and those who are beyond the vail. At one of our conversational entertainments, a few evenings since, great faith was expressed as to the result of your present enterprise. What you desire to accomplish is purely educational—hence a part of our work. We all feel that the time for action has come, and that the angel-world will aid in carrying forward the enterprise. All that my hands and means will permit shall be cheerfully given to aid in the advancement of this cause.

FROM J. WINCHESTER, MONITOR, ALPINE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

My Dear Brittan:—The Spirit of the Lord is upon you, and you cannot wait for me. I have devoted years of my maturer life to open up the treasures long hidden in the bosom of mother earth,

for *the very object*, among others, which you have marked out in your Proposals. From this mine I still hope to draw, as from an inexhaustible bank, the material resources needed. . . . We must found institutions upon our philosophy, and enter prisons and asylums with reforms that shall obliterate whatever yet remains of Levitical and Draconian laws and sectarian theologies. . . . . I have looked to *you* for coöperation, as you know, these many years, to carry out the really grand purpose that has burned in my soul, and given the incentive to my efforts in these mountains. . . . Let me hear from you, and if you set the ball in motion I may come in to accelerate its movement.

We have not the space for further extracts, and hence many eloquent testimonies—to the importance of the objects we have in view—cannot here be placed upon record. But they are carefully preserved, and their influence is not lost. True, so far as they admit of a personal application to the writer, he may have reason to feel humbled by an oppressive sense of unworthiness; yet as words of honest encouragement, expressed for the truth's sake, and in the common interest of us all, he has a right to rejoice, reason to be resolute and strong, and an occasion to greet the gathering hosts —visible and invisible—with a cordial welcome. Welcome to the contest of Right against Wrong! Welcome to this new and honorable field, where shining warriors smite down the powers of darkness! Welcome to the hopes and joys inspired by immortal companions, in whose name I salute you!

ALL HAIL, BRAVE FRIENDS!

S. B. BRITTAN.

OUR POSITIVE PHILOSOPHERS.

THE little circle of positive philosophers who sparkle from the common dust of their materialism, and coruscate the *World*—and who are determined there shall be no other world than this—can see nothing in this JOURNAL to fix their attention but its motto—*The Trumpets of the Angels are the voices of the Reformers.* That an angel should speak, or pour forth inspiration through a mortal's voice, is to these positive gentlemen utterly incomprehensible, for they are sure no angel ever came near them or found expression in their utterances. It may be so, since angels may be presumed to select their company and have a choice of instruments; and we think the angelic influence would get into a very wrinkled and withered condition if it should attempt to wind its way through the dark and crooked passages of some of their positive philosophy—such, for example, as the following, which we extract from the *Modern Thinker*—an effusion of irrepressible philosophy, in prismatic colors, from the gentlemen who have not been able to relieve themselves fully of the pressure of their earthly and sensuous wisdom by ejecting it through the *World.*

"Attempting to bring them by this comparison into conformity with each other, the mind is led to study relations, and comes to *abandon in preponderance* (! !) the question of causes. It now pivots its attention upon the notion of laws, (!) the *analogue of which is the lines so extended* between the system of points and the lines discovered in the objective impression, and the counterparting system discovered in the objective apprehension and analysis of the outer impression. And, finally, these *laws are disengaged* from the idea of accompanying force or cause. *This, then, is the arrival at the Positive State.*"

Shades of the philologists, come to our aid! In the mean time, if any of our more eminent positive philosophers would translate the above paragraph into intelligible English, we would undertake to show them in return how the angels may find an impression of their sentiments in the clear, ringing English of some of our pages. But until they do this we shall continue to regard the foregoing passage as the most remarkable imitation of the English language that we have ever seen. After some effort we are enabled to so far apprehend its meaning as to discover what is the "positive state" of a positive philosopher of the latest French-American pattern.

There is one thing in which these gentlemen are positive to the last possible degree, namely, that *they have no souls;* and it is just possible that, as they can discover nothing of the kind, Nature may have made them exceptions to the immortal rule of human development. Call them knaves, and they smile serenely; call them fools, and they pity their assailants; but tell them they have immortal souls, and they are as vehement in scornful retort as the fisherwoman whom Daniel O'Connell called "a hypothenuse."

In noticing this JOURNAL the *World* evidently thought it discovered something extremely absurd or very funny in our motto. We may readily account for its taking this view of the subject. Its reviewer, at that time, was a young man whose early education had apparently been sadly neglected. And here we will venture to say in confidence that a member of the same editorial staff—with more culture, a larger experience and less egotism—felt it to be necessary to apologize to us in a private note for the weakness and stupidity of their reviewer, comparing him to an individual of the genus *Equus*. In the time of Balaam one of this genus suddenly became an angel (messenger or speaking-medium) and preached—in the Hebrew tongue, we suppose—against cruelty to animals; and from whose lesson we will try to profit in any mild chastisement we may have occasion to inflict on any one of the species. Probably the young man of the *World* was fishing, or he may

have been playing *whist* in the barn when the neighboring children went to Sunday-school and learned something about angels. This may possibly account for the present ignorance of this flippant reviewer, who evidently does not so much as comprehend the meaning of the word. The reference to angels suggests to his juvenile mind nothing better than the old mythological conception—a monstrous creature in the form of womanhood, with huge wings, such as the heavier specimens of the feathered tribes require to raise their ponderosity into the upper air. If the positive philosophers ever dream of any angels it must be presumed that they answer this description.

In the reference to *trumpets*—in our motto—the young man of the *World* can of course see nothing at all but a plain wind-instrument in the shape of a long tin horn! If you tell him that some great messenger of God is sounding his trumpet in the earth, he being a positive philosopher looks out for the literal horn and nothing more; he expects to have his ears bored; and he waits for the blast until every flower of imagination, and the very germs of all rational ideas are *blasted* by his ignorance. With such a reviewer the opinions of the *World*, on literary subjects, must be chiefly valuable to those complacent beings who write and appreciate them; who live in mutual admiration of each other—in studying the embryology of the little ideas they are able to generate among themselves—and in microscopic demonstrations of the anatomy of their own soulless conceptions.

We may be allowed to inform the *World* (we mean the metropolitan newspaper) that the word angel, primarily and literally, means *messenger*, without having any necessary reference either to a human or supra-mortal constitution. In the early Church the apostolic teachers were called angels. Indeed, whoever, or *whatever* either serves as a bearer of intelligence, or is employed as an operative agent in the achievement of any divine or human purpose, may properly be called an *angel*. Hence, figuratively speaking, the elements are God's angels for the accomplishment of his purposes in the

natural universe. With even greater propriety we may apply the term to the grand moral forces of the world, displayed in the growth of religious ideas; in the overthrow of despotic governments and the progress of civilization; and in the enfranchisement and elevation of nations and races. In this high moral sense SPIRITUALISM is a mighty angel come down from heaven to roll the stone away from the world's vast sepulcher; to uncover its secret iniquities; to demolish its polluted shrines, and the rotten institutions of mediæval ages. To-day a mystical handwriting appears in the palaces of kings, and on the walls of the Church and State. In the significant demonstrations of invisible intelligence and irresistible power, we hear the blast of a trumpet, and recognize the sublime presence of the great Messenger whose polyglot embraces all the tongues of the world.

We have only to add, that the trouble with our positive philosophers is their real scorn of the Humanity which they ostensibly honor with a large capital. They care nothing for the testimony of wiser and more capable investigators than themselves, and readily trample in the dust the reputation and the characters of the ablest men who have ever lived, if by so doing they can maintain their cold philosophy, and the unprofitable dogma that there is no soul in man.

———o———

DIGNITY OF FREEDOM.—Man is not free when he is given over to the foul dominion of base desires and vicious pleasures. Even ignorance is slavery; every vile habit is a chain; a depraved appetite is a bar in the way of our progress; and the bosom, heaving with excess of passion, is the dungeon of the soul. How many dwell in this darkness and attempt to hobble through the world with these shackles? If it be an outrage against nature to fetter a horse, why will human beings endure a bondage that is immeasurably more degrading? O Man, thou art a child of God! created in his image, "but a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor." If even the brutes spurn their chains, be admonished to rise, in the conscious dignity of thy Manhood, and be FREE!

PROFESSOR BUCHANAN'S LECTURE.

CAN GREAT SOULS BE PRODUCED BY EDUCATION?

THE old saying, "*poeta nascitur*," implies that the more delicate accomplishments of the human soul, and its capacity for inspiration, depend on nature and not on culture. Educators have generally and tacitly accepted, as their proper sphere, the culture of the purely intellectual powers, and felt proudly satisfied when they gave a large stock of knowledge with ready capacities for thought and expression.

But now a new theory is put forth, that the soul can be educated as well as the intellect, and Professor BUCHANAN has the honor of announcing this new doctrine. No small honor will it be, if the doctrine be as practical and available in education as it seems to many of those who have read Dr. Buchanan's remarkable lecture on education, delivered at Syracuse in May.

We have seen nothing so original and so full of promise for humanity as the inculcations of this very remarkable lecture. It is full of the most interesting and practical suggestions for the improvement of intellectual education, many of which have been fully realized and carried out in the schools of Pestalozzi, Fellenberg, and Prof. Henslow of England, of whom the *Popular Science Monthly* for June has a very interesting sketch. These ideas have been heartily commended by some of the most distinguished educators in our country, and in time they must be universally adopted. Dr. B. also presents a system of *practical education* in the industrial arts, which is the most revolutionary plan that has ever been proposed for giving *useful* education. This subject is too extensive, however, to be discussed in the present brief notice.

But what has interested us most deeply in this lecture is

the possibility which it illustrates of giving to education an entirely new character. Not only does Dr. Buchanan propose to reform intellectual education, making it almost entirely oral, demonstrative, interesting, attractive, and animated, but to carry on, at the same time, *moral* as well as intellectual education.

The fundamental principle of the new system is, that the emotions are controlled by the *ear*, while the *eye* is the proper medium for addressing the intellect, and that *the voice of the pupil* is the most powerful agent in his own moral or emotional development. As the lion roars himself into a fury, or the dog barks until he attacks, so does the singer inspire himself with martial fervor or with tender sympathy by the tones of his own voice, which are more impressive to himself than to any other individual.

Moral education, therefore, must be effected by vocal exercises—by singing, declamation, and reading under proper direction. A school conducted on this system would need no discipline by punishment. A gay and loving cheerfulness would make all ready for duty. By properly adjusting the exercises, the school could be kept under the influence of any sentiment which it was desired to cultivate. Dr. B. maintains that it is entirely practicable by this method to elevate the moral character of the very lowest classes of society, and to take the culprits of the House of Refuge and the Penitentiary, and restore many of them to the paths of virtue. Nor could any one well deny the possibility of this who has seen the sudden transformation of character when the organs of the brain are excited, or when mesmeric and other psychological processes are brought to bear on the susceptible.

Looking to the consequences of this new system of educating the soul, it seems to open up a glorious future for humanity. If the virtues can thus be cultivated in the young, as systematically as the intellect, then education is a mighty power indeed. The teachers of the new education will do that work which the university and church combined have

failed to accomplish heretofore—to lift man out of his animality into a higher and nobler life; not only the chosen few, but the millions whom history does not condescend to notice. If Dr. Buchanan is right (and no one can deny the truth of his fundamental doctrine), education is perfectly competent to banish war and crime.

The enunciation of such a doctrine marks a new era in education; and it is eminently appropriate that the *new education* should be brought forward by the founder of *the new anthropology*—a profound thinker, too far in advance of his contemporaries to be fully appreciated in his own time.

———o———

INFLUENCE OF IDEAS ON CHARACTER.

THE life of a man is his own practical exposition of his principles and ideas. In other words, it is the illuminated record of the conception he entertains of himself, his personal relations and pursuits, and the common destiny of the race—all translated into the emphatic language of resolution and action. Thus the inventor lives in his art, and the man of science in his discovery; while the founders of new religious and political systems live in monumental remains and authentic history. But there are comparatively few among the historic personages of any period who can be safely selected as models by those who would fashion a character in consonance with Nature and Reason. True, the lives of some men are golden promises of what shall be thereafter; but others are earnest exhortations and stern reproofs; while others still are solemn warnings or fearful anathemas.

Pope says, "It is the misfortune of extraordinary geniuses, that their most intimate friends are more apt to admire than to love them." The reason for this is obvious, since most men of genius present an incongruous union of great powers and melancholy defects. The strange contrarieties in their

lives inevitably spring from a discordant blending of the elements of human nature. Certain faculties are abnormally developed; appearing suddenly and assuming vast proportions, as mountains are thrown up from the deep by the force of volcanic fires. They remind us of cloudy summits whose bold, irregular outlines and striking features are only softened and rendered comely when

"Distance lends enchantment to the view."

If we attempt to reach them, they seem to recede, and a close inspection shows them to be rugged and barren.

Nature is prolific in figurative suggestions, and there are some men that excite our astonishment by the momentary splendor of their transits. To say nothing of the ordinary *ignes fatui* of the intellectual world, there are minds that like splendid meteors shoot suddenly through the moral heavens and disappear in a blaze; or like strange comets they pursue their eccentric and lonely orbits far from the realm of the common mind. Men who live to sing the songs, write the philosophies, fight the battles, and establish the thrones of the world, are generally unequal in their development, and seldom properly adjusted to the sphere of their outward relations. The career of the most brilliant mind among them—in its influence on the world—may resemble a biting frost, a sirocco, a tempest or a conflagration. Indeed, a life encompassed by storms and exposed to fierce and fiery ordeals is often the very cradle and nursery of Genius.

The chief characteristics of the individual may be discovered in the things that either excite his ambition or minister to his pleasure. In like manner the common ideal of a community or State, involves the evidence on which the political philosopher must form his judgment of the national character. Men who believe in the innate nobility and inalienable rights of man will generally be the last to form base alliances, and the national integrity and life may be regarded as secure so long as the People cherish the sacred memories of their wisest

men and purest patriots. We cannot too frequently contemplate the noblest examples, for the

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We may make our lives sublime."

Nor is it a vain idolatry that prompts the living to preserve the expressive memorials they have left behind, since these may serve to inspire others with a desire to emulate the lofty virtues and heroic deeds that made their names illustrious.

It is not by the graves of the martyrs of Liberty, that we feel the promptings of an unhallowed ambition; it is neither on fields rendered memorable by great public services, nor by the sculptured marbles of risen heroes, that the citizen feels indifferent to the claims of his country. On the contrary, it is then and there that the true man must realize the priceless value of Liberty, Religion and Law, and learn to hate the sacrilegious vandalism that derives no impressive suggestions from such silent monitors. It would be treason to forget the founders and defenders of the Republic, who "being dead yet speak" from their silent urns. It is a becoming thing for the living to walk with light footsteps and hushed voices above the ashes of their fathers; and only those who respect the memories of the just are likely to be worthy of this vast inheritance of individual and national freedom. He is indeed a political infidel who will not reverently pause and mark the spot where the ethereal flame of a great life was extinguished.

———o———

M. FOISSAC was accustomed to manipulate liquids magnetically, and Paul Villagrand, a sensitive subject, would at once detect the presence of the magnetic influence by the sense of taste. The most surprising effect of medicine on a delicate patient may depend on such an influence emanating from the practitioner.

SECTARIAN DEGRADATION OF CHRISTIANITY.

POSITIVE.—The independent press criticises, with some asperity, the decision of the Presbyterian General Assembly at Baltimore, "That the Presbyterian Church of the United States shall take part in celebrating the centennial anniversary of American Independence, not as Americans but as Presbyterians." If sectarian bickering and alienation cannot be suspended in our great political Sabbath, could there be any harmony in heaven if such warring sects were admitted to each other's presence?

COMPARATIVE.—As the death of Dickens elicited the scurrilous language of a Fulton in this country, the death of John Stuart Mill has elicited from the *Church Herald* in England the following ebullition of antichristian sentiment, that needs only political power to express itself by the gibbet and the auto da fé:—

> "His 'philosophy,' so-called, was thoroughly antichristian; his sentiments daringly mischievous and outrageously wild. As a member of Parliament he was a signal failure, and his insolence to and contempt for the great conservative party was well known. His death is no loss to anybody, for he was a rank but amiable infidel, and a most dangerous person. The sooner those 'lights of thought' who agree with him go to the same place, the better will it be for both Church and State. We can well spare the whole crew of them, and shall hear of their departure, whether one by one or in a body, with calm satisfaction."

All this, however, does not prevent the most eminent persons in England from meeting to do honor to Mill, but it helps to strengthen that public sentiment which will ere long disestablish a church which adheres to the barbarism of the dark ages.

SUPERLATIVE.—If neither the American Sabbath nor the death of Mr. Mill can soften or humanize the wolfish spirit of sectarianism, surely we might suppose that it would be awed into peace at the *birthplace of Christ.* On the contrary, the recent *riot at Bethlehem*, at the very Church of the Nativity, among the monks who represent the so-called Christianity of France and of Russia, shows that sectarianism is utterly destitute of the spirit of Christ; for these monks are representative men, under the protection of their respective governments.

The old Church of the Nativity stands at Bethlehem on a hill six miles from Jerusalem. The Greek, Latin, and Armenian Churches stand near, and each of the rival sects has a chapel for its own use in the Church of the Nativity, while the central nave of the church is occupied in common. Underneath this is a limestone grotto, containing a recess in which is supposed to be the manger in which Christ was laid. The Greeks hold one passage leading to this recess, and the Latin monks, under French protection, hold the other.

Their miserable wrangles in the past about their time-worn hangings and emblems are not worth narrating. Latterly they have each kept a guard of able-bodied monks to watch and restrain any undue liberties in hanging up a piece of canvas or a lamp, etc., and have been on the verge of a breach of the peace, which at last has occurred, and is reported by the daily press as follows:—

"A few weeks since, in April, the Greeks lighted a lamp too much, and the Latins displayed a hanging of silk in an unauthorized way. The long-restrained animosities of the parties could no longer be calmed, and from insults they came to open blows, and finally to a bloody and fatal fight. Arms were freely used, and eleven of the combatants were killed or dangerously wounded. The combat was only stopped by the arrival of Turkish soldiers on the scene of slaughter."

If such an outbreak had occurred at a spiritual séance, with

what rapidity would it have been published throughout the civilized world, under flaming head-lines, as an evidence of the diabolic tendencies of the faith that produced it. But as it is, there will be no sensation—but little will be said; nobody will be astonished that the representatives of churches upheld by armies and bayonets should themselves handle bayonets or daggers as a religious duty.

WISDOM OF THE LEADERS OF THOUGHT.

THE vigorous intellect of the present age seems to concern itself in physical science and in political or historical questions—leaving the higher sphere of psychic science unoccupied. We can find very readily vigorous and really able discussions of political and social questions, animated debates on historical subjects, and earnest if not profound disquisitions on the great questions in which physical science has touched the borders of biology—the origin of life and development of species.

But above this, all is barren—the science of the soul is unknown and wilfully ignored. No fact, however well authenticated, concerning the independent existence of mind as it is now demonstrating itself from the Spirit-world, and has been for ages, can gain admission to a fashionable quarterly, except as a mere target for scurrility or ridicule.

To ignore the mind, which is now acting independent of its ordinary relations to matter, it is necessary also to ignore the science of the brain, for that science, fully explored, reveals the most decisive evidence that mind *is not* entirely dependent for its existence upon a living brain.

Hence we find, in everything that relates to the brain and the mysteries of mind, a pitiable ignorance of what the most advanced researches have proved, continually displayed by reputable periodicals. The last *Edinburgh Review* contains

a rather brilliant and caustic criticism upon the doctrines of Darwin and the zeal of his followers, which evidently proceeds from a vigorous thinker who understands the progress of science in the matter of evolution. But the same number of the *Review* contains an article on Sleep and Dreams, in review of a work by M. L. F. A. Maury, a Member of the French Institute, which borders upon that tabooed territory where fashionable scientists seldom venture, or, if they do, seem to lose both the power of observation and the power of reasoning upon facts gathered by the observation of others.

Having read through the whole article of seventeen pages with indomitable patience, without finding a single new idea or interesting piece of information—finding nothing, in fact, but a copious flow of commonplace matters, such as a mere penny-a-liner might furnish extemporaneously, we could only wonder how such trash could gain admittance to a *Review* which usually exhibits so much ability. We can account for it only by the dense ignorance which prevails on all subjects relating to the human soul, and the profound aversion to true psychological and cerebral science of those whose minds have been filled with the voluminous chaff of mediæval metaphysics.

———o———

BUSINESS.—A California paper says the Japanese "will win universal respect by a sort of heathenish habit they have of minding their own business." This is good news, and we respectfully solicit the Japanese to send a few missionaries to this benighted country. This part of the moral vineyard presents a large field for their operations, and there is a demand for earnest work. Many will subscribe liberally with a view of having several impertinent and meddlesome Christians converted to this Japanese form of heathenism.

BAPTIZED MATERIALISM.

THE living spirit of a faith once majestic in its power, and beautiful in its influence over the heart and life of the believer—the faith that filled the ancient church with the manifestations of spiritual presence and power—has declined, and nearly lost its hold on the religious institutions of the time. The nature of the opposition to Spiritualism, and the modes of resistance adopted by the church and the world, show how almost faithless men are in the vital principles of Religion. If faith in the invisible and immortal be not dead or sleeping, why are its requirements everywhere practically denied? That its chief claims are virtually disputed, and that the popular faith—the formal acknowledgment of the truth of a greater or less number of dogmatic propositions—exerts but a feeble influence over the lives and conduct of men, is quite too manifest to require elucidation.

It is worthy of observation, that the accredited expounders of sacred realities proceed upon the assumption that the fundamental proposition of the Spiritualists involves an impossibility. The ministers of popular Christianity assume that there is no intercourse between the two worlds—that Spirits do not and can not either demonstrate their presence or reveal their thoughts to mortals. The departed millions are dumb, and paralysis is presumed to be epidemic in heaven. Thus the old Materialism is true to its instincts and affinities. Though it has been baptized in the name of Jesus, it still clings to all earthly forms, and its dusty images flit like phantoms of the waning night, in "the dim religious light" of the outward church.

Authors, Art, and Education.

BIBLE OF THE AGES.*

WITH so wide a field before him, the industrious gleaner could not fail to discover and gather many excellent things worthy of a place in the world's common storehouse. The golden grain finds its way from the field to the threshing-floor, where it is freely handled, smitten by heavy blows and then winnowed, that the pure grain may be separated from the worthless chaff. In the department of ideas, these offices are performed by calm, fearless, but honest criticism. The process may seem to be severe, but assured that our real interests are realized in the result, we here drop the figure.

If our author has been influenced, in any degree, by either undue partiality or possible prejudice, these incentives and restraints must, in his case, have relation to persons rather than to principles and ideas. Here he exhibits a princely hospitality—so generous, indeed, that it may be sometimes exercised at the sacrifice of a wise discrimination. And here—if influenced by merely personal considerations—we would prefer to pause, leaving room for the inference that the work before us realizes our highest anticipations. But such a treatment of the subject would be unjust to all parties, and could in no way promote the interests of our literature. From all we had learned of the accredited ability of the compiler, we were prepared beforehand to be pleased with this book; but its perusal has somewhat disappointed our expectations. The contents of the volume—excepting Mr. Stebbins's Preface, which occupies three pages—are almost entirely derived from other writers, the selections being unaccompanied by notes, either critical, historical, or exegetical. To say nothing of the economy of labor, displayed in the preparation

* Chapters from the Bible of the Ages; compiled and edited by Giles B. Stebbins, Detroit, Michigan. Boston: Colby & Rich.

of such a work, it is not always easy to comprehend the reasons that govern the author in his choice of materials, particularly in the selections from modern writers.

Let us illustrate the grounds of our chief objection by personal and particular references. For example, we have extracts from Spurgeon, who is not much of a writer, but see nothing from Martineau, who writes well. The real quality of the one as compared with the other is as the sudden effervescence of small beer to the clear amber hues and sparkling life of the wines of Champagne. Mary Fletcher fills a page, and three pages are devoted to Mr. Edward N. Dennys, of London; but we have only nineteen lines from Buckle, a little from Herbert Spencer, and nothing from Shakspeare. The selections from American writers are in some cases equally inexplicable. T. W. Higginson occupies some sixteen or eighteen pages, and we have three extracts from Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, while George William Curtis, Parke Godwin, Dr. Bellows, Dr. Dewey, and others of similar rank are totally suppressed. Herman Bisbee takes rank with Horace Bushnell; C. D. B. Mills has two pages on "Quietism and Work;" but we find nothing from Horace Greeley, who, if he did not understand quietism, certainly did know a thing or two about work. We have one extract from the immortal Channing, and three from Henry C. Wright; but we look in vain for the beautiful psalms of Whittier, Longfellow, Harris, Belle Bush and Lizzie Doten.

Perhaps all this does not materially detract from the substantial merits of Mr. Stebbins's book. But the reader who is familiar with the history of our people, and the progressive thought of the Nineteenth Century, will doubtless be surprised to find that a work bearing the comprehensive title of the "Bible of the Ages," prepared by an American and a Spiritualist, and containing extracts from the writings of persons quite unknown in literature, should yet find no place to record the names of Dr. J. R. Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas L. Harris, A. E. Newton, W. S. Courtney, Hon. N. P. Tallmadge, Hon. John W. Edmonds, Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, Hon. Thomas R. Hazzard, Prof. Robert Hare, Joel Tiffany, Rev. James Richardson, Rev. John Pierpont, William Fishbough, Frances Harriet Green McDougall, Sarah Helen Whitman, and others, whose free thoughts and brave words are worth remembering.

But these objections to the Scriptures already published, Mr. Stebbins may easily remove by some New Testament compiled under his hand; or by calling a Council to determine what shall be canonical in the New Bible; also what particular things shall go into the department of modern apocryphal writings, and how much is best fitted to enlighten the world by the simple process of combustion. As may be inferred from previous observations, the work under review consists of selections from a large number of authors, ancient and modern—Pagans, Jews, Christians, Mohammedans, and writers of no recognized religion. The compiler is a gentleman of liberal principles and acknowledged ability. He does not find the limitations we have noticed in any want of the largest toleration of all sorts of views and opinions. In this respect he at once demonstrates his own freedom from sectarian shackles and exhibits a truly catholic spirit. In our judgment this is an excellent feature of his work and worthy of the highest commendation. The author's purpose is certainly good, and the moral tone of his book above reproach. Having really accomplished so much in the right direction, we cannot but regret that Mr. Stebbins did not give his book wider scope, and devote more time to the selection and classification of his materials.

A facetious spirit at our elbow suggests that, after all, perhaps friend Stebbins was prudent in not loading the new *canon* too heavily at first.

———o———

THE NAPOLEON DYNASTY.*

MORE than twenty years ago the first edition of this work made its appearance, and attracted general attention in this country and Europe. The author's name did not transpire, and hence the judgment of the critics was not warped by any personal considerations. The rare merits of the Book were widely and cordially acknowledged. The intelligent reader could not fail to recognize in the author a capacity for independent thought and vigorous

* The Napoleon Dynasty: a History of the Bonaparte Family, brought down to the Present Time. By the Berkeley Men (C. Edwards Lester). With twenty-three authentic portraits. New York: Sheldon & Company, No. 677 Broadway. 1873.

expression; a fine appreciation of the relation of words to ideas—a masterly grouping and graphic delineation of historical characters; and the impressive movement of the imposing drama presented in the life and times of this most remarkable family.

Very much that passes for history largely consists of the dry details of ordinary events, public documents and legal enactments; the struggles of ambitious aspirants for place and power, and the rude conflicts of political parties. It is not surprising that the constant recurrence of the main features of this programme should have elicited the observation that "history repeats itself." This is not strictly true in the most important sense; but it is true in the more superficial aspects of the world, and in the judgment of those who lack the capacity to translate the deeper mysteries of individual, social, political and religious life and progress. To write the biography of an original character, or a true history of the people, the author must not stand without and merely contemplate the superficial phases and momentary aspects of his subject, but he must come near and make it a part of himself. He must penetrate the profoundest depths, and his feeling and thought must blend with the vital elements of his theme. Then there will be motion, life and dramatic power in his narrative. The very elements of speech will become flexible and incandescent at the touch of his genius. Moved by his volition, events will fall gracefully into line; great thoughts will wake and clothe themselves, and his story become a living creation.

Such a work is the Napoleon Dynasty. From a commanding position the author sweeps the wide field of observation, and at once grasps events with their relations and causes, as an experienced general, standing on an eminence above the objects he is to inspect, covers the long line with his glass; at a glance surveys the vast theater of operations, and interprets the movements of the most distant objects. The work combines the varied excellences of several eminent American, English, and French historians. The language is chaste, vigorous and sonorous; the style is remarkably sententious, and the disposition of persons and events highly dramatic. And yet nothing of fact or truth is either sacrificed, overlooked or obscured in the changing lights and rapid movement of this panoramic exhibition of great characters and remarkable events.

In the new edition, just published, the same hand continues the

work down to the solemn termination of the closing scene in the act on which the curtain has so recently fallen—the death of Napoleon III. Now that the press has recorded its impartial verdict respecting the peculiar merits of this record of the Napoleon Dynasty, the author appears without his visor. Those who are personally acquainted with C. EDWARDS LESTER long since recognized the striking characteristics of his mind on every page of his book.

———o———

THE ORPHANS' RESCUE.*

THIS picture is a suggestive and beautiful illustration of the interposition of Spirits in the perilous conditions and circumstances of human life. We are presented, in the middle and foreground, with a swelled and rapid river. The turbulent waters are dashing wildly over and through the cavernous rocks that rise, here and there, from the bed and above the surface of the stream, and in still bolder outlines that define the precipitous shores.

In the midst of the boiling and foaming waters, already within the powerful attraction of the cataract, is a little boat containing two children—a Girl and a Boy, representing, respectively, the ages of perhaps ten and six years. The drawing and action of these figures is life-like and otherwise admirable. The boy expresses apprehension, and with one hand seizes the side of the boat while with the other he fondly clings to his sister. The little girl feeling the mysterious influence of a superior power, with an air of confidence stands erect in the center of the boat, holding the rope in her left hand, while the other is raised and extended above the head of her little brother, as if in blessing, or to shield him from an impending evil. The expression of the face is calm and sweet, and altogether undisturbed by the slightest emotion of fear.

The immortal guardians enveloped in light, flowing draperies, are near and active at the critical moment. The spirit of the Father is outlined against the dark background of an overhanging rock, whilst

* This is a beautiful line and stipple plate, engraved on steel by J. A. J. Wilcox, from the original painting by Joseph John, and published by R. H. Curran & Company, Boston.

the Spirit-mother, with open and extended arms, hovers gracefully in the illuminated atmosphere, directly over the objects of her deathless love. The critical eye may detect some minor defects in the drawing of the spirit forms, but the general effect is altogether agreeable. We extract from the publishers' circular the following descriptive passage:

'Twas near the close of a summer-day;
The clouds had wept their grief away,
And left a sky so bright and clear,
It seemed that Heaven itself drew near.
A boat, in which two children played,
By swollen waves was gently swayed;
Till, loosened from the stake that bound
And held it to the beach aground,
It floated quickly from the shore,
As though the cataract's deep roar
Had charmed it, by a magic power,
To hasten to its doom that hour.
The frightened children saw the fate
That must their little bark await;
The boy, accustomed to her care,
Turned to his sister, in despair.
But through her veins what impulse thrilled,
And all her sensate being filled
With such a wild, resistless hope?
She seized, with steady hand, the rope,
And, standing with one arm upraised,
With calm, heroic face, she gazed
On foaming rapids, rock and fall,
Prepared to bravely meet them all.
But suddenly she felt a power,
Born of the danger of the hour,
Turn, quietly, the boat aside,
And land it just beyond the tide,
Where rocks a niche of safety made,
And they could wait for human aid.
She did not see, with spirit eye,
Her parents' outstretched arms so nigh,
But *felt* the strong magnetic thrill
Of love, which danger changed to *will;*
When she that subtle power obeyed,
The hand of Death the angels stayed.

The Artist's conception of Guardian Spirits makes them human

beings still, etherealized in substance and exalted in character by the superior conditions of the immortal life. His angels involve no base compromise with the animal kingdom, such as is seen in the winged monsters of ancient mythologies and in the art of all nations. A rational Spiritualism is rapidly redeeming the human mind and the Fine Arts from the vague and false conceptions of Pagan, Jewish and Christian mystagogues.

It is worthy of remark that in its finest creations Art has always depended on the realities of the Spiritual Life and World for its subjects, and on its inspiring agency for the ability to handle them effectively. Virgil, Dante, Milton, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Mozart are conspicuous examples among the Poets, Painters and Musicians.

In The Orphans' Rescue the engraver has reproduced the painter's conception with commendable fidelity and fine artistic effect. The picture will have a large sale, especially among Spiritualists. We are pleased to learn that the publishers propose to issue other artistic illustrations of our beautiful philosophy, which is eminently prolific of suggestions to the highest art.

———o———

BELVIDERE AND THE SEMINARY.

BEAUTIFUL for situation, and the joy of those who dwell there, is Belvidere on the Delaware. Visions of green mountains, fertile valleys and flowing waters; of rugged rocks and sylvan arcades; of green meadows and fields of ripening grain; the lively music of birds and the umbrage of the solemn old woods; crystal springs, cool retreats, and sheltered nooks on the hillsides and by the river—all rise before us at the mention of its name.

And then the Italian Villa on the hill—the FEMALE SEMINARY, with its surroundings and its occupants—very much resembles "A thing of beauty and a joy forever." There, under the tuition of teachers, quiet but wise and strong, the daughters of its patrons are conscientiously put through the several courses of gentle and vigorous sprouts, such as are best calculated to save them from the

fashionable follies of the times, and to develop the latent elements of a brave and true womanhood. The purest and noblest incentives to an earnest life of honorable endeavor, are here brought to bear upon the young. A firm purpose and rigid discipline, softened by every manifestation of maternal and sisterly affection, invests this Seminary with all the charms of a well-regulated, refined and elegant Home.

Our recent visit to Belvidere—on the occasion of the late Commencement—not only confirmed the very favorable opinion we had already formed of the peculiar merits of this school—and the high claims of the Misses Bush and Professor Ewell as educators – but at once determined us to send our own daughter to the Seminary from the beginning of the ensuing term in September. We hazard nothing in saying that all Spiritualists and Reformers, who have daughters to be educated, will best promote their most sacred interests by sending them to the Misses Bush, Belvidere, Warren County, N. J., where they are sure to develop their minds and bodies, and to grow in womanly graces and useful accomplishments.

———o———

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

GENTLE READER—It is necessary to fill this small remaining space, and with an eye to business we propose to take you into our special confidence. You may now estimate the character of this JOURNAL, and its value as a means of public instruction. It is proper for you to know that it has been published at a sacrifice of money, to say nothing of the labor bestowed upon its pages. What we need, and have a right to expect, is *active co-operation in efforts to extend its circulation.* A few noble souls who promised little have done much, whilst the many who were most affluent in promises have done nothing. (Why not?) Read the Critical Opinions of the Press and you will perceive that—in the public estimation—our labors deserve a far more general and tangible recognition on the part of American Spiritualists.

It is quite possible that our judgment may be slightly warped—the reader may not agree with us—but we think this JOURNAL is of more consequence, just now, than a dozen sectarian pulpits, two theological seminaries and a tract society. Why then is it not endowed at once, or put on a self-sustaining basis? We shall continue this work if we live among mortals; but it is for *you* to determine this important question: *Shall it be adequately supported?* If every one who reads this will spend but six hours in soliciting subscriptions, ***and do it now***, this question will be decided affirmatively in one week.