

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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SPIRITUAL GROWTH—HOW TO EFFECT IT.

Man is eternal, not physically, but Spiritually.—May it not be, that the Spirit had *forms* identity and consciousness previous to its present state of being? Could it be said that Spirit is undying consciousness without the qualities of eternal life?—if qualified to live forever, could it consist of any less than eternal qualifications?—if eternal qualifications, then could the Spirit be any less than a Spirit in this or any other age of the world?—if not, then it must have been a regular member of the *Eternal—Eternal* in all time—past, present, and future—of duration, in *fact*.

May not all this be, and yet the Spirit be finite for want of comprehension, to remember all *events* through all time,—if this constitutes our finite capacities, could not everlasting remembrance, omnipresence, and duration make us infinite,—and if infinite, could we exist in the elements of Deity,—could the thing born be of greater dimensions than that which it was born of,—this being the case, can it be possible that we shall ever arrive at perfection?—if we never shall, then may it not be possible, that of necessity, we must forever progress or degenerate? Does not this throw the responsibility on us for our own individual redemption, and this being the case, is it not as equally, that the same responsibility rests on Spirits, for their individual resurrection; and if resurrection means being restored from degradation, is it not as equally applicable to Spirits in as out of the form? And that being the case, can we have an Eternal Heaven in any other sense than that of eternal obedience? Reverse the rule, and if we eternally retrograde, will it not make us eternally miserable? If in this sense, we have an eternal hell and heaven, and on our option we go, making our own choice, the result being that of our own action, then have we any authority to blame that of ourselves? If the fault plainly rests on ourselves, then are we not in duty bound to save ourselves; and as the ark is fully prepared, and more than a hundred and twenty years of preaching been given on the subject, could it not be well to step in, for the floods begin to come, and the tide begins to rise, and a terrible commotion is beginning to be felt.

"But what will the people say?"
The cry is, the world is to be destroyed by fire, yes, a literal fire; the damned rascals are not only sufficiently so, being damned by the just laws of their Creator, but must suffer the foolish drenching of a literal fire to consume them physically, to satisfy the viscerates of creation, and to put the blush on their shame, when in the end they are to be annihilated.

Would it not be well to give a little thought upon this part of the subject, and honestly confess that Spirit teaching looks more philosophical; that the soul possesses inherent qualities that cannot be affected by cold or heat, and that its degradation is its hell, and harmony its heaven; and he who makes no higher attainments than to live for earth, must suffer, no matter what his pretensions or professions are, his enormity will gnaw like a canker and bite with a *venom* that will increase with the rapidity of his vice, laying waste to his anticipated happiness, until he finds himself in a heap of mouldering ruins, and then, alas, he may cry for a single drop of water to cool his parched tongue, but in vain; the time is lost, the suffering is had, there is no escape from it, the penalty is just and he had it to pay; the ruin is fixed, he brought it upon himself, he feel as every other man feels, the justice of his own condemnation; and when he has reached the extremity of his own condemnation, he feels that he plunged himself into his own ruin, and asks but for help to return from his wallowing in the mire; but, alas, it is hard ascending the acclivities of the rugged steps, when once fallen, but it can be done; for the wicked are to be burnt up root and branch; that is, their wicked disposition is to be annihilated with their own villainies. The laws of God are so pure and holy like Himself, being a part of Himself, that they must have full sway, and when answered the end designed, they will show that man makes his own hell. Why should he not live in it? Should the man who toils to build a splendid palace be deprived of enjoying its site? Certainly not; nor is man deprived of being his own hell after making it.

Take care, ye *Sectarians*, that you don't worship the *idm*, instead of the true God; take care, ye worldlings, that you do not pass hence, more ignorant and degraded by living here.
Take care, ye Spiritualists, that you do not pin your faith on some other man's sleeve. Profession will avail you as little as others; God is no respecter of persons, the mighty are fallen, and the proud are being brought low. Redemption is taught, we know not but it may be coming, and in this simple way.

Let us not judge, but stand in readiness to meet its full position; the world evidently is outwitted; the phenomena speak for themselves, and the truth is told, that Spirit pass out of the form as degraded there as they lived here.

And if we are entitled to a part in the first re-

surrection, don't let us be drowned with *Sectarianism*, but remember the common sense term, that part does not mean the whole, hence if we can be partly restored here, we shall lose the fear of natural death, and be able to progress better on entering the pearly gates of the new Jerusalem, and in that case, the second death or the death of condemnation will have no power over us, when awake to our everlasting destiny.

But there is another subject to be considered; it is the universal goodness of one everlasting and final home—and how are we to achieve that? We are to be as so many drops of water, helping to refresh on the principle of one general whole, and as discord ceases, virtue increases, until Hades be drained of her victims, and Heaven replenished with additions.

O! this world, this beautiful world, how marred and defaced with bloodshed, war and tempestuous commotion! How differently from that taught by our Savior on the Mount! We, as a Christian republic, tolerate war, vice and desperation; instead of curbing the Spirit of insubordination, we murder the brother who murders—we rob of him that robs, and steal from him that steals, and claim that we are doing God service.

But let us look at this a little more minutely. No man would err, were he not imperfect; no man would murder, were he not insane; no man would rob, steal or plunder, if he saw his inevitable doom: then all men are insane, to whatever extent of error they are in. Insanity means *unsound*. The sound man would never murder, steal, lie or rob; but in consequence of this insanity men lie, steal and murder, and in consequence of the insanity of the republic, we murder the murderer, and steal and rob from the thief and the robber their liberty, talents and earnings.

But what should be done to liberate a nation from injustice, and the people from bloodshed, war and commotion? In the first place, we recommend a congress of nations, whose business it should be to enact laws for the amicable adjustment of all difficulties short of war or bloodshed. Secondly, to recommend the extermination of all criminals, short of capital punishment; in lieu of which, each and every offender should be arrested and lodged within safe keepings, where he or she should be entitled to an amicable daily occupation, being served with food and clothing convenient. But above all this, and in preference to every thing else, as a corresponding duty with the recommendations of the Savior, give them the highest order of development, by philosophical and scientific investigation, that they may be thoroughly furnished to all good works; and if their reform and enlightenment should prove satisfactory evidence, to make them safe donors to the public good—turn them out with a view of making them such,—but not without a special provision to save them from the natural pauperism of the land. Such persons should be looked to with more express fidelity than any others.

Evidently their insanity is greater; and why should not those of less insanity, manifest the greater Spirit of forbearance? The Hell so much proclaimed by the different sects for devils to dwell in, is to be found all over the land, wherever vice reigns, for there virtue subsides.

God, the great moralist, is to be found everywhere, where morality is manifest. God, the great *Good*, is as equally prevalent in all good. The great Pioneer is as piously disposed towards the culprit bondsman, as the king on his throne, or the judge on the bench. And yet we have to put our poor fallen brother to death, pleading with God to forgive him, and at the same time refusing to forgive him ourselves—committing the very sin he has committed. What outrages for a republic at this enlightened age! My heart shrinks with awe, and heaven blushes to look me in the face, and may the dagger of virtue pierce our hearts, until we annihilate such wickedness!

But let us pause, as the storm ceases. Her ruffled breezes assail us, church and state in the same dilemma. What a scene after six thousand years have rolled away, and the just suffered for the unjust, and we are not willing to follow the example of a blessed Savior.

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken us?—Truly Thy mercy endureth forever; and shall there not be a hope for the most vile to return, in the future as in the present life? Yes. No, no, no! the cry is heard; for the rugged cliffs are hard to ascend;—the long practice of descending by degrees to immorality and vice, is not easily broken up. Bigotry and superstition of the present day is the Judaism of old, and holds its similar claims upon church and state. Outside show and pretended righteousness go hand in hand to heaven, but its basis is as false as hell, and its heaven will be no better.

L. BURN.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

FREEDOM OF THE WILL.

MR. EDITOR: The course of events daily develop evidence, that as the friction of magnetism produces light, so the friction of ideas may beget a better understanding of at least the subject of discussion. Such has been my daily experience in the course of a short existence of twenty years upon the earth, young perhaps, to boldly deny that which your correspondent of August 5th, asserts "every body believes." I firmly believe (just now,) or until I am better acquainted with my own nature, that perfect freedom of the human (or animal) will, does in nowise exist on earth, or at least on those portions of territory which I have visited. I have no time to advert to the arguments contained in the article entitled, "Existence of God proved from the freedom of the will," since the labor of my

daily occupation *forces* my feeble body and *will* to seek an early repose, leaving me but little time for Spiritual improvement, except my Spirit mother hover near, to impress a holy dream upon the sound slumber of a body fatigued and a mind at rest. I approach the discussion of the subject under consideration, with a feeling of dissatisfaction, arising from the fact, that I will be unable to present my true idea of the human will, its functions, conditions of acting, &c., in so brief an article, yet perhaps, I may lead a mind more mature to bequeath to the world, a full exposition of the proposition. That we cannot exercise the function of reason until we *will* to do so covers but the ground, and *proves nothing* for or against the freedom of the will. It merely proves that we cannot reason until we will to do so, and yet, it does not even prove this; for, who has not been perfectly conscious of the desire or will to stop the action of the reasoning faculties upon some occasions of extreme cerebral excitement, when the reflectives, awakened to activity by some interesting subject of thought, *refuse* obedience to the will. I assert, will does not act at all, except when *forced*; thus, in the process of thought, suppose I have a proposition laid before me, to rob my neighbor; in this case, let us see how *will* proves itself *free*. Phenologically, I have large acquisitiveness, secretiveness, destructiveness, combativeness, &c., small benevolence, conscientiousness, &c., I ask, with such an organization for its master, how can will act except as the executive *slave* to accomplish the purposes of large secretiveness, acquisitiveness, destructiveness, &c? I might suppose a *thousand* cases by which it can be demonstrated that the will, instead of being *free*, is the veriest slave to the circumstances that act upon the mental and physical system of the possessor. I know individuals who under different sets of circumstances, present totally different phases of character. Now of lamb-like meekness, or tiger ferocity, just as circumstances required (or forced) the different faculties to act upon *will*; who, poor slave to many masters, at one time obeyed benevolence, at another destructiveness. It should be borne in mind that will is the ever obedient executive of the different faculties and propensities of the mind, as these faculties and propensities *force* will to act out such feelings as may be generated by outward events. How would it be possible for will to act unprompted, uninfluenced by any external or *governing cause*? I mean immediate cause. What would be the use of such action? To act without an adequate cause or influence, would be impossible. Where then is the freedom of the will? I can see no absolute, or even partial freedom of the will, when it is entirely beyond its power and province to act, until prompted by something else, external to itself. Perhaps I may be wrong in my definition of the term will; I call it the executive of the (human) mind. Frank Pierce is President of the United States; as such he is sworn to be the servant or executive of the *faculties* of our National Government. Man may choose, but choice cannot exist, until it is *produced* or generated by an event or set of events near or remote. No thought, no act, no feeling or emotion can possibly exist or transpire in all God's universe, except as the effect of a *preceding cause*, and if any one will closely scrutinize the workings of his own mind, he will find no thought, no wish, will, or idea existing therein, except such will, wish, or idea owe its origin to some producing cause; however trifling or unimportant the thought or act, it was the parent incentive.

It is now eleven P. M. I had just finished reading your "Christian" Paper, when the article in question attracted my attention. I might will to fill this sheet of paper, but how can I do so, when I feel so much the need of rest. Suppose I "turn in," as we sailors say, and *will* to leave off writing. Was that decision a mere insane act of the will, or the legitimate result of the state of mind and body produced by the labors of the day, &c? Can I will to love that which I feel to be repulsive—can I hate that which I feel attracts my love? Why not? Go ask the *oyster* why she has not long since flown? Onward is the course of truth, and upward the aspirations of the soul, nor can we *will* it otherwise! And in the ranks of the few, but mighty heralds of truth, may we each be found, not discouraged if dark clouds sometimes obscure the bright horizon of the future, is the earnest desire of your fraternal brother,

ARMOR.

REVIEW OF MR. A. J. DAVIS' LECTURE, DELIVERED AT DODWORTH'S HALL, MAY 28, 1854.—NO. 5.

MR. DAVIS uttered a great truth, and one I desire to impress upon the minds of all who read these articles, and especially all *Spiritualists*—and that was this—"Spiritualists all over the country are in danger of exchanging one absurdity for another." In the second article of this series, I called attention very briefly to the unfortunate course of the early Christians towards the Apostles and their immediate successors, resulting in sects, creeds, &c., for the purpose of warning Spiritualists against the same results, from similar conduct towards *mediums*. The word *creed*, comes from the Latin word *credo*, "I believe," and is generally used to denote a brief summary of the articles of Christian faith. Ancient Christianity ultimated in creeds, in different sects, and they have been enlarging and multiplying until perhaps they have numbered hundreds. *Sectarians* are simply united in the same *tenets*, differing and dissenting from some older form of religious worship, and are almost universally *tinctured* with bigotry. Most sects have originated in a particular person, who taught and propagated some peculiar notion in religion, and is generally considered as the founder of that *sect*.

These sects are almost always *Ishmaelists* in the strongest sense of *Christian antagonism*; their hands are against every man; their aim is *self* in some shape; but *not* to any *new* sect that may come up with any prospect of weakening their influence, or taking from their ranks any who can afford to *pay* liberally for the support of their creed and their church. But Mr. Davis, in his zeal for the Harmonial Philosophy, used the following strong language: "I will say in regard to modern Spiritualism, that there is not on earth that power which can prevent it from becoming what ancient Spiritualism has become—that is *sectarian*." As I wrote down this startling declaration when Mr. Davis uttered it, I mentally *ejaculated*, perhaps, "not on earth," but thank God, there is a "power" above "earth," that can prevent such a sad catastrophe. Are we who believe the Bible to be the word of God; are we who believe in praying to that God for light from Heaven to direct us into all *truth*, and who at the same time deplore the dullness, coldness, and formalism of the churches—are we to be driven to this sad alternative? To embrace the Harmonial Philosophy, which neither acknowledges our God, or Bible, or prayer; for the Harmonial Philosophy which to many of us is *Atheism* in disguise? For though Mr. Davis uses the word *Pantheism*, "all God," yet to the perceptions of many of us it means all Nature and "no God." Verily we are in great danger of changing one absurdity for another? Being thus driven to the alternative, by the acknowledged apostle of the Harmonial Philosophy, and his admirers and followers will fully endorse him, it will become a grave question for Spiritualists to consider, what is to be done? Shall we become *Pantheists*? Or shall we hold on to our Christian views of the Bible and religion? Shall we unite with those in whom the religious element has not been developed, who neither honor God, the Bible, nor prayer? Who meet from Sabbath to Sabbath and hear addresses from men who, if they refer to the Bible at all, it is not as any sort of authority, and who seem to think that praying in public savors much of hypocrisy. And although some of these men have been professed Ministers of the Gospel, yet strange to say, they neither read the Bible nor pray during the services. Or shall we remain aloof and not speak out our sentiments and feelings, and thus tacitly admit that to be Spiritualism which we do not believe in our hearts to be Spiritualism? These are grave questions and plain *truths* for which I shall get no thanks from the leading Spiritualists of New York, who have been catering to the tastes and sentiments of the friends who come into the ranks of Spiritualism from the ranks of skepticism, many of whom were *Atheists* before they professed to be Spiritualists, and unfortunately still remain *Atheists* in a modified sense. This grave question has been avoided nearly as long as it can well be, we must decide it ere long for ourselves, and I think we had best look it directly in the face at once.

There are two *interests*—I will not say they are *distinct*, for they are not so, in any but a modified sense; yet there are two moves among Spiritualists of the City of New York, neither of which comes fully up to my views of the duties and obligations of Spiritualists. But the late organization of "The Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge" comes the nearest to my views of any move yet made; and here let me premise that I had no hand either directly or indirectly in its formation; indeed I was confined to my room by affliction, when the organization was formed, and knew nothing of it until I saw an account of it published in the papers of the day. Still I say it does not come up fully to my views, but my views may be wrong; yet I will briefly state them, and they may go for what they are worth, and in stating them I will briefly allude to my closing remarks in the third number of these articles, to wit: What results will the end of this dispensation of materialism produce? "Will it produce a destruction of all the churches, or will it, like *leaven*, work out the salvation of many of them?" My opinion is, that it would be best to extend the aforesaid organization so as to have Sunday services once or twice each Sunday, with a Spiritual Conference once on the day, and have these services conducted on religious principles. In which God, and the Bible and prayer shall invariably constitute a part. And here let me recommend the language of the *Circular* of said Society, under the head of "General Considerations," item 6, "Let all your circles and public and private meetings be opened with prayer; for whatever else may be thought of it, the habit will elevate your thoughts, will draw your Spirit-friends nearer unto you, and drive far from you the evil influences which are now active in their efforts to arrest this good work." With such an arrangement, we could confidently invite all "Christian Spiritualists" to unite; and we have in our ranks scores of men who honor God, the Bible and prayer, and who would willingly occupy the platform, and be able to prove that ancient Spiritualism and modern Spiritualism are one and the same; that the new is fully sustained by the old, and both agree in the great truth, that "God is love," and that there is glorious "immortality and eternal life" for us all beyond the grave. What would be the effect upon the churches? I am no prophet, but I think it would stir up the pure minds of many to inquire, are these things so? Do these people honor and follow the beloved Jesus? Are they truly the disciples of a holy and Spiritual Christianity? Then "refrain from these men and let them alone, for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought. But if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God." Acts, v: 38, 39. Thus many excellent men both in the ministry and mem-

bership of the churches, would soon become the honest inquirers after truth, the candid investigators of this great and glorious unfolding; and we who have borne the heat and burden of the day so far, and knew what we had to contend with and overcome, *we know* what will assuredly be true with them, if they seek diligently and truthfully they will find that God will speak to them, by His holy angels, and thus shall be taught from Heaven, that indeed

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlastings spring abides,
And never withering flowers," &c.

B. C. T.
[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

THE INDIAN SEER.

MR. EDITOR:—A London Magazine relates the following of an Alleghany Chief, whose miraculous conversion, and great piety, procured for him the appellation of "the Alleghany Prophet." During the first fifty years of his life, he was excessively given to intoxication. In his fiftieth year, however, while in the act of lighting his pipe, he suddenly fell back upon the bunk upon which he was sitting, and continued in an insensible condition for several hours. His family, supposing him dead, laid him out. The tribe were invited to the funeral service, and were in the act of removing him, when he revived. His first words were: "Be not alarmed. I have seen Heaven. Call the Nation together, that I may tell them what has appeared to me." The Nation were accordingly summoned around their Chieftain, when with great solemnity he informed them that he had seen four beautiful young men who had been sent from Heaven by the Great Spirit, and who thus addressed him: "The Great Spirit is angry with you, and with all the red men. Unless you refrain from drunkenness, stealing, and lying, you shall never enter the beautiful place which we will now show you."

He said that these young men then conducted him to a gate which opened to a place more beautiful than anything he could describe. The inhabitants were in a state of the most perfect happiness. He was not suffered to enter the gate, but was permitted to survey the same for three or four hours. He was then re-conducted by the same young men. On taking their leave of him, they promised to visit him again soon, and commanded him to inform all his tribe of what he had seen and heard. This he did, and they put the most implicit faith in what he told them, and revered him as a prophet. The consequences were happy—his tribe, from being drunken, lazy, and filthy, became a sober, industrious, and cleanly people. The prophet annually received those heavenly visitations, immediately after which he visited the tribes in person, exhorting them to conduct themselves as they had been commanded to by the Great Spirit. It was during one of those annual pilgrimages that he died. He was called "the Prophet of Peace," in contradistinction to a ferocious chief who was designated as "the Prophet of War."

FLORENT.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

PROGRESS AND DEVELOPMENT.

E. E. GIBSON, MEDIUM.

The truth of modern Spiritualism remains to be proved. Science, so called, ignores it; Christianity, so called, repudiates it; society stares and wonders, while the whole world is being rocked to and fro, staggering like a drunken man under the agitation produced by the momentous question, "Are these modern manifestations what they claim to be, Spirit life and Spirit action from higher spheres, through Spirit agency in lower spheres?" A question of such importance may well move the great mass of mind, and cause the Spirit of the present generation to look backward and forward, below and above, around and beneath, in order to solve such an abstruse problem. Mathematical skill, wit and ingenuity have failed to discover the secret spring which unlocks the mysteries of mysteries, because they are only discernible through the influence of the key of Spirit-wisdom. Reasoning minds may in vain reason, critics may criticize, the foolish laugh and sneer, yet all this opens not the treasure of knowledge, or destroys those treasures of knowledge which shine forth like drops, glisten only like so many piercing eyes to him who knoweth not that they are but the reflection of the great sun of Spirit upon the vapory atmosphere of thought, manifesting itself in beautiful effects. When the great tide of human thought flowing through one capacious channel into an ocean of eternal life becomes a self-evident fact, then will the inductions of philosophers become axioms, and the profound researches of the past appear as do the simple rules of addition to the geometrician, or the simple sports of childhood to the strong-minded conclusions of a metaphysician. When the great soul of the universe is felt in its pulsations through every vein and artery of human intellect, then will begin to be realized this truth,—man is but a mere exposition of Spirit power, controlled and made subservient by and to a higher purpose than a lifetime of thought, comprising a few years of existence called time.

Look up to a point from whence emanated Supreme goodness and perfect love, high above all mortal attainment. It is Spirit life. Spirit life yet to come, and yet that which is. That which is to be attained unto while the mind remains in its earthly form, but which is yet to come at some future stage of development. Mind while on earth in its present form, in future generations may be-

come as highly developed ere it leaves the form, as are the higher Spirits now progressed who have passed out of the form, and who are reaching still forward to a higher. The mind upon earth will thus rise and take the place of the Spirit-mind above, while the Spirit-mind above will be passing into higher and still higher degrees of knowledge, thus forming a progressive series of developments, the higher ascending to give place to the development of the lower, forming a beautiful order of continued openings and re-openings from the lowest plane of thought to the highest existing perfection of celestial births and beautiful exaltations. The chain of events named circumstances which are called by many "happens," are but cause and effect as deep within the archives of God's secret laboratory, as is the pebble or sand-stone beneath the mountain height of water, or the mineral ore within the bowels of the earth emburied. Man seeth not these from the surface or through the waters, for his eye hath not power to penetrate to such an extent; yet thinketh he that he can even with his external eye, fathom the great ocean of thought and behold the particed sand on which its waters rest, or perchance measure drop by drop the ocean itself, compute its weight, dimensions, and its uses; comprehend its qualities, analyze its properties, control its risings and fallings, its life and actions. Yet thinketh he that he may with the external eye also, from the surface behold the treasure hidden within the earth's bosom, by directing his gaze into and through its subterranean darkened chambers of unexcavated pores.

Wars and rumors of wars are but the effect of internal commotions, as are the outpourings of a volcano the effect of an internal movement. The circumference must be in action while the centre is being shaken; the external must revolve while the internal is in revolution. Borne into existence, thousands and myriads of thousand of animalcules float constantly in ethereal space, which is spaceless; causing revolutions of revolutions unseen by mortal knowledge, yet, nevertheless existing, and as much centres of attraction as is this globe, or any other vast creation of the planetary universe. Cause and effect produces all these revolutions ere they become sufficiently developed in their minute processes for the speculation or insight of man's material, mental or Spiritual eye to perceive.

Each particle or substance termed matter, has, as a world, its attractions, repulsions, congenialities and uncongenialities; its laws and powers, its controlling influences and harmonizing effects. As is the material substance the outer, so is the immaterial the inner. Each thought, each idea, is a whole embracing within itself a universe, and yet attracted unto, or repelled from, or by, other thought, as is one material body repelled or attracted from or to another.

Present hopes point to a development which shall reveal the existence of those higher unseen causes, and divulge the important knowledge that these effects are but minor causes, as a major cause or a majority of combining causes. Though unseen, yet still active, they perform their work far back in the labyrinthine mazes of unexplored thought, and there manufacture present effect and future cause, which becomes in its turn future of effect and present cause. Thus employing cause and effect as a transitory vehicle of active principle, descending from the higher to the lower, and raising by ascension the lower into the higher. Dwelling on high in ethereal space sits a power supreme, which rules all below; this highest cause or power unapproached and unapproachable. Yet, within all causes and effects lies eliminations of this highest cause down to the lowest, enabling this lowest cause or effect to behold in itself an emanation of a higher; from this highest, or a presence from the great Presence. Thus a portion of the All-seeing eyes lies within the eye of the All-seen. Eternal life is the need of all Spirits, eternal progression the attraction of all life. Eternal action the ultimate or end of all progression. Perfection, being perfected, the endless revelation of eternal action.

Here the medium remarked that she was lost, having arrived at the end of conception. Thought could ascend no higher, or imagination further extend her flight.

Words on words surpassing fair,
Hang like globules in the air;
While myriads of suns of heavenly light,
Burst on my enraptured sight.

The theme so vast, O! who can tell,
And yet on such I love to dwell;
For to see such glorious things,
Belongeth not to mortal earth.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

THE EVENING STAR.

The very bright star that is now visible in the east after sunset is the planet Jupiter. The earth is now at the nearest point of approach to that magnificent globe, which presents to us a round disc like a miniature full moon, when viewed through a telescope of moderate power. With an ordinary spy-glass its four moons are distinctly visible. But, though apparently so near, it is in reality four times as distant from us as the sun. If Jupiter were no larger than our earth it would scarcely be visible to us. But, to the contrary, what an object do we contemplate when we raise our eyes to that massive orb! Here is a mass of matter, a revolving world, more than twelve hundred times larger than the earth we tread and seem to look upon as constituting in itself the universe. The whole surface of our globe, which men "strut and fret" so much upon, would not make in the wide area of Jupiter but a moderate state. Our population would be lost in it, as in a wilderness. What a subject for reflection! Merged as we are in the history of our little planet, how startling is

it to break for a moment the spell that binds us down, and look upward. There shines a bright world resplendent with the same sunlight that illumines our own. Rolling clouds, like those above our heads, float in its atmosphere. Moons, giving the round of their monthly phases like our own, enlighten its nightly plains. Day chases night, and night day through its lengthened year. Swiftly it rolls upon its axis, carrying round its burden of continents, and seas, and nations—yes, nations and people; for who with such analogy before him, can see in that immense sphere an uninhabited desert, when every leaf and dew-drop on our barren earth is teeming with animated existence. Yes, Jupiter, we hail thee as a world—a world of beings perhaps as superior to ourselves in the scale of existence as thou art in thy size and grandeur to the one we move in—a world whose history in weighty import would cast that of our own race into shadowy oblivion.

FLORENCE.

Christian Spiritualist.

So long as Men are Honest, so long will Success follow in the Footsteps of their Labors.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1854.

OUR EXPLANATION, AND POSITION.

It will be remembered, there has been published in the Christian Spiritualist a series of articles as popular "Reviews of Mr. A. J. Davis' Lectures at Doddworth's Hall." By an accident, No. 5 of the series was laid aside, so that we could not publish, but having found it, we insert it in this issue of our paper. The reader will remember this, as No. 6 of Mr. B. C. T. has been published. We wish to define our position in relation to these articles, and all such that may be handed us for publication, as silence is often taken for agreement in such opinions.

Believing as we do, in the freedom of the press, we also believe that the columns of all journals should be at the command of an intelligent public, and that every encouragement should be given to such as may think it their duty to write for the times. While, however, we have this catholic faith on the right of individual representation in the columns of papers, we can see that it is not popular with the editorial family, since experience has proved that most men are but the echoes of education and notions common to the times, and are therefore not in a *unanimity* to make plain the vexed questions of the age. Spiritualism is for many reasons the most complex of all "developments" heretofore known, and therefore the most difficult to understand and harmonize. Still, as each one must become a law unto himself, it is very natural that "individualism" should be one of the extremes in all such transitions, and that language should often be used, to do violence to the faith and feeling of others.

We know not that Mr. B. C. T. wishes in any way to do violence to any person, however strong he may express himself against some ideas, to him objectionable and untrue. So much we are free to believe; but as we have seen "some services" in nearly every phase of theologic controversy, and have known little good to come of it, we are frank to say, that we think the frequent repetition of the words Infidel, and Atheist, to be neither religious nor intellectually in good taste. We know from hard and bitter experience, how difficult a thing it is to frame a conception of the great Almighty Mind; for when attempting to gather up the faith of some that fell by the way-side, so as to give them facts for faith, and intellectualities for religious harmonies, then, and only then, did we find "how stale, flat and unprofitable" is the common use of language for such a purpose.

Since then we have learned, that *faith* is not given to all, no more than wisdom is the common inheritance of the sons and daughters of earth. This philosophy, however, cannot be comprehended in the church, where each one is to believe alike, or suffer isolation in social life and excommunication from the church.

But on the Spiritual platform, all are but parts of a mighty whole, which must be harmonized by knowledge, attracted by kindness, and held in the fellowship of social intercourse by the power of love. The practical religion, therefore, of Spiritualism, demands that we find some other way of expressing dissent from all views that antagonize the harmonies of our belief, since the multiplying of such terms as Infidel, Pantheist, Atheist, Nothingarian, and Blasphemer, have been productive of no good but division and isolation—no progress but intellectualism and mental formality. It has been well said by James Martineau, that "the speculative convert to miracles, is the practical Atheist of Nature"—since in the acceptance of the one, the other must be sacrificed,—which in either case can be but a poor compliment to the Deity. Be it the work of Spiritualism, therefore, to harmonize the faith of all time, with the "positive philosophy" of all science, "that God may be in all."

Practically, if it is impossible for us to harmonize with some, be it our faith to believe, that the economy of a wise government and a distributive justice has made provision for all, since man stands confessed "of a truth," that "God is no respecter of persons." As to Mr. A. J. Davis, we are free to say—and justice should prompt all to make the same confession, who are under like mental obligation—that we owe him and the harmonies of universal Providence that called him into being and made him instrumental to the age for good, a large debt of gratitude; since in reading his book, (Nat's Div. Rev.), we got the first soul-absorbing conception of the *unhappy* tendency of all things, material and mental, into social and practical harmonies, for the development of Spiritual life. But gratitude to him does not abrogate our debt to Jesus,—since the latter has been, and is, the Revelator of the "heaven within," and the harmonizer of the moral and intellectual soul, as it looks up, to bless God in its first love for life, present and eternal.

Nay, more do we love the associations that gather with the memory of Jesus, since we see in his simple "morality" the grandeur of *inspiring faith*, the heroism of the Martyr King, and the harmonies of a love that have lived through the conflict of ages.

If Mr. Davis can not see the beauty of the religious character, nor feel the harmonies of the world of sentiment, because of an excess of intellectualism and a negative temperament, instead of making issue with him, we thank him for the good he has done us, and look to the fountain of all good—for "light, more light still," believing that the economies that have harmonized the forces of life will still watch over the *needs* and direct the destinies of this, and all other, worlds, until the purpose of God is known—His laws loved and His will obeyed on earth, even as they are obeyed in the harmonies of the universal heavens. To this conception we invite the Christian Spiritualist, as he keeps his faith in God alive, by harmonizing intellect with intellectuality, moral sense

with morality, Spiritual affinity with the laws of psychological progression, and the development of general Nature with the beauty and order of a sanctified and Spiritualized Humanity.

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM IN THE CHURCHES.

The most marked and significant fact, associated with the development and spread of Spiritualism, is its position in the churches, and its general relations to popular theology. Nearly every church has members, either believers in, or tainted with some of the phases of Spiritualism,—so that to the more orthodox part of the society, they become very obnoxious, soon as the facts are known. Hence, in nearly every town or city, where the phenomenon has made its appearance and been examined, there is more or less commotion in the churches, because Mr. A or Mrs. B has been to a "circle" and held communication with her or his friend in the Spirit land.

Accordingly, we are knowing to quite a number of cases, where persons have been "read out" of churches because of such belief; while others are on the rack of anxiety and expectation, by fear of excommunication which is promised to all who meddle with the subject. Others still are bold in their declarations of faith regarding the truthfulness of Spirits and the joys of hourly communion with them.

This state of things very naturally keeps the minds of church members in a constant state of excitement. With many, the memories of past communications, which have been baptized in the fellowship of a religious love, and made sacred by the associations that gather round the hour and consecrate them as Spiritual, can but make them feel,— "What blissful hours I once enjoyed,—how sweet their memory still,"—so that it seems impossible to break the spell that lives within this "charmed circle." This of course is true only of that minority, of whom it has been said—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Others are excited, because there is such an excess of approbation in all they think, say and do, that to expect other things in their church relations, is to look for "grapes from thorns and figs from thistles,"—a large class of mind that fellowship on the surface, and harmonize best on common place things. This seeming harmony, may be a negative good, when compared with positive antagonism and angry dispute,—but it is none the less the altar, on which conscience is too often laid as a sacrifice. These two classes, in various degrees of mixture, compose the present church, organized and unorganized, in the street and in the meeting house,—in fellowship with some particular denomination or echoing the more general faith of the *cor populi*.

We cannot in a general notice, state the antagonisms, which in a short time have come to our knowledge, but we can say, it is a shame and disgrace, to know that in one form or other, the church, to keep itself in existence and support its empty forms, offers bribes to the truth-loving mind, which, if accepted, cannot but degrade it, by making it conform to what the Spirit has long since known to be false in philosophy and corrupting in practice. The proof of this is in the fact that in many cases, where men and women have been excommunicated from the churches, because of belief in Spiritualism, an active persecution has followed to make all such examples, as if it was a crime to be honest and truthful. It may be said, we do not live in an age of persecution, and the remark cannot be true. But we know that the Spirit that built the Inquisition and lit the fires of Smithfield is no less the *same*, though it cannot command the same instruments of torture. Thanks to progress and the angels, we have passed forever from all such fiend-like manifestations, to enjoy the blessing of bodily security at least, but we cannot say we are free from the petty annoyances and aggravations of which social life is full, because it has been *insinuated* by some pious person that such a one is *unreliable*—that no confidence can be placed in him or her, and that henceforth the *patrimony* of such and such will go elsewhere. These common place words express the method by which the bribe is offered to the greedy and selfish, and explain in too many cases the kind of inspiration that lives in the soul and fashion, and the life of many christian professors. Why is it needful to put a *mole* in the way of man or woman that *loves truth*, much less to make it hard for them to live? Is fear the all-powerful source of inspiration, and is selfishness the ultimate of christian association?

No! surely! why not speak to conscience, then, instead of fear? and show to society a disposition to reward the man and woman, who loves truth and accepts with religious fidelity the responsibilities which come with new views. It is no small sacrifice for many to give up the social intercourse, which is one of the rewards of society to those who conform to its popular faith, for it has been the fate of nearly all, as yet, to drink the bitter cup of regrets while seeking for light and knowledge. Regrets! because it is not given to man the power to *silence* the affections and loves, that came with the companionship and communion of other and friendlier hours—although a stern and positive duty demand him or her to leave father, mother, house and land,—yes, to leave all, when conscience and the intuitions of a pure Spirit prompt the sacrifice. We feel pained at this state of things, because we know there is a misunderstanding between many of our public characters and the mass—a misunderstanding that will live and be reproductive of all past issue for selfishness and evil, until the time of understanding has come.

We know, too, many of our christian ministers would speak just what they do believe and think, but that daily life is so full of example to teach them that the "minister" is looked upon as the exponent of a *creed*—not the *lover* of truth. Large honor to the man therefore that is true to his conviction—to the soul that is developed above the fear of want and selfishness, so that in his communion with truth he is not forced to make compromise with "flesh and blood." We are happy, in this connection, to say that the following which we take from the Nashville Daily Evening News of August 10th, gives us renewed hope that these two forces in the church will be harmonized, so that conscience may be free to do her perfect work. It seems from the editorial remarks accompanying this extract, that the author, Rev. J. B. Ferguson has been accused of advocating "the trio of isms," known as Unitarianism, Universalism, and Spiritualism,—which prompted him to preach and publish the sermon of which this is an extract.

Speaking of the charge that he is a believer in Spiritualism, Mr. F. says: "It has been said you believe in Spiritualism. I answer, unhesitatingly, I do. So far as the word Spiritualism represents the opposite of the materialistic philosophy, I do not remember when I was not a Spiritualist. So far as it might represent devotion to spiritual things, such as truth, holiness, charity, it is my profession to be a Spiritualist. As far as it represents now, an acceptance of the possibility of Spirit-intercourse with man, it is but candor to say, I believe it without hesitancy and

without doubt. That there are many absurdities and some mischief connected with what claims to be Spirit manifestation I know, but I know, also, there is much truth and good. My brethren, I have examined this question in all the reverence and calmness capable. At home and abroad, for days and weeks together, alone and in company, with believers and skeptics, I have investigated; and I could neither be an honest man nor a philanthropist, did I not say I know that I have had intelligent and blissful communion with departed Spirits. I have read all of any note that has been said against it. I have heard it called humbug, imposture, and the work of the Wicked One. I know the prejudices against it, and you do not needlessly offend them. But I say to you as your friend, your teacher, and as one that must suffer more for this avowal than all others present, it is neither humbug nor imposture, nor the work of the Devil, saying to those who make humbug and deception of the holiest privileges of man. Mark you, I by no means believe in all the mediums, so called, nor in any medium or Spirit as infallible. I pity and loathe much that is called Spiritual, here and elsewhere. But as beneath the veriest cess-pools flow the pure streams of Nature, and from within the darkest clouds break forth the light of heaven, so, beneath the clouds of ignorance and vice in uncleanly waters of the immortal world. Let me say to you, with a heart overflowing with love, beware how you treat this great subject. It is not to be trifled with, nor made a species of idle pastime, or fortune-telling, or gold-hunting, with impunity. I know that the dead live, and are interested in our every repentance, struggle, suffering and joy; and would I be faithless to own my experience of the knowledge for mercenary gain? Forbid it! Heaven! for I know of no greater degradation, and wonder not at its terrible results. But denials will not prevent such ruin of all improving knowledge. We dare not despise it for its humble origin. Remember that one generation has ever persecuted the prophets whose monuments the next have laid. Remember Jesus and the question, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" Remember that truth is generally born in a manger, and that wise men worship with gifts of frankincense, while the selfish and blood-thirsty would slaughter the inoffending infant. Can I live with you and believe in Spiritualism? For yourselves and for the good answer. If so, we go on as heretofore; if not, God's word is broad, his heaven benignant, and everywhere he has said to every faithful man, you shall yet see "that more are they that are for you than they that are against you."

I am neither mad nor demagogical. No! oh, no! Yet I call upon Heaven to witness, that I have no consciousness of ever having stated a conviction in your presence that was more a conviction of my highest reason than the solemn and yet joyous avowal, that I believe God has granted Spiritual intercourse to these times. And in God, in Christ, does not lessen any faith in God, in Christ, in the Spirit of Holiness; but only enlightens, hal-lows and beautifies it, and deepens my reverence."

We hope Mr. F.'s case is prophetic of many, of whom we shall hear in a short time, who will be willing to work for truth and progress, come what may. We shall be glad to know how his society receives his truthful and candid avowal of Spiritualism. And to all we should say on this subject, "Be ye not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the *renewing* of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God."—Romans xii. 2.

TO REV. MR. FENNELL, GLENS FALLS.

Dear Sir:—While attempting to comprehend the philosophy on which your assumptions rest, I find myself so often in contact with *bad faith*, both to the facts of Scripture and of human nature, that I have often asked myself: Can this man be honest in his war on Spiritualism? Does he love the truth, and seek it as the manifestation of God to all times, nations and people? Or has he a philosophy which comprehends the ages and explains the mysteries of life? It must be, for he has been "called" to speak "glad tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people," and must therefore comprehend "the divinity, that moves within," as well as the wonders of olden times, since it cannot be possible that in the middle of the nineteenth century, a sensible man can mistake the presumption which springs from ignorance and dishonesty, for the divine genius of heavenly inspiration, promised as the "Comforter" to the true disciples of Jesus. And yet, when I read the caution you gave the audience as to the faith they were to place in the "Claims of the Communications," I became somewhat fearful that at heart, you had no faith yourself in anything beyond perception.

This apprehension of mine came from the knowledge that "There are a sort of men, whose villages Do dream and mystic, like a standing pool; And do a wild spiritualist entertain; With purpose to be dressed in an illusion Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit; As who should say, I am Sir Oracle, And when I do prophesy of wonders, wonder; While their deep fancies riddle and rank."—

many of whom are to be found to-day—as well as in the day and generation of the poet—in the pulpit. I hope, however, you are by *Nature* above your creed, as that, if I remember right, has long since baptized many of its believers in the filth of its own depravity, and so far perverted the impulse of faith of Nature, as to make them see nought but "total depravity" and moral corruption in the general relations of men.

For fear however of doing you *injustice*, I will quote all you say on this point, as I wish you to see as well as the general reader the true nature of the case:

"The claims of the Communications themselves, that they come from the Spirits of our departed friends proves nothing. It cannot prove anything from the very nature of the case. And besides it is just such a claim as the lying Spirit of Satan would be likely to make. What if they should declare their true character? It would defeat their own object. It accords with their duty to deceive and craft, that they should endeavor to enlist us in their work, through our love for, and interest in our departed friends; and in our departed friends inducing us to believe that we are holding communion with them. But I do not affirm this as my adopted belief on this subject. I am only affirming and proving that it is *possible* and *more probable*, than that those who are carried away with the mysterious knockings."

On the principle that "a pure stream cannot send forth corrupt waters," it is somewhat difficult to conceive how you can preach such philosophy as we find in the above, yourself being good and true. Besides it is a common saying among men, "as a man thinketh, so he is," which, if generally true, (judging from the above,) would give strong presumptive evidence of your lack of moral courage. But it is not, (to use the language of another,) "a mean and degrading skepticism, which distrusts without assignable cause the reality of any of the sympathies of excellency, and is tempted by the theories of divinity to insinuate that they are an empty semblance, and plies its riots ingenuity to blacken the great human heart." For myself, I am free and frank to say yes! It is "mean and degrading" and as unchristian as it is selfish and pernicious. How in the name of everything that is sacred, are we to know when and who to believe, according to this doctrine?

It is a dogma of common law, that "a man is innocent until he be found guilty," but you prejudice the jury before the trial commences. You undermine the confidence and good faith of the examining party, and after you have left them the victims of suspicion,—of a "mean and degrading

skepticism," you step into the *mist and fog* of "Know nothing"ism. By telling them, "I do not affirm this as my adopted belief, &c." If it is not too bold a question, what is your belief? Do you believe in Spirits good, bad or indifferent? If so, by what moral code of evidence, can you say this is the good, that the bad, and the other the indifferent?

Have you ever given "your people" the necessary information to save them from committing the sin of "bearing false witness" against the truth?

We think not, judging from the above. Yet of all people, Christians should be the ones most earnest in their investigation, as it is a principle of the New Testament, as well as of Nature, to "prove all things, hold fast that which is good."—1st Thes. 5, 21.

So marked a feature, indeed, was personal investigation among the primitive Christians, that Paul found it necessary to write, as well as preach, to the churches, in order to give some kind of method to their reasoning. Still every encouragement is given to the mind to investigate, as they were expected to be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh a reason, for the hope that is in them.—1st Pet. 3, 15.

Their reasoning however, was not devoted to the abstractions of faith, but to the detail of practical duty, among the many items of which we find that the reception of Spirits and angels was not forgotten.

Paul in Hebrews 13, 2, says, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby, some have entertained angels unawares," which not only gives evidence that angelic visitations were common among the Hebrews, but gives also confidence and faith to the probability that the Spirits would tell the truth. In accepting this advice, however, it is not necessary to be forgetful of the caution so plainly expressed by Paul elsewhere, "Believe not every Spirit, but try the Spirit, &c., since in proving all things, Spirits must be subject to the same investigation ere it is possible to 'hold fast that which is good.'"

I return to the question, then, and ask, how am I to know "the good" from "the bad" Spirits, supposing good and bad to be able to make themselves manifest to their friends in the flesh?

You say, "it accords with our idea of their deceit and craft," &c., but how are we to know what is not "deceit and craft," when they appeal to all we hold sacred, and make us love them by virtue of their goodness?

Why should the soul be in a healthy state of receptivity for any new truth, when Satan and his agents have the power of transforming themselves into "angels of light" to take the unsuspecting to destruction? Yet truth requires it. There is no half way between the open soul, "whose love has cast out fear, and the degrading skepticism" that chills all hope for the progress of the good and true.

You, I suppose, in common with the great body of the orthodox christianity of the land, are not slow to blame the Jews for the crucifixion of Jesus, but did it ever occur to you how great the difference between the torturous crucifixion of doubt, suspicion and mistrust, which Jesus in common with the good and true of all time have had to endure, and the momentary pain of physical execution to the latter, and you are receiving a good salary and pleasant living for teaching the former.

Jesus could not, while in the flesh, "do many mighty works," because of unbelief, while in other places, the faith exercised had made the person whole, before relief was asked. But if Jesus found no faith, but faith and "little faith" in many, he also found good faith, "great faith" and true faith in others,—faith such as to astonish even Jesus himself. And much of this was the result of rumor, since Jesus found faith where he had never before the date of its manifestation. Do you ask what the nature of such faith could be? It was simply a popular manifestation of moral conviction; for it was a well known argument of the times, that "men could not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles." No more could Jesus be either Beelzebub or a bad man, while he gave such evidence to the people of divine power.

The following will at once give you the popular argument, though used by Jesus, and explain the method I use in testing the Spirits. (Matthew vii. 15—20.)

Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?

Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them. In sight of such facts I ask you as an honest man, how you could allow yourself to make such a false issue with the modern manifestations. Do you read the Bible, or is your memory bad? Surely you must be subject to some mental hallucination, or else you would never have manifested such entire forgetfulness of the Testament method of investigating Spirit manifestations, as you exhibit in your remarks on this subject. You cannot plead ignorance of the phenomena, for good and sensible men in your own town have done all they could to help you understand the subject.

If you, like Thomas and Peter need a special sign to convert you from suspicion to love, the only thing I can say is, if you have not evidence enough in the New Testament to give you faith in your brothers' convictions, and are so far possessed with a general faith in "demology" as to see *decisions* where others see love, truth and affection, you need something that will "minister to a mind diseased," rather than the plain facts of every day life.

I write this with the kindest feelings to you and yours, and accept the conclusion only as the most charitable to your general reputation and character.

If, however, you should wish to learn something more as to the character of these Spirits and their general manifestations, I would suggest to you the propriety of reading "an Essay" by J. H. Fowler, on the New Testament "Miracles" and modern "Miracles." The comparative amount of evidence for each. The nature of both. And the testimony of a hundred witnesses, which any of the Spiritual friends in Glens Falls can get for you. I am anxious that you should "know the truth"—for the truth shall make you free—from ignorance and all its absurdities.

Believe me, sir, it is *needful* for you and your many associates to make a more truthful issue, when you attempt to assail the *innocencies* which the providence of things is forcing on the partial developments of the past, since to convict Spiritualism of folly is not the way to "give a satisfactory account of the positive merits of your religion which disbelieves reason,—distrusts moral sense,—dislikes science,—discredits nature,—and for all who are

without the Bible and a fit interpreter—disowns the moral character of God."

I remain your well wisher, For Progress and Humanity, J. H. W. TOLNEY.

* Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, act I, scene 1st.
† Rev. James Martineau's Liverpool Controversial Sermons.
‡ Ibid.

ANDREW B. SMOLNIKAR.

This brother has called on us to explain his mission, and the nature and value of a communication he sent us; of which we made mention in our last issue. It should seem from this Br.'s remarks, that we failed to comprehend the meaning of the article, because we were under "improper influence." We were sorry to learn this news, as we have been living in quite a different faith for some years; the more, as we thought, that in the few remarks we made about the Brother, we wrote sense and expressed it kindly.

After listening to Br. S., however, for over two hours, we became conscious, that so he did not understand us, as he had prepared a long article convicting us of inconsistency, because we had other articles in the paper longer than the one we declined to publish. Length is not the first, second, nor third item with us, in estimating the value of our articles, but if the communication is long, it must also be strong and practical, that it need not fall to pieces as soon as the thinking mind comes in contact with it.

We expect, however, in the next issue of his pamphlet to find ourselves in company with the many that have failed to see the importance of his mission, as the book before us is little more than a very dry and tedious detail about himself, and how it came to pass that Rev. J. F. Berg, D. D., the members of the Sunday Institute, the Most Reverend Metropolitan Archbishop of Baltimore, the Senate of the United States and others, did not accept his challenge to the "Great Debate." We say again, we have no doubt of the honesty of this brother, but when we read words like the following, which we take from article vii of the pamphlet, "Pneumatology," &c., we cannot say that he does not get his inspiration and philosophy in "Dream Land."

He says:—"According to the calendar, on the 20th of June is the great Festival of Peter, whom the Pope regards to be his greatest protector. Therefore that was the most convenient day for the passage of the ten millions' bill, which is a strong protection of the Pope. Therefore, after my having experienced that Congress was a great upholder of Popery, of the most tyrannical monarchy, I saw on the same 20th of June, that I had to look how to get means to start for another place. When I have not a too heavy load to carry, I walk on foot, and find when I am hungry while traveling some what to eat, and a place where to sleep in the night. But I took too many manuscripts with me to Washington, in the expectation that the Government would be at length aroused to print what is for salvation of nations, after having squandered also this year much more than one hundred thousand dollars for printing what is partly pernicious, partly for little use to the nation."

On looking over the article, we find Senator Douglas has had the subject of brother S.'s mission presented to him, which said Senator neglected to consider, although "recommended" (by Br. S.) to peruse the papers, that being "the most important business for him." We believe it is generally known that Senator Douglas has given his entire attention to other than Spiritual subjects for the last year, and probably will not finish his studies in that department for a few years to come, so we are not surprised that he excused himself to our brother—"with much business." Be that as it may, we call attention to this brother mostly to say, that the "Great Debate" is to take place in Baltimore, September 17th, 1854.

We are in hope soon after the event is developed, we may know how the mission of this Br. is to save this Republic and the world from the power and tyranny of the Popish Church,—for at present we are free to say, we know nothing about it.

After looking through the pamphlet with some care, the following is the only philosophic item we can find, and give it on the principle of compensation, that justice may be done to all,—the author, the writer and the reader.

I, the undersigned, undertake to sustain and support the following points: Men living in their mortal bodies are in such a connection with their departed congenial friends, that they are mutually influenced, to wit, not only the departed influence the living, but also the living influence the departed, and are able by their own progression from delusion and degradation to truth and virtue to draw their departed congenial friends from their low into higher spheres. This mutual influence may not be perceived, or may be perceived by men in their mortal bodies according to the predominance of their exterior or their interiors. Man in his infantile or uneducated state may attribute this influence to God, or while he is aware that he receives his communications from his departed friends, may call them Ghosts. Priests were taking advantage of other people in their undeveloped condition, or were also themselves deceived by Spirits of delusion, that they framed most pernicious doctrines concerning the inspiration, and attributed offenses to God such doctrines and such actions, which were produced by the influence of degraded Spirits. The Roman Catholic, as well as the Protestant clergy, supporting foolish and perverted notions concerning the Spirit world, the Bible and the inspiration, are as pernicious to a true republican or true Christian Government as the infidel who have not yet progressed so far in the most important knowledge for the true liberty of mankind, as to be convinced of man's life in his inward or interior body after his departure from his outward or exterior body. Both these parties are preparing this Republic for revolutions and wars, and hindering universal peace which will be established amongst all nations according to the promise given by Spirits of higher orders, when the knowledge concerning the Spirit world which we have obtained to be communicated to others, will be generally received by and spread amongst all nations.

ANDREW B. SMOLNIKAR.

ILLNESS OF JUDGE EDMONDS.

Though knowing of the illness of Judge Edmonds for some weeks, we have refrained from making mention of the fact, in hopes of hearing from day to day of his recovery. It seems however, from a notice, which we copy below from the Spiritual Telegraph, that his illness has got to be serious. We regret this much, and hope soon to hear of his speedy recovery to an active and long life, as we know how anxious he is to do duty for Progress and Spiritualism. The editor of the Telegraph says:—"We regret to learn, as we do by a private note from Dr. Dexter, that Judge Edmonds is seriously ill, at the residence of A. B. Hall, Esq., of West Roxbury, Mass., where he has been confined some three or four weeks. We were aware that the Judge was unwell and had gone East to spend a few weeks with the view of obtaining all his usual vigor, but we had not heard of this serious indisposition until we received Dr. Dexter's note of the 19th instant, announcing the fact. The professional services of Dr. D. are still required at Roxbury, for although the Judge is believed to be slowly improving, he is not yet presumed to be out of danger. We sincerely hope that his convalescence may be rapid and permanent, and that he may soon be able to resume his professional engagements, and to continue his important labors in behalf of the

great cause to which he has so freely consecrated his highest powers.

"On account of the illness of Judge Edmonds the publication of the second volume of 'Spiritualism' will be inevitably delayed. We shall inform our readers and the public of the probable date of its appearance as soon as we can speak confidently on this point."

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

The following was spoken by an entranced medium—Mrs. Eyer, of St. Louis—at a private circle last Sunday evening. In order to understand the application of the communication, it will be well to mention some circumstances and been indulged in by the circle with reference to the efficacy of prayer:

Dost thou understand the cause that a holy calmness doth fill thy breast? It is the descent of the harmony of heavenly voices—the voices of a radiant band, which are formed in a harmonious circle immediately above you, although your external ears are unable to catch the heavenly melody. The benign influence descends, and, on the wings of love, your aspirations arise to the Author of all excellence—even unto Deity; and, borne upon the wings of that all-pervading Essence, thou art enabled to form higher conceptions of that Creative, All-Sustaining Power. Thou art enabled to understand that the mere wordy beseechings which are daily and hourly offered are unmeaning and useless. Thou art enabled to understand, by this Divine influx which doth elevate thy being, that thy God,—in whom there is no changeableness, no shadow of turning,—cannot be wrought upon by the foolish and unmeaning beseechings, that His laws, immutable, may be changed for your individual benefit. God governs the Universe by and through laws which He Himself has created, and shall man in his undeveloped condition arrogantly assume that the incidents which do occur in his insignificant life are special providences—deviations from that law which Deity has fixed? Away, away with such low conceptions of thy God; and let thy life be one continued act of praise, prayer, and thanksgiving. Let the desire continually go forth that more lofty conceptions of Deity may be thine. Let not the denunciations of those who are still confined and chained down by the dark ideas taught in a less developed age,—let not the denunciations of such staid teachers, for thou hast arisen above a low conception to a higher; and still will thy unfolding mind open to new and never glories and sublimities. But, in order that thy mind shall unfold, thou must admit and appreciate the truths which have been spoken to the earth—which are daily and hourly being spoken in the glorious chain of harmony which doth unite all created beings.—Then shall thy unfolding mind be capable of receiving still higher truths—of reaching more sublime heights—of more purely, more wisely adoring the Author and continual Preserver of the Universe.

That glorious band do rejoice; they do exult with a harmonic strain from heaven. They reach the earth, and they do throw flowers, wet with the joyful tears of angels in your midst. Another strain—a strain of dulcet harmony,—it reverberates through heaven, and the burden of this heavenly song is this: Love, love, which doth permeate and exalt our being, hath penetrated the dark mist which doth surround the earth-sphere, and illuminates and elevates hearts still bound in the bonds of grossness.

Turning toward a member of the circle, the medium proceeded:—

A wreath for thee—a braided wreath. It doth descend—a wreath of roses. Listen, oh listen to the voice which speaks to thee with significance of this rosy wreath. It is composed of the flowers of love. It is by virtue of those love-emblems that thou shalt, blessing and blest, enter that sphere whose very atmosphere is love, where thou shalt be enabled to revel in the element which to thee is ecstasy.

Again, addressing another member of the circle,—an old gentleman:—

A wreath for thee; and lo! a voice explains its significance. It is composed of sheaves of grain, intermingled with amaranth flowers. Thy earth-life being ripe, thou shalt enter eternity bearing with thee an emblem of an eternal reward for efforts boldly and fearlessly made to vindicate the cause of truth, rational and sublime.

Passing to a third, she continued:—

A wreath for thee, wreath with loving hands. It is full and ample, composed of the various products of the garden. Variety characterizes thy wreath. All appears beautiful to thy enraptured vision, and the voice proclaims that thou shalt enter the interior, wafted on the wings of universal love.

The next wreath was described thus:—

A wreath for thee; and, as it descends in its purity composed of lilies of the purest white, intermingled with roses of a deep, deep color, it is celestial rosy red. And a voice proclaims, by the type of purity, as it is intermingled with earthly love, with attraction yet to earth, until these roses shall fade, there will be a struggle between thy desire to enter upon a superior condition and a loving desire to remain in the earth-sphere. But when thou dost enter, purified and exalted, the deep red of the flowers shall assume a more delicate hue.

Passing to the last member of the circle, she continued:—

A wreath descends to crown thy brow. It is composed of the delicate harebell, intermingled with flowers of coarser texture. Here are roses—here are violets. There is variety in thy wreath. Thy aspirations must become more distinct—fervent they are. Open thy soul to the holy, heavenly influx from Spirit-life, and the heavenly blue of the delicate harebells which are braided into thy wreath shall lift thee to a high heaven.

The medium stood a few moments, as if listening, and then broke forth:—

I listen to the heavenly words—"Good and faithful servant enter into the joys of heaven." And the full chorus of those heavenly voices, of that seraphic choir, proclaim the glad tidings that a pathway is discovered, leading direct to earth, which angels with safety and joy may tread. And the tidings are now being proclaimed to the earth that her emancipation from ignorance, from superstition—aye, from death itself, is at hand, for earth need not be the dark, the unhappy abode which the misdirection of man has rendered it, or rather which the unprogressed or unfinished condition of the earth, together with the misdirection of undeveloped mind have rendered it. The earth is not finished, but it is continually accumulating new forces. It is accumulating more refinement; it is throwing off its grossness, becoming more finished. The same process which is going on in the minds of earth is also going on in the earth itself; and the time approaches when the atmosphere will be changed. Aye! it hath been changed by the frequent visitants from the interior; for the influence of a harmonious mind affects its vicinity. A short period has elapsed, and the converse of minds which ye term disunited

Poetry.

THE HOUSEHOLD DARLING.

BY JOHN CHITCHEL PRINCE,
A working man in England—a weaver.

Little Ella, fairest, dearest,
Up to me and into mine,
To my dreams of shapes divine,
Her brief absence from my side,
Her bright presence solace brings,
Her spontaneous love restrains me
From a hundred selfish things.

Little Ella moveth lightly,
Like a graceful fawn at play,
Like a brooklet running brightly
In the gentle smile of May;
Like a breeze upon the meadows,
All bespoken with early flowers;
Like a bird, 'mid sylvan shadows,
In the golden summer hours.

You should see her, when with Nature
She goes forth to think or play,
Every limb and every feature
Drinking in the joys of day;
Stooping oft 'mid floral splendor,
Snatching odors and perfume,
She both seems and is a tender,
'Kin to the antirrhinum hours.

Sweet thought stiteth like a garland
On her placid brow and eyes,
Eyes which seem to see a fair land
Through the innermost of seas;
And she seems to listen often
To some voice above the spheres,
While her earnest soul is tender,
'Kin to the antirrhinum hours.

Not all childish is her manner,
Though no laugh so by her here:
Grave demeanor comes upon her
When her inward nature stirs;
When a gentle lip reproves her,
All her gladness melts away,
But the word "forgiveness" moves her
With new joy, and sets her free.

Should a shade of sickness near me,
Then she takes a bolder gait,
Comes to strengthen me to cheer me
With her angel light of face;
Up the stair I hear her coming,
Only at the moment of her light,
Sweetly singing, softly humming,
Like a bee about a flower.

Good looks wake ecstatic feelings
In her undeveloped mind;
Holy thoughts, whose light reveals
Teach her love for human kind;
Music thrills her with a fervor,
Like the songs of seraphim;
May bright spirits teach and nerve her
To partake the perfect joy.

God of Heaven! in thy good seeing
Share this darling of mine and heart;
Spare me this unsullied being,
Till she brings me close to thee.
Unseen angels, be about her,
Into goodness clothed in grace,
That on high I may behold her
Talking with ye, face to face.

WHAT IS NOBLE?

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

What is noble to inherit?
Wealth, estate and proud degree?
There must be more to some other merit
Higher yet than those for me!
Something greater than must enter
Into life's majestic span,
Fitted to create and center
True nobility in man!

What is noble? 'Tis the finer
Portion of our mind and heart;
Linked to something still diviner,
Than mere language can impart;
Ever prompting—ever urging
Some improvement yet to plan;
To uplift our fellow being,
And, like man, to feel for man!

What is noble? 'Tis the subtle
Nobler than the loudest speech;
There is dignity in labor
Truer than a pomp arrayed;
He who seeks the mind's improvement
Aids the mind in shining mold;
Every grand commanding movement
Serves not once—but all mankind.

Over the force of heat and noise—
Over the engine's roar and din;
Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
And the spindle whistles thin;
There is a quietude of soul,
Each requirement of the hour,
There is gentleness still extending
Science—and its world of power!

'Mid the dust and speed and clamor
Of the lowliest and the mill;
'Mid the clink of wheel and hammer,
Great results are wrought still;
Though too oft by fashion's creatures
Work and workers may be blamed,
Commerce need not hide its features;
Industry is not ashamed!

What is noble? That which places
Truth in its enfranchised will,
Leaving selfish-like an end trace—
That mankind may be free still;
Even though selfish's malignant glance
Prey him poorest of his clan,
Be the noble—who will stand for
Freedom and the cause of man!

THE IVY IN THE DUNGEON.

BY CHARLES MACRAY.

The Ivy in a dungeon grew,
Unfed by rain, uncared by dew;
Its pallid leaflets only drank
Cave moisture's foul and cold dank.

But through the dungeon grating high,
There fell a sunbeam from the sky;
It lit upon the grateful floor
In silent gladness evermore.

The Ivy felt a tremor shiver
Through all its fibres to the root;
It felt the heat, it saw the light,
It strove to blossom into day.

It grew, it crept, it pushed, it clomb—
Long had the darkness been the home;
But will it know, though veiled in night,
The goodness and the joy of light?

Its clinging roots grew deep and strong;
Its stem expanded firm and long;
And in the currents of the air
Its tender branches flourished fair.

It reached the beam—it thrilled, it curled,
It blessed the warmth that cheers the world,
It rose towards the sun, it felt the heat,
It looked upon the sun and stars.

It felt the life of bursting spring;
It heard the happy skylark sing;
It caught the breath of morn and eve,
And watched the swallow to its leave.

By rains, and dews, and sunshine fed,
Over the outer wall it spread;
And in the day it drank the free,
It grew into a steadfast tree.

Upon that solitary place
Its verdure threw a gleaming grace;
The mating birds became its guests,
And sang its praises from their nests.

Wouldst thou know the moral of the rhyme?
Behold the heavenly light and climb;
For every dungeon has its day,
Of God's beneficent day.

THE ELECTRIC EEL.

Humboldt gives an account of the mode of taking this swimming galvanic battery of South America. After compelling twenty or thirty wild horses and mules to take water, the Indians surround the basin into which they are driven, armed with long canes or harpoons; some mount the trees whose branches hang over the water, all endeavoring by their cries and instruments to keep the horses from escaping. For a long time the victory seems doubtful, or to incline to the fishes. The mules, disabled by the frequency and force of the shocks, disappear under the water, and some horses, in spite of the active vigilance of the Indians, gain the banks, and, overcome by fatigue, and numbed by the shocks they have encountered, stretch themselves on the ground.

There could not, says Humboldt, be a finer subject for a painter; groups of Indians surrounding the basin—the horses, with their hair on end, endeavoring to escape the tempest that has overtaken them; the eels; yellowish and livid, looking like great aquatic serpents, swimming on the surface of the water in pursuit of their enemy.

In a few minutes the horses were already drowned, the eel, more than five feet long, gliding under the belly of the horse or mule made a discharge of its electric battery on the whole extent, attacking at the same instant the heart and viscera. The animals stupefied by these repeated shocks fall into a profound lethargy, and, deprived of all sense, sink under the water, when the other horses and mules pass over their bodies, and they are soon drowned. The gymnast having thus discharged their accumulation of electric fluid, are now become harmless, and are no longer dreaded. Swimming half out of the water, they flee from the horses instead of attacking them, and if they enter the fish they require repose and plenty of food to enable them to accumulate a sufficient supply of their galvanic electricity.

MAGNETIC MAGIC.

Historical and Practical Treatise on Fascinations, Cabalistic Mirrors, Suspensions, Compacts, Talismans, Convolutions, Possessions, Sorcery, Witchcraft, Incantations, Sympathetic Correspondences, Necromancy, etc., etc.

Translated from the French of L. A. Cahagnet,
Author of the "Celestial Telegraph."

FOURTH DIALOGUE. SUSPENSIONS.

But I shall make you acquainted here with the theory through which our author tries to explain the phenomena of suspension. I copy from page 342. "The signs and characters which, according to theologians, establish the reality of a possession, are 'the suspensions' by which a possessed person is taken and supported in the air without any visible help."

The author says on the following page: "I have proved the natural possibility of this fact by demonstrating the power of Spiritual substances upon material objects; why should our soul, freed as it is in mensibility, from the trammels of the body, have not the same power as the evil Spirit? Is it not of the same nature?"

On page 206 he says: "In mensibility our soul is no more the weak and intermediary power which it is in its union with the body; it is then rid of this coarse envelop, which kept it in a sort of prison. It can then place itself at the extremity of its immense lever, which it could not do when the body was keeping it close to its fulcrum. It has regained all its power, and can move earth and heaven. This is no more a doubtful hypothesis. The effects of compressed air in an air-gun, that of steam in a steam engine, and that of gunpowder in all the deadly apparatus of war, are too well known not to let us suppose that there are boundless forces in Nature, of which we have no idea. Now, what we must grant to inert matter, cannot, I think, be refused to the soul, to that active and independent existence which will never perish."

JOHN.—I do not say that this author's observations are wrong, but exaggeration spoils their value. We have not yet reached the point from which we shall be able to move the world.

ALBERT.—This is the weakness of all advanced intelligences which study with enthusiasm the unknown; they think they have the right of repeating the words of Christ, "With faith mountains may be carried away." But I must observe that this book appeared at a time when the force of compressed air and steam were not so well known as they are at present, which did not prevent its author to foresee with much genius, the future extent of their power. Magnetism, too, was not so much studied as it is now, and no one thought then about the Spiritual side of that science; and I am surprised at the marvellous knowledge with which he speaks of it. But you will wonder still more when I tell you that he himself never magnetized.

At least I am told so by a person whose verity I cannot doubt, M. Bru de Beauregard, a learned mesmerizer, who intimately knew this writer. We will now review another author, whose doctrines and opinions are highly appreciated by the disciples of that science, his name was Doctor Bertrand.

40. I find the following passage in his "Treatise on Somnambulism," page 134. "Miss Lef experienced such increase in her muscular powers, that she often rose to a height of six or seven feet. I believe that they were such suspensions which induced the annals of witchcraft to admit that a possessed person had the power of holding their bodies suspended for some time in vacuum. But it is certain that exorcism, if applied, would certainly have made them think that there was possession in the phenomena."

JOHN.—Your M. Bertrand makes use of an argument which seems to me quite unworthy of his high intelligence. There is a great difference between the art of jumping six feet high, and that of walking against the ceiling with one's head downwards.

ALBERT.—M. Bertrand was considered a strong-minded man, because he was wont to agree on everything; but arguments are not facts. We will again examine the works of this author; it will be enough for the present, to quote a last observation from this book.

47. The following fact is taken from "The Library of Animal Magnetism," No. 16, page 14. "This young girl, only twelve years of age," says M. Bertrand, "subject to convulsions. Here is the narration of the parish curate to whom the writer of this anecdote applied to obtain the best and most reliable particulars about this fact. He told them, that, having had the girl while sick in his own house for several days, he recognized during this time many phenomena of witchcraft, as noise of chains and broken furniture, plates that fell into pieces, chaplets which knitted themselves into such a way that they could not be disentangled, &c., &c. The peasant who had employed the girl as a shepherd, related still more strange things. He stated that his calves, cows and dogs, had been skinned but a few days after the girl fell sick. No details are wanting to prove that this disease was a real possession; the sickness began just after menaces had been uttered against the child by a beggar to whom she had refused money. During her fits, her strength was so great that she took her father, a stout and tall man, and carried him along with the greatest facility. We have, (subjoin the writers,) ourselves witnessed this phenomenon on the 30th of April, at quarter past twelve, P. M. If this illness had taken place in a less enlightened century," observes M. Bertrand, "if it was not told by men quite free from superstition, we should be as incredulous about the influence of the mesmerizer, and the phenomena of somnambulism, as we are about the broken furniture, skinned dogs, or knitted chaplets. We must likewise confess, that in all the stories about possession, there is a certain amount of truth mixed up with the most ridiculous fables, but the well-known phenomena of somnambulism teach us now that there are real facts, which being considered as marvellous, inspired confidence for all others."

JOHN.—This writer resembles very much those of our day; he likes to heap up facts, but never appreciates them. To say that somnambulism half induces us to admit these facts, is only to draw a half conclusion. Better to say nothing.

ALBERT.—M. Bertrand was perhaps pre-disposed to admit these facts; but he was certainly not to be considered as a madman; he never admitted anything except on sound and well authenticated testimonies. We will not close this dialogue without speaking again on this subject.

48. "Posthumous works of Father Savin,—Triumph of Divine Love over the power of Hell, in possession of the Abbess of the Ursulines of Loudun," Avignon, 1829, page 5. In this curious book I read the following passage: "This charm was at first discovered by M. Mignon, who, deeply surprised at what he saw in the Abbess, called for the curate of Chinon, a worthy and pious priest

who did a great deal of good in the neighborhood. Both together they examined closely the facts; they exorcised the nun, and the demons Asmodeus, Leviathan and Behemoth did strange things. They answered, for instance, in Latin, to external thoughts, and lifted the Abbess several feet from the floor."

49. "A very singular circumstance is, that demon Asmodeus, who had possession of the nun, with six other Spirits, promised to leave her body publicly on the following day, and to give a proof of his going out by making three wounds on her breast. The hour was fixed, and the demon did as he had promised; three holes were pierced through the Mother's bosom, and even her corset, which was made up with whalebones."

50. On page 110, he says: "A demon went directly out, and rid the nun of his presence. As soon as she recovered her senses, she knelt devoutly, and a bloody cross appeared impressed and engraved upon her forehead, according to Balaam's promises."

51. "This demon had promised to the exorcising priest, that he should leave a sign of his going out, by writing the word Joseph in the Abbess's hand, and so he really did." "The demon who was kneeling with the nun, put down her sleeve, and the priest saw he wished to conceal what he was doing; he therefore took the pyse in his left hand, and lifting up the mother's sleeve, called the public attention upon what was to happen. An English lord then took her left hand, and seized her by the extremity of her fingers, two other gentlemen also approached, and together with several priests, clearly saw the word Joseph impressed in bloody characters upon the hand which was entirely white a moment before. All the persons who were present gave a written testimony of the truth of this phenomenon, and an authentic copy was deposited in the hands of a public notary. The English lord said he would speak everywhere of this marvellous fact, and even tell it to the king of England. From that moment the Abbess was rid of her possession."

52. It is said, page 117, "The demon added to the name of Joseph that of Mary."

53. He adds, page 134, "The same demon finally wrote the name of Jesus, and the hand being turned on the other side, he could not see that of St. Frances of Sales, which was seen by several other persons."

54. We read on pages 136 and 137, that "The hand was covered with names, so that there was no more room for writing any other else; but by and by, the names descended down on one side of the hand, and left a wide space over that of Mary, and it was then, viz., seven months later, that appeared the name of Jesus, as we have said, and then they were all writing it again whenever its color faded away. This phenomenon continued for twenty-four or twenty-five years."

55. We read, p. 138:—"Mrs. de Dars, suspecting some trick, wished to envelope the hand on which the phenomenon was produced. She, therefore, put on it a glove which she fastened with twine, and sealed with her own seal. That was done at the moment new names were to appear; no trick was possible under such circumstances; every thing was found untouched, and yet the new names were perfectly well formed. She then went to Paris, where she was visited by the whole court and many of the people, who examined inside the hand with the most scrupulous attention."

JOHN.—This demon Asmodeus might well teach all our printers, who have so much difficulty to print what is forbidden: the most clear-sighted *prefet de police*, or even *de nation*, could not discover any thing in the process. This poor fact of the Ursulines of Loudun's possession, was clearly paid by the no less poor Albert Grandier. Whenever I hear such stories, I confess that mankind descend a little lower in my appreciation. But do you really believe in these stigmas? Your quotations have no other effect but to deny the quality of matter; it is true that you have already rejected its gravitation.

ALBERT.—Yes, I do believe in these stigmas, and I have not yet told you all on this subject. The phenomena I have still to speak of are so extraordinary that they will make you doubt your own existence. You already impress me so much with your stories about suspensions, that I think I hear every moment a grazing upon the dress of some nun pursued by ugly capuchins. Do you not think we are playing with the sylphs?

ALBERT.—We play with the difficulties of an arduous question, just as more learned persons might do, or the reverse of what they ought to do, those who scarcely know how to read and write. Your observation obliges me to change the order in which I was intending to make my quotations, and I must here begin with a new fact which I was reserving for a future conversation. I already spoke to you about Col. Roger, and said that I would treat again the same subject. I shall fulfil my promise, and tell you an anecdote which is certainly no less incredible than that of the stigmas against which you object. The Colonel assured me often, that for a long time faith and will were sufficient in magnetism to perform wonders, and one day he told me that, at a great distance, and without contact, he had discovered an internal lesion in one patient's side, and healed it solely by an act of his will. You recollect that the Colonel had a great talent for narrating these stories. It was natural, therefore, that I should experience some suspicion; yet I did not dare to tell him that I did not admit this fact—still less to ask proofs of its reality. I knew already the patient's name, but not his address, when one day he unconsciously gave it to me. Quite happy of the discovery, I intended to avail myself of it, as soon as possible; and in fact I went and paid a visit to this person, whose name was Mr. Rebiere, hat-maker, No. 33 Caire square. But he was not at home, and I met only with his son, who had taken up his business. He gave me his father's address, *Cour des Miracles*. You might yourself go and ascertain the exactness of the narration. When I entered the house of this gentleman, I apologized for my intrusion, and prayed him to excuse the liberty I took, and see in my conduct, but the ardent wish of verifying a fact that appeared to me radically incredible. Mr. Rebiere received me with the greatest kindness, and found my excuse quite acceptable. I then told him that I knew Colonel Roger, and heard him relate ten times the following story on his account:—

56. "As I had one day a small note to be paid by a straw-hat manufacturer whom I did not know, I went myself to his house, where I met with a general appearance of desolation and mourning. I inquired about Mr. Rebiere, and they answered he was dying."

"What is his disease?"

"A deposit which endangers his life."

"Why do they not open the deposit, or cause it to break out?"

"The part in which it is, is so sensitive that the operation could not be made without the greatest danger."

"Where is the patient?"

"You cannot see him at present: the best physicians of the capital hold now a consultation by his bed-side."

But the Colonel was not to be arrested by such obstacles: his white hair, lofty and imposing demeanor, and his duration, silenced the storekeepers, to whom he said:—

"The state of your master's health is just a reason for my seeing him. Go and ask that I may be introduced."

"Your name, Sir."

"We do not know each other."

"They went up stairs and said that a gentleman wished to see the patient. The Colonel had followed the servant, and entered at the same time. Every one was moved by the appearance of this venerable stranger, who at once began to talk with the physicians, and begged to put his hands upon the patient's head, which was granted without difficulty. After a few minutes of this imposition of hands, the poor Mr. Rebiere fell into a deep sleep, and answered every question of the Colonel. He explained the cause and nature of his disease; thanked the physicians for not having performed the operation, saying that it would have killed him, and assured them that the Colonel would do so with full success. Upon this affirmation all the assembly looked at the magnetiser, who, a little confused himself, said to the clairvoyant:—'But, my dear friend, I am not a surgeon; I have no instruments, and even if I had, I would not know how to make use of them. I am a magnetiser—that is all!'

"It is by means of magnetism," said the patient, 'that you will perform the operation; be willing to open the deposit, and it shall be opened.'

"I do not know how to fix my will upon such a performance."

"Stand at the foot of my bed, collect yourself for a few minutes, and open this deposit with your hand."

"The Colonel understood, and he was not the man to recoil before such an act. Many physicians were present, and the operator had the most brilliant success. As he passed his hand over the diseased part, a large cut was made, and several pints of corrupt matter flowed upon the bed. I shall pass in silence all the exclamations which were uttered. The clairvoyant said that the sore should be left open for three days, and that he would go on the following Sunday and breakfast at the restaurant with his savior, to thank him for his kindness."

"But how will you be able to do so with such a wound," asked some one in a doubting tone.

"This gentleman will close it as he opened it, and my dress will not even be stained," answered Mr. Rebiere.

"When will this new performance take place?"

"Next Sunday, before our going to breakfast."

"Great was the expectation of this new miracle. On the following Sunday, every one was present. The Colonel was among the first at the meeting. He put Mr. Rebiere to sleep, and asked him whether he persevered or not in his prediction."

"Yes," answered the clairvoyant.

"How must I operate," asked the Colonel?

"Do with your hand an opposite gesture to that you made when you opened the deposit, and centre your will upon the closing of the sore."

"The passes were performed according to this prescription, and the opening, which was as wide as the mouth of a child, was at once closed. A moment later the clairvoyant was able to fulfil his promise."

Mr. Rebiere assured me that this narration was perfectly correct, and had been thus recorded in the diary of the physician who was then attending to this deposit. He expressed his earnest satisfaction of the acquaintance he thus made with the Colonel, and his happy result. Yet he had ceased to see him in consequence of the Colonel's too great action over him. He did, in fact, often force him to come from any distance, and at any time, without his being able to resist this occult attraction which injured his business, and fettered his liberty. He bitterly reproached the Colonel for this abuse of power, and finally ceased to see him; but in this circumstance, he could not too highly commend his happy intervention.

JOHN.—That is a sad stroke which could not be very dangerous. I would very much like to use the same process in these immense daughter houses where the powerful of this earth send thousands of slaves to be killed, and which are called a battle-field.

ALBERT.—Magic, my dear friend, will never put his secrets within the reach of every one who might like to make use of them; for, if it did so, it would give the means to inflict upon our enemies pains to which we would not be pleased to submit ourselves. And this white-teethed tiger which is called man, would soon become a red-teethed tiger. God permits sometimes these manifestations in order to humble our pride and learning; but He alone is the Great Master of this ordeal. Let us resume our quotations; for, to each of your objections, I intend to answer by a fact that shall reduce to naught their value. The chain whose extremity is in my hand, must show you all its links connected together in an eternal and unchangeable manner.

57. "Portable Cyclopaedia, Occult Sciences, 1830, p. 151." We read in this interesting book that "the Indians are superior to the Europeans in many sorts of tricks; it is from them we learned the secret of plunging into our esophagus, swords, and other similar cutting instruments. They go even further than that, if we trust in the story of the Brahman who appeared to be suspended in the air."

But I read a still more explicit statement in the Manual of Sorceries, which I have already quoted. The extract is taken from the chapter entitled, the Brame suspended in the air, p. 297.

58. Madras. Here is a specimen of the narratives we find in the newspapers of British India.—The reader will see that in falling under the European dominion, this country is not the less the theatre of wonder and prodigies. "We have witnessed here a very singular and new phenomenon. An old Brahman, belonging to an illustrious class of society, has recently discovered the means of remaining seated in the air. He repeats every day the experiment, not for money, but to oblige the persons who wish to witness the phenomenon. The instruments he makes use of, are 1st, a board supported by four bolts, and forming a sort of chair; 2d, a section of a copper pipe, in which he fixes vertically a bamboo; 3d and lastly, a crutch covered with a piece of skin, that is fixed up on the bamboo. He usually carries all these apparatus in a small leather bag, which he handles over to the assistants. Several laces hold a blanket before him and the audience, so as to conceal him for some minutes to the spectators; after a quarter of an hour, the curtain falls, and the Brahman is seen sitting in the air, at a height of about four feet; one of his hands, has hold of the crutch, but it does not the less count the grains of his rosary; the other arm is elevated out in the air. He re-

mains about fifteen minutes in that position; but in the presence of the Governor of Madras, he stood once, forty minutes. When he wishes to alight, he is concealed again by the curtain, and a noise is heard similar to the escape of compressed air, from a pipe or a bladder. This man refuses to sell his secret at any price, although immense sums have already been offered to him; he was also offered to go to England and to make a show of this marvellous power; but he likewise refused."

(To be continued.)

THE DRUNKARD'S DYING CHILD.

Kate sat near a scanty pallet, on which was extended the suffering little Robin, her bright and beautiful boy, reduced to skin and bone. His large mysterious eyes were turned upward watching the flitting of leaves, and the filaments of sunshine that peared through the foliage of the multicaulis. An infant about a month old, weary of its existence, and petulant with pain and lassitude, lay on her bosom, and she in vain trying to charm it to repose.

"Mamma," said Robin, reaching out his waxen hand, "take me to your bosom."

"Yes, love, so soon as Maria is still."

"Mamma, if God had not sent us that little cross baby, you could love me and nurse me as you did when I was sick in Cincinnati. My throat is hot, mamma. I wish I had a drink in a tumbler—glass tumbler, mamma, and I could look through it."

"Dear, you shall have a tumbler," cried Kate, her lips quivering with emotion, and a wild fire in her eyes.

"Yes, mamma, one cold drink in a tumbler, and your poor little Robin will fly up, up there where that little bird sits. Will papa come to-night and get us bread? You said he would. Will he get me a tumbler of water? No, mamma, he will be drunk. Nobody ever gets drunk in Heaven, mamma."

"No, no, my son, my angel."

"No one says cross words, mamma?"

"No, bless your sweet tongue."

"And there is nice cold water there, and silver cups?"

"O, yes, my child; a fountain of living waters."

"And it never gets dark there?"

"Never, never, and the tears fell in streams down Kate's pale cheek."

"And nobody gets sick and dies?"

"No, my love."

"If they were to, God would let the angels bring them water, I know he would, from the big fountain. O, mamma, don't cry. Do people cry in Heaven?"

"O, no, sweet one; God wipes away all tears," replied the weeping mother.

"And the angels kiss them off," spouse. But tell me, mamma, will he come there?"

"Who, my son?"

"You know, mamma,—papa."

"Hush, Robin, dear, lie still; you worry yourself."

"O, my throat! dear me, if I only had a little water in a tumbler, mamma, just one little mouthful."

"You shall have it," and as the mother said this, the poor child passed away into the arms of Him who shall evermore give it of the bright waters of everlasting life.

"O, no, sweet one; God wipes away all tears," replied the weeping mother.

"And the angels kiss them off," spouse. But tell me, mamma, will he come there?"

"Who, my son?"

"You know, mamma,—papa."

rich luxuriance of animal life in the ocean, and reveals to the astonished senses a consciousness of the universality of being."

DYING WORDS OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

"A death bed's a detector of the heart: Here tried distinction drops her mask, Through life's grimace that mistress of the scene; Here real and apparent are the same."

Head of the army.—Napoleon.
I must sleep now.—Byron.
It matters little how the dead lieeth.—Sir Walter Raleigh.
Kiss me, Hardy.—Lord Nelson.
Don't give up the ship.—Lawrence.
I'm short if I don't believe I'm dying.—Chancellor Thurlow.

Is this your fidelity?—Nero.
Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die.—Alfred.
Give Dayrols a chair.—Lord Chatterfield.
God preserve the Emperor.—Hayden.
The artery ceases to beat.—Haller.
Let the light enter.—Goethe.
All my possessions for a moment of time.—Queen Elizabeth.

What! is there no bribing in death?—Cardinal Bengeri.
I have loved God, my father, and liberty.—Madame Stael.
Be serious.—Grotius.
Into thy hand, O Lord.—Tasso.

It is small, very small indeed, (clasping her wrist).—Aune Deleyn.
I pray you, see me safe up, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself, (ascending the scaffold).—Sir Thomas Moore.
Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave.—Robert Burns.

I feel as if I were to be myself again.—Sir Walter Scott.
I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country.—Jefferson.
It is well.—Washington.
Independence for ever.—Adams.

It is the best of us.—J. Adams.
I wish you to understand the true principles of the government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more.—Harrison.
I have endeavored to do my duty.—Taylor.
There is not a drop of blood on my hands.—Frederick V. of Denmark.

Spoke of refreshments my Emelie; take my last notes, sit down to my piano here, and sing them with the hymn of your sainted mother; let me hear once more those notes which have so long been my solace and delight.—Mozart.
A dying man can do nothing easy.—Franklin.
Let not poor Xeno starve.—Charles II.
Let me die to the sounds of delicious music.—Mirabeau.—American Union.

Not unworthy of adding to the above are the last words of the brave, unfortunate Lopez—Adieu, dear Cuba.

IS THE HUMAN STATUE DIMINISHING?—It is a very common opinion, that in the early ages of the world men in general possessed superior physical properties, and were of a greater size than they are at present; and this notion of diminished stature and strength seems to have been just as prevalent in ancient times as at present. Pliny observes of the human height, that "the whole race of mankind is daily becoming smaller," an alarming prospect if it had been true. Homer more than once makes every disparaging comparison between his own degenerate contemporaries and the heroes of the Trojan war. But all the facts and circumstances which can be brought forward on this subject tend to convince us, that the human form has not degenerated, and that men of the present age are of the same stature as in the beginning of the world. In the first place, though we read both in sacred and profane history of giants, yet they were at the time when they lived esteemed as wonders, and far above the ordinary proportions of mankind. All the remains of the human