

THE NEW YORK
LIBRARY

BRITTAN'S JOURNAL

OF
SPIRITUAL SCIENCE
LITERATURE
ART AND INSPIRATION.

W. H. Terry

The Dynamics of Subtile Agents; the Relations,
Faculties and Functions of Mind; Philosophy
of the Spiritual Life and World, and the
Principles of Universal Progress.

THE TRUMPETS OF THE ANGELS ARE THE VOICES OF THE REFORMERS.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

S. B. BRITTAN, M. D., EDITOR.

S. B. B.

NEW YORK :

STANDARD SPIRITUAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

GENERAL AGENTS:—A. J. DAVIS & Co., 24 East Fourth Street, New York; COLBY & RICH, Boston;
HERMAN SNOW, 319 Kearney St., San Francisco, Cal.; S. S. JONES, Fifth Ave. & Adams St.,
Chicago. FOREIGN AGENCIES:—VICTOR ALEXI, 19 Rue Du Mail, Paris,
France; W. H. TERRY, 90 Russell Street, Melbourne, Australia.

1874.

BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

Literature, Art, and Inspiration.

VOLUME ONE, ELEGANTLY BOUND.

THIS splendid octavo, of nearly six hundred pages, printed on superfine paper, with ORIGINAL PORTRAITS on steel, is now ready for delivery. It is by far the most Substantial and Elegant Volume that has thus far graced the Periodical Literature of Spiritualism.

This Book contains important contributions from J. R. Buchanan, M.D., Professor of Physiology in the Boston University; George Sexton, M.A., LL.D., London, England; Hon John W. Edmonds, New York; Mrs. Fanny Green McDougal, California; Miss Belle Bush, Principal Belvidere Seminary; Judge Israel Dille and Alfred Cridge, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Charlotte Wilbour, President of Sorosis; Rev. Sumner Ellis, Boston; Arthur F. Ewell, Professor of Mathematics; Mrs. Emma A. Wood, Quartermaster's Department; Mrs. Elizabeth L. Saxon, New Orleans; William Fishbough, Horace Dresser, LL.D.; J. K. Ingalls, Giles B. Stebbins, Rev. D. J. Mandell, and others; with over two hundred pages on Spiritualism, Reform, Literary, Philosophical, and Popular Topics by the Editor.

VOLUME I.

May be had at various prices, according to the style of binding selected, as follows: In Muslin, with heavy beveled boards and marbled edges, \$3.75; with Turkey backs and corners, \$4.75; and in full Turkey, with gilt edges, \$6.00. If ordered to be sent by mail, *fifty cents* must be added for prepayment of postage.

Post Office Box, 3806.

Address, BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.

BRITTAN'S QUARTERLY JOURNAL.

VOLUME II.

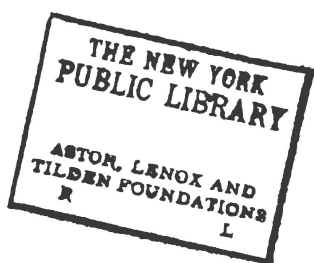
CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PAGE

| | |
|---|-----|
| SAMUEL BYRON BRITTAN, Jr., U. S. N. (Illustrated.) By A. ANGELO BRITTAN | 297 |
| INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL FORCES. By JUDGE ISRAEL DILLE | 327 |
| A TRIBUTE TO ANNETTE BISHOP. (Poetry.) By FANNY GREEN McDUGAL | 345 |
| BRITTAN'S JOURNAL. FROM THE SANTA BARBARA INDEX | 346 |
| GOD AND SPECIAL PROVIDENCES. By HON. J. W. EDMONDS | 347 |
| SONG OF THE SOUTH WIND. (Poetry.) By JENNIE LEE | 357 |
| STATE OF CHILDREN AFTER DEATH. By W. S. COURTNEY | 363 |
| IDEAS OF LIFE—PHYSICAL AND INTELLECTUAL. By THE EDITOR | 389 |
| THE TEACHINGS OF THE AGES. By FRANCES HARRIET | 400 |
| CRUSH NOT A FLOWER. (Poetry.) By BELLE BUSH | 414 |
| HYMN FROM THE INNER LIFE. (Poetry.) By T. L. HARRIS | 405 |

THE EDITOR AT HOME:

Industry and Morals, 406; The Critics on Trial, 409; Cremation and the Resurrection, 412; The Great Epidemic Delusion, 414; Material and Moral Influences, 416.—EDITORIAL ETCHEMS—Origin of the Aerolites, 418; Leaders and Followers, 419; Where the Pressure Exists, 420; Discounting Titles, 421; Hard on the Heavy Weights, 421; Woman's Rights in Cabul, 422; Death and Life, 423; Earnest Words on Education, 424; Shall the Quarterly be Sustained? 429; Letter from M. LEYMARIE 430; Wolfe's Modern Spiritualism, 432; Summary of Foreign Spiritual Intelligence, 438.





"If with my small strength I can do anything worthy of such a cause I am determined.
 Hereafter I may feel more a man if I shall have assisted in putting down this vile Rebellion."
Last Letter to his Mother

S. B. Brittan Jr.

AIDE TO CAPT W. J. PORTER U. S. ARMY COMBAT ZONE, FT. HENRY FEB 5 1862

BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE,
LITERATURE, ART AND INSPIRATION.

Vol. II.

JULY, 1874.

No. 3.

SAMUEL BYRON BRITTAN, JR., U. S. N.

BY A. ANGELO BRITTAN.

“The good die first,
While they whose hearts are dry as Summer dust,
Burn to the socket.”

THE true glory of life is not always found in a long experience of the world. Some men outlive their usefulness—live to hypothecate honor by fatal compromises with wrong. The crown of years may be tarnished, but the garlands won by the young are green and fresh with morning dews. It is not my purpose to make a long story of a short life; or to magnify the unselfish deeds of true patriotism and youthful ambition. I only ask the reader's indulgence while I reverently gather up the laurels a grateful people have offered, and of these weave a chaplet to the memory of my Brother, who, though he died young, lived long enough to make his name memorable; whose fine genius and pure love of country at once entitle him to

“The patriot's honors, and the poet's bays.”

The “Young Hero of Fort Henry” was born in Bridge-

W O R 19 FEB '36

port, Conn., on the 17th of June, 1845. His peculiar temperament, and the rare combination of physical and mental qualities—so admirably blended in his constitution—are said to have been largely due to psychological causes; but of these it is not my province to treat. I could hardly expect to enlighten the readers of the JOURNAL on a subject at once so intricate and profound. But it seems possible that this psychological mystery may have had some connection with the surprising power he subsequently exercised among his young comrades, and especially over the animal creation.

From early childhood my elder Brother is said to have exhibited those amiable qualities and noble attributes that everywhere inspire admiration and command respect. I have often heard my Father say that Samuel never gave him a disrespectful answer, and it is certain that he was always deferential in the presence of his superiors. His respect for parental authority was so sincere and strong that he rarely ever committed an act of wilful disobedience, even when exposed to great temptation. Only on one occasion in his life—of which the writer has any knowledge—was he led to disregard the injunctions of his parents, and this was under peculiar circumstances. It was general training day in Connecticut, and the united efforts of several older boys induced him to leave his home and go to Norwalk, some fourteen miles from Bridgeport. He was then a mere child, and had no conception of the distance. Assured by his companions that he would soon be back, and that the family would never suspect his absence, he yielded to their entreaties. Some time during the day he was missed, and the other members of the household searched for him, without success. At length, when night came on, and still no tidings had been received of Samuel, very serious apprehensions were excited at home, and in fact there was general alarm in the neighborhood. It was feared that he might have fallen into the river, and the deep grief of the

family was aggravated by the incidental circumstance of my Father's absence.

At a late hour in the night the truant returned, utterly exhausted by his long journey. Weary and conscience-stricken, he looked like a picture of mingled penitence and despair. His own fine sense of filial affection and obligation had been violated, and his instinctive recognition of the claims of justice admonished him that he deserved severe punishment. Falling on his knees before his mother, he begged that he might first be whipped, and then forgiven. In the tearful joy of that hour, Solomon's injunction was quite forgotten; but the prayer for forgiveness fell on a sensitive ear, and touched the heart of one to whom that appeal was never made in vain.

The junior S. B. BRITTAN was a special favorite of the literary people who frequented my father's house. On one occasion, at a Valentine Party, he inspired the muse of a Lady of rare genius, and widely known through her varied and elegant contributions to American literature. The following lines were then and there

ADDRESSED TO SAMMIE.

Sprig of mischief and delight,
Now appears a cunning wight,
With a bright and flashing eye,
Like a sapphire from the sky,
With a bright star shining through it—
Ah, there's many a heart will rue it.

Now it melts upon his mother,
Through the light in which it dances;
Can it be that any other
Will absorb those radiant glances,
That beam forth so clear and full,
With affection beautiful?

While those roguish features play,
Just hear what he has to say :
"One loves the girls, and I am he !"
Loving, laughing little Sammie.

Samuel was constitutionally incapable of cruelty, but even in early childhood he possessed a masterly power over inferior creatures. This was often and strikingly illustrated, and the mysterious influence was not restricted to the domestic animals. Of this singular magnetic attraction, and domination of the human will over the functions of animals, I will relate a single example. It occurred when my brother was less than nine years old. He went one day to a grove in the neighborhood, where he discovered a large gray squirrel leaping about among the tree tops. He followed the movements of the animal, keeping his eyes steadily fixed on the object of interest, and with an intense desire to possess the game alive. After a while the squirrel began to descend to the lower branches of the trees. Very soon he manifested a disposition to reciprocate the attentions he was receiving, in a manner that evinced no little interest in the young detective, who by this time was growing wild with the enthusiasm of the chase. At length, having reached a branch but a few feet from the ground, the squirrel quietly assumed an easy posture and looked at his pursuer as if he had determined on a deliberate course of observation.

"Powers there are
That touch each other to the quick, in modes
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive."

These mysterious powers were at work in the brain of the young charmer and along the nerves of his subject. The youth paused and silently watched his object with a fixed attention. The little animal seemed spell-bound, and at length, yielding to this strange fascination, he leaped down

from his perch, alighted on the shoulder of his pursuer and was captured.

The squirrel was carried home and soon learned to follow his master like a little dog. Several others were secured in like manner, from time to time, and manifested a similar adhesiveness. Even the birds were little disposed to fly at the near approach of the boy-magnétizer. By some occult power—widely recognized, but rarely comprehended—he had unconsciously touched that cord, in the animated world, which the lion-tamers and serpent-charmers of different ages and countries have struck to notes of living harmony. This natural power, in the case of my Brother, was doubtless in a measure inherited from our Father, whose experience furnishes many interesting facts of a similar character. The following example is selected from his work entitled “Man and his Relations.”

“I was on one occasion illustrating this idea of the natural supremacy of Man—in the course of a public lecture, delivered in the Village Hall, at Putnam, Conn.—when I observed that a strange dog was lying at full length on the floor, at a distance of not less than thirty or forty feet from the platform. The noble animal—a large one of his kind—appeared to be asleep, and no more interested than other drowsy hearers. The speaker was insisting, with some earnestness, that had man strictly obeyed the natural law, designed to regulate his relations to the animal kingdom, *the whole brute creation would probably have yielded instinctive obedience to his authority.* Just at that point in the discourse the dog, without any apparent cause, was suddenly disturbed. Rising from his recumbent position he walked slowly to the front of the speaker's stand. Looking steadily in my face for a minute or two, he deliberately ascended the stairs and stretched himself at my feet, at the very moment the argument was concluded; thus presenting a most interesting and impressive illustration of a curious and profound subject.” Chap. XVIII., p. 222.

For some years my Brother attended the Thirteenth

street Public School, in New York, where he made satisfactory progress in his studies. Subsequently he went to the Polytechnic Institute, and there, under the tuition of that excellent teacher, Prof. A. T. Dean, he advanced rapidly, exciting the admiration of his companions and winning the unmeasured confidence and approbation of his Preceptor. At a very early age he had discovered a rare gift in the native eloquence which he appears to have inherited from the maternal side of his father's family. When only twelve years old he achieved the distinction of being first in his elocutionary exercises, when many of his competitors were young men. His voice was deep-toned and sonorous; his enunciation measured and distinct; his attitudes statuesque, and his whole rendering of classical compositions singularly natural and highly dramatic. With a manner and spirit that were the very impersonation of dignity and grace, a fluent and melodious utterance, he exhibited a fine discrimination that never failed to astonish the most critical judges of elocution.

Master SAMUEL BYRON was chief among the boys of his age, and instinctively recognized as the proper umpire in every controversy. His nature combined great delicacy with unusual strength. Courage, justice and gentleness were equally conspicuous in his deportment. Wherever he went he attracted attention, as well for his modest manners and dignified bearing, as by the singular symmetry and beauty of his person. He realized the poet's dream of youthful grace and manly promise. No ideal creation of the sculptor was ever more perfect. Artists stopped him in the street, and importuned him to stand for full-length portraits. Beauty smiled upon him from open windows; many doors were unbarred at his approach, and he was made at home in every household. He possessed the native instincts and refined tastes of a gentleman born—always more potent than our superficial attainments in fashioning character. He sometimes erred through the

natural impulsiveness of his temperament ; but he was at once generous and forgiving, while his true heroism and high sense of honor were an inspiration from sources immeasurable by any trial of his life and death.

He was an athlete of surprising activity and power, skilled in every manly exercise, the ready defender of the weak, and of all who needed protection. His bravery and love of justice made him the ruling spirit among his comrades. When injured innocence appealed to him, he never hesitated to place himself between brute force and its victims. Without being unduly belligerent, he paused at no peril when weakness required a shield and the Right demanded a champion. I will here relate an exciting incident that one day put his resolution and his muscle to a severe test. A young son of Col. H. H. Hall,* whose family then resided at Bridgeport, fell from the wharf—some ten or twelve feet—into the water. Master Hall was near the age of Samuel, but much less vigorous. He had not learned to swim, and was in imminent danger of drowning. Comprehending the situation at a glance, my brother plunged in after the drowning boy, and with the aid of a companion, succeeded in dragging him into a boat, in an almost unconscious state. He soon revived, and was able to go home and tell the story of his rescue. Col. Hall, in grateful recognition of this instance of youthful heroism, presented my brother with a complete military outfit, which added not a little to his recognized importance among the youth of both sexes.

My Brother's ambition to depend on his own efforts displayed itself at an early age. When out of school for a time he procured a situation in a large clothing store, where he at once demonstrated an unusual natural capacity for business. He had only been thus employed some three weeks when his sales reached the amount averaged by the

* In the Mexican War, Col. Hall was on the staff of Gen. Zachary Taylor.

other clerks in the establishment, some of whom were engaged in the business before he was born. His singular influence over persons was a matter of frequent observation. Boy as he was he possessed the secret of success in his new relation. He knew how to hold his customer. By a species of magnetism, or the subtle art of a fine persuasiveness, he influenced the judgments of strong men. A remarkable instance of the exercise of this power occurred during his first month's experience. One day a middle-aged man entered the store with a view of purchasing some clothing if he could be suited. The most experienced salesman in the establishment took charge of the stranger. He spent an hour, or more, in an attempt to sell him some goods, but utterly failed of his object. The gentleman turned to leave, and was about going out of the store, when the young clerk—whose place was at the show-case of furnishing goods—managed to attract his attention. The stranger paused, and, after a few moments conversation, purchased several small articles from the case. Pursuing his advantage, the young salesman invited his customer back to an examination of other garments, and finally sold him an entire suit, to the surprise of the purchaser himself, and the mortification of the old salesman.

At the beginning of the Rebellion the family had a temporary residence at Lancaster, Mass., and my Brother was, at that time, a clerk in the clothing house of Mr. A. P. Ware, at Worcester. The attack on Fort Sumter kindled the patriotic fire that for generations had warmed the blood of his ancestors.* He was impatient to defend the flag of

* His great Grandfather on the Father's side ascended to the patriot's heaven from Bunker Hill. Both his Grandfathers bore arms in the war of 1812. A brother of his Father was in the war that achieved the independence of Texas, and was one of the original captors of Santa Anna. An uncle on his Mother's side, though exempt from military service by his age, and three cousins—one of whom followed Gen. Sherman on his long march to the sea—all enlisted to put down the late Rebellion.

his country, and with intense earnestness begged that he might be allowed to enlist as a private soldier in the Union army, insisting that he could better go than those who had family responsibilities. He was less than sixteen, but in all, save years and experience, he was a man. It was not in the nature of either Father or Mother to attempt to crush a noble and unselfish ambition. Owing, however, to my Brother's extreme youth, they were unwilling to let him go, and with a feeling of disappointment he yielded to parental advice. When he witnessed the departure of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment he was sorrowful, but only because he could not, in the interest of his country, share in the labors and perils of the expedition.

Some time after, the late CAPTAIN WILLIAM D. PORTER, of the United States Gun-boat Essex, was in want of a youth of undoubted courage and superior intelligence, to accompany him as Aide and Private Secretary. Several young men made application, and hundreds of dollars were offered in the hope of securing the situation. But the applicants did not appear to be made of the stuff required by the lion-hearted captain. At length the coveted place was freely offered to my Brother, and parties in the interest of Captain Porter urged its acceptance. After weighing the possible consequences of a refusal it was finally decided that the brave boy—more precious to his parents than their own lives—might accept the situation. Accordingly, on the 24th of October, 1861, he received his commission as Master's Mate and was assigned to the Western Gunboat Squadron.* The family had removed from Massachusetts to Irvington, near Newark, N. J. The Master's Mate had been ordered to report for duty at St. Louis, and the sad hour of parting was at hand.

* See "The Military Souvenir ; a Portrait Gallery of our Military and Naval Heroes," Vol. I., published by J. C. Buttre : New York, 1863.

The great war-cloud, dark and threatening, rolled up from the South-west. We all felt that it was a season of trial—a time for noble deeds and generous sacrifices. We thought of the great cause of liberty and law, of order and civilization, in which the son and brother had enlisted, and we tried to be cheerful. But it was a sad day, after all, and each one felt something like a cold, dead weight at the heart. The last rose had withered, and the summer birds were gone. It was Autumn, and the leaves were falling.

“Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak November.”

on the 12th day of the month, that the young hero bade an affectionate adieu to the home circle, which he was destined to reënter no more alive, save in the spirit. A light went with him out of the house, and a voice full of mirth and music was heard no more. The broad heavens still bend above us with all their starry revelations; the earth basks in the morning effulgence and the midday glory; the seasons come and go as in other years; but alas! the light that went out of the house on that chill November day;—and other lights, that since have gone—come not back to the mortal vision!

Soon after entering the Service he was made Signal Officer, and in this relation, as in every other, he discharged his duties with remarkable promptness and intelligence. His Commander appears to have reposed the strongest confidence in his capacity and fidelity. In addition to the various duties of Aide and Private Secretary to Captain Porter, and Signal Officer of the Essex, he was—at the age of only sixteen—the paid correspondent of the *New York Times*, and wrote graphic accounts of the Naval Operations on our Western inland waters, over the *nom de guerre* of SIGNAL. His description of the passage of the Essex from St. Louis to Cairo, and the incidents by the way; the landing of the national forces in Kentucky, to the number of

16,000 men, under the protection of the heavy guns of the Essex and St. Louis; the brisk engagement at Lucas' Bend, and the subsequent chase after the enemy until he sought shelter under the strong land batteries at Columbus—are all related in a lucid and graphic manner.*

In commenting on Capt. Porter's official report of the action at Lucas' Bend, the Editor of the *New York Times* said:

"We give the modest dispatch in which Capt. Porter describes his encounter with the rebel gunboats near Columbus. The engagement, already described in the correspondence of *SIGNAL*, took place on the 10th instant, when, with two vessels, the Union Commander put to flight twice the number of the enemy's boats, disabling one at least, and driving all of them for shelter beneath the guns of Columbus. An exploit of this sort might reasonably authorize a little vainglory; but the worthy son of a hero refers to it, with the modesty of genuine merit. The bulletins in which Gen. Taylor made famous his campaign on the Rio Grande belong to the same manly school of military literature."

It was in the same modest official dispatch that Commander Porter, in commending the bravery of his officers and men, was pleased to make special and honorable mention of my Brother in the following extract:

"MR. BRITTAN, my Aide, paid all attention to my orders, and conveyed them correctly and with alacrity; in fact all the officers and men on board behaved like veterans."

The following brief letter from *SIGNAL* to the *New York Times*—including the laconic correspondence between the Union and Rebel commanders—clearly indicates the intrepid spirit that animated Captain Porter and his Aide:

* In the battle of Lucas' Bend the Essex and St. Louis engaged the Hollins Floating Battery and three other Rebel Gunboats, the largest of which was soon disabled. After a contest of one hour the other boats made a precipitate retreat down the river, and were driven home in spite of the cannonading from the Bluff.

CAPT. PORTER ON A WHALING EXPEDITION.

UNITED STATES GUNBOAT FLEET, }
 FORT JEFFERSON, Saturday, Jan. 18, 1862. }

In order that your readers may form a correct estimate of the authors of the subjoined correspondence, respectively, a brief explanatory statement seems to be necessary. Marsh Miller, the commander of the rebel gunboat *Grampus*, is one of the most desperate and at the same time cowardly men in Secesh. We have driven him before us at least a dozen times, and now he sends us this absurd challenge. The *Grampus* is well known to be a species of spouting-fish, and this particular one frequently runs up the Mississippi to blow, and then runs down again. We are going down the river to-morrow to see if his courage is up to the standing point; but we are afraid he will draw a bee line to Columbus, as he has heretofore always done.

The public well know that Capt. Porter is not one of the rose-water heroes, and he will not be expected to waste compliments on men whose treasonable and cowardly conduct he holds in supreme contempt. The following is a verbatim copy of his first dispatch to the Commander of the *Grampus*, written after he had repeatedly driven the craven rebel down under the shelter of the land batteries at Columbus:

PORTER TO MILLER.

Come out here, you cowardly rebels, and show your gunboats. PORTER.

MILLER'S REPLY.

MARINE HEADQUARTERS, COLUMBUS, Ky., Jan. 13, 1862.

Commander Porter on United States Gunboat Essex:

SIR: The iron clad steamer *Grampus* will meet the *Essex*, at any point and time your Honor may appoint, and show you that the power is in our hands. An early reply will be agreeable to

Your obedient servant,

MARSH J. MILLER.

Captain Commanding C. S. I. C. Steamer *Grampus*.

CAPT. PORTER'S REJOINDER.

UNITED STATES GUNBOAT ESSEX, Wm. D. Porter Commanding, }
 FORT JEFFERSON, Saturday, January 18, 1862. }

To the traitor Marsh Miller, commanding a Rebel Gunboat called the Grampus:

Commander Porter has already thrashed your Gunboat Fleet; shelled and silenced your Rebel Batteries at the Iron Banks; chased your miserable and cow-

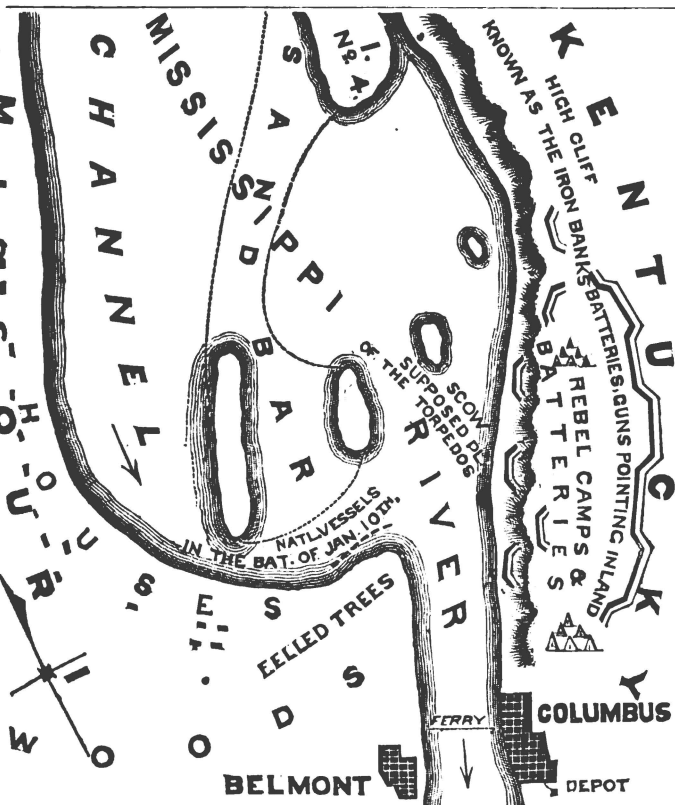
yourself down behind Columbus ; but if you desire to meet the Essex, show your-
any morning in Prentys' Bend, and you shall then meet with a traitor's
—if you have the courage to stand.

God and our country ; “ Rebels offend both.”

(Signed)

PORTER.

COLUMBUS AND THE REBEL FORTIFICATIONS.



ORIGINALLY DRAWN BY S. B. BRITTAN, JR., U. S. N.

PUBLISHED IN THE N. Y. TIMES OF FEB. 23, 1862.

Our flag-ship, the Benton, has been condemned. Her machinery
s not work satisfactorily, but Capt. Porter thinks she is fast enough.
our purpose. He says we don't contemplate *running*, and for

this reason he would rather have them all slow, so that if they get into a tight place they will be obliged to fight their way out. Our Captain only believes in running when the enemy leads the way.

To further illustrate the style and ability of SIGNAL as a correspondent, I extract a portion of one of his private letters, written at Cairo :

“We shall not be able to move down the river in less time than two or three weeks. Our Commander, Capt. Porter, left on the 29th ult., for St. Louis, and has not yet returned, though we are in hourly expectation of his arrival. The boat on which the Captain took passage, was on the point of touching at Price's Landing, when a lady (God bless her!) ran out to the river bank and communicated the intelligence that Price and his men were concealed in the woods. The boat drew off, but had proceeded but a short distance when the Rebels poured their shot into the cabin, fairly riddling it to pieces, and killing the bar-keeper. The enemy had made the discovery that Captain Porter was a passenger, and, had the boat landed, it would doubtless have been taken, and all on board might have been prisoners.

“I went up to Mound City, yesterday, where they have a large hospital. I walked through the whole building, and found four hundred and eighty-seven sick and wounded men. There were no less than eighty-seven of the wounded from the battle-field of Belmont. There were some poor creatures—mournful wrecks of humanity—that were terrible to look upon. There was one man with his leg off; another was wanting an arm; one had a bullet-hole through his ankle, large enough to put your thumb in; others still were wounded in more vital parts. While I was present, one brave fellow expired within three feet of me, yet so quietly that I did not observe his departure until my attention was arrested by the good Sister of Charity, who offered an impressive prayer over his remains.

It is not on the field—while the battle is raging—that one realizes the horrible effects of War; but it is here, in the hospitals, while we gaze at the pale faces, the emaciated forms, the mangled limbs, and the dying struggles of these noble fellows, who thus give themselves to their country. If one can contemplate such a scene as

this, and not conclude that War, in itself considered, is a fearful evil, it must be because his better nature has long been obscured.

Yours devotedly,

S. B. BRITTAN, JR.

On the night of the third of February the land forces under Gen. Grant made their way up the Tennessee river, under the deep gloom of a starless and stormy night. The next day the troops disembarked at a point opposite Buffalo, Kentucky. The Gunboats felt their way along the Channel, on both sides of Panther Island, shelling the shores whenever the rebels put in an appearance. In the morning the storm subsided, and on the night of the fourth the heavens were unveiled in all their glory, while a thousand camp-fires gleamed along the wooded hills of Tennessee. February 5th was spent in reconnoitering. At night a fearful thunder-storm raged through all the region. The fiery bolts, from the aerial batteries, descended thick and fast in the direction of Fort Henry, and seemed ominous of the thunder, and lightning and hail, that the next day fell with deadly force over the Rebel fortifications.

At ten o'clock, on the morning of the sixth of February, the Gunboats left their anchorage and moved slowly and silently up the river, until within about 600 yards of the enemy's works, when the key-note was sounded and the awful chorus from iron throats commenced, and never ceased, for one moment, until the Fort surrendered. I extract the following brief description of the mortal conflict and the death of my brave Brother from the "Portrait Gallery of Our Military and Naval Heroes."

"Twenty minutes before the surrender of Fort Henry, young Brittan was standing forward on the gun-deck, by the side of his brave commander. Captain Porter and his Aide were watching the terrific effect of their firing on the rebel fortifications, and engaged in familiar conversation. At this moment, a forty-two pound shot from the enemy's works, entering directly over the forward port gun,

struck the young Midshipman, taking off the posterior and coronal portions of his head, and passing on through the bulkhead, designed to protect the machinery, entered the middle boiler, and—releasing the fiery demon within—carried death to several others on board.

“The young officer died instantly, while thus nobly employed at the post of duty, and with his face to the foe. One hand was on the shoulder of his commander, to whom he was strongly attached, and with the other he was drawing his cutlass to cheer on the tired men at the guns. His heart was firm, and his spirit fearless, amid the thunder and lightning of the battle storm; and even at the fatal moment a triumphant smile played over his youthful brow, as if the spirit of victory, that already hovered above the stars and stripes, was mirrored in his countenance. His career was short, and his young life was a pure and willing offering on the altar of his country.”

Captain Porter appears to have regarded my Brother with a fatherly affection. Had the latter been less fearless and devoted to his own high sense of duty, his life would doubtless have been saved. Only a few moments before the fatal missile performed its terrible mission—while the heavy shot were momentarily striking the Essex—Captain Porter said to his Aide:

“My son, I think you had better go below; this is no place for you.”

“Captain,” replied the gallant youth, “where is the place for your Aide, in the hour of battle, if not at your side?”

“True,” rejoined the Captain, “but I can dispense with your services.”

“Captain,” responded the brave boy, “with your permission I prefer to remain at my post.”

Silence and a smile of approval signified the acquiescence of the Commander. Fifteen minutes later the young patriot and hero had been ushered into the presence of the immortal fathers of the Republic.*

* My Brother was a sincere believer in Spiritualism; and a curious incident in his experience appears to have strangely foreshadowed the manner of his death.

Four days after the *New York Times* announced his death in an extended and appreciative notice, from which I extract the following :

A YOUNG HERO.

SAMUEL BYRON BRITTAN, Capt. W. D. Porter's Aide, who was instantly killed on board the United States gunboat *Essex*, by a shot from the enemy, on the occasion of the capture of Fort Henry, was the eldest living son of Prof. S. B. Brittan, for many years connected with the periodical press of this City. On the fall of Sumter, young Brittan manifested an earnest desire to enlist as a private soldier in the Union army, but his father was unwilling, owing to his son's extreme youth, and the latter yielded to his advice. Subsequently the situation of Master's Mate was offered him by Capt. Porter, of the *Essex*, and with the consent of his parents it was accepted. But a few days since his gallant conduct and efficient services were the subject of honorable mention in Capt. Porter's official dispatch regarding the action at Lucas' Bend.

Mr. Brittan was a brave, sincere and high-minded young man, of prepossessing person and manners, and was alike admired and beloved by a large circle of friends in New York and New England, who will sincerely lament the sudden and tragic termination of a life so full of promise. He was less than seventeen years of age; but his fine physical and mental development, and his manly bearing, led strangers to suppose that he had numbered more years, and that his rare gifts had been matured by a longer experience. He leaves father, mother, two brothers and three sisters to cherish his memory.

The *Home Journal*—in an article referring to the remains

It occurred some months before at a spiritual *séance* in Worcester, Massachusetts. In the course of the evening he was deeply entranced by spiritual influence. He said nothing for some time, but at length, deliberately placing his hand on the top of his head—with a voice and manner expressive of the deepest solemnity—he exclaimed, "Blood! blood! blood!" When he returned to a state of outward consciousness he appeared unusually thoughtful. He made no allusion to his experience during the trance, and no one made any mention to him of what had happened. It was not until after the actual occurrence of his death that these facts were communicated by other members of the circle.

and descriptive of the funeral ceremonies—paid a graceful and feeling tribute to his memory, which may be appropriately introduced in this connection.

OBSEQUIES OF S. B. BRITTAN, JR.

The remains of this beloved and lamented youth, inclosed in a metallic case, arrived in this city, and were delivered to the family on Monday, the seventeenth of February. On Tuesday following, the case was opened in the presence of the father and several male relatives and friends, with a view to the positive identification of the body before its interment. It was found on examination that the terrible missile, that at once occasioned his death and disabled the United States gun-boat Essex, in the hour of victorious battle at Fort Henry, had mercifully spared the face of the young hero, only the back and coronal portions of the head being removed. The countenance was slightly marked in places by the hot steam that escaped from the boiler after the fatal ball had done its work ; but the manly features—so faultless in their symmetry—were all strangely preserved. In place of the remarkable illumination that characterized them in life, and in which every emotion was visibly reflected, there remained, with an expression of repose, the veil—impervious to the intellectual light—that the Angel of Silence drops between the living and the dead.

The funeral solemnities occurred on Wednesday, the 19th of February, at the residence of Mr. S. D. Stryker, Jr. (brother-in-law of the deceased), at Irvington, New Jersey. A large concourse of people from Newark and the neighboring towns, together with the friends of the family from New York and Massachusetts, assembled at one o'clock, when Rev. G. T. Flanders, of this city, delivered an able and impressive discourse. For an hour the earnest eloquence of the speaker engaged the undivided attention of the solemn assembly, and his philosophical and spiritual doctrines concerning the Divine Providence and the grand issues of human life, took such firm hold on immortality as to render the invisible life, in the consciousness of his hearers, a sublime reality.

The case containing the remains was closely sealed and appropriately enveloped in the starry folds of the American flag. It was

per that the national banner should enshroud the graceful form of the young officer, since for his country and her institutions—for that which is symbolized by that flag—he gave his young heart's devotion, and, in the last scene of earthly conflict, sealed with his blood his earnest pledge of his patriotic fidelity. Wreaths of evergreen, brought with white roses and the camellia japonica, were placed about the burial case, one of which encircled a silver plate bearing his name, age, (16 years, 7 months and 17 days), place, and date of his death.

His remains were entombed in the Rosedale Cemetery, near the village of North Orange, where the public respect for the gallant youth was most strikingly displayed. In an editorial notice of the funeral solemnities, the *Newark Journal* said:—"While the mourning cortege passed through Orange, the bells of the several churches were tolled, and numerous flags were run up at half-mast out of respect to the memory of the dead. Seldom, indeed, has the death of one so young occasioned a sensation at once so deep and general. The funeral of Hon. William Pennington occurred on the same day, and the public associated the names of the venerable ex-Governor of New Jersey, and late Speaker of the House of Representatives, with those of the brave youth who fell beneath the Stars and Stripes at Fort Mifflin, in the same tribute of grateful respect. A large flag was suspended over the principal avenue at Orange, in the center of which, surrounded with the insignia of mourning, were the names of PENNINGTON AND BRITTAN." The wise man, crowned with years, and the youth full of animation and hope, ascend together by a law that connects each to his appropriate heaven. Thus, even in the morning of life,

Some souls,
By nature half divine, soar to the stars,
And hold a near acquaintance with the gods."

On the occasion of my Brother's death Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Weekly* published an article descriptive of the occurrence and its circumstances, together with an elegant portrait of the deceased. All over the country the press announced the fact and made mention of his heroic con-

duct. The *Louisville Journal*, in an appreciative editorial referring to his character and services, used the following language :

"BOY BRITTAN" was one of the most beautiful and gifted among the youths who have sealed their devotion to their country with their blood. Those who have read of his daring and endurance will be delighted to possess some memorial of that fated young hero, whose bravery will go down the stream of time in poetry and story, along with the most chivalric incidents of this civil war. The beautiful patriot soul should have its grave marked worthily.

The burial occurred some time after the funeral, and was impressively described in a private letter, written by my father to a fair young girl in New England, between whom and my dear Brother there existed a tender attachment. I am permitted to extract a portion of that letter, as follows :

But two days since—on a glorious Summer evening—we took what was mortal of our heroic Son from the vault, and beneath the quiet shades of Rosedale we tenderly consigned the sacred relics to the embrace of mother earth. The tears of bereaved affection for the last time baptized his coffin, and then the earth closed over all that was perishable of the one we loved so well. Believe me, my own heart went down into the grave with the image of my Boy, and it has not yet risen from the dead.

A little hickory tree, tall, smooth, graceful and vigorous; stands at his head. It symbolizes, in an expressive manner, the strength, elasticity, and beauty of his youth. There, beneath this living symbol of his young Manhood, we placed the head of our dear, brave Boy; and when the golden sun was setting, I was planting the violet, the myrtle, and the lily of the valley on his grave. And there, too, over the pulseless heart, I placed a pot of flowers, the seeds of which were gathered in Gethsemane. While these offered eloquent and impressive suggestions of the bitterness of our own great trial, they also recall the sweet submission and silent heroism of the garden and the cross for our reproof and instruction.

The *Banner of Light*, in addition to its own feeling tribute to his memory, published some original lines by Aclare Ritchie—a tribute elicited by my Brother's heroic death, and expressive of the popular "admiration, respect and sorrow," from which I extract a single stanza.

"Dead ! Dead !
In his pride the boy-hero gone !
Fling laurel wreaths down on his grave !
Drape our country's flag !—for each star that shone,
Each stripe, that loyalty emblazoned thereon,
He died, in his boyhood, to save !"

Mrs. Fanny Green McDougal, of California—a lady of remarkable literary attainments and a powerful writer in both prose and verse—in her patriotic poem—"The Genius of American Liberty," describes the battle of Fort Henry, and the death of the youth she had known from his infancy. We have only space for the following lines :

"There stood, with shout and cheering,
A youth, all fair and brave,
When from the sea of Battle
Rolled forth an iron wave !
With deeds of death on-sweeping,
It shot across our ken ;
And the beautiful "BOY BRITTAN"
May never rise again !
For on his Country's altar, rife
With crimson gifts, his fair young life
Was made an offering then !

Is this the blue-eyed baby
I've dandled on my knee,
Crushed in this frightful carnage,
So horrible to see ?
A fountain of manly courage
Lay deep in his tender breast,
And his flaxen locks were folded
With a hero's shining crest !
He passed away, as he gave, the while,
A ringing word, and a loving smile,
To cheer the fair Southwest ?"

From among the numerous letters, elicited by the great sorrow of the family, I select those that follow in this connection. The first is a deeply interesting epistle

FROM AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR :

Happiness is found only in the performance of our social functions, as you very well know, and only thus is it to be found, here and hereafter. But my purpose in calling your attention to this maxim of all true experience, is to suggest to your mind a basis of consolation in its present great sorrow ; one which, though it seems of no avail now, will surely do its office in later years.

The highest function of a human soul is the exercise of use—love, fraternal love ; and the highest form of that affection is patriotism ; which respects the peace and glory of all nations and races, by rightly regulating the conduct of one's own member of the grand family of nations and races.

Cicero, in his *Dream of Scipio*, says that the most direct and least impeded return to Heaven (from which all alike emanate) is open to those who advance and protect human civilization ; that for such, the divine assemblies of the good and the wise—who have risen before them into the better abodes—are open and ready forever. You and I believe this, even more firmly than did the good Roman, because we have scientific demonstration of its truth, in addition to the pulses of intuition which moved his hopes and faith.

Your son left the earth-form in the act of defending his native land, and through that, all lands and all races of men, from ruthless tyranny and barbaric violence. God bless him ! And he is as surely in the society of the divine patriots of '76, as I am now moving my pen to call your father's heart up to this great truth of eternal humanity. He died in the exercise of the most exalted function of an earth-man, aided and energized by the fathers of our glorious Republic ; and, baptized in fire, he rises to be received, soothed, strengthened and made more grandly useful by those who love and work for progress, who are unfolded in the heaven of fraternal uses.

Your son belongs, henceforth, to his Country ; and, more than

that, he is the property and possession of that grand affiliation of countries and peoples of which his country and his people are a rudimental basis and exponent. Faithfully your friend,



S. B. BRITTAN.

I trust the fair writer of the subjoined epistle will pardon the liberty I take in introducing her to the reader. Miss Hegan is an artist of fine intellectual endowments, cultivated in her esthetic perception and judgment, refined in person and manners, and of great moral worth. During the late Civil War she performed an angelic ministry in the hospitals of Louisville, that rendered her gentle presence a blessing to many a faint and dying soldier. Her loving heroism and fidelity to the Union are forcibly expressed in her letter.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 28, 1862.

PROF. S. B. BRITTAN :

DEAR SIR.—Pardon me for approaching you at present. When you handed me your card, three years ago, I knew not what peculiar development, or strange event, should call forth a word from me. The fate of "BOY BRITTAN" touched my heart, and unseals the silence of years. I ask only to drop a tear, with you and yours, upon his early bier.

How often have I pictured him, standing upon that fatal deck—calm and determined—with form erect; his eye beaming with ardent devotion, as he glances for the last time upon his country's hallowed ensign. Methinks there were requiem sighs amid its folds, as "BOY BRITTAN" unswervingly faced the cannon's mouth in its defense.

The occasion calls up old and cherished memories. Upon reference to the card, so long laid by, I found the date, Feb. 16, 1859, recorded—and precisely three years after, to the *very day*, I read of "BOY BRITTAN's" sacrifice, and an offering of noble, disinterested patriotism it was.

I have a brother, a little older, whose heart throbs with a man's

affection for his country's cause, while his soldier arm is raised in her defense—amid the alienation of friends, and derision of home circles. My heart thrills with the thought, that not one drop of treasonable blood plays in the veins of our entire family. Dear as my brothers are to me, I should a thousand-fold rather see them *dead patriots* than *living traitors*.

Although deeply absorbed in the wants of our brave defenders, I am never forgetful of the time when you officiated as high priest in the mysteries of the Beautiful*—and the ministrations were enjoyed, as though you had called me to a garden of blooming and fragrant sweets. Most truly “my individual recollections were suspended, and lulled to sleep amid the music of nobler thoughts.”

Let us hope that our personal afflictions may be soothed, and as far as possible counterbalanced by an early return of peace and prosperity within our national borders.

Excuse this, if it shall seem to be intrusive, and be assured of my sympathy.

Very truly,



I can not resist the inclination to give place to the following letter, recently received from an eminent author and journalist, who is so widely and favorably known as to require no further introduction to our readers :

DEAR SIR :

BOSTON, July 23, 1874.

I am glad to learn you are preparing a MEMORIAL of your brother's career. I remember, presuming upon my limited personal acquaintance with your father, to write to him, on the impulse of the moment, a letter called out by the heroic and touching death of your brother, S. B. BRITTAN, during the late war. . . I can only remember the emotions of admiration, sympathy and condolence with which

* The reference is to a lecture, entitled the Gospel of Beauty, delivered in February, 1862, in the Masonic Temple at Louisville, and repeated at the solicitation of twenty distinguished citizens, including Professors in the College.

wrote, throwing my poor little bouquet of words on the bier of one beloved, and who had so nobly fallen for country and for truth. Such examples as his make us realize that our humanity is not so for a thing as we are apt to regard it, when we look at it from the side of its limitations rather than of its possibilities. He has joined a great throng who have ennobled our nature by their *acts*.
Wishing you success in your work, I am, dear Sir,
Respectfully yours,

Gres Sargent

ANGELO BRITTAN.

FORCEYTHE WILLSON, of Indiana—a man of the noblest principles and sympathies, and gifted with a rare poetic genius, that promised to secure for its possessor a wide and lasting fame—very soon after the death of my Brother published in the *Louisville Journal*, a sweet and powerful elegy, entitled “BOY BRITTAN,” and to this reference is made in some of the letters and press notices. Among all the eloquent tributes paid to gray-bearded heroes and martyrs of the Union, there is perhaps nothing more touching and stirring than this grand elegiac composition. It is powerful alike in its deep, mournful music, and in the deeper strain of spiritual triumph, that uplifts our souls above the noise of battle and the scene of ruin, into the sublime

—“Over-calm of God’s canopy,
And the infinite love-span of the skies!”

To our mortal observation the lyre of the Western Bard unstrung, since the poet, too, has gone to his home in Paradise. *Requiescat in pace*. Mr. Willson’s exquisitely beautiful letter here follows, and is a fitting introduction to the solemn Song of battle, and death, and victory!

MY DEAR FRIEND:

NEW ALBANY, April 5, 1862.

Most welcome is your letter, and most welcome, believe me, the accompanying mementoes of the brave, young immortal, whose heroic

self-sacrifice and transfiguration in the sacred service of his country touched and thrilled the hardest of our hearts, and evoked, at once, their deepest music and their purest tears.

It almost seems as if the Divine Spirit had smiled with special benignity upon his young destiny, and had descended and borne him up so high above us all—all crowned with patriot-glory as he is—to mold of his yet pure and plastic soul a divine model for all of his young compatriots to contemplate and emulate forever.

All patriots, my dear friend, and all true men and women who hear and know of him, throughout the world, will yearn to share the divinely-saddened joy with which you can but think of such a son ; and will, as with one common heart-flow, bless his name and cherish it and him, as if he were, indeed, the dear, young son and brother of us all.

I sincerely wish that Mrs. Brittan might be made fully conscious of how inestimably I prize the beautiful picture of her immortal darling. In accepting the copy intended for him, Mr. George D. Prentice not only expressed his most grateful thanks, but the highest admiration of the classic beauty of the head, and of the delicate and artistic rendering of the engraver. The picture will, at once, characterize and consecrate my album. Bright, unblemished, noble, brave ! No spot nor shade of earthly guile had yet obscured the spiritual beauty of his brow.

How signally and soon God blessed him ! I could not help but weave some little wreath for him ; there are so few that live and die so worthily as he.

I reciprocate with deep emotion the affectionate recognition which you have so touchingly conveyed from each and all the members of your most estimable and patriotic family. "BOY BRITTAN'S" memory will be forever cherished by the West. The light of the departed sheds a sunset glory, my dear friend, upon your house and hearth.

With heartfelt sentiments of personal regard and sympathy,

Sincerely yours,

Fred W. Willson.

BOY BRITTAN.

BY FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

BOY BRITTAN—only a lad—a fair-haired boy—sixteen,
In his uniform !
Into the storm—into the roaring jaws of grim Fort Henry—
Boldly bears the Federal flotilla—
Into the battle-storm !

Boy Brittan is Master's mate aboard of the *Essex*,
There he stands, buoyant and eager-eyed,
By the brave Captain's side;
Ready to do and dare—aye, aye, sir, always ready—
In his country's uniform.—
Boom ! boom ! and now the flag-boat sweeps, and now the *Essex*,
Into the battle-storm !

Boom ! boom ! till River, and Fort, and Field, are over-clouded
By the battle's breath ; then from the Fort a gleam
And a crashing gun, and the *Essex* is wrapt and shrouded
In a scalding cloud of steam !

But victory ! victory !
Unto God all praise be ever rendered.
Unto God all praise and glory be !
See, Boy Brittan, see, Boy, see !
They strike ! Hurrah ! the Fort has just surrendered !
Shout ! shout ! my Boy, my warrior Boy !
And wave your cap and clap your hands for joy !
Cheer answer cheer and bear the cheer about—
Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the fiery Fort is ours ;
And " Victory ! " " Victory ! " " Victory ! "
Is the shout.

Shout—for the fiery Fort—and the field, and the day, are ours—
The day is ours—thanks to the brave endeavor
Of heroes, Boy, like thee ;
The day is ours—the day is ours—
Forever !

Glory and love for one and all ; but—but—for thee—
Home ! home ! a happy " Welcome—welcome home " for thee !
And kisses of love for thee—
And a mother's happy, happy tears, and a virgin's bridal wreath of
flowers—
For thee !

Victory ! Victory !

But suddenly wrecked and wrapped in seething steam, the Essex

Slowly drifted out of the battle-storm ;

Slowly, slowly—down, laden with the dead and the dying ;

And there, at the Captain's feet, among the dead and the dying,

The shot-marred form of a beautiful Boy is lying—

There in his uniform !

Laurels and tears for thee, Boy,

Laurels and tears for thee !

Laurels of light, moist with the precious dew

Of the inmost heart of the Nation's loving heart,

And blest by the balmy breath of the Beautiful and the True ;

Moist—moist with the luminous breath of the singing Spheres,

And the Nation's starry tears,

And tremble-touched by the pulse-like gush and start

Of the universal music of the heart,

And all deep sympathy.

Laurels and tears for thee, Boy,

Laurels and tears for thee—

Laurels of light, and tears of love, for evermore,

For thee.

And laurels of Light and tears of Truth,

And the Mantle of Immortality ;

And the flowers of Love and immortal Youth,

And the tender heart-tokens of all true ruth—

And the everlasting Victory !

And the breath and bliss of Liberty,

And the loving kiss of Liberty,

And the welcoming light of heavenly eyes,

And the over-calm of God's canopy ;

And the infinite love-span of the skies

That cover the Valleys of Paradise—

For all of the brave who rest with thee ;

And for one and all who died with thee,

And now sleep side by side with thee ;

And for every one who lives and dies

On the solid land or the heaving sea,

Dear warrior-boy, like thee !

Oh, the Victory—the Victory

Belongs to thee !

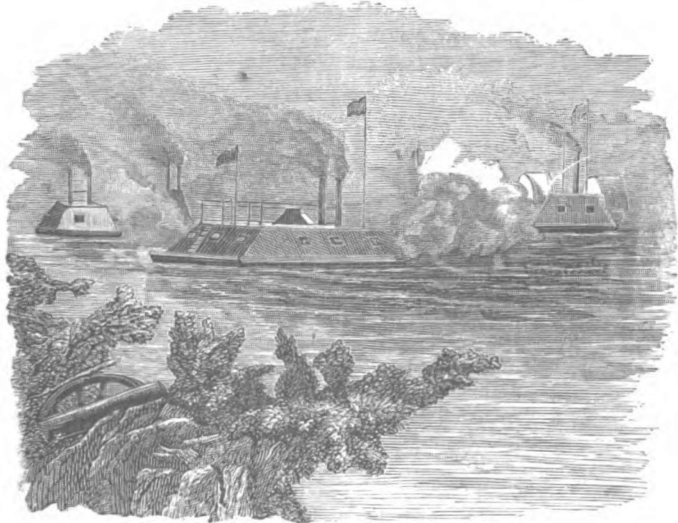
God ever keeps the brightest crown for such as thou—

He gives it now to thee !

O Young and Brave, and early and thrice blest :

Thrice, thrice, thrice blest !

Thy Country turns once more to kiss thy youthful brow,
And takes thee gently, gently, to her breast,
And whispers lovingly : " God bless thee—bless thee now !
My darling, thou shalt rest !"



CAPTURE OF FORT HENRY.

Our remaining space will only permit a passing reference to a grand tribute to the memory of " Boy BRITTAN," which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1865, and occupied seven pages. The fearful music and momentum of the battle are represented in the Author's verse. Our brief extracts include the closing lines of the

" RHYME OF THE MASTER'S MATE."

" Ah, 'twas a wicked shot,
And, whether they know it or not,
It doesn't give us joy !
Through an open port it flew,
As with some special permit to destroy ;
And first, for sport,
Struck the soul from that beautiful Boy ;
Then through the bulkhead lunged,
And into the boiler plunged,
Scalding the whole crew !

We know that the brave must fall—
But that was a sight to see :—

A low moan came from the deck
Of the drifting wreck.—
And that was all.

But you ought to 'a' heard our water-dogs yelp !—
Just an hour and fifteen minutes !—
(Twitter away, you English linnets !)
Horizontal and perpendicular,
Fair and square, without any help,—
That is, any in particular,—
The old ferry wash-tubs of the West
With some new-fashioned *hoops*, for a little test,
And a few old *pounders* from—Kingdom Come,
And nothing for suds but the “Nawth'n scum”,
Made these ‘gen'l'men’ turn as white
As a head o’hair in a single night !

Such was the Rhyme of the Master’s Mate,
Just as they found it in the locker,
With this at the foot :—
 “ It’s getting late,
And I hear a pretty loud Knock at the knocker !
Captain, if I should chance to fall,
Try to send me home, Good-bye !” That’s all,—
Excepting the date, the name, and rank :—
 “ Feb. 6th, ’62, ————,
 Master’s Mate !”

All next day a great black Cloud
Hung over the land from coast to coast ;
And the next, the Knocking was “ pretty loud,”
With a sudden Eclipse, as it were, of the sun,—
And the earth, all day, quaked —“ Donelson !”
But the next was the deadliest day of all,
And the Master’s Mate was not at Call !
Yet nobody seemed to wonder why, —
There was something, perhaps, the MASTER knew
Far better than we, for his Mate to do, —
And the Day went down with a bloody sky !

But when the long, long Night was past,
And our Eagle, sweeping the traitor’s crag,
Circled to victory up the dome,
The great Reveille was heard at last !—
They wrapped the Mate in his Country’s flag,
And sent him in glory home.

INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL FORCES.

BY JUDGE ISRAEL DILLE.

DARWIN, Huxley and Mr. Herbert Spencer, by their laborious and careful collection of facts, have rendered a great and valuable service to science, notwithstanding their *non sequitur* conclusions. All the facts they adduce to prove the change or transmutation of species, begin with and end in the same species, slightly modified under new conditions. In the progress of geological developments and change, new plants and animals appear upon the scene, which have left imbedded in the rock their fossil forms, but in no case can be traced evidence of derivation from preëxisting forms, except in the general fact of their vegetal and animal structures. The gradations from one specific form to another is nowhere to be found, either in the geological or historical series. The appearance of new genera or species always attests a change of conditions in the earth at large, or in the particular region where the genera or species are found. Man is the only cosmopolite. Plants and animals have their local habitats, more or less limited, but man is found in every accessible region of the world.

The presumption that man descended from any previous class of the lower animals, without a solitary fact to support it, is what lawyers would call a very violent one. Man is a being so far in advance of all other animals, in form, in anatomy, in his physiology and psychology, that to connect him with the highest of the lower animals, by any chain of evolutions would evince the loss of so many links, that it would ruin any chain and render it useless. Every quality, every specific property, and all faculties are derived

from some source ; and the source must be sufficient, suitable, and contain what is derived from it. To attempt to derive something from nothing, or any quality, property, or faculty from that which does not contain and cannot produce it, would be an absurdity.

The faculties that distinguish man from the brute are so many and so peculiar, so entirely above any which the lower animals possess, that we cannot by any logical process trace them to any such source. The greater may include the less, but the less cannot include the greater. The alchemists labored long and hard to transmute the baser metals into gold, but failed, and the attempt to transmute the ape into a man will be as signal a failure. Lead is deficient in the qualities of gold, and gold cannot be obtained from it ; and the monkey is deficient in the faculties of a man, and he cannot generate them within himself ; and if he, by any means, acquires them, they must be derived from without—imparted to him—and not voluntarily sought for, or attained independent of his will or wish.

Intellect, the passions and conscience are as much forces, as heat, actinism, light or electricity, and no one of them can be generated by any or all of those lower forces. They are things unlike, operate unlike, and act upon unlike objects. One does not and cannot proceed from or produce the other, any more than the eagle can produce the elephant, or the oak the ox. Examine all the genera and species on the earth and follow them as far as possible towards their origin, and we shall see that it is most probable that every genus and every species was the product of conditions that favored its generation. Take the natural order, Solanacea, of plants, which is widely diffused over the world, and how vastly does the solanum of one large division of the earth differ from those of other quarters of the globe. The potato and tomato are indigenous to America, while the egg plant is a native of India. These are all the species that occur to me, that are used as food, by man ; al-

though the species are very numerous and abound in all temperate and warm countries ; yet all contain an alcaloid principle which is poisonous, and which is nearly identical in all the members of the family. Some are annuals, some herbaceous and some woody, some with and some without spines. It would puzzle the evolutionists to trace one species from any other, and if he did so or does so, he must refer it to conditions, as Mr. Darwin accounts for the change in oysters transferred from the English coast to the Mediterranean.

Among animals take the genus *Cervus*, from the Pleistocene to the present time, and mark how varied and numerous are the species, from the ungainly moose and the stately elk to the graceful and fleet-footed deer of Asia, Europe and America. Was any one species the parent of all the others? And if so, account for emigration and distribution of the progeny over countries so remote and beyond obstacles so impassable ; or the antelope family, so widely separated, so varied in species and so generally distributed. It is to conditions only that we can refer these varied species, conditions local or general. The Marsupial family left its remains in the white chalk in England, being among the earliest quadrupeds of Europe, and became extinct, probably, early in the Eocene Period. It could only live there while the conditions favored ; but its congener, the opossum, still flourishes in America, and the Marsupiaë comprise nearly all the quadrupeds of Australia, where conditions favored the generation of such pouched animals—which carry their young like the opossum—in a great number of species. Wallace and Lyell agree that the whole organic kingdom of the Australian islands is peculiar to that part of the world, receiving little or none from elsewhere and contributing nothing to other countries. Conditions, peculiarly its own, produced its fauna and flora, and when such conditions prevailed in Europe and America the pouch bearing opossum was generated. Are we to infer that those conditions were material only, or did ethereal forces combine with

matter to generate such forms, such qualities and such characters with such habits? If we may refer them to a combination with ethereal elements or forces, they must be still very different from the recognized ethereal forces, although allied to and acting with them.

MAN.

How vast the subject! Derive him from an Ape? What a miracle! Brahma and Boodh, Hebrews and Mahomet, have nothing to compare with this. But if we have succeeded in rendering it probable that plants have derived their qualities, and animals their characters, in all their differentiations from ethereal combinations, the task will be less difficult to prove that man derives his form and all his ennobling faculties of mind and morals, affections and aspirations from more refined and elevated ethereal sources. Whether revelation or philosophy suggested that Man was created in the image—the shadow—of his Maker—the idea is a sublime one. How Shakespeare must have been thrilled with the thought when it occurred to him to say through the mouth of Hamlet:

“What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!”

We cannot compare man with any or all of the lower animals, for things unlike are not comparable. Yet man has properly been called a microcosm, a little world made up of constituents of all animality. But he is unlike anything and everything living beneath him. He stands alone, the lord of created things, and all are put in subjection under him. The fear of him rules in every creature. All acknowledge his superiority. Byron makes Mazeppa say of the wild horses that surrounded him, as he lay bound to the dead steed:

"They snort—they foam—neigh—swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye."

Burns has a similar thought, in his address to a mouse :

"I'm sorry cruel man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion,
That makes thee startle."—

So also we read in Genesis, ch. ix. v. 2, "And the fear of you and the dread of you, shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea."*

When metals are compared, they are taken in their purity, so when we compare, or rather contrast man with the lower animals, we should take the best specimens of both, for we find some tribes of men, in the savage state, and some families in the midst of the highest civilization, are even more degraded than the brutes. But take our best samples of humanity, in intellect, in piety, in morality, how vastly they transcend all the families of earthly animals. All the savage tribes and all the civilized nations have their representative men, who mold public opinion by the force of their minds, who persuade, who teach, who argue and convince, who move the hearts and minds of their people by their eloquence, by their bravery, by their logic, by their glowing imaginations, so as to infuse their own spirits and enterprise into others. Whether such influence is exerted by poetry, by eloquence, by logic, or by energy of character, it is *a*

* Fabre-D'Olivet renders this passage much better to my purpose. I wish I could express to the understanding of the reader his analytical note on the word rendered "the fear of you." He literally translates the passage thus: "And the dazzling brightness of you, and the dread of you, shall be upon all earth-born animality, and upon every fowl of the heaven, and upon all that breed upon the Adamic element, and in every fish of the sea."

force. Not animal force, not muscular force or mechanical force; but intellectual force—a force not imparted by chemical energy, or heat, or electricity, or magnetism, but a force more refined and more potent than any or all those combined. It is a force that may coerce any or all of them into its service, and make them obedient to its will.

The Historical Period presents us a long list of “mortal names that were not born to die,” and cannot die so long as history continues and intellect remains to cherish their memory. If we could exhume the names of the great and gifted that flourished during the prehistoric times, another list equally as long might possibly be furnished; for Egypt was waning in vigor and light long before Grecian historians began to record the deeds of illustrious men “among the Greeks and barbarians,” and had submitted to the yoke of the conqueror before the Hebrews became a nation. If we credit the Sanscrit records, which are supported by external evidence, Egypt was a colony of a nation far more powerful that preceded her, fragments of whose vast empire continued to flourish even down to the time of the Romans, and contested the supremacy of the world with that people. But thanks to Grecian and Roman narrowness, and Christian and Saracen bigotry, we know but little more of those peoples than the names of cities they occupied and a few of the names of the illustrious men who contributed to make their nations rich, prosperous and powerful. All that we are permitted to say of Assyria, Phœnecia, Carthage and Egypt is through Greek and Roman eyes. It is not improbable that during the stone age of Europe, when the Swiss lake-dwellers existed, enlightened nations peopled Asia, from the Mediterranean and Red Sea to the Chinese Sea.

Beginning with the Greeks, what an array of intellectual men may be summoned for our contemplation. Poetry, eloquence, art, statesmanship, heroes and philosophers—all of the first order follow in the long procession. Take Homer, who appeared in the twilight of the day of Grecian

ories, what a great original mind was his, whose thoughts have thrilled thousands in every generation for twenty-five centuries ! and will continue to do so in every age, as long as literature shall continue to amuse, instruct and enlighten mankind. Among orators, Demosthenes was like a zephyr, a sweeping wind or a thunderstorm ; and Plato, as a philosopher, still continues to teach the world in all that is profound, and good and true. But long before all these there was a great intellect that shed its light upon the world in India, of Central Asia, a light which continues to show the way of truth, and right and morality to this day. That was Zoroaster, to whom Plato, Socrates and the most enlightened Greeks deferred with veneration. The influence of that great mind is still felt among the Parsees, who are the most industrious, intelligent, moral, benevolent and prosperous of all the Orientals. Their numbers have been greatly diminished by persecutions, insomuch that they are supposed, at this day, to be less than one million, and divided into two sects, yet the impress of a single mind has been perpetuated for, probably, 3500 years, amid fire and fanaticism from Brahmins, Boodists and Mahometans, and they remain as living witnesses of the force of a leading intellect which was able to instruct the mind and purify the heart.

There is, perhaps, in all the annals of man, but one name that stands superior to that of Zoroaster. That is Jesus of Nazareth. I am not aware that it is claimed for Zoroaster that he worked miracles or was endowed with marvelous powers, beyond that of a profound, religious and philosophic intellect. But without miraculous powers, Jesus Christ rises above all other human beings in his humility, his meekness, his self-denial, his elevating philosophy, and his true system of sociology, which begins and ends in a single word most forgotten in every Christian church—that is, LOVE—"Love one another" is the leading injunction in his last perfecting discourse. How often did he repeat it ! Where

love rules the heart forgiveness is easy, and a higher law binds heart to heart, closes out all evil propensities, lifts the soul to heaven and makes man perfect. His miracles, however, sanctioned his authority.

To the Spiritualist, miracles can be no stumbling-block. If he has seen, what many claim to have witnessed, he cannot doubt the possibility, or the probability, that a highly gifted one may have done all that has been related of Jesus Christ. Nor can he doubt that an Intelligent Creator could, or would reveal his will to his intelligent, but erring creature. Indeed, without claiming the gift of prophecy, at a period when the whole scientific world is skeptical, I think the time is near when the Church will look to Spiritual revelations as its sanction and defense. The Church must abandon its materialism, and be ready to make as many concessions to Spiritualism as it has to what is claimed as science; and when a more consistent philosophy emanates from spiritual mediums, with a more instructive literature,—a literature that purifies the heart at the same time that it enlightens the understanding,—*this new Doctrine* will be embraced by every sorrowing heart, and every burdened spirit; and the Church which does not come back to the mind of its Master will be without devotees or members.

This is no digression from our subject. For the mind of Jesus Christ was a force of greater energy than any other that has ever influenced the moral world. Much as that force has been perverted by selfish ambition, by invigorating bad passions, by hypocrisy and by narrow bigotry, no other system of religion has raised up such a host of pure, enlightened and elevated spirits as Christianity. Corrupt as many branches of the Church have been, cruel and relentless as has been its intolerent and persecuting spirit, narrow and bigoted as too many have been and are in nearly all the sects, the ameliorating effect upon human character attests its power and the force of its divine origin. It was indeed a light that came into the world, which the world

as not prepared to receive, because the civilized nations were passing their culminating point, demoralized by luxury and effeminated with every vice, could not be quickened to new life, or invigorated by the love or the study of moral or spiritual principles, even by a divine spark. In the course of three centuries the Church became nearly as corrupt as the pagans. Yet there were some notable exceptions, who bore up and carried forward the celestial torch until it was handed over to a race of vigorous barbarians, who improved by its radiance, are now the enlightened nations of the world.

Another influential mind claims mention here, Sidhartha, the founder of the Boodhist religion. He was an earnest man, sickened with the debased condition of humanity, under the corrupting system of servitude and caste which Brahminism had brought upon his people, and perhaps penetrated by a measure of celestial light, he laid the foundation of a faith which now numbers more followers than any other religion on earth. Its numbers are not its only merit. It produced a voluminous literature, and long ameliorated the condition of caste in India as its leading maxim was brotherly love and charity. That religion is now 2400 years old, and although expelled from India is the prevailing faith in all eastern Asia, beyond Hindoostan. Mrs. Leonowens tells an interesting anecdote of Boodhism. The favorite wife of the late king of Siam, one of her pupils, on reading the sermon on the Mount, said to Mrs. Leonowens: "Your Jesus is beautiful; when you pray to Jesus, you call him Boodha, and when I pray to Boodha, I will call him Jesus." Pythagoras, who rose 1200 years after Boodha, was another influential mind, whose force is still felt among a large part of the human family.

It may be a question whether the various followers of the different religions would be benefitted by adopting Christianity. Christianizing requires a greater change than the mere accepting of the outward rites and ceremonies of the

church. Chunder Ken said, "If India ever becomes Christian, it must be through some other channel than the European mind." It requires a change of psychical condition. The oriental mind, like that of our American Indians is poetical, figurative, metaphorical and really more spiritual than the European mind. The European mind, derived from the sturdy Germans, fed by Grecian and Roman aliment, came into its early training by sturdy contests between the different tribes, and with the Romans in their decline, is more exact, practical and matter of fact, than the minds of any other race of men. For these reasons it may be doubted whether we have a true conception of the older Hebrew Scriptures, having but a translation from the metaphorical oriental speech into our own. Swedenborg is supported by high authority, both ancient and modern, when he asserts that the true canonical books have a natural, a figurative and a spiritual sense. In fact our knowledge of the Hebrew language is derived from the translation of their Scriptures into the Greek; for when that translation was made the Hebrew was a dead language, and was only spoken by the Essenes, an inconsiderable sect of recluses, who had withdrawn themselves from the world, under vows of extreme abstemiousness, and who claimed to be the conservators of the mysteries of the Mosaic ritual. It is asserted that Jesus Christ and John the Baptist were of that sect, and that the Essenes were the translators of the Septuagint.

The influence of the intellect of Moses was greatly limited by the ritual which he restricted to the Hebrew nation. That nation was a turbulent, ungovernable people, who contemned their more powerful neighbors, the Gentiles, to whom they were repeatedly subjected, and but few of them understood their Scriptures in any sense. It was not until Christianity became an institution that the Hebrew books were sought after by learned Gentiles, and the religion of the Jews was made known to the gentile world and studied in their schools and churches. From that time the illus-

ous character of the founder of the Hebrew nation began to be appreciated by the civilized world, and its force became the basis of three great religious systems, the Jewish, the Christian and the Mahometan. Other great minds followed in the Hebrew nation, to whom we are indebted for a system of sacred literature which, while it claims to be the most ancient, is in many respects the most sublime that has come down to us from antiquity.

In this hasty review a host of distinguished names must be omitted, the force of whose intellects have contributed so much to ameliorate and instruct their age and to make our civilization what it is. A few names are worthy of mention, which stand out as teachers in religion, philosophy, and as inventors. Martin Luther unfettered the human mind in theological inquiries; Roger Bacon, as a philosophic experimenter, extended human knowledge both in science and the arts; to Lawrence Coster we are indebted for the art of printing, an invention that above all others has diffused human knowledge to all classes; Lord Bacon, by a new system of research, gave certainty to scientific inquiry; Sir Isaac Newton, as a mathematician and philosopher, ranks above all men; John Milton touched the chords of a harmony, in "Justifying the ways of God to man," that will resound through the ages. What mighty forces were the intellects of these men, and they will long continue to induct, to influence and to lead the human mind. And we might add to the list hundreds or thousands of the names of men, who in every field of inquiry have increased the power, the knowledge and the happiness of man. Every country in Europe could furnish a long list, and our own country not a few, who in invention, in the arts, in science and in the forum, have done the world great service.

Every intellect is a force, and a great intellect is a great force, which perpetuates itself in various ways, some by literature, some by precepts, some by inventions, some by great deeds, some by great sacrifices for the public weal,

and some by great discoveries. How varied are the forces of the human mind and how great the diversity of their achievements.

Again, how potent is the personal form of some great spirit. Who but Hannibal could have disciplined and held together the heterogeneous barbarian mass he gathered for an army and made it so formidable against Rome? Cortez manifested a master spirit in associating the savage allies for the overthrow of the empire of Montezuma, and pages might be filled with instances of the power of a single mind over men. What a magnetic power Napoleon possessed! So of Frederick the Great. But I must cease to enumerate, or write a volume on the subject.

But take another view of the achievements of intellectual force, and see how far and wide it has extended the civilization of the world, by increasing human power, knowledge and comfort. The genius of invention, by first learning what the natural forces are, then how they operate, when and how to find them or to produce them, has caught them and made them subservient to his will, to do his work—to bring the earth with all its capacities and treasures within his grasp; to open the universe to his inspection and enable him to understand its constituent elements. How different is the condition of the material, the political, the social, the intellectual world now, from what it was at the beginning of the century. But it would be a great error to credit this century for all the advances it has made. Every previous step in the long past was necessary to this attainment. So in all things, the present is linked to the past—the ever-active forces, their working up material elements, bringing them into combination with ethereal elements, and every new combination qualifying, either matter or mind, for still new and higher combinations, with more refined ethereal elements.

Not that modern intellect is more profound than the ancient, but it has the advantage of all the past in discovery

and in philosophy, upon which to build and advance in intellectual development. It has more instruments to use in its progression, the art of printing, the power of steam, the work and for traveling and the carrying of burdens on land and water; the whole science of Chemistry, of Geology, of Astronomy with all its optical apparatus, the electric telegraph and the wonder-revealing telescope. All these elevate man to a higher plane of observation and reflection than the ancients could occupy. So he is not only drawn to a higher influence, but as he rises his foundation is firmer and surer.

The brain and muscles of one man now, with the aid of modern machinery, can accomplish more in the same time than a thousand men could do three hundred years ago. Whence comes this intellectual force, so varied, so efficient and so undying? Is it a mere emanation from matter? or a chemical compound of matter? If it is, our laborious and profound chemists can produce it. Who will try? A shout of triumph has gone up, that one chemist has produced the essence of wintergreen, and another uric acid, and half a dozen imitations of natural products have been made, but they are all like counterfeits of bank notes or coin, easily detected by experts. But to make a cranium, stock it with brains and give it the power of thought, no chemist in his senses would undertake.

Then the passions, love, hate, joy, grief, ambition, avarice, are they merely chemical affinities or repulsions? The affections, desires, hopes; the hungering and the thirsting for righteousness, and the judgment of right and wrong, whence are they? from atomic forces, or molecular polarity? These are all forces that actuate the human heart, that move the man and the masses, and with what power they operate!

The cultivation of the moral and spiritual faculties is still more perplexing to any material hypothesis. Like other cultivated things they grow with culture. The intelligent

worshiper, who seeks by a life of rectitude to live at peace with God and in charity with all mankind, finds what he seeks in a pure heart and a clean conscience, which forms his character and shows its quality in his face, shedding benignity all around it, and in his every day life, devoted to beneficence and good deeds. Is he a laborer? he is patient, frugal and industrious. Is he in business? he is faithful, honest and reliable. A soldier? he fears God, and he has nothing else to fear, brave, but never vainly bold or foolishly venturing. Is he a judge? he is just, kind, unswerving, sympathising with the weak, pitying the frailties of poor humanity—or be he what he will, he is the true man, forbearing, benevolent, charitable and upright. The human face is an index of the soul, and therein we may trace all the indications of character, from the purest and highest to the lowest plane of the wretched outcast. He who bathes his spirit in celestial fountains, drawing from above the elements of his character, takes in meekness, humility, gentleness, with fixed principles of right, duty and veneration. He who makes self his god, whether he pursues pleasure, wealth, fame or power, by degrees defaces the divinity within him, and taking character from below assumes a physiognomy which grows forbidding and repulsive.

Thus do we mold our characters according to our will, taking in higher or lower elements at the dictate of our affections. If we love the pure, the true and the good, we restrain our evil propensities, passions and appetites; and become ourselves what we admire in others. We seek the best examples, and by an honest self-examination and a vigilant restraint, strive to follow the path of rectitude, and daily grow in all that is estimable, and really become what we would appear to be. On the other hand, if we are lax in our principles, indifferent to right, to purity and propriety within, we yield to grosser affections and take in qualities of character that are corrupting and degrading. It is immaterial what the intellectual gifts may be; if there is a want

principle, or love of truth and right, there will fail to be a lofty spirit, or a truly elevated character. A great intellect with a vicious heart (as it is called) is a curse to the world and its possessor. Too many of our heroes come from this class, disregarding the rights and the welfare of others, thus "shutting the gates of mercy on mankind." How many of the inmates of our penitentiaries might have been ornaments to society and benefactors of our race, but for their vicious proclivities.

Our moral principles are forces, derived from the great warehouse of forces, and we may take in the principles of devils which are low, poisonous and evil, or the principles of angels, which are elevating, purifying and heaven-sending. We have not yet tested the extent to which the human character may be elevated. In our artificial social condition, the first great object is to qualify the young "to make a living," to "gather gear by every wile," with a large success, in any way it can be done, and I would hope by as much as equally as large or larger "that's justified by honor." Mankind are unco weak," but, it is to be hoped, that through the diffusion of general intelligence, creating a healthy public opinion, that sound moral principles will be more prevalent; yet I have more faith that such a moral principle will be derived from above, "whence cometh every good and perfect gift."

Although the antagonisms are very active, I can see a visible amelioration of human character all over the world. Steam is a missionary more potent than the church can send forth, and the evils which man inflicts upon his fellow-men are daily growing less; the overburdened are being relieved, or hopeful signs are appearing that they will be. Great advances have been made, during the last decade, in human freedom! Slavery is now limited to a few nations that have not yet awakened to the glorious light of our era; serfdom has ceased in Russia and peonage in Mexico, and we may confidently hope that before the end of the

century, slavery will be a word without a meaning and caste cease to burden humanity.

We have seen how great, are the diversities of the human mind, how wide, how varied the range of human thought and capacity. Now whence are these diversities? Whatever they are, whether intellectual power, passions or propensities, they are *forces*, acting upon the animal body which possesses them, or the minds and bodies of others. To say they are the result of chemical forces, of electricity, of light merely, of magnetism, the attraction of cohesion or gravitation, would be absurd. All those forces we have seen are ethereal. We have been constrained to suspect—perhaps to believe, that the vegetal qualities and differentiations are the product of other and more abstruse and subtle forces, which we must refer to ethereal constituents. Then we come to the higher and wider range of the animal creation where more varied phenomena are presented. Even in the monera, rhizipod and zoophytes, which receive their aliment by absorbing it into any part of their gelatinous bodies, there is probably some sensation, as nourishment enters their substance and is assimilated. Passing up the scale of being into the insect family we notice a wariness of danger and a persistency in providing for their natural wants, from the seeking and acquisition of food to the means of reproduction, as fully developed as in animals of higher organization; and when we ascend to the vertebrate mammalia, a wider range of the thinking power is manifested, in some instances almost amounting to reason. Now wherever the capacity to think is found, let it be inherent, instinct or individual judgment, there is indisputable evidence of force:—a force that actuates, that operates, that moves and is productive of visible results. The differentiations, in every respect, show that a great difference in the forces that have been operating, must have existed. A single cause could never have produced such a multiplicity of effects, upon materials so similar, or so alike. But step up to another

ne occupied by man. What a diversity! How unlike are
wton and Napoleon, a Shakespeare and a Wellington,
Byron and a Beau Brummell, or all of those men, and a
mon laborer in the fields. They all belong to the genus
mo, to the species human, but how vastly they differ.
ey have all the same structure, all the same composition
he same constituent elements—but how unlike they are.
sect them, they differ in some organs, in nervous tex-
e, in volume of brain; one is taller—another shorter,
e has a black skin, another a white, but we cannot per-
ve any difference in the quality of the brain, except in
intellectual developments of the living subject. Ana-
e them and they are identical—how they differ in their
tes, capacities and characters! Contrast Havellock and
na Sahib. Both men of ability, both men of learning
influence. But one was a Christian soldier, brave, faith-
earnest, kind and magnanimous, merciful to captives
d to the unfortunate—the other no less brave as a soldier
cruel and merciless to all who fell into his hands, false,
dictive and relentless. What a different force impelled
se two men and formed their characters! How different
commingling of elements in their composition.
The lower animals have their peculiar characteristics.
e wolf is a wolf wherever you meet him. If hunger
aws he is dangerous; so with the bear, the lion, the tiger
eagle and the hawk, hunger makes them bold fierce and
structive. The savage races of men, have their peculiar
characters, according to their tribes, but civilized man must
judged individually. He may be more cruel than any
st, and from that you may graduate him up to a little
er than the angels. Now whence these differences of
racter? from matter? Let the chemist, the physiolo-
t or anatomist, seek for the difference by analysis of
emical elements and organic functions, or by dissection;
l he find it? He will tell you no, without the trial.
e difference is not ponderable, not measurable, not in

weight or dimension, but in something not found by chemistry, nor by mensuration, but in spirit, for which we have no chemical test, or measurable formula. *In spirit?* What is that? Is it matter—ponderable or imponderable? Is it ethereal?—of course, ethereal

While we have but little respect for the hypothesis of the Correlation of Force, we may assert that the Conservatism of Force is well founded. Force cannot perish or be destroyed for it is indestructible as its Author. Nor is a new force originated. Whatever forces exist now, always existed since matter was created. Force may dissolve its connection with matter, but its higher combinations, that constitute the human soul, we may believe to be indissoluble. Such combinations form individual character, comprising the intellect and the affections. The individuality of mind, may be, and I believe is, indissoluble—immortal. On earth it is associated with matter, manifests itself in matter, and acts through matter. But matter is not necessary to its vitality. The Vital Force, or element, which quickens matter, is itself ethereal, and uniting with other and more refined elements, constitute the soul. This association of ethereal elements forms a unit, an individual, and such an individual, composed of indissoluble elements, is immortal.

In his *Biology*, Herbert Spencer, to show the strength of his theory of Evolution, enumerates the classes and the multitudes who believe with him. Although I conceive that part of his argument very weak, yet, upon his own ground, I am willing to submit the question of the immortality of the soul to the plebiscite of all humanity, believing I should have an overwhelming majority. The idea of the immortality of the soul—of an existence after death—is indelibly stamped in the human mind, and is one of its firmest convictions.

A TRIBUTE TO ANNETTE BISHOP.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

STARRY-bright and pearly-pure
Was thy spirit here ;
What can be its splendor now
In that radiant sphere,
Where the virtues, shining forth
Clothe illustrious Forms ;
And the breath of Love divine
The kindred spirit warms ?

So gloriously gifted, thou
Should'st number the full span,
That Nature, in her love, accords
Unto the life of man ;
But suffering meekly—working grandly—
Were thy few rich years ;
Then the loving Angels won thee,
Reckless of our tears.

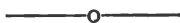
Three of the noblest sister Arts,
Painting, Music, Poetry—
In their irreparable loss,
Wear funeral weeds for thee ;
O glorious and gifted one,
Whose gentle heart enshrined,
Sweetest graces of the spirit,
With noblest powers of mind.

The fairest, finest thoughts that live,
By spirit breathings fanned,
Were sought, and clothed, by magic
Of thy creative hand ;

Yet in thy gentle presence,
 Were bound, in one bright span,
 All that is loveliest in woman,
 Or loftiest in man.

Oft in the still of evening,
 Along the starry vista
 I look, and long, and stretch my arms
 To thee, sweet Spirit-Sister ;
 And then thy blue eyes softly,
 While flow the gushing tears,
 Look into mine, and bless me,
 With the love of other years.

But soar away, sweet Spirit,
 Unto thy native bowers,
 Where Angels wait to crown thee
 With amaranthine flowers ;
 And when the deep, dark River,
 At last, is ferried o'er,
 We shall fly to blest reunion,
 And parted—never more.



FROM THE SANTA BARBARA INDEX.

BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.—The Editor is a man well known to the world of philosophical and speculative writers. His style is clear, simple and logical, and one does not read many of his pages without discovering in their author the student and the thinker. Prof. Brittan was the editor of the "Shekinah," the first standard magazine devoted to the elucidation of the philosophy that human beings exist after the decay of the material body, and have, under certain conditions, power to manifest their continued existence by influencing animate and inanimate objects on the earth. The publication of "The Shekinah" was commenced in 1850, and continued several years, doing great service in leading the thoughtful minds of the country to a knowledge of the demonstrative evidences of immortality. Through the writings of Prof. Brittan, in a great measure, the Rochester "rappings" and "table tipping" were raised from the "flout" of the "groundling" to be received by the purely philosophical investigator. We can heartily commend the JOURNAL to those interested in the subjects of which it treats.

GOD AND SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

BY HON. J. W. EDMONDS.

THE great First Cause—Creator and Ruler of the Universe, and the loving Father of all humanity—All-powerful, ever present, and knowing all things. Such are the attributes of the Supreme Being, recognized by all who acknowledge his existence. Even the Pagan, who worshipped the father of gods and men, recognized a Fate behind and greater than Jupiter.

But when the human mind—in obedience to the law of its nature, which forbids it ever to be content with the knowledge it has obtained—leaves the ground common to all, seeking for more definite conceptions of God, it is marvellous to see how wildly it wanders—how limited and yet how vast its range—yet always tending upward in its progress. In this uncertain way the finite reaches after and strives to comprehend the Infinite. There is perhaps no clearer indication of the intellectual and moral development and condition of mankind—than the one which may be found in their conceptions of Deity.

In the earlier stages of human advancement the physical elements and external forms of Nature were objects of worship. The Sun and other heavenly bodies, fire and other elements were worshiped. The Druids fearing the tempest, the thunder and the earthquake, offered human sacrifices to appease the wrath and secure the favor of the gods. Not only the war of elements, but the presence of the pestilence and its invisible ministers of death, suggested the fierce anger of the destructive powers of the world, and the necessity for a propitiation. Hence the poet says:

“Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
The god *propitiate* and the pest assuage.”

The worship of numerous idols marked the earlier periods of man's history. How far that was adoration of the graven image itself, or of the image as a representative of the Unseen Power, it must be difficult to tell. Probably it was both, but it showed a mind incapable of receiving the idea of a spiritual being, without some material emblem through which its comprehension might be attained.

As humanity advanced, unseen beings were worshiped, but they were not far removed either in space or the nature of their attributes from their worshipers. In many instances they were deified men, who were honored for heroic deeds and were placed among the gods. It is not a little remarkable that in the midst of the intellectual progress of Egypt, Greece and Rome, the human mind seemed incapable of embracing any greater idea of Divinity. The age had to personify him, and clothe him with all the attributes of man, in order to conceive of his existence.

At length the vague and shadowy idea of an over-ruling and Supreme Being had birth among men. That which was recognized as Fate among the Pagans, was Jehovah among the Jews. With the latter, it was the product of a direct revelation, but was fully received by them, only after forty years of suffering and privation in the wilderness; and even then, fear was the passion that controlled them, and their God was an angry and jealous one, threatening their sins with temporal punishments and proclaiming his coming to take vengeance on the disobedient.

The progress of man in knowledge, purity and love, at length enabled him to receive another revelation, and through Jesus of Nazareth, and others about the same time, came the idea of a loving Father, instead of Jupiter, the Pagan Thunderer, or the angry Jehovah of the Jews.

But how slow has been the progress toward a just con-

ception of the Deity! Even now among the wisest and best, the dispute goes on whether he is a person or a principle. But what matters it which? In an important sense, every man may be said to fabricate his own God. Some make him one or more persons, in order the better to comprehend the divine powers and the functions of his providence. Others, incapable of embracing the idea of personality, as related to Deity, take refuge in the idea of the divine nature as a principle.

He who can examine his works from the smallest atom to the vastness of the Universe, including millions of worlds, peopled by countless millions of sentient beings, conceives of him as inhabiting space without limit and existing in eternity without end; as guiding and governing the illimitable creation through an infinite variety of means and instruments, arising step by step from inanimate matter to the highest conceivable order of intelligence; as binding all created things together by the ties of ever-enduring attraction, and all things to himself by bonds too strong for sin or death to sever; may begin to form some appropriate idea of the Divinity, to worship whom is at once the instinct of our nature, the source of the highest happiness, and the assurance of our immortality.

Such is the idea of God—the Creator and Ruler of a Universe too vast to come within our comprehension—which our intercourse with the Spirit World conveys to us. In no respect does it conflict more powerfully with the prevalent religious convictions than in respect to the teachings of some of those religions in regard to his special and personal interference in the affairs of men. That there is occasionally such a seeming interference by some unseen power, is too strongly proved to permit the rational mind to doubt it. The origin of this apparent divine interposition in the affairs of men is a question of the deepest interest. As illustrations of the subject, I offer the following facts and observations on

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

Some time since I saw an article in a newspaper, written by a clergyman, who gives it as a "special interposition of Providence" in his favor—probably, as he thought, because of his holy calling. It seems, that he had intended starting on a journey by Railroad and designed to take a particular train, and if he had, he would have got into the hind car, as he always did. That car, in that train, ran off the track and killed almost every one in it. He was withheld from going by a sort of mysterious reluctance or repugnance, for which he could not account, and thus he supposed his life was saved.

I do not doubt the truth of this, nor the clergyman's inference as to his being withheld by some power unknown to him, and which, therefore, he very naturally enveloped in religious mystery. The great pity is, that he would not allow himself to be instructed in the nature and *modus operandi* of the power which thus worked for his protection.

In the winter and spring of 1854 I went through the country lecturing, from Boston to St. Louis. I remained at the latter place some seven or eight days. I was intending to leave there on Saturday morning by steamboat for Alton; thence proceeding by Railroad to Chicago, and after remaining there over Sunday to go to Rockford on Monday. But at a late hour on Friday evening, the spirits asked me—not vaguely and by impression only, but distinctly in words—if I could not defer my departure until Monday? I made inquiries and found that my doing so would involve no greater inconvenience than my traveling all night on Monday, which I did not mind much; and I replied that I could do so, and it was so determined.

The next morning (Saturday) while I was at breakfast, word came to the hotel that the steamboat for Alton had burst her boiler, while lying by the shore just ready to start, and had killed every passenger on board.

Boats on the Mississippi do not lie along side of a dock, but with their bows to the shore and their sterns out in the stream. When the boat is getting ready to start, the passengers all gather on the fore part of the upper deck, because that is the only part of the boat from which the shore can be seen. That part is directly over the boiler, and there the passengers on this occasion, to the number, of twelve or fifteen, were assembled as usual, and there, doubtless, I should have been. The explosion was a terrible one, tearing the boat to pieces as if blown up by powder and scattering the bodies and limbs of the passengers in all directions. The event created a great deal of excitement in St. Louis at the time and religious services were performed in one of the churches over the remains of one of the victims who had been their settled pastor.

I thought nothing of the event then as at all connected with myself, but was, during all of Saturday and Sunday, looking out to see if I could find the reason why I had been requested to remain over. During Sunday I had a visit from a lawyer of some distinction at St. Louis, who gave me a singular relation of his own experience in spirit communion. The account interested me very much, and was to me then a new phase of the phenomena, and I made up my mind that it was to give me that interview that I had been asked to remain over.

I left St. Louis next Monday and spent about a month ; in lecturing in various places in Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio and New York, closing my course of lectures at Auburn, New York. I finished my lecture at that place about seven o'clock in the evening, and waited about two hours for the train to come along that would take me home after my two or three months of severe labor. Tired and exhausted as I was, I yet felt greatly exhilarated at the idea of having at length got to the end of the task I had assigned myself.

While waiting for the train I was walking alone about the hotel, and reviewing for the first time all the incidents of

my journey; for during all the rest of the way, I had been so surrounded by people that I never had any time to think except when I locked myself up to prepare my lectures.

In that review, I remembered the Spirits had told me that some of them would be with me during the whole of my journey, and save me from harm wherever they could. I also remembered that on my passage from Cleveland to Columbus, at night, they had told me that an accident would happen to our train; but no one would be hurt; it would result only in a few hours' detention in the cold. All of which I now remember as having happened just as foretold, and I now queried whether my detention at St. Louis had any connection with the blowing up of the steamboat. The idea had never occurred to me before, and I asked the question of the Spirits. They answered that it had, and that as soon as I got home and had time to rest they would tell me.

After I had been at home about a week they told me this story: They had examined the boat in which I was to take passage from St. Louis and had found a defect in her machinery. The feed-pipe of the boiler had a valve to let on or stop water from the boiler, which was constructed like a damper to a stove-pipe. A round piece of iron fastened to a stem—which run up some distance, so as to be within sight and reach of the engineer—with a handle to it, always told him whether the valve was open or shut, except when by accident it got loose on the stem. They had discovered that this valve was loose and the engineer would therefore be deceived and the pipe would be closed at the very time that he was thinking that it was feeding water properly. And they had calculated that by Monday either the defect would be discovered or an explosion take place, and therefore they had warned me.*

* This will be very likely to provoke the inquiry: If the Spirits had a clear foreknowledge of the disaster, and were able to converse distinctly with the Judge, why did they not admonish him to warn others of the apprehended catas-

I afterwards inquired of experienced steamboat men if they did have such stop-valves in their water-feeders? I got for answer that at one time they were very common, but their defective nature being discovered, a different kind had been substituted; and the old fashioned ones were found now only on some of the oldest boats on the Western waters.

On one occasion, the Spirits told me that there was a man coming to see me, in respect to whom I must be on my guard. I asked his name? They could not tell me. I inquired when he was coming? They did not know. I then asked of what use is this warning? I am seeing a great many strangers, who call to converse with me on Spiritualism, and I am in the habit of conversing freely with them. How am I to know which one of the crowd am to be specially on my guard against? They answered me, "You will know when the time comes."

Several weeks passed. I had seen a good many people as usual, and the warning had fairly faded from my memory. One day a gentleman came to my office and reminded me that he had called at my house and was once introduced to me by Gov. Tallmadge. He had been for six years a member of Congress from Cincinnati. His time had expired on the fourth of March preceding, and he was then waiting for the Court of Claims to be organized. During his leisure he had spent a month in Philadelphia among the mediums, and had now been a week or two in New York pursuing his inquiries, and with the same object in view had come to talk with me. He was a man of education, gentlemanly in his manners and, I thought, a sincere inquirer. So I began, as usual, to talk very frankly with

him. In the common interest of humanity we should naturally expect this as a general effort to save life. But it is quite possible that the Spirits may have perceived that the warning would have been disregarded and the Judge perhaps mistaken for a lunatic, or "a runner for some other steamboat company."

EDITOR.

him when a voice spoke to me very distinctly : "Take care, Judge, this is the man." I was at once on my guard, and got a good deal more out of him than he did from me. He called to see me several times between that and the first day of July. I discovered that he had obtained just enough to puzzle him. He got all his communications through mediums, and he told me that sometimes truths would be told him that he knew could not come from any mortal source, and then would come most arrant falsehoods and false prophecies, destroying all his confidence. He wanted me to help him out of his dilemma. But I was not inclined to do so, for by that time I had learned all about his purposes. He had thought I was a rogue and a cheat, and Tallmadge a gullible fool whom I was using for my purposes, and had determined to use his leisure in detecting and exposing the fraud. Hence he had visited mediums enough to get acquainted with the subject so as to talk upon it and then had called on me to finish the work. My caution and the communications he got interfered with his plans greatly ; for while he found in me no desire to make a proselyte of him, he also found in his intercourse with the Spirits, so much of truth as gradually to work in his mind a conviction of the reality.

About the last of June I left town for my place in the country. In the early part of July I received a letter from him that put all my fears to flight and placed him so completely in my power, that I had but to publish his letter to—in the language of Burns—

"Set all the people in a roar
O' laughter at him."

He informed me that he was getting more and more, every time he visited a medium, to puzzle and confound him—that he had got into communion with what he was told was the spirit of his father and had asked many questions in order to identify him ; that his father at length had said to him,

My son, you want to prove Spiritualism from the past ; let me prove it to you from the *future*. Take what I now say as a test of its truth or falsehood—France is now without an Emperor ” And then he added in his letter, that he had accepted the test, and according to the truth or falsehood of that statement would be his belief.

There was no earthly object in his writing to me. I had never corresponded with him, and had shone the most supreme indifference as to whether he believed or not, and could conceive of no reason for his doing so, but to put him in my power. France was some time since without an Emperor, but not until after I had heard of the death of my correspondent.

When my much esteemed friend, Dr. John F. Gray, was a lad, some fourteen or fifteen years old, he was employed in a cloth factory, where it was part of his duty to attend to the dyeing apparatus, which was in an adjoining building. His particular business was to tend the fire under the dye-kettle and to turn a crank whereby the cloth should revolve on a wheel through the dye. One day while thus employed, he heard a voice say to him, “Go out of this building ;” he answered, “What shall I go out for? I won’t do it.” After a little while the voice again said to him, “Go out of this building, I tell you.” Again he answered, “What shall I do that for? I tell you I’m not going to do it.” Again an interval of time passed, and the voice said, more earnestly, “*Go out of this building, I tell you, immediately ; Go out ! Go out !!*” “Well,” he replied, “I won’t quarrel about it ; I’ll go out ;” and so he stopped his work and went out. He had to ascend a few steps to get out and he had hardly reached the upper step, before the whole building fell and rushed to pieces the kettle, furnace and wheel where he had been at work.

Another instance with the Doctor was this: He had been attending to a patient in childbirth, and leaving her doing well and out of all danger, he went to visit others of his

patients. After visiting one or two, and while on the way in his carriage to another, a voice told him that his obstetric patient was taken suddenly ill from uterine hemorrhage, and he must hasten to her or she would die. He directed his driver to hurry to her house. He found the family in great alarm, and the woman in an unconscious state. They knew not where to send for him and were anxiously seeking to find some doctor. He promptly applied the proper remedies. The woman was soon relieved and ultimately recovered. Without the information thus spiritually derived the woman must have died.

I will mention another instance which occurred in the summer of 1866. I was at my place at Lake George, and rode out one afternoon with Miss Laura. We chose a wild romantic road. The scenery was rendered attractive by rocks and woods, hills and brawling streams. The carriage-way was narrow and rough. No pains had been taken with the bed of the road; no hills had been leveled, nor any barriers erected to prevent rolling down the mountain, on the side of which this rude way was cut.

The ride however was delightful; the clear sunlight and the dense shade; the grandeur of the forests; the songs of birds and hum of insect tribes; the pure air and the sweet repose which seemed resting all around us, made a truly happy time of it.

We were ascending a very steep and rough hill. On one side was the mountain, covered with trees, and there was a brook by the side of the road; on the other side a deep precipice, and the carriage way so narrow that my wheels, on one side were within a foot or two of the edge of the declivity.

My strong horse was very leisurely ascending this hill; we had nearly reached the summit, and were really enjoying the scene with no thought of danger. Suddenly a voice said to me, "Your trace is going to break." I instantly caught the right wheel of my wagon in my right hand, and at the same

moment the trace broke, and the horse walked out of the
hills, leaving the carriage to go where it would. It certainly
could have gone down that precipice, but for my fast hold
on the wheel. I held it so till Laura got out, and then she
held it until I got out, and thus we escaped a great peril.

This certainly was not presence of mind in me, for I seized
the wheel before I heard the snap of the breaking trace ;
and I do not see how we could have escaped going over the
bank, we were so near its edge. Laura, perhaps, if she had
instantly discovered the break, might have jumped into the
road, but I could scarcely have jumped any where but
down the precipice.

These are some of the instances—many of which are con-
stantly occurring—which our religious teachers ascribe to
the special interposition of Divine Providence. Spiritualism
rationalizes this subject, and shows us that we are ever
surrounded, guided and protected by the Spirits of those
who once lived on earth, and who are capable alike of know-
ing the dangers to which we are exposed, and of warning
us against their occurrence.



SONG OF THE SOUTH WIND.

ONCE more, to join our fraternal band,
We have come from the beaming Southern Land,
Where the bright flowers droop with their own perfume,
And the Aloe and Cactus are rivals in bloom—
Where the Live-Oak stretches his stalwart arms,
And the Cotton-woods grow, and the stately Palms.

Wondrous and wild are the things we've known
Beyond Cordilleras' ancient throne,
Where the fire mountain stands with his breath aglow,
And his burning breast in a robe of snow—
Where the Wild Ox wanders, all free and proud,
And the Hurricane stands on the stooping Cloud.

We have followed the giant Rivers afar
Through the swamp, and over the bar,
Where the great Snake's hiss through the forest rings—
Where Scorpions brood, and the Mocking-bird sings—
Where the Jaguar roams, in his terrible ire,
And the Sun looks down with an eye of fire.

We have kindled the hungry Condor's* eye,
As he sat on his ramparts, bleak and high,
And looked from his nest of eternal snow
On the flowery vales that stretched below ;
Till down he plunged, with a fatal sweep,
On the gentle and doomed Alpaca sheep.

Then, for sport, we have danced on the dizzying hight,
That catches the earliest morning light,
When the eye looks forth, unchained and free,
And the landscape stretches from sea to sea ;
And Ocean to Ocean repeats the roar,
Which the rocks reëcho from shore to shore.

We have lashed the proud Atlantic's side,
When he seeks, in vain, for his Ocean Bride,
Until he dashed, in his passionate thrall,
On the granite bosom of Aspinwall,
That still her rocky barrier rears,
To baffle the hope of unnumbered years.

We have moaned through the desolate halls of state,
Where the kingly Montezuma sate ;
And we the requiem sighs invoke,
That linger still, where his great heart broke,
Or stir the ashes, that are spread
Above Cholula's nameless Dead.

We have scattered the glittering evening dew,
In the Land of Incas, fair Peru,
Where Lima's odorous shrubs exhale
Balsamic spices through the vale ;

Then 'mid Potosi's porphyry towers,
We whispered of life to the drooping flowers.

Through Cuzco, 'mid its ruins dun,
Once the bright City of the Sun,
We sought the sorrowing streamlet-side,
Where gentle Atahualpa died,
Weeping amid the gathering gloom
Around the noble Inca's tomb—

Where Nature wakes, in her wildest moods,
In the depths of the rich Brazilian woods,
The Serpent is roused from her surfeit sleep,
By the sound of the stealthy Tiger's leap ;
And prey-birds shriek, as the writhing spoil
Is locked to the tree, in her deadly coil.

And there the sun-lit blossoms glow,
Like gems that sleep in the mines below,
And bright birds flutter their wingéd blooms;
And diamonds flash in the insects plumes,
Until a dimness shields the sight,
As the pained eye shrinks from the gorgeous light.

With softest sighs we have wooed, anon,
The smile of the royal Amazon ;
And then away, we have wandered far,
To the patriot land of Bolivar,
And swelled the deathless hero's name,
With the echos Freedom gives to Fame.

Uncoiled from the lash of the stooping Cloud,
We have startled the Wild Horse, free and proud ;
As he rushed, in fear, o'er the sounding plane,
We tore the locks of his streaming mane,
Wrenching the trees, as we waltzed before,
To the maddening notes of the Ocean's roar,

Through Atacama's Desert lone,
Where Terror sits on her awful throne,

For her royal pleasure we bent the ray,
Till the mirage† danced in the vapor's play,
And hideous Forms, in their spectral bands,
Marched o'er the hot, untrodden sands.

In the forest beyond, all deep as night,
Where Beauty wanders in wild affright,
And the dinning hoot of the solemn owls
Replies when the Bearded Monkey howls,‡
We hurled the dark floods, with a thundering shock,
Till our challenge was caught by the echoing Rock.

Away, away ! to the beaming South
We have swelled the tide in the Dragon's mouth,§
And dashed the Ship from the sounding shore,
Where the torrents of Oronoko pour,
And then to the Rapids|| we hurried afar,
Ere woke the light of the Morning Star.

We troubled the foam-wreath, wan and white,
Till it glowed in the early sunbeams' light,
And arch o'er arch, in the kindling ray,
Succeeding rainbows tinged the spray,
And the Iron Rocks looked with a boding frown,
As we spanned the Palms with a kingly crown.

We have rifled the humming-bird's dainty plumes,
As they brushed our cheek with their wingéd blooms ;
And where it sunk with its hidden grief,
We have kissed the fair Mimosa's leaf,
Winning, by love's resistless art,
A thrill of joy from her innocent heart.

Then, laden with hail and pelting rains,
On Patagonia's desolate planes,
Where, lit by the lurid Magellan clouds,
The dark Storms weave their funeral shrouds,
We arrested the Hunter in 'mid career,
As the gray Ostrich¶ fled, on the wings of Fear.

Then, away, away ! with the rising morn,
We opened the mouth of the roaring Horn,
Where the torrents dash, and the tempests howl,
And the hungry ocean-monsters prow!—
Where Death sits throned in the lowering sky,
And the doomed Ship's knell is the sea bird's cry.

Then weary of strife, we have rocked the main,
Till the troubled Waters reposed again,
And the beaming light of the Southern Cross
Fell fair on the queenly Albatross,
As nestling soft, her form of snow
Was lulled to sleep by the billows' flow.

Then coursing the dark Pacific shore,
We spanned the circling Earth once more,
Wooing the radiant Morning's smile
On fair Fernandez's storied Isle ;
And then, beneath the moonbeams pale,
We slept in Mocha's beauteous vale.

Then o'er the Cordilleras,** far away,
Beyond the floods of the dark Paraguay
Where the deep streams hide, in their sluggish flow,
The topaz beam, and the diamond's glow,
We have wrenched the shrubs from their rocky hold,
Till the torn roots scattered the virgin gold.

Then away we flew to the Cinnamon Isles,
Where the Typhoon broods in his dark cloud piles ;
There the Lemon and Orange, their fruits of gold
In deep perennial greenness fold,
And the broad Banana-foliage waves
O'er the grotto's solemn architraves.

Then away we hasten, the brows to fan
Of the ancient Idols of Copan,
Where cities awoke when Earth was young,
And the bridal gems in her coronet hung ;

But their sun went down, and left no ray
With the mighty ones who have passed away.

We listened in vain where their temples stood,
And questioned the ancient Solitude,
Of the kindling Soul and the burning Thought—
Of the Marble to life and feeling wrought ;
But the old Silence sate alone
Sealing the lips of the Sculptured Stone.

Then through the depths of the smiling woods,
We followed the track of the leaping floods,
Kissing the perfume, soft and meek,
From the pale Nymphora's velvet cheek,
Until we came, on our pinions free,
Our loyal love to offer thee.

JENNIE LEE.

NOTES TO THE SOUTH WINDS.

* The favorite resort of the Condor is on the high mountain cliffs that stretch along the Isthmus of Darien, and especially in the narrowest and boldest declivities.

† The mirage of the Atacama Desert in South America is described as being magnificent and terrific almost beyond conception.

‡ The cry of the Howling Monkey is one of the most dismal sounds ever heard, and, in the profound solitude of the wilderness this animal inhabits, it is enough to shake the stoutest heart.

§ A coil-like bend in the sea, near the mouth of the Oronoca, is called the Dragon.

|| The Rapids in the Oronoco are described as being one of the grandest scenes on the face of the globe. The dark iron-colored rocks and the lofty palms are often spanned with successive rainbows that rise one above another in repeated series.

¶ The South American Ostrich, though a very large bird, does not equal in size her compeer of the African Desert.

** Some of the mountains that skirt the Paraguay are said to be so rich that travelers in climbing, on taking hold of a shrub, frequently find the roots covered with native gold.

F. G. MCD.

STATE OF CHILDREN AFTER DEATH.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.*

A REVIEW of the history of the human heart for the last three hundred years, will satisfy us that all its ordinary humanitarian affections, are slowly but steadily developing toward a full harmonial expression. Its incessant *impetus* is ever toward a diviner and humaner sense and exhibit of its latent and indwelling sweetness and accord. The humanizing tendency and progress of the race, especially that portion of it within Christendom, is palpable in almost every field of human interests. As the reason of Man is steadily extending its empire, and subduing and exterminating the obscurity of ignorance, so the human soul is gradually evolving its better affections—safely prophetic of the millennial age. The head is clearer and its intelligence brighter. The human heart is tenderer—its sympathies, loves and feelings stronger, more exquisite and delicate.

Take, for example, the great contrast our present codes of criminal jurisprudence present to those of the past. Those of a hundred years ago were ferocious, vindictive and bloody, while those of the present are vastly more ameli-

* Our readers may remember that the Author of this article departed this life some years since. Like many others, he was impoverished by his devotion to Spiritualism, and was finally driven by his poverty out of the field of labor most congenial to his tastes. He went to San Domingo in the hope of mending his fortunes, but lost his health, and returned only to die poor and be forgotten by those who should cherish his memory. Mr. Courtney's views, of the after-life of those who die in childhood, were expressed in a public lecture, delivered in New York, in the summer of 1857. The manuscript was left in our possession, and the substance of the Lecture is now published for the first time.

EDITOR.

orated and humane. We cannot look back upon the times when all felonies, even the larceny of a pin, were punished with death without being overcome with pity and sadness, for the relentless cruelty of the old law. The penalties were not only enormously disproportioned to the nature and character of the offenses, but were cruel and savage beyond any device in modern times. Those blood-thirsty codes, however, suited the then state of the human heart; they were doubtless the best of which it was then capable; and they are left on the page of history as one among many of the landmarks of its progress. Hitherto its tide has arisen only so high—its affections unfolded to just such a degree and no more. The man of these times with his heart of tenderness and soul of mercy, is appalled with the bloody scaffolds—the numbers of trembling victims who crowded them—only a century ago, in that portion of the globe, too, the most enlightened and humanized! But as the spiritual growth of the race goes on, and the Divine Life within the soul gets itself more fully expressed, so those savage and ferocious codes continually soften and ameliorate, and are more and more imbued with a humanitarian spirit, and the judgments of justice.

In like manner, the creeds or religious codes of Christendom, one hundred years back, corresponded to the then state of human nature. Their theology was terrific—a God of omnipotent wrath, vengeance and hatred; and was adored and obeyed only through fear and awe! Their requirements were intolerably stern and severe, and their penalties awful!

But they have materially changed to suit the progress of the people, and if not to keep up with, yet to keep in sight of the humanitarian spirit of the times. They are not so inhuman and ungodly as they were. They are not so merciless and unjust; they do not make religion to consist so much in a cold intellectual assent to a certain set of dogmas as they did, but make it partake more of the Life and Spirit

of Christ. Many of their cardinal dogmas have been modified not only to quadrate more with modern science, but also measurably to correspond to a more genial and exalted standard of Manhood. We do not hear any eternal punishment in a lake of fire and brimstone so often preached. The God that is preached now-a-days, although yet considerably below a high human standard, is a far better and surer God than he was a hundred years ago. He is more Human and Godlike, although his movements, in some respects, are rather angular yet. His mythological majesty, the Devil himself, is not so horrid a monster, and his behaviour is now in better taste, and more fashionable, and his diplomacy more according to modern civilized standards.

But nowhere is this unfolding of the Divinity of the Human Soul more strikingly apparent than in the dogma relative to the state of infants and children after death. It is only at those points which involve the strongest feelings of our natures, that the greatest contrast exists between the new and the old. The indiscriminate damnation of infants and children was one of the most cruel and heart-rending dogmas that ever infested the world. No error or iniquity ever paralleled this saurian gospel! It outraged the inmost sanctuary of the affections. Those who, above all others, merited Heaven and Peace for their innocence, helplessness and spotless purity, were consigned forever to misery! A sincere belief in this revolting doctrine was enough to drive the Christian mother to madness! The Hindoo who casts her babe to the crocodile, or into the Ganges, believing that it will forthwith rise and be cared for, and happy in the beatific kingdom, is infinitely better off. And yet this doctrine was devoutly believed and preached for hundreds of years! What tides of agony it has occasioned in the human breast! It has spread untold despair and desolation in the mother's heart. And yet infant damnation is a logical deduction from the Calvinistic postulates of Original Sin and the Atonement. For, assuming that the race, by reason of

Adam's transgression, is intrinsically evil and under the curse of God, and that reinstatement or salvation comes alone by a belief in and acceptance of the merits of Christ, and his sacrificial atonement, it follows, of course, that infants and children being, from immaturity of intellect, incapable of this belief and acceptance, die irretrievably under the curse, and are eternally lost ! I have heard this vehemently preached from orthodox pulpits with my own ears, and I well remember, in my boyhood, the mingled feeling of terror and satisfaction with which I congratulated myself that I did not die in my childhood—a feeling like unto that which one experiences in having narrowly escaped some imminent and deadly peril.

But we rarely hear *this* doctrine preached now; we seldom hear it alluded to. The orthodox clergy seem aware of the growth of a diviner gospel on that subject and accordingly keep silent. The Catholics, however, have a way of avoiding this dilemma by their belief in the saving efficacy of the sacrament of baptism. By what device, if any, Protestant orthodoxy has contrived to escape this inevitable consequence of these cardinal articles of its faith, has not yet transpired. Probably it intends it shall go by default.

But a new faith is in the world—a faith which is not only the outgrowth of humanitarian instincts and feelings of the heart, but the demonstrations of science and the sure conclusions of a well-digested philosophy. Let us examine a little into this subject: The earth-life was intended to mold and individualize the human spirit and give it a strong and permanent *selfhood*, as the groundwork of an eternal spiritual life in the higher spheres.

It is one of the harmonies of things that the lower should subserve the higher. They occupy the relation of means to end; this end, again, is the means in its turn to a still higher end; and so on. This is all involved in the law of progress. Thus the mineral kingdom underlies and is subservient to the vegetable, the vegetable to the animal, the animal to

the human, and the human to the angelic ; and so on. The one is the forerunner, and is necessary to uphold the other by its ministration and support, as the pedestal upholds the statue. Thus the child is but preliminary and ministrative to the boy ; the boy to the man, and the man to the angel ; and so on. Each period, step or degree, is marked by a design, involving and foreshadowing a still higher and more perfect end. Each looks forward to an *eternal* destiny, and has the prophecy of vast and immortal ends. Hence it has been well said that the All-Wise, in each finite and transient thing in the universe, regards infinite and eternal ends or uses. The history of each thing in all the great future is written in its present—dimly to the vision of man, yet there truly written. Thus every natural desire and aspiration of the human heart is but a prophecy of things that truly exist, like distant and divine in the future.

Now the Earth is the seminary of Heaven—the land where the spirit germinates and grows to a vigorous and mature *individuality* for a destiny *above* the Earth. It is the rudimentary school—the foundation masonry of an eternal transmundane life, and occupies to it the relation of means to end. A full and well put in term of life on earth ; is “the treasure laid up in heaven,” spoken of by one who knew best. In it we gather knowledges, experiences, learn our relations to the Earth, our fellows and the world above us. In it the senses are elaborated, the cognizing faculties exercised, the rational powers disciplined, and the affectional capabilities developed and trained. All the appropriate objects, necessary to those several uses, are abundantly provided around us, and are ministrative to the individualization of the soul of man. Every action we perform, and our every hour’s experience are engraven on our inner natures, and plenary with eternal consequences. There is no such thing as forgetting possible ; everything, to the least particular, is truthfully preserved on the tablets of the inner memory to be again brought vividly forth when the obscur-

ing vail of materiality is rent asunder. The experience of every hour, with all its minutiae, daguerreotypes itself on the inner memory and molds and modifies the Spirit. The most transient incident of life fixes itself to our immortal part, and traces on its everlasting sequences! In this manner the Spirit is individualized, and it goes into the eternal world with a completed *selfhood* as the foundation of its future existence. This is the use of the Earth-life. It is therefore contrary to the Divine order that any should prematurely die. It is contrary to God's just appointment that any should be deprived of the benefits of a full term in the rudimentary sphere, with all its experiences, memories, etc., etc. Such early deaths are contrary to Nature, and are the results of violated organic law on the part of the parents, or of ignorance in rearing their offspring, and is a species of infanticide.

But, nevertheless, infants and children do die, and pass from the visible tangible embrace to the Spirit-land! And we are now to inquire what their state of life is, how they overcome the loss of the Earth-life, and what is their final destiny?

All infants and children who die are, of course, still infants and children. They have a like tender, soft and immature body, and a like infantile mind—a like innocence and ignorance, and a like tenderness in all things. They are not angels, but only capable of becoming such. Their state of life is similar to what it was when they died. In this respect they are in no wise changed. They are still in a state of innocence and purity, the actual evil of the world having never enrooted itself in their tender minds. When their little spirits leave the body—when they are resuscitated or raised up in the world of Spirits, which takes place soon after all visible life is extinct, they come immediately into the care of good spirits or angels of the female sex, whose ruling passion it was in the life of the body to tenderly love and delight in children—such female spirits or angels as flow

to the affections of the earthly mothers. They are conjoined, or *en rapport*, with this love of the mother, and flow continually into it as their life's delight. Those female spirits or angels perpetually live in that affection — inspiring and respiring that love as the element of their lives. As every human being is born to some specific use in the angelic heavens, which none but he or she can fully and perfectly discharge—the performance of which use is their highest delight—so the performance of this function by those female spirits or angels, is the delight of their heaven and their use. They ardently long for it, as the saints do for eternal peace and rest. The unfailing and perfect discharge of this heavenly duty is *their* eternal peace and rest. All that deep and abiding love which the mothers of earth have for their babes is but the natural and external manifestation of the deeper, intenser and more abiding love of the spiritual mothers who flow into that love. There is a realm of love interior to and above them, and of which their hearts are only the ultimate receptacles. The earthly mother's love for her child is only the natural correspondant, or response to the love of infants, which those spirits and angels have. This affection is the very *essence* of their lives and delight, and in the heavens it ultimates itself, as on earth, in the faithful, constant and tender discharge of this heavenly use. Thus all infants and children, when they die, come directly into the care of those female spirits, or angels, and are under the dominion and influence of *specifically the same* love they were the objects of when on earth. The fact is, they were never out of the sphere of that affection; they are cared for and watched over with the same anxious solicitude, the same tender regard and delight, that their mothers cared for, tended and watched over them while here—with the difference, however, of a much more intense and pure affection, and a greater certainty of their being properly trained and educated. In this respect they suffer none by the change. The same loving arms encircle them; the same soft eye beams on them

its meek and loving look ; the same gentle caress, the same delighted and winning smile, and the same maternal embrace. Hence, Swedenborg, in his "Heaven and Hell," No. 332, says:

"Infants, as soon as they are raised up, which takes place soon after their decease, are taken into heaven and delivered to angels who are of the female sex, who in the life of the body tenderly loved infants, and at the same time loved God. These, because in the world they loved all infants, receive them as their own, and the infants also, from an innate disposition, love them as their own mothers. There are as many infants with one as she desires, from a spiritual parental affection."

Infants and children are of every variety of genius and disposition. Some are of a quick and lively temperament ; some of a quiet and pensive nature ; some of an intellectual turn, and others of an affectionate disposition ; some of a spiritual genius and others of a celestial genius. Those peculiarities are of course retained in the other life, and each, by its innate and hereditary predisposition, comes into that Heaven of Infants and under the care and tutelage of those spiritual mothers, whose peculiar affections and tastes are more appropriately adapted to its genius. In this respect there is the most exact discrimination. The mothers are all precisely adapted to the children and the children to the mothers. There are indefinite heavens and societies, or spheres of infants, and those of indefinite varieties, according to all the peculiar dispositions and natures of infants and children. Thus there are many heavens of innocence where infants and children are received. "There are numerous heavens and societies which have the care of infants. These are principally composed of such of the female sex as loved infants most tenderly in the life of the body." *Spiritual Diary*, N. 4169.

For the heavens are of unnumbered variety, corresponding to all the affections of the human soul. Each heaven

characterized by some ruling love or use which is the peculiar function and delight of that heaven. Each spirit of earth comes into one or the other of these heavens, accordingly as they have been in this or that ruling affection when on earth. There is no normal affection of the human heart, various as its affections are, but has unnumbered heavens corresponding to it. Besides the heavens of innocence, where infants and children are received, there are the congenial heavens; the heavens of admiration; the heavens of justice and equity; the heavens of mercy; the heavens of paternal love; the heavens of the love of reasoning; the heavens of the love of knowing; of instructing; of obeying, etc. etc. Every affection, faculty or passion that can possibly enter into the affectional or intellectual constitution of Man, has heavens corresponding to it without number. For man, spiritually and naturally, is a center of affluxes for the entire angelic heavens, all the Universe being represented in him. The various affections, passions and delights of man, are but the postreme or ultimate embodiment of an economy of human affections, passions and delights, all-prevalent, all-vital and intense in the spheres above! Thus the spiritual and natural universe is grandly human, and the angelic heavens, beyond all computation, immense!

Spiritual growth and maturity is the growth and maturity of the understanding and the will, and thence of the Spiritual Body; or, in other words, the growth and maturity of the intellect and the affections. The will and the understanding, or which is the same thing, the affections and the intellect, are essentially what constitutes the human spirit. They comprehend, with the Spiritual Body, all that there is or can be of it. Every desire, affection or cupidity, and every thought, reflection, deduction, or other mental action, relate to one or the other of these constituent parts of Man. His love is the *esse* and his wisdom is the *existere* of his being; and their organic form is the human form; that is

to say, love and wisdom, or the affections and the intellect, *organized* in substances, are in the human form. Although the human form is a wonderfully complicated and harmonious structure, yet all its senses, desires passions, appetites, thoughts, ideas and powers in the complex, are but the ultimate organic expression of love and wisdom. All the men, spirits or angels in the Universe, are but the organic forms of love and wisdom. Love and wisdom flow and determine into the human form, by their vital inherent law, as necessarily as the mineral forces determine into the crystal.

Now this being the case, it is manifest that the spirit grows and matures mentally and affectionately, just as these two faculties of love and wisdom grow and mature. Our Manhood is perfectly just in the degree that we become intelligent and wise, and affectionate and good. Ideas and affections are the food of the soul, as bread and water is the food of the body ; and it continually receives and digests and appropriates them to its nourishment and growth. In fact it, is the spiritual growth, by the insemination of ideas and inspiration of affections, that propels correspondentially the physical growth and projects the body. For even in the natural world, a man grows *only* from the growth of his spirit. We tacitly acknowledge in our daily experience, that a man is really a man, just in proportion to the amount and momentum of his good affections, and thence the wisdom of his thoughts. Hence human spirits in this world, as in the next, are in every degree of growth, from the obscure thoughts and the little flickering affections of the infant, up to the mighty feelings and the profound and comprehensive intellect of a Franklin or a Webster.

Accordingly, as ideas and affections are inseminated into the infantile mind by the mothers and tutoresses, they not only advance in intelligence and goodness, but they grow in stature and size by the appropriation of bodily nourishment ; and gradually pass from infancy and childhood to boyhood, youth and manhood.

“ Intelligence and wisdom make an angel ; and so long as infants have not intelligence and wisdom, they are indeed with the angels, yet they are not angels. But when they are intelligent and wise, then first they become angels ; yea, what I have wondered at, then, they do not appear as infants but as adults ; for then they are no longer of an infantile genius, but of a more adult angelic genius ; intelligence and wisdom produce this effect. The reason that infants, as they are perfected, in intelligence and wisdom, appear more adult, thus as youths and young men, is because intelligence and wisdom are essential spiritual nourishment ; therefore the things which nourish their minds, also nourish their bodies, and this from correspondence ; for the form of the body is but the external form of the interiors. That I might know for certain that it was so, it has been given me to speak with some who were educated as infants in heaven, and who had grown up there ; with some also when they were infants, and afterwards with the same when they became youths ; and from them I have heard the course of their life from one age to another.”—*Heaven and Hell*, n. 340.

So also in the *Diary*, No. 4297, he says :

“ Infants are educated and grow in heaven ; they are educated by *knowledges*, derived from the Lord through the angels and grow, as it were, by means of these knowledges, so that they appear to themselves more adult. As their knowledge is increased, so also is their mind, whence they seem to themselves to grow, and whence they become as angels, which was expressly made known to me as the case. It may also appear from experience that intellect and judgment should cause even a child to appear as a youth and a man.”

That the spirit grows just as the child increases in intelligence and love, is a psychological law, the operation and effect of which we daily see all around us. The maturity and completeness of our intellectual and moral manhood, depend upon the number and kind of our ideas, the kind and nature of our affections—our experience of human nature, the world and its doings and sayings, our memories of the past, and all the successive and multitudinous inci-

dents and experiences of our lives. The difference between the child and the man, as regards their intellectual and moral size and strength, relates wholly to the lack of ideas, experiences and affections on the part of the child, and their possession on the part of the man. Just as those ideas, experiences and affections increase with the infant or child in the other life, its spirit and its spiritual body, by the corresponding appropriation of nourishment, grow and mature. These ideas, experiences and affections are causes of the spirit's growth, and impart all its functions to a corresponding increase and elaboration of the spiritual organism. The reason is, because all the affections desires and passions whatever, relate to and constitute the *Love* element of the soul, and all the ideas, thoughts and affections whatever, relate to and constitute the *Wisdom* principle, and Love and Wisdom *organize* in substance in the Form of the Human Spirit.

Now infants and children are instructed in the heavens by their mothers, and those who have the care of them in all the ideas and affections that are necessary to develop their growth and mature their spirits. Their tender senses are softly impressed with the appearance of beautiful things adapted to take their attention, stimulate their curiosity, and excite their thought. Those appearances are varied, from time to time, and new objects presented and other and new thoughts suggested. In this manner ideas of earthly things are gradually and gently insinuated into their infantile minds; their thoughts excited and exercised, and their memories developed and cultivated. The mothers and instructresses being entirely *en rapport* with their infantile charges, impress their senses with the psychological appearances of all such earthly objects and things as in their judgment they think proper; for in the other life the communication of thought, especially the ideas of things, objects, scenes etc., can be made fully and perfectly by means of psychological representations, which take place there

with the utmost clearness and exactness. For instance, when Spirits meet, who have somewhat similar thoughts and affections, or in some things a mutual plane of congeniality, as to form a common ground of sympathy, their circumambient spheres merge, and they come *en rapport*, and are thus enabled each to communicate to the other, by means of psychological representations—as in a panoramic view, any scene, city, river, landscape, bird, beast, field, garden, &c., which he has beheld, either in Heaven or on Earth, just as it remains in his own memory. These representations take place with every appearance of vivid and substantial reality, and with every incident, circumstance and minutiae, just as the communicating Spirit first viewed the original. This is the same law we see disclosed in the mesmeric trance, and which, in the world beyond us, is a vast means of communicating ideas and memories between the sensitive and susceptible inhabitants of that world. By this means more can be communicated in a moment than could be orally described in hours and much more perfectly.

Swedenborg repeatedly mentions and describes these "representations" as he calls them, and explains at great length their nature and use. He tells how the Spirits of other Earths, whom he often met, represented to him the many and various objects on their planets; such as their rivers, mountains, vegetation, buildings, animals, flocks and herds, etc., when he would reciprocate the favor by representing to them the things and scenes of our Earth—much to their wonder and surprise! He mentions in the *Diary* a novitiate Spirit, who came shortly after his death, and spoke to him, but could not recollect the place where he lived and died (as is often the case with Spirits, their reflective powers and the memory of the external being in a measure quiescent). Swedenborg then led him by means of representations through various cities where he (Swedenborg) had been, and when he came to the right one, the Spirit recog-

nized it instantly, and was able to point out the house where he died!

It is by these psychological impressions, externally made upon the infant senses, that the mind of the infant is first imbued with earthly ideas and all proper earthly images and objects; all the indefinite varieties of earthly objects, within the memories of the tutoresses (and they have none but pleasant memories) are thus presented to them, and the ideas of them stored away in their little memories, and afterward reflected upon and reasoned about, and the child grows gradually strong in its spiritual selfhood and correspondingly in its size and stature and bodily appearance. In this way the loss of the Earth-life is in a manner overcome.

Let us again extract from Swedenborg :

“How infants are educated in heaven shall also be told in few words. From their tutoresses they learn to speak; their first speech is merely a sound of affection, which by degrees becomes more distinct, as the ideas of thought enter. Into their affections, which all proceed from innocence, are first insinuated such things as appear before their eyes, and are delightful; and as these things are from a spiritual origin, the things of heaven flow into them at the same time by which their interiors are opened, and thus they are daily perfected.

“Infants are instructed principally by representatives, adapted to their capacities, the beauty of which, and at the same time the fullness of wisdom from within, exceed all belief. Thus by degrees is insinuated into them intelligence, which derives its soul from good. *Heaven and Hell*, n. 334 and 335.

“How all things are insinuated into them by delightful and pleasant things, which are suited to their genius has also been shown me; for it was given me to see infants handsomely clothed, having around their breasts garlands of flowers resplendant with the most beautiful and heavenly colors, and likewise around their tender arms. Once it was given me to see infants with their tutoresses, together with virgins in a paradisiacal garden, beautifully adorned not so

such with trees as with laurel espaliers and thus porticos, with paths conducting toward the interior parts. The infants were themselves clothed in like manner, and when they entered the flowers above the entrance glittered most joyfully. Hence it may be manifest what delights they have, and also by things pleasant and delightful they are introduced into the goods of innocence and charity, which goods are by those things continually insinuated into them by the Lord." *Heaven and Hell*, n. 337.

As the infant and child thus grows in intellect by the continual insemination of ideas, so their affections are likewise developed and cultivated by the teachers, not only impressing them with all good affections, but also bringing out their interior affectionate capabilities by placing them from time to time, in various conditions and relations, which call forth the different emotions and sentiments of their hearts. They present to their moral approbation, or disapprobation, a variety of actions and conduct, real or psychological, in order to exercise, strengthen and mature their moral perceptions and feelings. They are placed in many different circumstances, conditions and relations toward their associates, their teachers, etc., in order to draw forth and bring into exercise all the inherent faculties of both head and heart. They are also placed in all the peculiar situations that a boy, youth or man can be placed in, when required to bring out and develop some latent power or faculty. In the same manner their tastes are also cultivated, refined and matured, by the transcendent beauties, graces and harmonies of the spiritual spheres. Their minds and memories are filled with nothing but the ideas and images of heavenly beauties and harmonies, and their hearts only with the pure affections of the angels. Thus they are schooled in every beautiful art, and their minds and memories matured and strengthened into a perfect manhood, and their hearts and affections exalted and sublimated beyond any earthly instances!

It is, however, to be remarked that infants and children,

as they grow up in the spiritual world, are successively transferred from one society or nursery to another, accordingly as they become adapted to enter a more advanced school of instruction, and come within the use and affection of other teachers. For there are heavens where very young children and infants are received into the ever-solicitous care and love of those female Spirits whose ruling love it is to care for them. Under their care and tuition, those very young children and infants, are first tenderly taught and brought forward to a sturdy childhood, or early boyhood, when they gradually grow out of their affections and care, and are transferred to another society or Heaven, and come under the affections and care of masters, whose use and delight it is to unceasingly watch over and instruct them in their further growth to youth, etc. We see this fully exemplified on earth ; for the humanity of earth is but the ultimate receptacle of the spiritual and celestial humanity of the heavens. We see how the soul-absorbing delight of some females and mothers is the love and care of infants and very young children, while the delight of others of both sexes is the love and care of little boys and girls ; and others again of youth, etc. Hence as infants and children grow up in the other life, they change their tutors and tutoresses, and are transferred from one heaven to another. But whithersoever they are transferred, and into whosoever care they come, they are perpetually surrounded with, and live in and respire, an atmosphere of affection, more warm and pure than any similar affection of earth.

All those who come into the other life, as soon as their external character is reduced into conformity with their internal character, are in societies and heavens, all things of which correspond to their states of affection and thoughts. Thence those whose affections were pure, exalted and good live in an aura, whose soft and vital warmth and more than ethereal purity and translucence, the spiritual eye alone beholds ; and they are surrounded by indescribably

beautiful scenes and pleasant sights. A balmy and auroral atmosphere is theirs—an atmosphere illumined by a *living* sun, whose beams are warm with the Divine Love. Heavens purer and clearer than Italian skies are over their heads, and a richer than Sicilian soil beneath their feet. They have flowering gardens, and bright walks and halcyon scenes. They have blooming groves, verdant fields, sylvan shades, quiet valleys and peaceful rivers. There are arches and temples and palaces of transcendent splendor and sublimity, and the architectural art is there in its essential perfection—in correspondence with the spheres of the affections and thoughts of the angels. No earthly pen is adequate to describe those heavenly scenes. The forms and scenes of earth, natural or artistic, no matter how beautiful, are still dead and inanimate, but those spiritual beauties and harmonies, are instinct with a *living* property. They are animated, and seem to partake of the vitality, the joy and beatitude of the beholder. All things around him are vital with life, and they flow in and affect him with inmost joy and peace!

This being the case, the Heavens of Innocence where infants are, in correspondence with the predominant affections there—are beautiful beyond all powers of description. The objects around—the trees, the gardens, the flowers, the air, the light—have a look and air of innocence, purity and peace. They seem to breathe forth a tenderness and joyousness, akin to the infantile smile and the innocent prattle of the laughing babes, of which they are the living representative symbols. As there are no inharmonies of evil affections in their hearts, so there can be no correspondent inharmonies and unsightlinesses in the varied objects around them. Swedenborg describes some of those heavens. He says in the *Heavenly Doctrine*, No. 4354.

“I saw a garden constructed not of trees, but of leafy arches, somewhat lofty, with walks and entrance ways, and a virgin walking therein, and also infants five or six years old, who were beauti-

fully clothed. And when she entered, the most exquisite wreaths of garlands of flowers sprang forth over the entrance, and shone with splendor as she approached. I was informed that little infant girls see objects in this manner, that they appear thus to walk and thus to be clothed and to be adorned with new garments according to their perfection. That all this appears to them to the life may be inferred from the fact that such things are suitable to a Spirit, who cannot walk on a paved or graveled way nor possess such gardens as exist on Earth, but such things only as *correspond* to the nature of a Spirit! It is sufficient that they perceive them as vividly; yea, more vividly than men perceive similar things in gardens in this world; as I have also perceived them when I have been in Spirit, and often at other times, as did the prophets. August 15, 1749."

It is said that infants and children in the other life, are under the especial care and guardianship of God Himself. The Author and Seer from whom I have already so largely quoted, says that their heavens are above and in front of the sinciputal region, directly in the radius in which the angels look to the Lord—that is, midway between the plane of the eyes and the top of the head, to signify that they were perpetually and especially under the eye of the Divine Love. But we see, however, on earth, no traces of an *especial* Providence with regard to the care and guardianship of infants. Like other great uses, that is also duly provided for in the economy of the human affections, intellect and passions. Be this, however, as it may, there is no doubt but that the Divine Law-giver of the Universe has also established in the Human affections and passions of the spirits and angels, instrumentalities commensurate with the great use of taking care of and rearing the millions of translated infants and children of Earth. We find everywhere in the fields of Creation, natural, spiritual and celestial, that means and instrumentalities are provided proportionate to the importance of the use to be performed. And the more we examine the structure of the body, the passions of the soul, the faculties of the intellect, the vegetable, animal or human

kingdoms and the harmonies and adaptations of Nature everywhere, in the least and greatest things, the more we will be convinced of this law.

Infants and children who are reared in the other life, do not pass beyond youth. They know, see or experience the infirmities of age. When they reach a vigorous youth, or early manhood, they so remain. The affections of their hearts and their intellectual powers having fully matured, their forms are likewise matured and perfected and they remain in the first prime of their youthful Manhood to eternity.

"It is to be known," says Swedenborg, "that infants in heaven do not advance beyond early youth and stop there to eternity."—*Heaven and Hell*, N. 340.

The reason of this is obvious, for the Form of Love and Wisdom is the Human Form. They are essential Manhood, and the good affections and thoughts thence are ever youthful and ruddy and vigorous. The affections of Love and the thoughts of Wisdom never grow old and infirm. It would be as absurd as to predicate age or infirmity of Heat and Light. Hence the Heaven-reared infants and children never see age or know infirmity—disease, decay and death—but live in an immortal youth!

Infants and children who grow up in Heaven, are married at a proper age, and live with their married partners in conjugal delight to eternity (C. L., 444), because the male and female principles are essential and eternal in all things, and nothing is perfect without a true marriage or conjunction of those principles.

But how and in what respects do those spirits and angels who have been brought up from infancy and childhood in the Heavens, finally differ from the spirits and angels who have been carefully reared on earth and led honest, upright and good lives? If infants and children are thus so perfectly brought up and educated in the Heavens, and become such faultless angels, wherein is the misfortune of death in

infancy or childhood? To which I answer: that considering the present social condition of the world, overwhelmed as it is in one undistinguishable mass of hostile interests, violent and misdirected passions, fraud, over-reaching, selfishness, sensuality, vice and crime; considering the hazards of proper training and educating, and the chances that, amid all this disorder, temptation and crime, the child would be upright and honest, and lead a true Christ-like life, I would not say that the advantages are not on the side of an early death. All our instincts are, however, against it, and even in view of the present condition of the world, it would be a sturdy judgment to pronounce, that it would be better to be translated to the spiritual spheres in infancy, and there brought up in all goodness and truth among the angels, and mature in all the grace and beauty of mind, heart and body, forgetting the earth, and all its sorrows and sadnesses, in preference to remaining here and growing up amid all its vices and inhumanities, threading its serpentine ways, laden with its sorrows and cares, and shedding its scalding tears. Conditioned as the world at present is, the infant portion of humanity is doubtless better trained and matured in the other life than in this—the Divine Laws that govern that use, not being so lamentably infracted there as here, and operating more perfectly. The soul is instinct with the same laws here, to be sure, but owing to the false conditions and relations in which man is everywhere placed, they have more of an inverted action than a true and orderly one.

“ But how contrary the education of infants on earth is, may be evident from this example. I was in the streets of a great city, and I saw little boys fighting with each other! A crowd flocked around, which beheld this with much gratification, and I was informed that the parents themselves excite their little boys to such combats. The good Spirits and angels who saw those things through my eyes felt such aversion to it that I perceived their horror; and especially at

his, that the parents excite them to such things, saying that thus in the earliest age parents extinguish all the mutual love and all the innocence which infants have from the Lord, and initiate them into hatred and revenge ; consequently, that they exclude their children from heaven, where is nothing but mutual Love."—*Heaven and Hell*, 344.

But if this world was what it ought to be, what God intends it, what it is capable of becoming, and what it will one day be—if the race was progressed or regenerated to that degree of harmony and brotherhood that would infallibly secure, to every infant born, that care, love, and intelligent and moral training which is its birthright, which is provided for it in the economy of the affections and faculties, and which it will one day receive, then infant death would be a great misfortune.

But this is answering the question *relatively* rather than abstractedly. It is rather an answer from considerations of expediency, or *a choice of evils*, necessitated by the prevailing disorderly and perverted manifestations of the capabilities of human nature, than a philosophical exposition of the matter.

Supposing, then, that on earth as well as in Heaven the infant was infallibly certain of its Divine and Lawful training, in all accord with the Divine Purposes in the creation, the difference between those reared in heaven and those reared on earth, according to my best judgment and the nearest authorities on the subject, would be this : The heaven-reared angel would be more tender, pure and innocent in his affections, and more simple and childlike in his thoughts. He would be of a softer and more pliant nature ; of a more impulsive and spontaneous character. He would be more sensitive and more subject to influences of all kinds, though exquisite in his feelings, and hallowed and pure in his affections ; yet his *selfhood* would be weak, pliant and imperfect. He would not have the strong and rigid *Individuality* and independence of the earth-reared angel. His affections would be more tenderly sweet and innocent, but

he would not have the power and compactness of the other; he would be a more interior angel, and be nearer God, or the central Life of the Universe. On the other hand, the earth-reared angel would be more sturdy and integral in his affections; he would be more self-reliant and independent of influences; his selthood would be stronger, and his Individuality more firm and complete; he would be more deliberate and calculating, and would be a stronger angel than his heaven-trained brother.

Swedenborg describes (*Diary*, N. 3,545) an interview between two brothers in the Spirit-world, one of whom had deceased in infancy, and was brought up in Heaven, while the other was reared on earth. The former spoke with his brother from the promptings of mutual and fraternal love, and from out an interior heaven, and the unaffected tenderness and sweetness of his voice, and the melting fervor of his affections, "moved the brother's interiors," and so overcame him that he burst into a flood of tears, and afterwards declared that it was very love itself that spoke. The reason of this difference (at least one reason) is given by this same author. He says:

"What the difference is between those who die infants and those who die adults shall also be told. Those who die adults have a plane acquired from the earthly and material world, and they carry it with them. This plane is their memory and their corporeal natural affections. This remains fixed, and is there quiescent, but still it serves their thoughts after death for an ultimate plane, for the thought flows into it," etc., etc.—*Heaven and Hell*, N. 345.

The principal reason of this difference is because the Earth-reared angel has a corporeal natural memory, and a corporeal natural individuality, which serve as the groundwork or pedestal for his spiritual life. He has an external earthly memory, which, when he passes to the other life, becomes a continent or containing vessel of his spiritual memory. But the Heaven-reared angel has no memory of

earthly things, and of course his affections cannot flow down into the gross, external forms, ideas and memories of earth.

The earthly parent is often troubled with the apprehension lest her deceased infant or child should be altogether among strangers on its entrance into the other world; or should be alone and helpless; or should suffer and languish, or should fall into the hands of cruel and heartless persons; or be infested and tormented by evil Spirits. She has a feeling of dread lest in the great Universe of Spirits her darling babe or child should be lost, or overlooked or neglected, with none to care for, cherish and protect it as she herself would have done.

But let her be surely comforted, for such is not the law and the testimony. As has already been observed, her infant comes directly and immediately into the unremitting care and love of those female Spirits who are appointed to that use, who flowed into the mother's affections, and whose ruling delight while on earth it was to love children. Moreover, their being in such innocence, purity and peace, the spiritual sphere that surrounds them is of a like quality, and impervious to any influence or Spirit who is not in like innocence, purity and peace. The very aura or atmosphere in which they are, by a law of spiritual life, securely protects them from all diabolical infestations. Having no perceptions of such things, either in their memories or lives, there is no ground of rapport, no point of contact, and it is not possible for any cruel and heartless Spirits to penetrate their sphere. The very atmosphere in which they exist strives against it. Indeed, it is said that the sphere of a single infant—so powerful is it in innocence and purity—can resist and put to flight great numbers of evil-disposed Spirits! Let her therefore have no apprehensions on this score, for the might of Omnipotent law protects her Spirit-babe, and the celestial love of the heavens of innocence surrounds it.

Another source of great and rending anxiety, is often the

apprehension that the infant or child removed from earth in the early dawn of its life, and brought up in the heavens amid all the scenes and associations of heavenly harmony and beauty, and away from the contaminating influences of earth, will advance in purity, goodness and truth, so immeasurably beyond the parent, and losing all memory of earth, will be, beyond, ignorant of, and out of the reach of the parents' love, association and embrace, when she is herself translated to the Spirit-world, and thus be eternally separated and lost to each other.

It is true that they do lose the memory of earth and of their earthly parents ; or rather, indeed, they never had any such memory, for they left earth before memory began to run, or in its obscure beginning, and they are in the idea that they are natives of heaven, and there born and brought up, or know not otherwise than that they have always been there, until they are better instructed, and it is explained to them. Yet having no consciousness of it, they do not *know* it, but only so believe. And it is also true, as I believe, that they advance in goodness and truth beyond their parents and their earthly brothers and sisters, who remain beset with the cares and sorrows and temptations of earth ; but that they are thereby beyond and out of the reach of the parents' love, association and embrace, when she is translated to the other life, I do *not* believe. This may seem paradoxical. The reason is this : because every infant and child born has a marked and peculiar hereditary form and quality transmitted to it from its parents. This hereditary form and quality, no matter how young the infant may be, is perfect and complete in every fiber and nerve, on every part and minutiae of its body and spirit. It is spiritually and naturally the miniature image in all things of the parents, and their conditions, affections, loves, etc., at the time of its conception, gestation, parturition, etc. According to this hereditary form and quality, it grows and develops in the other life, and preserves them throughout

everlasting ages. This hereditary form and quality constitutes a ground of *peculiar rapport* between the parents and child, and designates the latter, in the other life, either child, boy, youth, or man, or angel, and wherever in the spheres, as their offspring. Accordingly, in the other life, when the affections of the parents lead them to seek out their long deceased child, that child, now the heaven-reared and exalted angel, is drawn down to them, and by means of his hereditary form and quality, and the consequent natural *rapport*, they instantly know each other, and fully realize and feel the relation of parent and child, and experience all the mutual love, joy and association, growing out of that relation ; and although they may occupy different spheres, this association takes place whenever mutually desired. This hereditary form and quality is essential and everlasting, and attaches them, in a certain manner, together forever. Although the parent may be homely, and the child beautiful, or *vice versa*—although there may be the greatest variation in this respect, yet the “family likeness”—the complete hereditary form and quality derived from the parents are always retained. That hereditary form and quality is indeed the foundation of their individuality. Between the parents and children they are strong and complete, as before observed ; less so between grandparents and grandchildren, as other hereditary forms and qualities intermix ; still less so between cousins, second cousins, etc., until by the commingling and the predominance of other hereditary forms and qualities they are shaded away and lost.

Again, the earthly mother is often oppressed with the belief, that her deceased infant is wholly separated from her—removed to an immense distance, and beyond the influence of her affections. But such, however, is not the case. The change introduced by death only separates it from her *external* consciousness—only removes it beyond her visible tangible embrace and caress. Spiritually they

are not dissociated or separated. Her affections for her babe are conjoined and associated with the affections of the angelic mothers who have now the charge of it. It is still in the sphere of her love, and feels its influence.

Whatever our affections demand, and whatever our reason dictates for the good of our infant charges here, our brethren and sisters beyond the tomb more deeply feel and clearly see, and more fully perform for their infant charges there; for it must not be supposed that the Spirit-world is a cold, obscure, chanceful and changeful world. It must not be supposed that it is a world of war and confusion, of uproar and anarchy—a world of hazards and chances, where things are all at odd ends and cross-purposes—but that it is a world of bright and substantial realities, of law and order, pervaded in all its amplitude by a true moral sense, and thoroughly imbued with a disenthralled and regenerated public opinion. It is a *human* economy—a kingdom of uses. Its origin, its means, and its administration are focalized in the human soul. All the functions of a true human order, all the great uses incident to human life, development and well-being, in every condition and relation, are arranged, functionized and harmonized, according to the Divine law expressed in man himself, and everywhere administered by those whose special use and delight it is to fill and discharge those functions. There is no use or duty unprovided for nor neglected. All the varied uses centralized in man himself are there embodied in the great social order and harmony; and that embodiment or organization does not depend upon arbitrary constitutions, creeds, or civil contracts, but upon the constitution of Man—upon the Divine laws of Humanity's life. These laws are the order of all the Heavens, and the wisdom of the Divine Love.

IDEAS OF LIFE.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

I.

THE PHYSICAL IDEA OF LIFE.

WHAT is Life in respect to its modes and aims? Do we live for some purpose; or for no purpose? And is human existence productive of the happiness of which human nature is susceptible? If, indeed, we are living without a definite object—if ours is but a species of vegetable and animal existence—or if we entertain only false views respecting the nature, duty and destiny of Man, we can scarcely hope to realize

“Our being's end and aim.”

It remains for all who would be good and be happy to acquire the divine art of “thinking right and acting well.”

The importance of the present inquiry can not be rightly estimated by our individual acquirements, inasmuch as a man of great learning may be mentally inferior to one of limited attainments. The world is full of learned imbeciles; men, who while living have fairly entombed themselves in books, and dying have left a mass of lumber to perish with their bones. Every one knows that his physical development does not depend on the quantity of food received into the stomach, but rather on the assimilation of suitable foreign substances. A similar law determines the growth of the mind. One may devour an author every day without increasing his mental vigor in the smallest possible degree. The foreign elements must be digested

and appropriated by the mind, or, to say the least, they are comparatively unserviceable. To change the figure: The brain of a mere scholar is but a sponge in the sea of mind, that absorbs the universal element, without modifying its constituents. Thus a man may acquire a knowledge of all arts, sciences and religions, and be little more than a cyclopedia endowed with consciousness and locomotion, or he may learn all languages, and only make a babel of himself at last. If, in short, there is any truth in the obvious analogy, it is certain that the mental faculties, no less than the bodily organs, are quickened and unfolded just in proportion as the mind assimilates the elements of thought, and they become a part of its own existence.

With this brief exordium I proceed to consider the physical, intellectual and religious attributes and tendencies of human nature, as displayed in the prevailing views and modes of life. In the first or lowest idea of Life man is viewed as a *physical* being. It regards the body as *the man*, in the most essential sense, perishable, earthly forms as the most substantial realities, and the corporeal organs of sensation as the channels and sources of the highest happiness. This idea—with various modifications—prevails among the savage tribes and in the lowest stages of civilization—wherever human greatness is made to consist in physical superiority. The savage, whose keen sense detects the faintest trail of the enemy; whose war-whoop wakes the echoes in the most distant solitudes, and whose right arm can bend the strongest bow, is the great man of his tribe. Actuated by a similar idea the ancient nations, notwithstanding their advancement in many of the elegant arts, honored their athlete heroes while they lived, and deified them after death. At the grand celebration in honor of Jupiter, which occurred once in four years, the Greeks who had spent the preceding ten months in a course of physical discipline, were permitted to spend five days in running, leaping, wrestling, boxing, horsemanship, chariot-racing

and other exercises and accomplishments, chiefly of a physical nature, and all that they might determine who among the competitors were most deserving of public honors. The reward bestowed on the victor was a wreath of wild olive, the plaudits of the multitude, and the privilege of entering his native city in a chariot drawn by four horses, the entrance being made through a breach in the walls, designed to signalize his triumph. The Olympic Games continued with slight modifications for more than one thousand years, and symmetry of form, vigor of muscle, and harmony of motion, were thought to be most essential to the true dignity and perfection of Man. To such an extent did this idea prevail that Homer immortalized it in his deathless verse, and Ajax in defending the Grecian battle-ships against the Trojans, is great, chiefly, in feats of physical activity and strength.*

In proportion as this idea predominates man resembles the lower orders of animated nature, in his general characteristics and the habits of his daily life. Existence is external and sensuous. The vital fires are intense and strong, but they excite the animal instincts; they ignite the combustible elements of human passion, and thus—if I may use the figure—"the smoke of the bottomless pit" smothers the infant Reason, and clouds the soul's intuitions. When the mind is obscured, the real manhood is invisible; the interior Universe is a sealed book, and the Spirit a powerless embryo waiting in slumber the dawn of its conscious being. In this state man is the victim of disorderly and unconquerable impulses, and the most beautiful virtues are a daily offering at the polluted shrines of lust and power. Such an idea of Life is unworthy of human nature, and withal as hazardous as it is unprofitable. The faintest image of that Life—even the dim shadow of its noontide—is dark, revolting, and terrible. The momentary contemplation

* The reader is requested to see Fifteenth Book of the Iliad.

shocks the cultivated mind. Yet mortals thus live ! merely for the pleasures of sense—live as the beasts live—aye, *worse* than that, for theirs is not even the normal life of the animal kingdom. The whole nature is grossly perverted, and existence itself degenerates into a feverish dream or a wild delirium. This base, repulsive idea of Life, is unworthy of human nature in its present estate, since man is a child of God, the possessor of illimitable capacities, and the heir of immortality. And is not such a life alike unsafe and unprofitable ? Disorderly passions are sure to lead their victims astray, and the tyranny of unbridled desire drives millions to desperation and ruin.

Accompanying this low idea of Life, and this early stage of development, we usually find rudimental systems of Government, wherein Might wears the crown and wields the scepter ; forms of Religion inspired by fear—at the same time they deify brute force ; a faith that is forever allied to superstition ; a worship in which

“ Ignorance is the mother of devotion,”

and social institutions that grow out of the gregarious animal instincts and physical necessities of the Race. In this state the *moral forces* of human nature are weak. Neither the inalienable rights of the individual, nor the legitimate prerogatives of the Government, are defined or perceived, and the distinction of *meum et tuum*, like the equator, implies the existence of an imaginary line.

But it is not alone among savages and semi-barbarous nations that this external, sensuous idea of life prevails at the present day. It governs the minds and lives of a large class in our modern civilized society. If it no longer exists in the precise *forms* which it assumes in Grecian and Roman history, it nevertheless remains. It takes on a form adapted to the genius of the times, which, however, is not less subversive of the highest human interests. The conception, as displayed in this commercial age, does not tend

so much to perfect MAN, even physically, as it aims to increase his temporal possessions. It does not propose to make him strong, *in himself*, but in the extrinsic elements of power which it places at his disposal. Wherever this form of the idea governs human enterprises, only those things are improved and perfected which will command a price in the market. The agriculturist, the manufacturer and the merchant, *cannot sell themselves*; hence no judicious system of self-improvement is adopted. The tillers of the soil carefully cultivate the fruits of the earth, knowing that the best products command the highest prices; the manufacturer keeps his machinery in order, because damaged wares must be sold at a sacrifice; the merchant insures his goods, and the landlord repairs his dwellings, and all because the proprietors value their possessions. The modern *sine qua non* is a strict observance of the laws of trade. In their implicit obedience to such laws, thousands circumnavigate the world, dive into the caverns of the sea, or entomb themselves alive in the earth. And all the while the indispensable conditions of health and life are unknown, forgotten or neglected. Day by day the physical energies of the Race are dissipated by false modes of life—by an unreasoning devotion to prevailing customs, by excessive toil, and the unrestrained indulgence of the animal appetites.

To stay this "tide in the affairs of men" we must rid the world of this false idea of Life. It is not enough that our philosophers have discovered the fallacy; the gilded idol of the popular mind must be cast down. The sages of antiquity did not look so much for the elements and achievements of true human greatness in the Colosseum or beneath triumphal arches; but the multitude ever sought the Roman Amphitheater and the porticos and groves of Olympia for examples of human superiority. So there are wise men now who make "*mind the standard of the man*," but the people estimate their temporal possessions—no matter if

acquired by unscrupulous arts—above the greatest mental powers and moral achievements.

We hear much said of man's cruelty to brutes; and yet, it would even seem, that most men think more of the domestic animals than of themselves. Go into the country and see how the man who entertains the physical idea of Life, in its commercial aspects, treats himself and his horse. If the animal be a favorite, his limbs are carefully bathed every morning, while the owner may not think of bathing his own oftener than once a month. The horse is not permitted to eat, or to go to the water, when his blood is heated by violent exercise; but the man eats and drinks freely when the physical energies are exhausted by extreme heat and protracted labor. Moreover, the animal is only allowed to partake of the kind and the quantity of food best adapted to promote health and activity; but the unreasoning owner gorges himself with such crude substances as the stomach can neither assimilate nor digest. And, finally, the beast will only *drink* what Nature has provided—water, while the beastly man

“Puts an enemy to his lips that steals his brains away;”

and thus, deliberately, and with his own hand, lights the torch that ignites and consumes the blood of his generation.

Those who answer our general description of the physical man, more especially in the commercial age of the world, are doomed to perpetual slavery. Life is a scene of feverish excitement, and such men are self-condemned to incessant toil. Ever grasping after the golden image, the more important interests of mankind are relinquished and forgotten. With but a single object in view—and such an object! the selfish propensities are liable to acquire a dangerous ascendancy. When the desire for gain becomes an inordinate passion, the claims of justice are rarely re-

spected ; life and conscience are offered at a ruinous discount, and true happiness is an impossible conquest. Day after day the poor slave rises with the first beams of the morning and goes to his labor; and when he returns the evening shades darken his path. True, the mind may have been exercised; but, with such people, it is chiefly employed in selfish schemes whereby it may gild the chains it wears. The man who answers to this description has no peace. His slumbers are disturbed by the cares of business. He grasps at glittering phantoms in his dreams, and wakes by the violence of the effort. He is not refreshed, but rises to renew the struggle. He has no time for recreation or repose ; he had little opportunity for social intercourse with his friends, and not one hour for devout meditation. Evidently this is not the true conception of Life. On the contrary, it violates the laws and disregards the relations of the mind and heart; it restrains the noblest faculties; it dwarfs the whole soul, and is subversive of all the great interests of Humanity.

II.

THE INTELLECTUAL IDEA OF LIFE.

Having noticed, at some length, those who make the physical development and resources of mankind the chief objects of all their endeavors, I will now introduce a less numerous class and another idea of life. I refer to scholars and men of genius, and to the idea that only the *mind* requires exercise and culture. This class is restricted to the more polished nations, and the number in every age has been comparatively small. Yet, in a greater or less degree, those who have been most distinguished in the walks of literature and science have exercised the mental faculties to the injury of the bodily functions, and, it may be, at the expense of their spiritual welfare. Persons of this class frequently manifest a peculiar indifference to personal ease

and to all temporal affairs. History furnishes several striking examples of men in whom the love of intellectual pursuits has exercised supreme control. At the siege of the ancient city of Syracuse, Metellus, the commander of the Romans, desired to spare the life of Archimedes; but in the midst of the conflict a soldier entered his apartment and placed a glittering sword at his throat. The great geometrician was engaged in the solution of a problem. So intense was the application of his mind at that moment, that he remained unmoved and unawed at the presence of danger and the near approach of death. "Hold," said he, calmly, "but for one moment; and my demonstration will be finished!" This single illustration will suffice to show that the preference for mental pursuits may be so strong as to overcome every other desire of the heart. When one can for ever bid adieu to the busy world, shut himself in a garret and waste the energies of his body by the intense action of his mind—when he becomes unmindful of all other objects and interests, negligent of friends and regardless of life itself, the ruling passion has acquired a dangerous ascendancy.

Among those who are denominated men of genius, and are characterised as the great men of the world, some have thus lived—not to enjoy life, but rather to sing the songs and to write the philosophy of the world. It is a mistake to suppose that such men are usually happy. The undue exercise of the mental faculties disturbs the equilibrium of the man, and interrupts the harmony of his relations. The complete balance of the physical, mental and spiritual attributes, on which the highest happiness immediately depends, rarely exists in men of genius. An excessive tendency of the vital forces to the brain, which commonly occurs in early life, leaves the body feeble and imperfectly developed; at the same time the natural expression of the religious sentiment is perverted or restrained by the stately march of the intellect and the dominion of a subtle materialism.

Such, in a greater or less degree, are the men of brilliant genius and profound erudition. If their happiness is always incomplete, it is because their development is unequal, and they are never properly adjusted to the sphere of their outward relations. To this discordant blending of the elements of human nature, we must refer the strange contrarieties in the lives of such men. Many of them are not like the stars that shine through the ages; rather are they brilliant meteors that shoot suddenly through the realms of mind and disappear in a blaze; or, like comets, they pursue their eccentric and lonely orbits far from the sphere of the common mind. A man of this description may overpower us by the momentary splendor of his transit, but for all the great practical and permanent interests of life we require a steady light to guide our footsteps. A mind of great brilliancy and power, if disorderly and ungovernable, may occasion surprise and apprehension, but it affords us no pleasure to see a star of the first magnitude fall from its orbit in the mental heavens. Should one of those radiant orbs which we behold in a clear night leap from its track and—rushing with the velocity of lightning through space—scatter its burning elements on the world below, it would doubtless present an imposing spectacle. It might afford more light for a little season; but we had rather see it in the dim distance where it belongs, and feel assured that it will move on from age to age obedient to "Heaven's first law."

It is not denied that this idea of Life has done much to adorn the world and to exalt and dignify human nature. Severe mental discipline has saved multitudes from the dominion of ancient superstition, and disorderly passions. Where this idea prevails the world is embellished by the useful and beautiful creations of Art. There, too, Science opens her crystal portals and rears her star-lighted dome. As the mind is developed the Universe itself is unveiled, and we discover that there is nothing hidden—that all things are for ever revealed to the mind qualified to perceive

and comprehend them. There is a mystical language in everything that, by degrees, we learn to interpret. They all speak, for God is in them—in *Man*; in the stars and flowers; in the winds and the waves—

“Great pulses of the Ocean’s heart,
Beating from out immensity !”

“I sit alone on the glowing sand,
Filled with the music of your speech,
And only wait to understand
The wondrous lore that ye would teach.”

“The sea-weed and the shells are wise,
And versed in your broad Sanscrit tongue;
The rocks need not our ears and eyes
To comprehend the under-song.”

These all are the tangible revelations of the Divine. The word is spoken and written in all ages, in every place, and in the presence of all men. It is uttered by flaming tongues from the thick cloud; it is syllabled in the viewless air :

“While sweet and low in crystal streams,
That murmur in the shade,
The solos of an Angel’s dreams,
On bubbling keys are played.”

We have a sacred history, too, of the Creation, written *in the Creation itself*. The mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms are succeeding dispensations; each separate species is a particular book, and every form in the physical world is an inspired verse. Coleridge lifts his Orphic Lyre in the Heavens, and thus chants the thought through the “Golden Age.”

“Creation is the picture-word,
The hieroglyph of wisdom’s Lord;
Edens on blissful Edens rise
To shape the Epic of the skies;

Heaven is the grand full-spoken thought
Of him by whom the worlds were wrought;
He, throned within the word above,
Inspires that Heaven, that thought with love."

We are not confined, like Moses, to Mount Sinai, and to a few tables of stone, for a history of the world; but inscribed on the rocky tablets of the everlasting hills—*inscribed over all things*, above, beneath and around, is a clear, comprehensive history of the Creation from the hand of its Author. And to this idea of life—the idea that *its noblest achievements depend on the mental powers and attainments of the Race*—we are indebted for these discoveries, and for many great thoughts and deeds recorded in universal History.

The career of the most brilliant mind may resemble a tempest or a conflagration. A life of storms is often the very cradle and nursery of Genius. Such men have but little fellowship with earth, and hence they are often short-lived. Life and passion and thought are too intense to be of long duration. By a species of accelerated combustion—*all life is combustion*—the mind soon consumes life's fuel, and the corporeal fires are prematurely extinguished. The mere scholar may live on—live to fill up the measure of his years—live even after he is dead—dead at least to all true human and religious feeling. Occasionally one is enabled to reach a proud eminence that overlooks the world; but too often, in his sublime elevation, he is far less human, while he is scarcely more divine. If such men are polished shafts in the temple of the Ages, they may also resemble the marble in their coldness and insensibility. That men of great intellectual powers and attainments are liable to be distant, formal and cold, is implied by Pope, who says, "It is the misfortune of extraordinary geniuses, that their most intimate friends are more apt to admire than to love them." It must be conceded that the social circle is rarely indebted to such men for its chief attractions. Their Religion—if

that is at all conspicuous—is most likely to assume the form of a philosophical Deism, which is a kind of dead weight to the soul's aspirations after living fellowship and communion with the Divine. In fine, when the great object and aim of life is a polished intellectualism, the body is frequently enfeebled by the mental action, and the warm impulses of the human heart are restrained and chilled ; at the same time the individual is liable to become exacting, unsocial and irreligious.

The remaining sections of this essay—the III., embracing The Religious Idea of Life, and IV., comprehending the true, or Harmonic Idea of Life—will be published in our next issue.



THE TEACHINGS OF THE AGES.*

BY FRANCES HARRIET.

IT is impossible, in the space of a few pages, to do justice to a work like the present, not only involving, as it does, but interpenetrating the most vital questions of the age.

From the beginning, even until now, the author leads forth the Church of God, or the Tabernacle of Truth, through all its changes, Infancy, Childhood, Youth, out into the mature or Reasoning Age of the Present, or toward which the Present tends.

The first impression received from the work before us is the absolute freedom of the sphere from whence it emanates, and to which it attracts. This largeness of liberty is everywhere conspicuous. Whatever it claims, it freely accords, as it can afford to do ; standing, as it does, “on the broad platform of eternal principles.” And the second is like unto it. It is the large and loving Humanity, that inspires every sentence, and illumines every line. But here we find evidence not only of a great Heart, overflowing with its Divine

* By A. C. Traveller ; Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, Cal.

Love, but a great Mind, of far-reaching, deep-seeing, all-penetrating powers, enthroned in the sublime security of Reason, serene and self-poised. We can hardly tell which to admire most, the grandeur of the whole plan, or the fine art and delicate discrimination, in working out the details.

When Mind and Heart of this superior order are in conjunction, we may well expect those embodiments of power which are consecrated in the works of Immortal Genius. Nor are we disappointed in the present. The august conception of the Christian Democracy, simple in its principles, but grand in its scope and spirit, is embodied of Reason, clothed with Freedom, and inspired with Humanity. By this august Ideal the Christian sects, one by one, are measured. Defined by the severe hand of Justice none are worthy of the grand archetype; but the tenderer touch of Love finds *some good* IN ALL.

The work is eminently religious, and can spring from no other than a worshipful mind; but who has ever seen a sentiment like the following in any religious writer: "To the Organized Church were committed the Oracles of God, to hold in trust for the human family, until they should become of age to rightly understand and appropriate those rich treasures of wisdom; and for this reason the Church became, necessarily, the Moral-conservative power of the Nation. And all the various members of the human family *outside* of the Organized Church, constitute the Radical Power, which acts as an invigorating stimulus upon the Conservative, impelling it to continual effort, to indoctrinate and draw to itself the free elements of mind; while the former Power is influenced to resist the persuasions and arguments of the latter, with reasons drawn from its own independent stand-point. An increasing action and reaction is the result, which tends to promote a healthy moral condition in the community. And thus we learn from the teachings of Philosophy, that a dual power, analogous to that which holds the planets in their course, is required in the moral, as well as in the "material world."

That single paragraph, if rightly understood, would make an era in Liberalism, when a writer, avowedly Christian, has both the honesty and courage to declare that Free-thinkers, Infidels, so called, constitute an essential principle in the moral atmosphere.

In fine, the great leading subjects of the work, the Development,

Growth and Character of the True Religion, the Review of Sects, Woman, in her relations to the Church and State, the Catholics, the Mormons, Character and Claims of Spiritualism, and the lone Exile and final Restoration of the Jews, are here handled in a masterly manner. The book is full of prophecy. Here is a passage of that character :

"The different eras of human progress have left alike their physical and moral impress on the face of the earth and the character of its inhabitants. And we may logically assume that the progressive epochs of the future will be obedient to the same universal law of cause and effect ; and that as the Human Family approach Maturity, through the unfolding faculties of mind and heart, their labors and achievements, under the fuller guidance of reason and the moral sentiments, will be grander and grander—and the record of these, in their own order, will also be stamped upon animate and inanimate Nature in ineffaceable lines of beauty and power."

And thus we are led away into vast fields of thought, where all is new, and yet so native to the soul, we accept and claim it as our own. The severe simplicity and classic beauty of the style occasionally breaks forth into a burst of genuine poetry, and a long poem, like fragments of shredded stars, is sprinkled through the book. The following passage embodies one of these :

"Invitations to our Western Eden, to a land of Liberty and abundance, were sent abroad over the earth. Commerce bore them swiftly forward on the wings of the wind, wherever she unfurled the dear old Stars and Stripes, as a benediction to the Nations :

And as the message flew from man to man,
From heart to heart a thrill electric ran ;
They felt in every land beneath the sun
The mystic chain that links mankind in one ;
And emigrations mighty human tide
Set toward our land from Peoples far and wide ;
They came in thousands from the Celtic Isles,
And from the Northman's rude and cold defiles,
From dreamy Italy,—and Sunny Spain,—
And many a German city, hill and plain,
Commungling like the waters of the sea,
And pledged themselves to God and Liberty."

Speaking of amusements, the author uses the following language :

"When Human Nature is better understood in our Schools of Divinity, the doors of the Opera and the Drama will be thrown open to the Christian Church, and then there will be less sectarian *cant* than at present, and more of the earnest spirit of true devotion.

"It has always been the aim of the Clergy to keep the religious sentiment of the laity at fever heat ; and this is one of the philosophical reasons for the reaction which has taken place in the Church, and its present cold and lifeless state. Amusements are as needful to impart animation, and a healthy tone to the mind, as sunlight, air and exercise, are to invigorate and preserve the vitality of the body.

"And we must make a plea for the Dance, as well as the Song, because it, too, has been a prohibited recreation, when it should have been introduced into our Public Schools as an important part of the physical training of the young. It is a healthy, innocent and amusing exercise, which imparts both grace and agility to children, thus combining two desirable elements in their education—use and beauty ; for by the dexterous movements of the limbs, such as may be acquired in the dance under a skillful teacher, many physical difficulties and dangers may be overcome, in after life, such as often attend the erratic course of adventurous youth. And when dancing shall be generally taught in our Public Schools, as a physical exercise, it will not be liable to the abuse of late hours, as it is at present, while regarded as merely a fashionable amusement. Graceful motion in the human form imparts to the observer a delight kindred to that experienced in looking upon soft floating clouds, or the play of Ocean's waves ; and yet the pleasure is deeper, inasmuch as intelligent beauty affects the mind more intensely than the passive loveliness and grace of inanimate nature.

"And where are the faults?" gravely inquire the Critics. Certain of them who always keep "the rule and compasses in their pocket," may discover that in this book, "not one of the angles of the four corners is a right angle." They might find a shadow too much, or too little, among the matchless lights of Claude, or a fold awry in the simple drapery of Raphael ; they might even, unawed by the august shade of Christopher Wren, or Michael Angelo, make out a flaw in the marbles of St. Paul's or St. Peter's—and so might a fly. Willingly we turn over to them the paltry work of fault-finding for its own sake, and picking flaws regardless of their investment. And we say to Mr. A. C. Traveller (or Madame, as the case may be, for there is no index in the name) you have chosen your stand-point well and wisely. Holding the New in your right hand, while the other, with affectionate veneration, clasps the Old—with a mind capable of comprehending the whole circle of Intelligences, and a heart quick to feel and know the whole circle of sympathies—acting

thus as Mediator and Interpreter between the Going and the Coming, it is impossible to overrate the advantages of your position ; and that you have mastered them, the work itse' will show.

The Bancrofts certainly deserve much credit for the liberal and elegant manner in which the work is set forth. We have in California our full share of intelligence, artistic genius and mental power ; and why may not we expect that our future San Francisco will afford facilities for publishing, liberal as may be found in Boston or New York, and be, indeed as well as in name, The ATHENS OF THE OCCIDENT.



CRUSH NOT A FLOWER.

BY BELLE BUSH.

CRUSH not a flower of faith or hope
That in another's heart may rise,
But let the perfumed petals ope
And waft their incense to the skies.

Say not 'tis vain of any dream
Or fancy of the human brain,
For out of it some lofty scheme
May ripen into golden grain.

Laugh not to scorn the humblest plan
A brother may have formed for good,
For angels deeper see than men,—
It may be wise when understood.

Say not to any care-worn heart,
"You ne'er will reach the goal you seek ;"
But act the kinder, nobler part,
Give strength and courage to the weak.

Say not of any neighbor's field,
He's planted where he should have sown,
For God is patient, and the yield,
Though rich or poor, is *all his own*.

Belvidere Seminary, July 20.

HYMN FROM THE INNER LIFE.

BY T. L. HARRIS.

HEAVEN encircles all. The blest Immortals
Near us, divine with Love's pure beauty stand ;
Alluring us, through Faith's translucent portals,
Into the Better Land.

The friends we mourn as lost have not departed ;
They have but laid aside Earth's frail disguise ;
On your dark way they pour, oh, lonely-hearted !
The light of loving eyes.

The Saints and Seers, who made the old time glorious,
Dwell, beautiful, within our human sphere :
Serene they move o'er doubt and pain victorious ;—
Christ, Plato, John, are here.

There lives no man, however crushed and lowly,
Bound with the gyves—immured in darkest cell,
But with him ministrant of influence holy,
Some Seraph Friend doth dwell.

Each wondrous Thought, of Truth, or Love, or Duty,
Flooding with sun-rise beams through Mind and Heart,
Inspiring us with Wisdom and with Beauty,
Some Angel Guest imparts.

No curtain hides from view the Spheres Elysian,
But this poor shell of half-transparent dust ;
And all that blinds our spiritual vision,
Is pride, and hate, and lust.

Wouldst thou, oh ! friend beloved, with Christ see heaven ?—
Grow perfect in the way of life he trod,
To him that hath shall more and more be given,
"The Pure in Heart see God."

The Editor at Home.

INDUSTRY AND MORALS.

NOT only is labor the chief means whereby the material interests of individuals and nations are advanced, but its relation to the moral development of a people is scarcely less apparent. It is difficult to conceive of anything more pernicious than *indolence*, and there are few creatures more despicable than the drones who prey upon the lives and labors of men of earnest thought and honest industry. Even the man who must look backward toward the meridian of his life has no rational excuse for suspending his efforts so long as his mental faculties remain and his physical powers are not seriously impaired. In fact, he can not wholly rest from his labors without positive injury to himself. When the early part of life has been devoted to industrial pursuits, the sudden relaxation of purpose, and the suspension of all effort, is not only unprofitable, but it is extremely dangerous. When such a man retires from the field of active labor, we are led, by a long course of observation; to anticipate a speedy termination of his career.

The fact already noted is susceptible of philosophical illustration. The nervous forces which were previously—in a greater or less degree—distributed throughout the body and equalized by the action of the will and the functions of the muscles, inevitably recede from the extremities of the nerves and the entire surface of the body. The strong reaction toward the nervous centers often results in congestion or paralysis, and thus the period of organic existence

s cut short. If after leading a life of constant activity for many years, a man determines to retire and seek a condition of undisturbed repose for the remainder of his days, he virtually resolves on a mild form of suicide, and may discover his error when quite too late. When the man in the instructive Scripture lesson concluded to take his ease, because he had many goods laid up in store for many years, he was suddenly admonished that his days were numbered. Many similar examples have occurred within the compass of our observation, and we naturally conclude that, neither the order of Providence nor the laws of Nature permit a man to long outlive the period of his usefulness.

But if indolence is inexcusable in the decline of life, when the vital forces and fluids move and circulate with diminished intensity and volume, what apology can we offer for the young sluggards who must be repeatedly called in the morning, and who go to their labor—if they go at all—as slaves are scourged to the daily task, and who shrink from real work as felons recoil at the sight of the prison? We are quite sure that no young man can have a proper ambition who is even willing to lead a life of idleness. It is obvious that he not only lacks some of the more essential elements of a true manhood, but he is absolutely wanting in common honesty. In short his daily life is a practical fraud to the full extent that the brains and muscles of others are taxed for his support.

But the evil ends not here. Labor develops the faculties and increases our physical strength and endurance. Among the conditions necessary to sound health it is surely one of the most important. Without it the muscles lose their contractile power; the appetite is liable to fail; digestion is impaired; the circulation is disturbed and unequal; rest is rendered imperfect, and sleep is feverish and broken. When by a life of listless inactivity and thoughtless indulgence the conditions of health are thus interrupted, all the

manly powers decline, and like fruit that is blasted the man withers and falls before his time.

According to the Mosaic allegory, man was originally placed in the garden of Eden to "dress it and to keep it." According to the record horticulture was his business before the fall, and there can be no dangerous heresy in presuming that dressing and keeping a garden implies something like labor. Moreover, a scientific examination of the human body reveals nothing more clearly than the truth that man was made to labor. This is as obvious to the naturalist as that birds were made to fly and fishes to swim. The old theory of the theologians, that presumes labor to be an unmitigated curse, is utterly exploded. On the contrary, it is one of the greatest possible blessings. It is indispensable to the physical development of the young; it furnishes healthful exercise and profitable occupation for all; it makes the rugged earth beautiful and fruitful; it is the chief source of the wealth of nations, and the great civilizer of rude races and barbarous tribes.

It is not our purpose in this connection to indulge in serious argument against the fanciful idea of man's primitive state, which leaves us to infer that, if he had not fallen, the world would have been peopled with idlers for ever. This monstrous conception not only promotes indolence, but it leads to vice. No one wishes to be subject to a life-long curse; hence those who regard labor in this light, avoid it as much as possible, and those who have no honorable occupation are first to get into mischief. The man who does nothing, either to benefit himself or others, is sure to be mortgaged to Satan for all he is worth. Shall we not then rid the world of this false notion that labor is a reproach and a curse? Let all men know and feel that idlers, in the most important sense, are *paupers*; that slothful men and women, who perform no labor for the common welfare, are miserable vampires who extract the life-blood of the Race. On the other hand, let this lesson be deeply engraved upon

the popular mind and heart: Useful labor alone develops the beneficent arts, and there is something like true worship in earnest WORK. While indolence is a reproach and a shame to any people, the industries of common life—the hand hardened by honest toil, and the face bronzed by the mid-day sun—are always respectable and honorable.

THE CRITICS ON TRIAL.

WE have many superficial pretenders to the art of criticism, especially in this country, who are so easily deceived, that they furnish frequent sources of amusement to persons of more intelligence and discrimination. The following paragraph presents an illustrative example :

On several occasions, as is well known, Dickens and Wilkie Collins wrote a short story together. "On one of these occasions," said Mr. Collins recently, "we agreed to exchange styles, so as to puzzle the critics; Mr. Dickens was to adopt my style, and I was to imitate his. The plan succeeded perfectly, and it was amusing to see the reviewers point out a passage of mine as an example of Dickens' peculiar vein, and in the next sentence comment on a paragraph of Dickens' as a sample of Wilkie Collins' sensational style."—*Graphic*.

Our own observation and experience of similar cases have been both entertaining and instructive. For many years we were familiar with the late CARLOS D. STUART, a ready and versatile writer in both prose and verse. Occasionally, when not more profitably employed, we indulged in a course of experiment at the expense of the press. As we neither edited the *Danbury News*, nor preached in Plymouth Church, it was not the custom of the editorial profession to quote everything we said, whether wise or otherwise. For this indifference to our claims we, now and then, amused ourselves by punishing the offenders after a fashion that may be briefly described. When in the mood Stuart would dash off a dozen

or more short paragraphs, to each of which some distinguished name was attached. The names of Pythagoras, Plato, Socrates, Shakspeare, Lord Bacon, Hume, Burke, Swift, Gibbon, Macaulay, Sir Walter Scott, Addison, Irving, Channing, and others being used. These paragraphs were published, either in the *New York Sun*, the *Evening Mirror* or some other paper, when they straightway performed the circuit of the press. The journalistic faith of the country, and the respect for illustrious names, was something beautiful to behold. It was easy to see that principles and ideas as well as promisory notes must have an approved indorser to give them currency. *Magni nominis umbra* is all that is required.

One day, when this journalistic credulity and ignorance were the subject of some playful observations, one of the Solomons of the press—who just then entered the sanctum—boasted that he could detect the characteristics of the style of each and all the more prominent English and American authors. It was only necessary to repeat a brief passage from any one of them, and he would instantly give the name of the real author. It was thereupon proposed to subject his powers to an experimental test. But instead of depending on the memory of what others had written—and with a view of rendering the experiment the more satisfactory—the creative powers of the mind were employed, and the passages were all improvised for the occasion. Among others, that we do not now recall, the present writer submitted the following :

Beauty may be a comely mask that invites to mischief. If roses adorn the path of the dissolute man, there is a hidden thorn that wounds the hand that plucks them.

The reader is left to form his judgment of the critic's capacity, and he may also imagine the quickening influence imparted to our own self-estimation when we were emphati-

cally told that, "*any blockhead who ever read Shakspeare would know that he was the author of that passage!*"

We can not resist the inclination to give another example of the manner in which members of the press and representatives of the people are sometimes deceived. The case came under our own personal observation, and is quite too good to be lost. Mr. Stuart was one day preparing his leader for the *Evening Mirror*—on a popular theme that afforded a fine opportunity for the exercise of his powers. After treating his subject at some length, and in a grave and thoughtful style, he observed that he was very forcibly reminded of the language of the illustrious Pericles, which seemed to be singularly appropriate to the occasion. Assuming to quote the words of the great Athenian, he proceeded in a strain of lofty and impassioned eloquence to the close of his article.

Mr. B****, Editor of a prominent Metropolitan Journal, was at Albany at the time, and a representative in the legislative Assembly. He had no particular friendship for Mr. Stuart, and probably would not thought of quoting a line from him under any circumstances. It happened, a day or two after, that Mr. B. was seized with *cacæthæ loquendi*, and made a speech of some length in the Assembly. The subject under discussion was one that afforded an opportunity for a display of patriotic devotion to the interests of the people. With the spread eagle in his mind's eye, the orator spoke with uncommon emphasis. The glowing incandescence of his thoughts and words flashed from his countenance, and kindled on the tongue. He had finished his argument—was approaching the close of his peroration—when he said, in substance :

'Sir, I can not leave this subject without recalling an oration of the great Pericles, the Athenian orator and statesman, delivered before the ancient court of the Areopagus. His words are suited to my purpose, and are far more elo-

quent and impressive than any language I could even hope to command.'

He then closed by quoting Pericles—*a la* Stuart in the *Evening Mirror*. Deeply impressed, the Assembly then adjourned ; but the ghost of the noble Athenian made no sign.

CREMATION AND THE RESURRECTION.

WE are indebted to a Jewish story for the sublime conception of leaving this world in a chariot of fire. But this idea is likely to be most popular in cold countries. It may be easy to convert a man to cremation, if you will dress him in summer clothes and turn him out of doors when the atmosphere is at zero. The argument for this expurgatory process grows weaker in the degree that the mercury approaches the top of the thermometrical scale. During the recent warm weather we noticed that the advocates of cremation relaxed their efforts, and seemed quite demoralized. Refrigerators instead of furnaces were in demand, and ice was preferred to fire.

But the advocates of burning have at length met with a powerful antagonist in the Bishop of Lincoln. Not long since his Reverence delivered a discourse on the subject, in Westminster Abbey. The ground of the Bishop's opposition is singular enough, and is worthy of the antediluvians. He is said to have expressed the opinion that "*cremation would imperil the doctrine of the Resurrection, and so produce the most disastrous consequences.*" He seems to think that the ordeal of fire would reduce our mortal part to such a sublimated state, that there would be no possible chance of finding it hereafter. How could a man be expected to discover himself after he had been completely dissipated into thin air—flesh, bones and viscera? And then, if the action of fire may be supposed to imperil the resurrection to another life, will not the Bishop's hell subvert immor-

tality by destroying the unhappy population of the whole theological torrid zone?

Here it occurs to us that there are purely material processes, scarcely less dangerous to the resurrection, as believed in by the old gentleman with the crosier. Some time ago the statement went the rounds of the press, that an apple tree, growing by the grave of Roger Williams, had sent down a tap-root to his mortal remains after a supply of phosphates; that the root followed the spinal column to its termination, and there divided, sending branches down the limbs to the ends of the toes. It was found that the roots had taken up and assimilated all his mortal substance, not leaving the smallest vestige of a bone to encourage the faith of the church.

Now, it is very evident that the liberal Reformer who settled Rhode Island had been resurrected, but not at all after the orthodox fashion. He was more progressive than the church, and could not wait for Gabriel to sound his trumpet. He came up very early—that is certain—and was made to climb a tree! In Spring he appeared, and in

‘The opening blooms diffused his sweets around.’

In Autumn he was visible in the ripened fruit, and was devoured by cannibals who had no idea of what they were doing. Now, may we not conclude that apple trees stand in the way of the life to come? Is not the resurrection, on any sound theological basis, rendered impossible by these mischievous freaks of Nature? How can poor Roger ever find the stuff he was made of, after he has been pared and sliced up to the very core; stewed, baked in pies, and boiled in dumplings; ground up in a cider-mill, distilled and swallowed in dime drams by all the village tipplers?

Well, the subject is obscure, and the problem difficult of solution. We must get some doctor of the popular divinity, of large caliber, to unmuzzle on this question, that we may be enabled to determine the chances of Brother Williams in the resurrection.

THE GREAT EPIDEMIC DELUSION.

WE copy the concluding portion of a literary notice of Dr. Frederic R. Marvin's lecture on "Epidemic Delusions" from the *Graphic*.

When men ceased to believe in witchcraft, witches ceased to exist; a little ridicule and a great deal of indifference accomplished in a few years what centuries of persecution failed to effect. . . . When we learn to dismiss Spiritualism the ghosts will go out like the flame of a candle. Whenever rationalism and science have overcome ignorance and superstition, epidemic delusions have disappeared.

The real phenomena, comprehended under the head of Witchcraft, were doubtless spiritual in their nature and origin. The reasons why the mysterious operations were long ago suspended, are obvious enough. The truth is, our pious ancestors were too ignorant and stupid to comprehend the subject, and the Spirits were too merciful to longer subject the mediums to persecution and death; and so they concluded to postpone the whole matter until the people were suitably prepared for its advent, by the progress of general knowledge and the further triumphs of religious liberty.

Some twenty-five years since the Spirits renewed their efforts in solemn earnest. It used to be said that they could only influence women and children; but now they pull the gray beards, and boldly dispute the skepticism of the savans. There is a new excitement under powdered wigs, and scientific materialism trembles in its dusty abodes. The Spirits have the advantage of "the inside track," and are

moving with irresistible momentum on the earthworks of the positive philosophers. If we can interpret the mystical hand-writing on the wall, it implies the speedy conquest of the world.

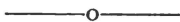
But it is worthy of notice that, just now, the Solomon of the *Graphic* thinks it is only necessary "to dismiss Spiritualism" and the ghosts will all vanish like the dissolving views. But this conceited scribe does not condescend to inform the public how this is to be done. Spiritualism has already demonstrated the fact that it will not be dismissed at the bidding of any one. The Spirits come without invitation, and will never retire. The crucifix imposes no restraint; prayers and consecrated water are powerless. Science is no antidote for this epidemic, which is just now raging most fearfully in scientific society, and running like a prairie fire over Europe.

Perhaps we may be allowed to suggest, that to be well informed the *Graphic* should exchange with some respectable foreign journals. The Sadducee who attempts to write down Spiritualism, in the interest of that paper, does not appear to be aware that Prof. Crookes, F. R. S., the veteran Editor of the *London Journal of Science*, Professor A. R. Wallace, Professor Varley, and other Fellows of the Royal Society, have the delusion in its most aggravated form. At last "ignorance and superstition" have had the audacity to invade the very temple of Science. They seem determined to "overcome" the Royal Academy. The *Graphic* recommends a *cheap cure* to others—he seems impressed that the patients will all get well if they are only let alone. Had he not better use this remedy in his own practice, and stop meddling with the subject?

Perhaps the most unaccountable and incurable of all the modern delusions is the curious crotchet, or perverse conceit, that there is *no truth* in Spiritualism. But it is a satisfaction to know that this strange delusion will never become epidemic in this world—because the fools of this particular

class are very scarce. In praying for the poor heathen, the deluded Spiritualists and all benighted peoples, let those who sit in darkness, in Park Place, be kindly remembered.

Attend, O Spirits! Come, diffuse your light,
Croly is captious and will for ever write.



MATERIAL AND MORAL INFLUENCES.

ALL worlds have their atmospheres ; and the more volatile and ethereal parts of all inferior objects on their surfaces, are perpetually exhaled, like the incense of flowers. Those subtile elements are invisible ; but they are not less substantial in their essential nature while they are far more powerful in their silent action. Indeed, all the more potent agents in the natural world are invisible, save in their effects. Every one of the simple elements is doubtless represented in the great atmospheric sea that surrounds our orb ; and even the densest forms of matter are susceptible of being so widely diffused and so finely attenuated as to become impalpable and imponderable. Immersed in this ethereal ocean—composed of the subtile emanations from the earth and its forms, living and dead—we are constantly liable to be influenced by intellectual powers and moral qualities as well as by physical elements and forces.

Let us illustrate this point. A man with an infectious disease cannot appear in our streets, and other public places, without endangering the health of many citizens, by the morbid and pestilential emanations from his body. Nor are the principles and laws which govern the intellectual and moral economy of human nature less potent and unerring. We may be sure, that, wherever a moral pestilence—

endowed with personality and locomotion—is permitted to appear in the market place, the social circle, or the sanctuary, there is an accompanying influence that inevitably lowers the general tone of society, and the moral health of the community is impaired. The capacity for original thought, the strength of the moral sentiment, and all noble resolutions may thus be enfeebled and depraved.

Persons of acute mental perceptions and moral sensibilities, detect the essential attributes and peculiar characteristics of others as soon as they are fairly within the circle of their atmospheric emanations. Most men and women of cultivated minds and refined habits, have an intuitive consciousness of the fundamental difference in the minds and morals of persons whom they meet in social life and in the transactions of business. Every public speaker is conscious of being influenced by the subtile emanations from the multitude. These are so dissimilar, at divers times and places, that on one occasion he experiences and manifests a great mental illumination—enabling him to rise into the highest heaven of thought—while under other circumstances an oppressive influence, like a leaden weight, rests on all his faculties. Sometimes the mere presence of a stranger, with whom we have never spoken, inspires the mind with serene and pleasurable emotions, while others make us feel restless and unhappy.

Some people carry about with them a strange suggestive power, whereby they impregnate the souls of others. Under their influence the mind suddenly becomes prolific ; our faculties are excited, and we are drawn out in conversation ; while at the approach of other persons we instinctively retire within ourselves. Their frigid or fiery natures shut up the avenues to the sensitive mind and heart, as the cold night winds close the flowers ; or we are made to feel that they come to consume us with their burning breath, and the desolating storm of unbridled passions.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

I.

ORIGIN OF THE AEROLITES.

THE various terrestrial and atmospheric phenomena, depending on the action of heat, light, electricity and magnetism, are comprehended in the science of Meteorology. The subject presents some difficult problems which the philosophers have not been able to solve to our entire satisfaction. The sources of the *Ærolites*, and the manner of their formation, are among the mysteries that science has not yet clearly unveiled. Some have conjectured that they are thrown up from terrestrial volcanoes above the atmosphere of the Earth, which is extremely improbable, while others have supposed that they are projected from the Moon by volcanic action. Laplace entertained this opinion; and it is certainly far more reasonable than the hypothesis that ascribes them to a terrestrial source. The lunar attraction and atmosphere would oppose much less resistance to the propelling force and the momentum of the moving body, than the atmosphere and gravitation of the earth. Moreover, the chemical constituents of the *Ærolites* are not altogether such as to favor the theory of a terrene origin.

Perhaps the most prevalent opinion among the philosophers of the present day, is that these mysterious meteors originate—as to the source of the elements that enter into their composition—in masses of matter existing in the planetary spaces, and held for a time in equipoise by opposite attractions; and only descending to the earth when our

planet chances to meet them in the line of its orbit. On coming within the sphere of the earth's attraction, the increasing momentum of the falling body, and the resistance of the condensed atmosphere, would naturally produce intense combustion, by which the chaotic matter would be partially or wholly consumed. When the consumption of the igneous mass is entire, the bolis, or fire-ball, is not accompanied by the descent of meteoric stones.

II.

LEADERS AND FOLLOWERS.

IT has been a mistaken idea with the advocates of various political, moral and religious, systems, and with almost all Reformers, that their respective theories comprehend all that either human or Divine Wisdom can desire or furnish for the world's advancement. Each in his turn has regarded his own idea or system as the incarnation of all conceivable excellence and, perhaps, as involving the utmost limit of human progress. To say nothing of the absurd pretensions of political parties and factions, there is scarcely an organization in all Christendom that has not virtually assumed this lofty position, as is apparent from the vain and arrogant manner in which they assert and defend their dogmas.

An appeal to history would enable us to prove all this in such a manner as to leave no reasonable ground for controversy. The followers of Calvin, Luther, Wesley, Swedenborg and Murry, all appear to take it for granted that their respective leaders accomplished the whole work of the Reformation, and that it only remains for them to follow their guides with unquestioning faith. We entertain the opinion that the Reformation will be finished when the common Humanity is perfected ; and it may be a long time

first if those who should be leaders are satisfied to be followers. The man who makes a real discovery in science or a new invention in the arts; who wisely lays the foundations of better social and political institutions, or gives an organized form and a practical application to the world's best idea,

“Leads the great host; while those who simply talk
Of what men *did*, are laggards in the rear.”

III.

WHERE THE PRESSURE EXISTS.

IT is as true of the mind as of the body that proper exercise prevents the otherwise inevitable suspension of our powers. Above all things, we dread such a state of mental stagnation as the poet had in mind, when he referred to those empty writers and tame aspirants for fame, who are only able to

“Strain from hard-bound brains eight lines a year.”

Those who do not choose to work the mental machinery on the low-pressure principle, may find it prudent to employ a safety-valve as a means of preventing sudden explosions. But the press is accustomed to find a much larger number of such valves than the nature of the case really requires. We suspect there may be several antiquated journalists and prosy writers of books—whose valves are always open—who never were in the slightest danger of rupture from any such cause. They are far more likely to collapse, because they are hollow. What emanates from them, illustrates the effects of pressure in the gastric rather than in the cerebral region. In such a case we should forego *composition*, and prescribe mandrake.

IV.

DISCOUNTING TITLES.

GEN. Charles Lee, of the Revolutionary Army, appears to have had a more than democratic contempt for the custom of fastening titles to the names of civilians. In a letter addressed to Patrick Henry, he says :

“There is a barbarism crept in among us that shocks me extremely. I mean those tinsel epithets with which we are bespattered—his excellency and his honor ; the honorable president of some honorable convention. This fulsome, nauseating cant may be well enough adapted to barbarous monarchies, or to gratify the unadulterated pride of the magnifidi in pompous aristocracies, but in a great, free, manly commonwealth it is quite abominable. For my own part, I would as lief chew bitter aloes as be crammed with your excellency, with which I am daily pestered. How much more true dignity was there in the simplicity of address among the Romans : Marcus Tullius Cicero, Decimo Bruto Inspiratori, or Caio Marcello Consuli, than in his Excellency Major-General Noodle, or the Hon. John Doodle. My objections are perhaps trivial and whimsical, but I cannot help stating them. Therefore, should I sometimes address you without tacking on ‘your excellency,’ you must not esteem it a mark of personal or official disrespect, but the reverse.”

V.

HARD ON THE HEAVY WEIGHTS.

MR. Bruce, in his “Classic and Historic Portraits,” refers to the danger of accumulating too much grease in Sparta, whose citizens had great respect for muscle and a strange abhorrence of adipose substance. Of late years we have been in rather close relations to the “heavy weights ;” and we should dislike exceedingly to have our

oleagenous elements eliminated by the Spartan method, as indicated in the following paragraph :

“The ancient Spartans paid as much attention to the rearing of men as the cattle breeders of modern England do to the breeding of cattle. They took charge of the firmness and looseness of men's flesh, and regulated the degree of fatness to which it was lawful, in a free State, for any citizen to extend his body. Those who dared to grow too fat or too soft for the military exercise, or the service of Sparta, were soundly whipped. In one particular instance, that of Naucelis, the son of Polybus, the offender was brought before the Ephori, and the meeting of the whole people of Sparta, at which his unlawful fatness was publicly exposed, and he was threatened with perpetual banishment if he did not bring his body within the regular Spartan compass, and give up his culpable mode of living, which was declared to be more worthy of an Ionian than of Lacedemon.”

VI.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN CABUL.

AN extraordinary custom prevails among the Vizres, a powerful tribe, occupying an extensive district in Cabul, among the mountains, between Persia and India. It is said to be a female prerogative there, to reverse what the opponents of Woman's Rights regard as the natural order of things. The women choose their husbands, and the poor men have not so much as the liberty of saying no. The matrimonial business is prosecuted after the following fashion : If a woman sees a man she is pleased with, she sends the drummer of the camp to pin her handkerchief to his cap, with the pin she used to fasten her hair. The drummer watches his opportunity, and does this in public, naming the woman. If the man is worth enough to pay the price demanded by her father he has no alternative but to marry her.

VII.

DEATH AND LIFE.

DEATH is but a negative aspect or transient shadow of a Life that has no end. If we smite the fossiliferous rocks they reveal the still-life the ages have embalmed in stony sepulchers. Life dwells in all things and every where—in all simple elements and plastic forms, and in the spaces which, to our observation, are vacant. Even the empty shells upon the shore are full of mystical voices that chant a never-dying music. Never for a day was the spirit of Life imprisoned or restrained by rocky bars. Wherever death is, there life claims an instant resurrection, and the power of ceaseless activity. Why should we doubt and agonize over buried hopes? And yet the pale mourner goes down into the valley, to weep by the fresh graves. The chilly atmosphere encircles him, and falls on the quivering heart. There, in solemn silence, “under the daisies,” he learns

“The sad, sad lesson of loving.”

When the affections are chilled, the mind obscured by doubts, and we are gloomy in spirit, all the world seems dark; and yet we never wake but to find the flush of Morning in the sky. The forms of a life that is ever new are constantly multiplied. Youth blushes in the rose; the blue eye looks up out of the violet-beds; there is “beauty for ashes,” and life and joy are everlasting.

—O—

THE GREAT VICTORY.—Life is a battle, and there are many heroes unknown to fame, of whose unobtrusive deeds and silent sufferings history may make no record. How many have achieved the noblest conquests, only the recording Angel may know. *A true life is the greatest earthly victory.* On this field of common warfare let us not fail or be defeated.

S. B. B.

EARNEST WORDS ON EDUCATION.

SHALL WE DO SOMETHING, OR KEEP ON TALKING?

MISS BELLE BUSH—whose poetic inspirations have illuminated so many of these pages, touching the hearts and awakening the aspirations of a multitude of readers—has recently made an earnest and forcible appeal to the spiritual public, first in behalf of those who need larger opportunities and improved methods of instruction, and then, in the interest of the School of which herself and her sister, MISS E. L. BUSH, are the Principals. This appeal should at once arrest the attention of our people, and speedily lead to practical results. The progress we have made in the science of Man since Spiritualism poured its flood of light over and through all the faculties, affections and passions of human nature, has enabled us to perceive the great defects in the present scholastic training of the young, and should, ere this, have prompted and qualified us to commence a radical reformation of the whole system.

Every man who keeps in sight of the living world must realize that our education is not suited to the time. While the schools are chiefly concerned to preserve their *status*, the age moves on, under the inspiration of a more practical idea of life. Many of our learned men seem to be utterly disqualified for the actual business of this world. Outside of the range of their particular studies, they often make startling exhibitions of their ignorance. There are examples of crudite and dignified stupidity that are scarcely to be credited. In our youth we remember to have heard of a very learned professor who had suddenly taken to farming,

and who was slow to recognize the necessity of mending one of his agricultural implements, so long as the remaining ones were in good condition. When at length he was made to comprehend the nature of the case, and was about starting off with a broken plow, to get it repaired, the Professor's wife—wishing to obviate the necessity of an immediate journey to town, made the brilliant suggestion, that for the present, the men might plow with the cart !

That was, obviously, an extreme case, and, for aught we know, may have been apocryphal ; but we do know that our system of education is not sufficiently practical—it does not prepare men for the world in which they must live. Cramming the head with text-books is not *educating the faculties*. On the contrary, it often oppresses the brain, and enfeebles all the powers of the mind. So much musty lore is more likely to produce a catarrh than to develop genius. Stuffing a man with dead languages may qualify him for a residence in a grave-yard, but certainly not for free intercourse and successful business among the men of the living age. Filling a man with old ideas, that ought to be obsolete, if they are not, is simply starting him in an ancient groove, and leaving him to run quietly backward into the Dark Ages.

We have men among us who can call a horse in a dozen different tongues, while they have much less knowledge of the animal than the man who puts his shoes on. Now, it is to be observed, that real knowledge has respect to the elements, forms, properties and uses of *things*, rather than the meaning of *names* ; languages being chiefly serviceable as instrumentalities for acquiring knowledge, and as means for the oral and written expression of emotions and ideas. From our knowledge of the products of the earth, and of the means of increasing their growth and preservation, we derive the physical elements of subsistence. But we find no sustenance in Sanscrit ; there is nothing esculent in Hebrew roots ; and a man would starve in Babel while even swine

flourish in clover-beds and corn-fields. The old college course, without the mitigating circumstances of modern Science, Art, Female Sophomores and the Boat Club, was something terrible to contemplate. It ruined many respectable constitutions. After the four or more years of imprisonment, the students returned to the world, emasculated in body and mind, and two out of three of them were never heard of after they graduated. Of course, there were, here and there, examples of great native power—men strong enough to overcome the bad influences of the University; but still the richly-endowed institutions sent forth a multitude of learned imbeciles, many of whom only remain as dead weights, to block the wheels of progress.

Instead of much learned lumber, and the memory overtaxed, we want a system that shall call all the faculties into normal and vigorous action. It is well known that many men and women of the best minds have been—in their school days—regarded as below the average standard of intelligence, because they could not remember and repeat the contents of their class-books, literally; and yet it is not in the nature of a truly great and original mind to make a mere parrot of itself. A retentive memory of words is seldom accompanied by a clear comprehension of principles. To memorize with ease is the convenient gift of common minds, while greater powers and functions characterize the noblest intellects. Our education should exercise and develop all the faculties. The teacher should take his pupils into the great fields of Nature, and then, by a course of familiar lectures, illustrate his subject by the constant use of natural specimens, artificial instruments, and the practical application of each lesson to some interest or purpose in life. Thus the whole business of the student would become at once a healthful exercise and a most fascinating amusement. Let us have done with a system that diminishes vitality by exhausting the brain; that deforms the body by restraining its freedom, and keeping it in

cramped positions ; that converts the school-room into a prison—a system, in short, that turns out formulists; drones and dyspeptics. It is time to inaugurate a system that will be so supremely attractive that there will be no more truants ; none to play sick, and no more lying—to get dismissed before the time.

We are in need of some model schools, fashioned after our best ideals, and we must have them. They should possess extensive grounds for an Agricultural Department, Botanical Gardens, and Work Shops, where all the principal Trades may be learned. Every boy—at the same time he is acquiring his knowledge of the Arts, Sciences and Modern Languages—should also become a scientific and practical agriculturist, and a master of some useful trade or profession. The girls should first conquer the Chemistry of the Kitchen ; then master the immeasurable art of making every article of a lady's wardrobe, except, perhaps, he shoes ; and, finally, they may learn Bookkeeping, Banking, Telegraphy, Photography, or any other occupation that is within the measure of their strength, and suited to their tastes.

Now, we can think of no better place for such a school than Belvidere, Warren County, New Jersey. It is one of the most picturesque locations in the whole country, and is unsurpassed for the purity of its waters and the salubrity of its atmosphere. It is connected by rail and steam with the whole continent. It is on the Delaware, and at about an equal distance from New York and Philadelphia, and yet far enough removed to be free from the corrupting influence of modern fashion and dissipation. There is the place to build up the Model Industrial University. There is something more than a corner-stone there already. Some years since MISSES E. L. and BELLE BUSH laid the foundation. They began with little or no means save their own strong faith in God and Man, a willingness to labor faithfully, and an earnest desire to be largely useful. They have prospered,

and established a school that is a credit to their business enterprise and their liberal views of education. Indeed, such unwavering trust ; such devotion to an unselfish purpose ; such cheerful and untiring industry, must always win an honorable success. The Seminary is already widely known, and has patrons in distant States and Territories.

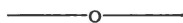
And now the worthy Proprietors would extend the field of its usefulness—make suitable additions to its present valuable lands, erect other buildings, and so enlarge the facilities as to offer the best opportunities to large numbers. Here is a chance for a *profitable investment*—using the terms in their higher sense. All the while, for years, the Misses Bush and their associates have—as far as they were able—been educating some of the poorer of their pupils, either at inadequate prices, or at their own cost. Their benevolent work has been prosecuted with a steady purpose, and a silent, unobtrusive energy, that are at once truly remarkable and worthy of all praise.

Spiritualists and Reformers are now supporting a great number of Teachers and Institutions whose merits are at least questionable. Why not establish a College of our own which shall recognize and actualize our advanced ideas? Let Belvidere Seminary be speedily converted into a first class University, fashioned somewhat after the plan here suggested, if no better one can be devised. Let it be amply endowed, and in addition to its present Principals let others be called to the important work of training our children. There are several very competent persons who should find a place and congenial occupation in such an institution. The chair of Mathematics would be well filled by the present able preceptor, PROF. A. F. EWELL ; the important chair of Athopological Science should by all means be assigned to PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN, of the Boston University ; JOHN A. WEISSE, M. D., would honor the chair of Philology ; MISS BELLE BUSH would fill the Professorship of Belles Lettres with equal grace, dignity and ability ; PROF. A. EISWALD of Georgia, or MISS EMMA A. WOOD, of Washington, might

be called to preside over the department of Modern Languages; PROF. LAURA M. BRONSON would make Elocution an easy acquisition. PROF. A. T. DEANE would be wanted in the higher English branches; and for the department of Agriculture and Horticulture, some one of the distinguished pupils of the late Professor Mapes might be obtained.

But we must pause here in our suggestions. We have already extended this article far beyond the limits of our first intention, and have only space for these very important questions: 1. Who will supply the money for additional lands and buildings? 2. Who will furnish the necessary library and apparatus for illustrating the Arts and Sciences? 3. And who will endow the several Professorships?

There are a large number of wealthy Spiritualists who must soon make some sensible use of their money; or, perhaps, they may leave it as a bone of contention between unscrupulous executors, voracious lawyers and an indolent posterity—rendered still more useless and profligate by the possession of too much money.



SHALL THE QUARTERLY BE SUSTAINED?

WE have more than once informed our Readers that the JOURNAL does not pay its way. Our boasted 13,000,000 of believers in this country do not furnish means sufficient to cover the cash expenses of one periodical adapted to the thoughtful and scholarly class of minds. Does this fact involve an impeachment of our intelligence, or does it demonstrate the absence of the liberality that characterizes other classes who make less pretensions to progress? Will our friends now consider this matter seriously? Do you want the Quarterly to continue after the close of this volume? If you do, let the answer be expressed *in deed*. The best solution of all questions, will be one united effort to extend our circulation. Let every subscriber obtain another, and our list will be doubled. Is it too much to ask this little effort at your hands? We have ten patrons who take ten copies each; if we had one hundred to do the same, our continuance would be assured.

LETTER FROM M. LEYMARIE.

THE REVUE SPIRITE SENDS A REPORTER TO RESIDE HERE.

WE have received the subjoined letter from M. LEYMARIE, of the *Revue Spirite*, Paris, France; and through MONSIEUR AGRAMONTE, we are also in receipt of several superior photographs of Spirits, taken at the haunted chambers of M. Buguet, at the French capitol. These pictures are, on the whole, the best illustrations of Spirit-photography that have been submitted to our inspection; and our cordial acknowledgments are due to the learned conductor of the *Revue* and his gentlemanly agent for their kindness, which we shall be most happy to reciprocate on any convenient occasion.

Our readers will perceive that M. Agramonte comes to this country to reside, that he may personally observe and report the current facts of Spiritualism, and communicate to the *Revue* the latest news respecting the progress of the Spiritual Reformation in this country. France has the honor of initiating this enterprise, and has set us a worthy example. Shall we not follow, and do what we may to establish more intimate relations and a systematic international intercourse?

Personally we shall have great pleasure in anything we may be able to do to promote the objects to be accomplished through the agency of M. Agramonte, for whom we solicit a most cordial reception and generous hospitality. We trust our mediums, of every class, will be pleased to extend every convenient opportunity to the accredited representative of the *Revue Spirite*.

Here follows a translation of M. Leymarie's letter

TO BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.

PARIS, June 2, 1874.

MR. EDITOR :

M. Agramonte, our reporter, leaves here to reside in New York ; receive him kindly, I pray you, and in our name obtain him an entrance to all the interesting seances that take place in your great and important city.

Through M. Agramonte our relations will be better sustained ; placed by you *en rapport* with the principal mediums of your city, our reporter will give us a more correct account of the remarkable facts of the conferences, and the new publications which impress so grand a movement on Spiritism in the New World, than we can have through our translator.

I have read BRITTAN'S JOURNAL, and the interest it presents proves to us how thoroughly its Editor-in-Chief is a man of movement—of progress—intelligent and distinguished writer. We have faithfully addressed the *Revue Spirite* to you each month, but no longer receive BRITTAN'S JOURNAL. Is this an oversight?

To you we offer our sincerest wishes. What you may do for M. Agramonte we will do for any person coming to Paris with a letter of introduction from you.

In the name of the Society, accept our fraternal and sympathetic salutation.

P. G. LEYMARIE.

The spiritual idea appears to be making rapid progress in France. Phenomena of a most convincing character are constantly recurring. Until recently the unbelieving class have dogmatically maintained that the visible appearance of Spirits was entirely *subjective*, and to be attributed to some abnormal action of the brain, or derangement of the visual organ. But now, that the solar ray and the electric light reveal their shadows, and leave their images in the camera—thus scientifically demonstrating their objective existence—the skeptics look demure and are silent.

The JOURNAL is regularly mailed to the *Revue Spirite*, Rue De Lillie, No. 7, Paris, France.—EDITOR.

Authors and Books.

WOLFE'S MODERN SPIRITUALISM.*

A MAN of unusual vigor, strong common sense and with a vital experience has evidently written this book. He does not appear to be writing for fame, or to preserve a literary reputation. If this were the Author's purpose, he would sometimes weigh his words with more care, and express his views on doubtful questions with greater circumspection. To make a bold, clear record of a living experience and a profound conviction was the evident purpose of the author; and that this object is fairly realized, in the work before us, will admit of no controversy. We often have occasion to regret that so many weaklings undertake to represent the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism. Their feeble endeavors at once excite our compassion and the contempt of a learned opposition. This renders it doubly refreshing to meet, now and then, with one who is able to take hold of the subject in a rational way, and with a muscular grasp. We are pleased to recognize the presence of such a party in the author of this book.

Dr. Wolfe brings to the investigation of Spiritualism an active and vigorous intellect, freed from the shackles of ancient superstitions and modern orthodoxy. He is self-centered in a rational skepticism, but determined to possess the truth at whatever sacrifice of time, means, and previous convictions. His manner of dealing with the subject is direct and forcible; his treatment of adverse views and opinions, ready and fearless; his criticisms are incisive rather than logical; general conclusions are sometimes left to rest on individual

* "Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism, by N. D. Wolfe, M. D., Cincinnati, 1874.

experience, popular apprehension, or, otherwise, on inadequate evidence. The style of the book is the author's revelation of himself—and we are presented with a man of strong convictions and impetuous temperament. He has a wholesome hatred of all sacred shams and pious frauds; and he uncovers persons and things with remarkable facility, neither wasting words in idle compliments nor time in useless ceremony.

The author's investigation of the Spiritual Phenomena appears to have been chiefly conducted through the mediumship of Mr. J. V. MANSFIELD and Mrs. MARY J. HOLLIS. Of the former he speaks in terms of most unqualified confidence, both in respect to the genuineness of his peculiar mediumship, and his strict integrity as a man. This testimony is the more valuable, because it comes from a man naturally disposed to be critical, whose wits had been sharpened by observation and experience; and because it is deliberately given after a protracted and most intimate acquaintance, in the course of which—to use his own language—"I have been, for months at a time, to him almost as a shadow to the substance." After his extended discussion of the high claims of Mr. Mansfield to public respect and confidence, the author thus introduces Mrs. Hollis to the readers of his book :

"She was born on the 24th of April, 1837, in Jeffersonville, Indiana, of wealthy and educated parents. She was the first-born of her mother's family, and was married, I believe, in her seventeenth year. In her early childhood she was slow to receive a school education; and was an exemplary member of the Episcopal Church, until she began to see Spirits and talk with them. When this occurred, she gradually lost faith in the gown and surplice, and ceased to be a fashionable worshiper. With a spotless reputation, she has taken the vows of dedicating her life to the service of the Spirit-world."—(P. 120.)

After general observations on the subject of Witchcraft, the early physical manifestations through the Fox family, and a narration of his correspondence with Spirits through Mr. Mansfield, our author proceeds to an analysis of the pretensions of several mediums, chiefly trance-speakers, whose claims he handles with great freedom, and, in some instances, with marked severity. He boldly questions the phenomena of the trance, and, in one or two cases at least, on evidence that may be accepted as conclusive. He recognizes the dis-

tinguished ability of Mr. Thomas Gales Forster, Miss Lizzie Doten, and Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, but is sure those persons are every way equal to the production of the best things they are accustomed to ascribe to the inspiration of the Spirits. Hence the entrancement is presumed to be *feigned*, and at once an unnecessary and foolish device. Of the last of the three mediums named above, the author says :

"Few have attained more distinction for their eloquence than Miss Emma Hardinge.' This woman has great power on the rostrum ; all who have heard her admit this. But she is a woman of fine education and superior culture. As an elocutionist, she had distinction before she became a speaker on the spiritual platform. In her social relations, her conversational powers are quite equal to any of her forensic efforts"—(P. 75.)

Of the most gifted of all the female inspirational speakers of our time, Dr. Wolfe has also formed a flattering estimate, and we here quote his testimony respecting Miss LIZZIE DOTEN :

"One of New England's most accomplished women. This lady is a fine intuitionist, and grasps the subtle truths of the Great Harmonia with the power of a master's mind, and weaves them into a fadeless wreath of song. The fiber of this woman's brain is akin to that of Emerson and Holmes. She crystallizes her thoughts, and utters them with an energy that makes them cut their way into the understanding of men."—(Pp. 76, 77.)

The author's opinion of the capacity of Mr. Thomas Gales Forster is clearly expressed in the following extract :

"Mr. Forster is not only a man of fine education, but he is 'well read,' in the legitimate sense of the term ; that is, gives a thoughtful digestion to everything he reads. His memory is wonderful, and never fails to supply data, when required to elucidate a point or fortify an argument. He is not a ready debater, owing to the detestable habit of speaking with his eyes closed ; but he is always massive in argument, and solid in fact. As a speaker he is more logical than Clay, and but little less ponderous and weighty than Webster. His blows are heavy and slow, but they tell every time on his subject. Rather sluggish in his intellectual habit, he requires an occasion to develop his strength. He is familiar with the classics, and has read Scripture to some purpose, as he exhibits, upon suitable occasions, an intimate knowledge of the Sacred Writings, even such as the most learned commentators might aspire to emulate."—(Pp. 75, 76.)

Now, Dr. Wolfe presumes that the persons, of whom he expresses

these very complimentary opinions, all practice a *fraud* upon the community. But we discover no warrant for this sweeping inference, either in the author's premises or in any evidence he has been pleased to submit to his readers. A conclusion that involves so grave an impeachment of these distinguished individuals, and, indeed, of many other excellent persons, ought not to be accepted without something better than such presumptive evidence as may be found to rest at last on nothing better than a suspicion at once ungenerous and unjust. Let us simplify the form of this very questionable logic and doubtful conclusion. Here are our author's premises :

1. The persons referred to deliver very eloquent and able discourses, which they ascribe, in a most important sense, to the inspiring agency of Spirits.

2. The persons referred to are fully equal to the task of producing such discourses, without spiritual assistance.

3. Conclusion—The parties themselves produce their own discourses, and the pretended spiritual entrancement has no foundation in fact.

This is the syllogistic form of the argument. It is specious, but unsound, as will appear from a critical analysis of its several propositions. 1. The first proposition in the syllogism is admitted to be true. 2. The second proposition—regarding the innate capacity of the persons named to produce their discourses without foreign aid, and under the existing circumstances—is assumed without evidence ; it is intrinsically questionable, and may be utterly false. 3. If both the major and minor propositions were demonstrated to be true, the fact would never justify the conclusion. If not ; why not ? I answer, because the conclusion does not legitimately follow from the acceptance of the minor proposition, or from the premises entire. We may demonstrate the capacity of one to produce any given result, and yet do nothing to settle the question that relates to the actual transaction. Our author may be capable of writing this critique, but the question of actual authorship must be settled by other evidence. Suppose we could prove that Dr. Wolfe is capable of producing the "*Novum Organon*" and "*Paradise Lost* ;" would that unsettle the claims of Lord Bacon and John Milton ! No ; never. The capacity to do a thing, and the *fait accompli*, admit of a funda-

mental difference, and require an intelligent distinction. We admit our ability to climb in at a window at midnight, but should a juror attempt to convict us of burglary on such evidence, he would perhaps be sent to the lunatic asylum.

In this connection, it seems proper to observe, that while it is eminently proper to scrutinize all the phases of mediumship, both the physiological and the psychological phenomena, in the cases under review, are matters of *personal experience*, of the precise nature of which no outside observer can form an intelligent judgment from mere appearances, and without consultation with the persons themselves. *They* can best decide how far sensation, consciousness and voluntary motion are modified or suspended in themselves by some occult power. Dr. Wolfe may be able to give a very clear general diagnosis of a case, but he can not see a pain, and would never think of disputing the patient if he said he was suffering from either colic or rheumatism. It follows, therefore, that until the veracity of such persons can be impeached on other and better evidence, we are not authorized to dispute their statements in any matter of their own experience.

The correspondence of Josephine Bonaparte—embracing some thirty letters—addressed to the author, will doubtless interest the general reader. Though the Empress does not always use the purest English, her letters are a prominent feature in the book. She appears to believe in Kardec's philosophy, and predicts the reincarnation and second advent of her husband, in the year 1902, when he will come to redeem his "country from obscenity and bigotry." Prompted by Marshal Ney, she reveals the free-love secrets of the family, and makes certain curious explanations. We extract the following from Letter No. XI. :

"When there is entire compatibility of temperaments, and an interior love, these relations are well ; but, if that does not exist, then no such intimacy should be maintained, as resultant organizations will suffer from inharmony and discord. The Spirit, however highly developed it may be, can not express itself through an imperfect matrix. Those who are thus wrongly begotten may struggle and writhe under their unfortunate conditions, but they will ever suffer, while in the form, the penalties of the violated laws of the conjugal relation.

"So, in this instance, my daughter loved Napoleon ; but there was not that mutual *adaptation* for a perfect expression of the procreative law. Therefore,

Louis is not an entire success. The flowers drink in the dew and sunlight, and become more beautiful and lovely. So should the soul-love and heart-sympathy be attracted. If the Emperor had been to Hortense as the sun is to the flowers, their offspring would have been all that was desired, and the necessity for another Napoleon being born in France obviated."

Dr. Wolfe succeeded in awakening an interest in the minds of Mr. F. B. Plimpton, of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, Hon. Wm. M. Corry, and Col. Don Piatt, Editor of *The Capitol*. After an investigation of the phenomena, as exhibited in the presence of Mrs. Hollis, those gentlemen made separate reports of their observations and conclusions. They are well known, candid and intelligent witnesses, whose explicit testimony serves to diversify the contents, and to deepen the interest of this remarkable book. The work is not free from conspicuous faults. We meet with grammatical errors, here and there, logical and rhetorical imperfections, a manifest want of the power of philosophical analysis and metaphysical discrimination, which may be attributed to the preponderance of the perceptive over the reflective faculties, and the dominating influence of a positive will and a mercurial temperament.

The author's style is characterized by remarkable independence of thought and freedom of expression. In our judgment he undervalues the mental phenomena of Spiritualism; and this is perhaps rendered inevitable by the peculiar constitution of the author's mind. He does not attempt anything like a scientific classification of its facts; but the work is full and clear in the recitation of its testimony to the reality of the physical phases of the Spiritual Phenomena. It is, on the whole, a very valuable contribution to our literature, and will convince more people of the truth of Spiritualism than any work that has appeared in the last five years.

Reviews of Lester's "Life of Charles Sumner," Babbitt's "Health Guide," etc., are inevitably crowded out of this number, but will appear in our issue for October.

FOREIGN SPIRITUAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE recent reports from all parts of North and South America, Europe, Africa and Asia, prove that Spiritualism is pursuing its noiseless way, in spite of every resistance and every denial. Never, in the history of man, has there been such a movement as this—so irresistible and universal. Its very enemies are doing it service. Clergymen and men of science acknowledge themselves witnesses. Mexico and Montevideo, Brazil, Chili and Peru, follow in the same track with us. In England Spiritualism finds a place among the highest, not excepting the Queen and ex-Empress of France. In Russia the priests attack it violently, without allowing reply. Many tracts against it are circulated among the people, yet the most intelligent part of the nation are enlightened believers.

At Brussels, Liege, Ostend, etc., there are circles doing admirable work: The *Messenger Spirite* of Liege is a good, outspoken paper, published semi-monthly, sustained by all the societies of the province. Switzerland is wheeling into line; also Greece and Constantinople. Spain is marching with firm steps, and in Italy the white flag of the Spirits is unfurled. In Turin there is the *Annali dello Spiritismo*. In Austria the *Licht des Jenseits* is a brave sheet. At Pesth, in Hungary, is a good society, which has a very interesting journal. At Leipzig is the *Spiritisch-Rationalistische-Zeitschrift*, belonging to a society composed of Russians, Germans and English; and yet some people try to convince themselves that the thing is now dead, knowing it never was more intensely alive.

Some very interesting developments of Spirit materialization in London are attracting great attention. The *Revue Spirite* of Paris has a copy of a diary of Prince Emile de Sayn Wittgenstein, Aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia, who had gone to England expressly to investigate these materializations. In one *séance*, medium Mr. Williams, the Spirit of John King, was materialized. He held a Spirit-lamp so as to reveal himself perfectly. This lamp the per-

sons present handled and examined ; it was like a bit of polished crystal, transparent and oval, about two-by-three inches. It was heavy, warm to the touch, and hard as stone ; within it a shining kernel, formed by some substance unknown. The Prince went into the cabinet, and saw the medium asleep in his chair, while John King stood erect, entirely in the light. The whole company—five in all—might have gone by turns, but the Spirit, greatly disappointed, could not get sufficient force, and the medium was becoming exhausted. The Spirit asked them to wait until he could return to Williams the fluids he had taken from him—told them he had drawn some from them all, but what they had involuntarily given him he should not return to them. The *séance* lasted more than an hour.

The same gentlemen were at a *séance* in Mr. Luxmore's house, medium, Miss Cook, where a Spirit, Katie King, was materialized, coming into the room, going around to each one, talking and laughing with them. Seeming to take a great fancy for Prince W——; at his request she wrote him a letter, asking paper, pen and ink of Mr. Luxmore. Selecting the kind she wanted, and a pencil, she wrote rapidly, the paper being in the air, without support. After asking his permission to address him by a term of endearment—*My dear Emile—I will not forget my promise to come to Germany ; I shall see you again, before long. Ever your friend, ANNIE MORGAN.* So signed, because, as she said, that was her name in the time of Queen Elizabeth. She afterwards told him she could not go to Germany until she had left her medium, Miss Cook, which would be in a few months. The Spirits promise the increase of similar phenomena.

I find, in the *Revue Spirite*, of Paris, a very interesting account of Spirit photography ; some friend of the writer is mentioned who received an admirable likeness of his dead wife. Some very interesting and remarkable specimens were obtained in Washington a short time since, through the mediumship of Mr. Evans. The plates were prepared in presence of Col. Florence, of the *Sunday Gazette*. On some were given written messages ; on others photograms, and among them one of John C. Calhoun—an excellent likeness—with a message to Col. Florence. These photograms were obtained at night, with no light save an oil lamp, and were very remarkable. The mediums—father and son—are well known to Col. Florence and others, as persons to be thoroughly trusted, in every way.

There are, in various parts of France, circles formed for the instruction and relief of unhappy Spirits, in which the proceedings, as given in the *Revue*, are interesting—explaining how by our thoughts, words and actions here, we act on our fluids either for good or evil, such action determining the measure of our happiness or unhappiness in the Spirit-world ;—showing, in some instances, how a person who, in this world, has thought only of himself, or has been absorbed in his own affairs, so impairs and isolates his fluids that, in that other world, it is impossible for him to associate with other Spirits, sometimes to the extent of being in utter seclusion and darkness ; his fluids having been so isolated that they repel all other Spirits, even those who would come near him. He has by the absorption of his thoughts dried up in himself all his faculties of conception of exterior things.

According to the promise of the materialized spirit, John King, when with his medium in Holland, there have been manifestations there which daily increase in power.

A letter to the *Revue Spirite* from Madame de Veh, giving an account of Katie King's last séance in London, adds one more to the witnesses of this beautiful Spirit-materialization.

The *Revue Spirite* of Paris sends us excellent Spirit-photographs from the studio of the medium, M. Buguet. All material manifestations appear to be increasing in foreign countries as well as in our own, thus opposing materialism in Spiritualism to the materialism outside of it.

The one hundred and thirty-ninth anniversary of the birth of Mesmer was celebrated in Paris on May 23, 1874, by the *Société Magnétique*. A large number of believers were gathered together, Baron du Potet, Honorary President of the Society, presiding. The occasion was marked by great good feeling and cordiality—toasts and speeches as usual at such banquets, Baron du Potet responding very happily to a toast to Mesmer. Many other speeches were made, also a report of the work accomplished by the Society—medals of gold and bronze, as also diplomas, were given, and a toast to the union of Magnetism and Spiritism was most warmly received. Two members of the Society were sent to offer the alliance to the Parisian Society of Spiritists.

EMMA A. WOOD.