

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

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

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INSPIRATION.—NO. 7.

BY N. M. FLETCHER.

Inspiration, in the strictest sense of the word is an influence, acting upon something, below, or of another state of being, or range of thought. All power—all intelligence—originates in the Divine Mind, the origin, and Creator of all things. And the intelligence that flows down to our sphere through the individual minds of higher spheres, is tempered to the capacity of our receiving powers, and leads us gently on as our minds expand. All beyond our comprehension is mystery, for the time being; for beyond a certain point, we are lost in the ocean of Deity.

Mind is the Motor Power of the universe. By the will of the Great Positive Mind the countless orbs that revolve in space are suspended, and propelled in their proper orbits. To bring the study down to the understanding of every mind it may be proper to state, what is already known, that every transaction of our lives originates in, and is carried to completion by, the action of mind. Mind fashions the locomotive, and the steamboat; and it requires the active superintendence of mind to set them in motion, and guide them on their course. We know these things, and yet with all our knowledge, the unfolding of the simple forest-flower is a mystery. Theology overlooks this fact, and stepping over the eternal attributes of Power, as seen in the visible world, it presumes to fathom the purposes and powers of Deity. Let the bold blasphemer, who deems himself infallible theology, sit calmly down in the evening and contemplate that magnificent orb that shines conspicuously in the sky. Let him take into consideration, that with a magnitude equal to fifteen hundred planets like ours, it revolves on its axis with a velocity equal to twenty-seven thousand miles an hour, and whirls along in its orbit with a speed of thirty thousand miles an hour; making no mistakes, and losing no time in its annual journey around the sun, through ages on ages. Let him keep in mind, that he is gazing upon one of countless thousands of worlds, and, if he has not in the first decade of the sphere of common sense, before attempting to stride the universe, he will shrink within himself, and begin to study himself. So far from being able to grasp infinity, he will find, that the human mind is yet an unexplored region. Its range of thought cannot rise above the plane of comparisons with safety; at least no further than we can reach by analogy from the standpoint of human experience.

Inspiration, if not only used to the ordered reason, will lead us into the same vagaries that it led the old prophets into, who supposed they were talking with God, instead of a low order of angels. The unfolding of the mind, even after it becomes sensible of spiritual assistance, is a slow and careful process, and every attempt to rise above careful experience, results in disappointment, or in the propagation of error. And in common with every reformatory movement of a previous age, Spiritualism has already traveled too fast. The consequence is, not a decline of interest, as our friend, E. E. Gilson seems to think, but a decline of undue excitement. The extraordinary growth of Spiritualism, gave birth to a mushroom crop of puff-blowing apostles, who entered extensively into the manufacture of marvels, and wonders. But they were mistaken in their expectations of creating another priestly order, on human equality. Such stories, as that of a pack-trail, escorted by Spirits across the Atlantic, created an excitement that has already subsided into sober, sensible reflection. And yet true Spiritualism has not lost one inch of ground. It is stronger to-day than it was yesterday, and it will acquire additional force to-morrow; for there is a deep, silent current of inspiration flowing through the great heart of humanity. It is felt at the evening fireside and in the work-shop, and Spirit-interruptions on a subject connected with the every-day associations of thousands all over the rural districts, who never heard a lecture on the subject in their lives. And in the exact ratio of its increase, is the decline of sectarianism. In truth, it is very difficult to find a man who will endorse any of the absurd formalities of the Sectarian Beast. There is less of science and philosophy connected with this Spiritual movement, in the country, than in the city; but after all, the inspiration of the day is doing its greatest work in the country. The men and women are what they seem to be. They read the Bible for themselves, and compare the manifestations recorded in that book with those of the present day, and discover a similarity. Uncontaminated by the false glitter of fashionable life, they move in a sphere of realities, and their sympathies and affections acquire a force that demands something more than mere theory, to satisfy the aspirations of the soul, and soothe the memories that twine around the "loved and lost." My halcyon days were passed in the country, and I love to go there now, where my mothers cenotaph stands in the old grave-yard; for

I seem to be nearer Heaven, than when among brick walls and the bustle of city life. There are but few mementoes in my native village to recall the events of childhood. There is a change on the face of every thing; but the change in the religious sentiment of the people, excites my astonishment wherever I go among them. Within my remembrance, that village was the stronghold of Calvinism. The authority of the minister was the "higher law," and from his decision there was no appeal, on matters of a religious nature. The primary schools, and the village academy, were instituted, and conducted, with particular reference to the perpetuation of the *merciful* doctrine of infant damnation. The generation that "lived in the faith" is passing away, and their children who were educated in the same faith, are now upon the stage of action; a generation of infidels,—infidels to all man-made rules of religious worship. Yet they are full of moral, and far more temperate, than were their fathers; their intellect is of a higher order, and they are in no wise indifferent to the well-being of their future.

Why this great change? Simply because there is a leaven at work, leavening the whole lump. It requires no stretch of their capacious minds to discover, that modern theology leaves all beyond the grave in doubt and darkness. They doubt not their immortality, but they demand proof, or in lieu thereof, rational, uncontradictory theory, of those who claim to be Spiritual guides, and teachers. And what says the remnant of orthodoxy, to this state of things? Oh! the world is going to destruction, of course; but inasmuch as God does nothing wrong, it must be all right, for God by an immutable decree made this result unavoidable. That is Calvinism, and its followers should try to be consistent in faith and practice. Oh! but what a soul-crusher that Calvinistic doctrine has been. On my last visit to my natal village, I stood by the bed-side of a lady who had spent a long life in the strict observance of religious formalities. Her Spirit was trembling on the verge of the interior world, and yet she feared to enter. "I am afraid," she said, "I am afraid I have not loved Jesus well enough, and that he will reject me after all." What an idle mockery was the faith that she had lived, but could not die in. Surely it was a faint hope, that could not waft her over the grave. What marvel that the thinking minds of this age reject the solemn force of "saving ordinances," when the death-bed of the "elect" is so often a scene of horror. As a contrast to the above, we revert to the last earthly moments of a lady who resided in the hamlet vicinity of the first vessel. She was one of those gifted beings who live in the atmosphere of song. The "language of flowers" was her favorite theme, and her sky of life glowed always with tints of morning beauty. The messengers who came to guide her home, were visible to her for hours before the great change took place. She clasped her hands, and her face grew bright with joyousness, while describing the Spirit-throng to her attendants. Among those who stood around her bed, was an orthodox "minister of the gospel." He was skeptical, as he had a right to be, on all Spiritual matters, and he thought her senses wandered. To test her sanity, he questioned her on various topics until he was forced to admit, that "Spirits lived, and breathed, and had a being."—There was a living reality in that death-scene, that his theology was not proof against.

To those who are familiar with the system of "making ministers," it is not at all surprising, that so little inspiration breathes from the modern pulpit. The students of divinity in many instances are the sons of wealthy, weak-minded parents, who, ambitious of distinction, force their children into stations for which Nature never designed them. Such people take it for granted that a "holy calling" is the proper sphere for a man who has neither the capacity nor inclination for any honest or useful employment. Again there are those, who don the black coat and the white cravat to enjoy the easy honors of good salaries, and "donation parties." Occasionally, however, a noble mind is stirred by the Spirit within, to enter the ministerial field and battle for humanity. But there are restraints thrown around such men, that destroy half their usefulness. To gain access to the pulpit, they must be halter-broke by sectarian jockeyism. If they dare to step over the sectarian traces, they are "turned out of the synagogue." They have no right to preach the world-wide religion of Jesus to the world; for they have been trained to preach sectarianism to a sect. And in the pulpit, when burning thoughts struggle for utterance, they think of little ones dependent on them for bread, and another the Spirit of Inspiration. But giant minds are on the rostrum, and the shackles of bigotry are powerless to restrain such men as Ciampi, Parker, and Beecher. It awakens the crushed soul into new life, to hear them thunder defiance in the teeth of the retail brimstone institutions of the "church militant."

And in view of these facts, how soothing is the thought, that the "fires of Smithfield" are permitted to rage only in the breasts of those who kinde them, and in the columns of a few extremely combustible secular organs. The light of these fires only serves to make the authors of them most conspicuously ridiculous; for the days of martyrdom are over. Men who would suppress thought, are mere cobble-stones in the highway of humanity. They may jolt the car of progress, but they cannot stop its onward course. Indeed, those "blind guides" who a short time since blazed away from behind infallible breastworks, are now remarkable only for an occasional brilliant flash of sarcasm. We would not triumph, however; for success is a contest in which even the vanquished

are victors. It is a war against error, in which Truth battles, not against men, but against false theories. To the new light we look, for a remedy for the monstrous evils that rest upon the race. The so-called Christian church is evidently powerless to regenerate the world; for after fourteen centuries of exertion, we see its influence everywhere on the decline. Even those most interested in the perpetuation of its arbitrary forms, admit this fact. Is it not time, then, that they should see the folly of pleading the statute of limitations to the promises of Jesus, and open their eyes to the light of the second coming?

THE THINKER VS. THE DOUBTER.

So much has been said and written on belief as a qualification of religious character, and so positively has it been insisted and dogmatized upon, that as a matter of common justice both to the subject matter of belief as well as to the mind of the investigator, Reason has become positive in turn, and insisted on the right to investigate the facts, history, and philosophy of ALL beliefs, be they ever so sacred. This is but the natural relation of cause and effect, action and reaction the world over. The Church has been and is the great "agitator" in the controversy pending between "doubt" and "belief," and whether wisely or unwisely has forced the subject on the attention of the thinking world. The issue, however, has long since passed from among the contending few, who associate by right of apostolic succession with those that met and mingled in "the highways and byways" of Judea, and has entered among the *foras*, that for centuries gave stimulant to the great heart of society, and kept the world-brain in motion; still the battle of belief to-day is with the many just where it was with the sinking Peter, the conclusion of the whole matter being—"I believe, Lord, help thou my unbelief."

It is, therefore, one of the world issues, and comprehends in its relations the position of the thinker and doubter, since every day has its lesson of facts which modifies, qualifies, or enlarges the belief of to-day, as it gives a more complete and comprehensive reflection of the phases of experience.—Society from this point of view is a great school, and life an endless lesson, and "all the world a stage, and men and women merely players. This, however, is but the *show* side of life and can no more be a reflection of "the many parts" or phases of life's drama than a part can comprehend the whole. The dramatic description of character which pleases the man of comic and sentimental sympathy as the panorama of society unfold before him, is not the man to help the thinker to explain his doubt, however pleasing he may be as a companion. There is a sacredness about life that makes the laugher, the scoffer, and the cynic alike conscious at times of the *impotency* of their methods, the nothingness of their issues and the vanity of their presumptions, and while life has mystery, so long will there be need of something to give a "local habitation and a name" to the echoes, and images that rise from the phantom world of the dream unknown.

The word Religion may change in significance as knowledge expands its meaning or takes from it the false gloss of other times, but while there is a "divinity that moves within," there must be a philosophy that explains its relations and prophesies its destiny. This has been a living fact in the conscious life of the unlettered and unlearned man, and to the sorrowing woman and desponding maiden when society seemed like a night of gloom, it shone forth the more brilliant, because of the surrounding darkness, and spoke consolation in a language which the sorrowing soul only know how to understand. No wonder, therefore, that the mind of religious culture should feel sensitive and complain, when the attempt is made to reduce the sympathies and emotions of the Spirit to the cold classifications of the intellect, nor should it be a thing to astonish or surprise, when he seeks to perpetuate the associations, historical and philosophical, that blend with the formula of his creed. There is a deep sense of religious *loyalty* in the soul, which forces all mentality into respectful acknowledgement of its beauty and power, when felt as a force in character or seen as a motive power in the lives of others, so that with marked exceptions, the world of mind has been and will be swayed more by the harmonies of religious emulation and emotions than by the agreements of intellectual philosophy. The reason is obvious, when we remember that the intellect is the servant, not the master of the *loves*, and that the natural characteristics of the mind must be the sources of its Spiritual wealth and the agents by which life is made happy.

Looking at life from this point of view, *consciousness* being the only authority, it must be nearly, if not quite self-evident that discord and antagonism must continue to exist with all the side issues springing from the warfare. The relation of the thinker to the doubter meanwhile, is no more necessary and ultimate than the thinker and the believer, since the question is to center upon the subject matter to be doubted or believed. Before, however, the thinker, doubter, or believer can be understood with reference to an ultimate and harmonial philosophy, there must be a system of Mentality, which by virtue of its universal comprehensiveness as well as its method of detail, will aid the thinker to know where *doubt* should end and belief commence, since doubt and belief are but phases of mental health and Spiritual growth. The glorification of *doubt* therefore, as the beginning of wisdom, is not only unassumptive as a philosophy, but fractional and faulty as advice. Any system or philosophy that tends to divide the human family into factions, cliques or parties, is both bad and

pernicious, since the *oneness* and brotherhood of the race is the central fact on which the issues of progress are developed.

The following while it deprecates some excesses of the doubter, still gives promise for a better future and may be read with profit. We take it from the "Beloit College Monthly."

It is the calamity of our age that there is in it so little of labor-inspiring Faith—so much of enervating Doubt. Of the men who think at all, beyond the petty concerns of the moment, those who labor with an earnest confidence that good will result from their efforts are less in number than those who do on from day to day, blindly and miserably. He who trusts to nothing with his undivided soul, but "inclines to think," and half believes, and hesitates till the time for action is past, may be met everywhere, and his mournful, almost despairing countenance proclaims the Doubter so plainly that he who runs may read. Afloat on a tempestuous sea, and believing that his own exertions can do nothing to bring him to the harbor that he longs for, he can but be sad.

He who occupies this melancholy position should certainly be spared the anatomy of his fellow men, and from the fact that so many of the noblest of our race do doubt, it has come to be a subject worthy of serious and candid consideration. That the position of the world has wonderfully changed within the last few hundred years is a truism that has become stale by repetition. This progress has all been the work of the intellect. From the apparent irregularity of nature thought has wrought out the orderly arrangement of science.—Thought has formed new systems of political economy, which have taken the place of those that the world had outgrown. From the brain of the Thinker have come forth the numberless machines that have made labor productive of the means of civilization, the locomotive, the telegraph and the mightiest engine of civilization of them all—the Press. Thought has given us every thing that makes the Modern World differ from the Ancient.—From their appreciation of what it has accomplished, men have learned to honor the intellect, until this may properly be called the age of the dominant mind. When it comes in connection with subjects of little power at another the priest who gave them religious instruction, but now the object of every one's adoration is the Thinker. Never was there a time when thought was more active than now.—The good results of this state of things may be seen all about us, its evil result is that it has elevated the intellect from being the servant of the higher faculties of the *Soul* to be the ruler of them all.—It has made it a Deity to which every thing else must bow.

Now, much as the idea may be opposed to the ordinary course of modern thought, there are subjects that the intellect cannot reach. There is a kind of knowledge that belongs to a department of the mind distinct from the intellect, beyond and above it. It is when the intellect attempts to investigate and explain subjects too wonderful for it that the Doubt of which we speak arises. Doubt is the inevitable accompaniment of all thinking.—When it comes in connection with subjects within the sphere of intellect, Doubt is healthful and right, as the precursor of the new truth that thought will unfold. When it comes in connection with subjects which the intellect cannot comprehend, Doubt is deadly and destroying, for then thinking cannot remove it, and from its being a transition state, it becomes the permanent state of the man.

Many of the ablest thinkers of our age have earnestly labored to make the cool, calculating intellect, with its syllogisms and inferences, explain why and how all things have come to be as they are. They have wearied themselves with attempts to think out a "Theorem of the Universe" that should account for the origin and existence of every thing within it. But in the words of the great Goethe "Man is not born to solve the problem of existence." Man is placed here on a minute portion of Creation, "with his fraction of time encircled by Eternity, and his mind-breadth of space encircled by Infinity, and it were impossible for his mind to grasp the relations that all the parts of that mighty whole hold to one another. So when thought has failed to answer his questionings, he has been changed into the Doubter. His noble intellect to which he has trusted so implicitly, and whose teachings have come to be his only law, cannot unfold to him the plan on which the Universe was created, and either, on the one hand, he rushes to the conclusion that it had no plan, or, on the other, gives up in despair and avers that there is no truth attainable by man. In either case the result is the same. What is the object of man's existence here on the earth—whether he be a finite creature had a Creator or come into existence by chance?—whether there is any distinction between Good and Evil?—all these problems are considered by him beyond the limits of the knowable. The Doubter is now perfected. All things that others have confidence in have become to him uncertain, and he has lost the great motives that ordinarily inspire men to action. With a soul that has an infinite longing for something besides negation, he finds nothing to trust.

As the Doubter has fallen into this state by determining to believe nothing, but what the intellect teaches him, he must escape from it by returning and subjecting himself to the guidance of something that is higher than the intellect. This higher teacher may be found in the breast of every one. It has its position far back of all intellectual action, and its commanding voice is heard by the foolish and the strong minded alike. What we shall call this faculty of the mind it is difficult to determine, for many disagree about words that perfectly agreed as to things. Like the senses which give us a knowledge of outward objects though we cannot comprehend how they do it, this inward teacher reveals to us Truth. Hence it may be called an inner sense—a consciousness fitted to discern those things that neither the bodily eye nor the eye of the intellect can perceive. The name *conscience* is, in its etymological sense, very significant of the universality of its teachings—signifying those things that we know in common with others, that is, that all know alike. But whatever name may be given to it, the universal practice of mankind teaches us that there is in the mind some kind of an intuitive perception which reveals truths that otherwise would have remained unknown. Although many have neglected to recognize the existence of this faculty, no one has dared formally to deny it, for it is felt to exist by all. Men do not believe that Right is better than Wrong because we can prove it to them, but because they are conscious that it is so. Even the fact of one's own existence cannot be proved, but for our knowledge of that we must go back to consciousness. He who refuse to give credence to this inner sense when it reveals the highest truths to all men alike, must, to be consistent, also deny the va-

lidity of the material senses that give him a knowledge of the world about him.

It is, then, to this Divinely implanted voice within men that the philosophy of our age must return. When men, instead of attempting to think out first principles for themselves, shall come again to trust and obey the consciousness of Right and Duty that God has given them, we may expect that they will no longer stand as idle lookers on in the midst of the world's great battle. Then the Doubter will be changed into the Worker, and the Worker and the Thinker will be one.

This deploring about the excesses of life or the partial issues of men, may all be true, is true, and hundreds of thousands of mind in the United States know it, but the point to be determined, is how to save reform from excess, and the mind from skepticism during the transition.

It is of little avail for R. W. Emerson to tell us, that "skepticisms are not gratuitous, nor lawless, but are limitations of the affirmative statement; and the new philosophy may take them in, and make affirmations out of them, just as much as it includes the oldest beliefs," since the method by which belief and disbelief are to be explained, and their limitations known, is not taught in the schools of philosophy, nor recognized among men. A. Comte in his "positive philosophy," has the most comprehensive method, because it includes the critical, the theological, the metaphysical, and the scientific; but strange as it may seem, he ignores the Spiritual, and consequently cannot conceive of a harmonial philosophy, however positive he may be in his assumptions of the limitations and proper spheres of general knowledge.

We see no escape from mental war in the future, therefore, more than at present, without mediation be found in some "system" not yet popular.

We do not despair, however, of the future—since there is a true and universal system of intellectual, moral and social philosophy before the world,—one as constructive as the phases and needs of life demands, and capable of the most practical and hourly application. We have in mind the science of Phrenology, as explained by the English, Scotch and American publications on that subject, and that we may not seem presumptuous in this statement we quote the following well known words of the Hon. Horace Mann, who says:

"I look upon Phrenology as the guide to philosophy and the harmonial Christianity. Whoever disseminates true Phrenology is a public benefactor."

Archbishop Whately, says:

"Even if all connection between the brain and mind were a perfect chimera, the theories of Phrenologists would be of great value, from their employing a metaphysical nomenclature far more logical, accurate, and convenient than Locke, Stewart, and other writers of their schools."

We cannot at present give the explanation by which the thinker will be safe from the extremes of the "doubter," or the blind "believer"—but we call attention to it, that the reader may take the subject into consideration, and study the philosophy of human life, as explained by Phrenology and Physiology,—believing that its general acceptance would hasten the advent of social and Spiritual harmony by some centuries of years.

To give the reader some idea, however, of its method, we close these remarks, with an extract from a very instructive article on "Reason and Instinct," by W. G. Rogers, M. D., which we find in the Phrenological Journal for September.

The point we wish to bring before the attention of the reader is, that the Phrenologist brings facts before the perceptive or knowing organs, and lets the Spirit unfold itself by virtue of general knowledge. And we know all good men will labor to develop a philosophy that thus harmonizes the diversities of mind, with the unities of Nature, soon as its true value is known. The Doctor says:

It is evident that observation must be the first step in reasoning, since the mind must be supplied with images, or personified ideas, before it can act inductively. The ideas thus gained form the basis of general language, or the language of observation. Observation furnishes us with a knowledge of the qualities of objects, and the consideration of these qualities leads us to a knowledge of the abstract, the essential. In order to comprehend and to enlarge this latter knowledge, the mind must be under the dominance of a controlling will, which, by closing the avenues of sense, will enable it to acquire the power of acting from notions, instead of from mere images. Without this power thus gained by a systematic training or education, the mind cannot long set upon the abstract without returning at short intervals to rest upon the concrete.

Before material things can be acted upon by our minds, they must come within the range of our senses, in order that we may take cognizance of their properties, and learn of their reality by comparison. Thus with ideas. No matter how abstract, subtle, or immaterial they in their nature may be, they must still be presented in such a manner that the mind is enabled to perceive in them that relation to the material or to other ideas of the abstract, which will bring them within its comprehension, or they remain for ever dormant, or faintly shadowed within as to elude the grasp, and defy the powers of expression.

But while the great basis of our knowledge thus rests upon observation and comparison, its superstructure may safely be said to be reared by reflection. As in paintings by the old masters, long-continued study alone enables us to perceive their beauties, to catch all their inspiration, and to conceive all their suggestions; so in the works by the Divine Master, that repeated observation and comparison which constitutes reflection, coupled with an ability for long-continued and protracted abstraction, will alone enable us to perceive the truth which underlies all our knowledge, to look beyond the thing that *seems* to that which is, to look through nature up to Nature's God. While there is this intimate connection between perception and reason, the former may exist as the only attribute of an individual mind, though from the nature of the latter, the converse cannot be true. As an instance of the perceptive powers possessed in their highest degree of activity and strength, unaccompanied by any trace of the reasoning faculty, we may instance the daughter of Addison, the celebra-

ted English essayist of the last century. So perfect were her powers of observation and retention, that nothing escaped either, and yet she was a perfect idiot, incapable of tracing the least connection between the most apparent cause and its most simple and obvious effect.

Instances are very numerous of the possession of the faculty of reason, or, in this connection, of abstract thought, greater in activity than the accompanying perceptive powers; but no instances are on record in which the former were perfect in their action while the latter were either remarkably deficient or wholly wanting; and for an obvious reason: it would be impossible to adapt means to ends, to compare facts with each other, or mental impressions with external things, or to deduce inferences from facts, or to perform such other duties as fall within the province of reason, without the ability to perceive the means, to notice and collect the facts, and to observe those external things whereby originate our mental impressions. Hence we perceive the necessity of an equal balance between the powers of observation and reflection, since only that man's mind is well balanced, and his ability to reason the most perfect, whose perceptive and reasoning powers are relatively equal in size, strength and activity, so that observation is instantaneous, reasoning is quick and certain, and the results speedily attained and instantly practicable.

Essay on Experience.
See A. Bordin's Defence of Phrenology:4

THE DECAY OF AMERICAN WOMEN.—MRS. H. B. STOWE, in her recent book of travels in Europe, makes the following sensible remarks about the comparative beauty of the women of England and America:

"A lady asked me the other evening, what I thought of the beauty of the ladies of the English aristocracy; she was a Scotch lady, by the by, so that the question was certainly a fair one. I replied that certainly report had not exaggerated their charms. Then came a home question—how the ladies of England compared with those of America. 'Now for it, patriotism, said I to myself, and invoking to my aid certain fair faints of my own country, whose faces I distinctly remembered, I assured her that I had never seen more beautiful women than I had in America. Grieved was I to add, 'but your ladies keep their beauty much later and longer.' This fact stares one in the face of every company: one meets ladies past fifty, glowing, radiant, and blooming, with a freshness of complexion and fullness of outline refreshing to contemplate. What can be the reason? Tell us, Misses, and I'll guess, what can it be? Is it the conservative power of sea-fog and coal smoke, the same which keep the turf green, and make the ivy and holly flourish? How comes it that our married ladies dwindle, fade and grow thin, that their noses incline to sharpness, and their cheeks to angularity, just at the time of life when their island sisters round out into a comfortable and becoming amplitude and fullness? If it is the coal and sea-fog, why, then, I am afraid we shall never come up with them. But perhaps there may be other causes why a country which is the seat of some of the most beautiful girls in the world, produces so few beautiful women. Have not our close stove-heated rooms something to do with it? Have not the immense amount of hot biscuits, hot corn cakes, and other compounds got up with the acrid poison of salutaris something to do with it? Above all, has not our climate, with its alternate extremes of heat and cold, a tendency to induce habits of indolence.—Climate, certainly, has a great deal to do with it; and you are evidently more trying and more exacting, and because it is so, we should not pile upon us back errors of dress and diet which are avoided by our neighbors. They keep their beauty because they keep their health. It has been as remarkable to me as anything, since I have been here, that I do not constantly, as at home, hear one and another spoken of as in miserable health, very delicate, &c. Health seems to be the rule and not the exception. For my part, I must say, the most favorable omen I know of for female beauty in America is the multitude of water-cure establishments, where our ladies, if they get nothing else, do gain some ideas as to the necessity of fresh air, regular exercise, simple diet, and the laws of hygiene in general.

WHOLESALE HINTS.—Never make use of an honest woman's name in an improper place at an improper time, or in a mixed company. Never make aspersions about her that are untrue, or allusions which you feel yourself would not like to hear.—When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community, men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined, and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some bragging villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not detect them from circulating the foul and branding report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character, will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman, for your mother, your sister, are women; and as you would have their fair name untarnished, and their lives unembittered by the slanderers biting tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister, or wife of some fellow-creature.—Boston Mail.

HALF-WAY ROCK SUPERSTITION.—A Lowell Island correspondent of the Lowell Courier reminds us of a singular freak of the fishermen of that vicinity. He says:

You know "Half-Way Rock," so called from being half-way from Boston to Cape Ann. It is out side of our Island, is distinguished by a beacon upon it, and it is in plain sight of the House. We were drifting about there yesterday in a sailboat, searching in vain for fish, which lately seem to have made out for deeper water, when our attention was attracted by two outward bound schooners bearing up to the rock. As they approached, each sailor threw his penny upon the rock, "for luck," and then both schooners steered off upon their course. It seems this superstitious practice is generally observed by sailors going out of Marblehead and Salem, and its omission is supposed by them to be sure to bring disaster. The boys often row off the rock to pick up the pennies, and are usually the rock to pick up their trouble. We asked our skipper if he believed in it. "To be sure I do," said he, "and so would any one who knew the story of Land Dick. It is an evil day for him who goes by that rock to sea without leaving his penny behind."

SIDE ISSUES VS. SPIRITUALISM.

While the Age in which we live is professedly progressive and bound to go ahead, we have nevertheless such a multitude of "isms" growing out of the relations of the past, the imperfect education of the present, and the impudic radicalism of the aspirants of the future, that it needs a clear head and calm judgment to do justice in the premise to the contending parties. Thus, we very frequently hear men speak of the past, as if it was some great discovery on their part, that men and things did not give the surface uniformity which is needful to bring things into fellowship with their conception of what is right. Indeed so much of our literature is conceived in this spirit, that as a people, we seem to be given wholly over to criticism and fault finding, and most of what is called "best efforts," is but fractional conceptions and discussions on the wisdom of progress. No doubt the man of culture and large mental resources may have progressed from the associations of the past, may have by a century left behind the present, but it is not the true indication of philosophy or good sense to be ever giving vent to peevish and fretful reflections on the tardy progress of the many. Doubtless there is wisdom in all things, for it is one of the universals of God's government, that "where sin did abound, grace did much more abound;" that however was no good reason with the apostle why he should sin, nor can it be with us.

That there are many issues made on the good sense of the thinking few, we are free to acknowledge, for we know that the impertinences of the uncultured many are often hard to bear, but to the philosopher as well as the Christian the question comes home—"if ye love them that love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same?" And if ye salute your brother only, what do ye more than others? Do not even the publicans so? Since the ideal of the philosopher and Christian is to be perfect "even as our Father which is in Heaven is perfect."—Mat. v. 48, 49.

These reflections may not be constructive, but they are pertinent to what we wish to say about some of the side issues which some of our opposers seem determined to fasten on Spiritualism.—We dislike to think men "love darkness rather than light," even when we see marked evidence of perversion, and, therefore, consider ignorance and lack of reflection as father and mother to the injustice we do on another in the battle of life.

Still there are times when charity has to give place to positive facts, and make us look for a more practical reason for the continued differences and antagonisms of society, which, in many cases we find to "live, more and have a being," in the false notions of mental consistency.

We know of no better way of illustrating these remarks than by calling the attention of the reader to the position of the Daily Tribune, of this city, and its attacks on Spiritualism. We have had occasion more than once to notice the late movements of that paper, which we are sorry to say, seem to manifest all the dangerous symptoms of an inflammatory disease, as its last issue, has been worse than the first, and may, if it continues, be fatal to its health—its life.

We wish to premise, that the "Tribune" has gained a place in the affections of "the people" by its bold and manly advocacy of the many phases of reform and progress peculiar to our age; and Spiritualism, among the rest, has received a fair share of commendation, so long as it was floating capital for speculation, and fit matter for its columns. Since Spiritualism, however, has grown into something like active life, and manifests an energy likely to impress the age, the Tribune, in common with the more reckless of the press, has turned round to fight Spirit Intercourse and theological reform. The last, the worst, because the last true attack made on Spiritualism, comes with the side issue of "True Love," which (Mr. Dana, we think it is, that does this kind of work for the Tribune), is fastened on us, although we have protested against any such use being made of Spiritualism. That this may be plain in the premise, we make the following extract from our paper of September 9.

Speaking of these side issues it was remarked: "We wish to inspire all minds with the needful caution, we may say humane caution, on such subjects as 'Free Love,' 'Social Affinities,' 'Individualism,' and questions of a like character, since we know the pure and good will ever find cause for regret at the unwise, ill-timed and imperfect discussion which these subjects are likely to receive from partially developed, imperfectly cultivated minds. Distinctly and positively do we protest against any such use being made of the name of Spiritualism, as in any way to identify it with, or make it responsible for, any of the side issues belonging to the above subjects."

Again, in our last week's paper, feeling the necessity of making ourselves understood on this subject, we used the following language:—"But we do not sympathize with *extremism*, however much the science of society may be out of joint; nor will we fraternize with any association that does not give positive evidence of possessing "a sound mind, in a healthy body." And we wish our Boston friends to know, that on the questions of Free-loveism, Individualism, Anti-Bibleism, and questions of a like kind, which this modern crusade of *Love* on sentiment and affection, or Religion and Familism, has made common with the critical and exacting *free*—we have no sympathy, fellowship—no desire to be identified with any such issues."

In spite of this, however, the Tribune, or Mr. Dana, as one of its Editors, uses the following language:

"It is quite commonly taught by the Spirits that the union of man and woman ought not only to be based on Spiritual compatibility; but that as the inner attraction varies, the outward relations should also be made to change, thus securing as frequent, if not as religiously motivated, a change of partners as obtains among the Ovidian Perfectionists."

To which the Spiritual Telegraph of this city makes the following positive and pertinent reply:

"We confidently assert that every Spiritualist, and indeed, every man who has spent three hours in the investigation, knows, absolutely, that the views expressed in the above extract are not commonly taught by the Spirits at all, and, moreover, we assure the writer, whoever he may be, that no man can continue to publish such foolish, absurd, and libelous statements and preserve a decent reputation for good feeling and ordinary veracity. The truth as it is commonly taught by Spirits is utterly at war with his gross assumptions. It is generally inculcated the idea that 'the inner attraction' by which the conjugal relation among them is determined, does not vary, in itself, and that it requires no such changes in 'the outward relations' of individuals, as the writer asserts."

Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Dana came with his rejoinder, and seemed quite indignant that any

one should call in question the truthfulness of his statement, but ends by putting the burden of proof on the shoulders of the Rev. Adin Ballou, of Hopedale.

As we wish to chase the falsehood, misconception or misstatement home, as well as give Mr. Ballou's grounds of alarm, we copy the extract which Mr. Dana offers as his authority and vindication.

Mr. Ballou, in a long and generally sensible article on "Modern Spiritualism—Its Good and Evil," makes the following remarks:

"Comparatively few of the Spiritualists have as yet become aware of this Free Love development; but it will soon be made manifest in sundry quarters. It will have something of a run, too. Mediums will be seen exchanging their significant congenialities, fondlings, caresses, and *indecipherabilities*. They will receive revelations from high pretending Spirits, cautiously instructing them that the sexual communion of congenials will greatly sanctify them for the reception of angelic ministrations. *Wives and husbands will be rendered miserable, alienated, parted, and their families broken up. There will be Spiritual marriages, carnal separations, and all the ultimate wretchednesses thence inevitably resulting.* Yet the very persons most active in bringing all this about will protest their own purity, will resent every suspicion raised to their discredit, will accuse all who renege against their course of doing so because personally *low* minded themselves, and will stand boldly out in their real character only when it is no longer possible to disguise it. *All this has commenced, and will be fulfilled in due season.* Shall it be covered up, winked at, and allowed to work its mischiefs without opposition, rebuke or alarm? No. Those who are aware of these mischiefs are in duty bound to withstand them by timely warning, faithful reproof, and uncompromising disavowal. Let the history of *Spirit-carnality* admonish us. In every age there has been an outbreak of it in connection with some form of religious and philosophical Spiritualism, and always with the same abundant results:—Commencing with extraordinary professions of innocence, sanctity, and solemn disavowals of any desire for indulgence in carnal gratification, it has invariably ended in gross adulteries, fornications, and the miseries consequent thereupon. Within the last generation, our country furnished two marked demonstrations of this nature; that of the Cochranites in Maine, and that of the prophet Matthias and his adherents in New-York. Such cases are beacons on the heights to warn us of impending dangers. Let us all take heed lest we be led under some specious pretense, deceiving Spirits in the flesh or out of it, seduce us into the pitfalls of corruption. I must earnestly deprecate and protest against this error of Free-Loveism, which I have good reason to fear is beginning to find a welcome among Spiritualists."

The reader has now the facts and the authority before him, and he must say how far Mr. Dana or any other person is justified in identifying *fornication*, and Spirit intercourse, for when we look at Mr. Ballou's remarks, the first words reads as follows:

"Comparatively few of the Spiritualists have as yet become aware of the 'Free Love' development, but it will soon be made manifest in sundry quarters." We have placed the first two lines in italics that the reader may be impressed with their importance, and contrast them with the statement of Mr. Dana. As for the remaining reflections and prophecies of Mr. Ballou, they may be true or may not. What the future may have in store for us, religiously and philosophically, we believe, will be just what it should be, we are doing what is right in the present; but we may have some doubts as to Mr. Ballou's prophetic character, and decidedly object to any man or woman making his "may be's" or "will be's" the premise by which the character and tendencies of Spiritualism is to be explained. But to look the facts fall in the face. Supposing that "Free Love" should be gaining ground among some of the Spiritual family, by what method of reasoning is Spiritualism to be made responsible for such development?

As well might we blame Jesus for the follies, vanities and false professions of his so-called followers; as well blame *light* for *darkness*, *truth* for *falsehood*, as Spiritualism or its philosophy for any side issue that may be developed. Surely the Spiritualist has the right to say, and his word should be taken as proof in the premise, whether he wishes to be responsible for, or considers such issues consequent to the acceptance of the fundamental facts, and it is the very height of impertinence in any one to say that a man or party does believe and accept such and such dogmas or conclusion when the voice of *protest* has declared its denial.

If the editors of the Tribune or any other paper cannot find time to investigate, or think the philosophy, theology, and literature of Spiritualism so "common place" and contemptible as to be unworthy such examination, we would simply remark, it may be possible for them to *grow wise in their own conceit* rather than comprehensive in wisdom by such feelings.

No doubt there is much room for improvement even in the "best efforts" of Spirits or Spiritualists, but we venture the assertion that in our many publications, there cannot be found such assumption of wisdom, misconception of fact and littleness of tolerance as Mr. Dana has summed in the "finale" and conclusion of his article. As a specimen of style and delicacy of culture, we give the "precious morceau," that the reader may be able to do justice to the critic, while loving mercy for the man. Here is the conclusion of the whole matter.

All the revelations published by the best of them, whether in Judge Edmond's book or elsewhere, what is not arrant nonsense is utter common-place. And we defy The Spiritual Telegraph or any other organ of these ghosts to state a single new truth, which can be demonstrated to be truth, that they have added to human knowledge. The whole affair is evidently of that nature, that men of sound common sense must soon tire of it, and that those who desire to be sane will keep away from it, even tho' it should not approach them with the licentious and revolting features of "Free Love."

Although we do not pretend to be one of the "sons of thunder," (and it would seem some such should accept this bombastic defiance), we will give Mr. D. the necessary "demonstration" soon as he will explain to us what he means by a "new truth," because it is a very grave thing to say what is "truth," and somewhat difficult to define a "new truth," as it is a common notion with many, that "there is nothing new under the sun." In conclusion, we would suggest to Mr. Dana and his co-workers the propriety of having a little faith in the wisdom of God as well as in the editorial corps of the Tribune, for to our plain thinking, there is a great deal of practical irreligion in constantly quarreling with the developments which God has related to the Ages.

As pertinent to "new truth" and the mission of Spiritualism, we invite the attention of the reader to the following, which we take from the work of Herman Snow on "Spiritual Intercourse." He says:

"It is not, I say, the apparent and main object to reveal new truth, although there is incidentally, as it were, much light reflected from the Spirit-home, making manifest, to us especially, the beautiful and cheering views of death and the immortal Spirit-life; yet it is not for this that our heavenly visitors rejoice most of all to come. It is rather to instruct the ignorant; to deliver from the dreary mazes of atheism; to warn the sinful, the indifferent, the unfaithful; to sympathize with the suffering, the wronged, the down-trodden; but, above all, to comfort the afflicted, to bind up the

broken heart of the mourner, the forsaken and lonely,—it is for objects like these that the inhabitants of that bright Spirit-home come to us. They come by permission of the good Father himself, and with the greatest joy and delight do they speak wise and gentle words to their brothers still in the flesh."

TO REV. MR. FENNEL, GLENS FALLS.

DEAR SIR: In my last I brought such facts and reflections before you, as I thought pertinent to your remarks on Mediums, and will now offer some remarks on the religious character of the same. That it is natural that you should make such objections, I doubt not, because it is functional to your office, and belongs to the necessary antics of your calling. Still I cannot help thinking you did not use a very rational caution in the charges you made against the physical peculiarities of the medium, nor did you exercise a very truthful philosophy in attempting the explanation. Whether this is the misfortune of your position or mind, or both, I cannot say, having never seen you; still it is but common justice to a large and rapidly increasing class of our fellow-citizens, that you and society should know the facts in the case. That there are *mediums*, peculiarities, and even deception connected with mediumship, it would be the height of folly and dishonesty in me to deny; but you should be philosopher enough to look below the surface of things and find where *fact* ends, and fiction takes its place.

In order to get the startling severity of your charges against the Mediums and Spiritualists before your mind, I will quote again from your sermon.

You say, "Its religious character shows it a special favorite of him, whose kingdom is opposed to Christ's. In the hands of its priests, it is a deluding scheme of infidelity. Where does it put the Bible as the infallible Word of God! Out of existence! Where does it put Jesus Christ, the Lord of life and glory? Far below the vaunting Poughkeepsie seer! Where does it put the Prophets and Apostles? Far below the jaded and hysterical girls that mutter some sickly sentimentality amid the gaping circle that throng their presence." Now it would be pure affectation on my part, to say that I am not sensitive to such an array of charges and false answers,—for it must be evident that the questions are asked only to make the declamatory answers the more prejudicial to Spiritualism.

I may be pardoned therefore if I ask you the plain, but practical question, *are you honest* in this particular issue? Is it possible that you have not seen enough of a very different order of manifestations, and know enough of the characters of some of the Spiritualists of your own town, to save you from such sad mistakes, (I will not say falsehoods,) as you force upon the mind in this detail of questions and answers? I know not what you may have seen, nor will I guess at the nature of your authority, but I will inform you that you are mistaken in your conclusions if I rightly understand the views and feelings of a large class of Spiritualists.

As I wish you to know the *truth*, however, I will add, there are those who do not accept the Bible as an infallible book, and I may say, it is a very large class, some members of which, I think, you will find in your own Church. I may call your attention to the proof of this some other time, as I wish now to attend to a statement of fact regarding character. I do not wish, however, to lose sight of the fact that there are those who call themselves Spiritualists, that do not consider the Bible of any special authority to them, but I think I am honest when I tell you they are the smallest fragment of a minority.

But were it much more common, you should not conclude that Spiritualism is necessarily irreligious, or the child of the devil.

There would be as good sense in my asserting that because most of the convicts in our State prisons are orthodox in their belief of Hell and the Devil, that, therefore, as a matter of fact, such must be the natural tendency of its whole culture.

No, the Spiritual elements are intensified in their action, and often manifest the most marked religious delight, still there may be the same uneven and irregular development of character that too often has accompanied the religious mania of some of your "Revivals" and Camp meetings." You surely know enough of human nature to understand the necessity of time in any and all reforms, whether it be of a personal character or extends into society, since the modification and qualification of habit is one of slow growth, the world's history being authority.

As to the views of Spiritualists about Jesus Christ, I can say there are a marked diversity of views, but little differing from the beliefs popular in the churches, as every possible conception is represented on the ministerial platform. The general feeling, however, was well stated by the Rev. James Martineau some years before the advent of Spiritualism, and believing that no one will object to it, I will give it as a popular outline of the Spiritualists' conception of Jesus. He says, "when men shall learn to prefer a religious to a theological appreciation of Christ, and esteem his *mind* greater than his rank, much more of this kind of internal proof will present itself." You will perceive therefore, that whatever else Spiritualists believe in seeking for the necessary evidence which every honest mind should have before it allows itself to accept any belief, they look mostly, I may say, solely, to the mind and character of the person presented, the medium communicating, and the fact to be examined. To be sure, this differs somewhat from the take for granted way you do things in the church, as you, if I remember rightly, make more of "hell" than examination, and insist more on crushing "doubt" by dogmatism than putting an end to it by knowledge.

This kind of education may have had its good effect, but the advent of science, the press and the other instrumentalities and appliances of and for progress is like to make an end of the whole matter ere long.

Still error may and will come to the most cautious of students, by the necessity of limitation, common to all minds, beside which class, there is another and a larger, whose temper and attainments are but poor aids to culture, and who belong to no church, party or association as a whole, but live and have a being in every department of society. "Still it cannot be denied that the Spirit of free discussion has its *value* as well as its *true* proficients, whose course is marked by a superficial, capricious and derogatory desire for change.

But even the sympathy and encouragement, which this thoughtless and reckless love of innovation occasionally meets with, may be traced to the solid advantages which the cause of truth and humanity has derived from the uncompromising search after *right*."

This to you as a religious man, must be of great consolation, since in vindicating "the ways of God to man," you find amid the seeming antagonisms of life, the universal principle of distributive jus-

and compensation which shows forth the mercy of God to ALL. As a philosopher, however, you cannot be insensible to the causes, which, like a vast upheaving sea, have forced this state of things into being. It were useless to point you to the churches and ask for a reasonable explanation of the indifference, the religious nothingness and marked inconsistency that every where meets the good sense of the observer; and yet, by every principle of reason, you should explain these, for they are, and have been the stone of offence to the world.—But no, I will not urge this, for I do not seek to convict you or yours of inconsistency, for I know "the servant cannot be above his master," neither can the church be above society. Still, it were well to bear in mind, that the errors of the church have been twofold.

First. They have been practically *inconstant*.

Secondly. They have been theologically and philosophically false. The latter may be father to the former, since "all its veneration is antiquarian, not sympathetic or prospective. It turns its back upon the living and looks straight into departed ages, bowing the head and bending the knee, as if all objects of *love* and *devotion* were there, not here in history, not in life, as if its God were dead or otherwise imprisoned in the past, and had bequeathed to its keeping such relics as might yield a perpetual benediction."! This must be in part the explanation and apology, if such is needed for the limitations that many Spiritualists feel forced to make upon these old notions and sectarian conceptions, for you should never forget that such as we are, we have come forth from the church with its best culture.

In my next I will explain my relation to the Apostles and the Prophets, but wish you to remember that Jesus is no less the "man of my council," though like the busy bee, I may gather mental sweets in my own sphere; as God is constantly revealing Himself in the wonders of His works, and the progress and culture of His children.

Your friend for Humanity,
J. H. W. TOOLEY.

* Rev. C. Follen on Peace and War.
† Rev. James Martineau's Controversial Sermons.

CORRESPONDENCE AND SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

We are permitted to extract the following from a private letter of Capt. J. B. Plummer of the U. S. Army, now in Texas. From every part of our vast country, the voice of anxious inquiry comes floating on the mental breeze, asking for "light, more light still." We find in the Army, the Navy, in the pulp and among the medical and legal professions; from artisans, farmers, mechanics, and every phase of handy-craft, as well as those of no calling, no profession; enquirers and seekers after the philosophy of Spiritualism, who as yet remain private and uncommitted by fear of the ridicule they see bestowed upon the Spiritual Reformer by the unthinking and undeveloped many. Yet our consolation is in these very conversions, since we know that every thing has had, and must have its *infancy*, but the time is not far distant when there shall be none to make us afraid or ashamed, since it is a law of progress that "perfect love casteth out fear," and the teachings of Spiritualism are well calculated to develop this, where liberty of thought, speech and action are harmonized into fellowship with the details of a practical religion.

PORT CLARK, TEXAS, AUGUST 13th, 1854.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER—I presume you must, ere this, have thought me very forgetful of my friends; but such, I assure you is not the case, although I must plead guilty to negligence and indolence. My silence, however, has been partly due to ill health, from which I have suffered very much since my arrival in Texas, and from which, I fear, I will ever suffer until the end of my career on earth.

Since I last wrote you, I have spent two months (in the line of my duty) among the hills and mountains, on the head waters of the Nueces, where the wilderness, grandeur and diversity of the scenery, and I may say, the solitude itself, possessed for me a charm, and a congeniality it is impossible to describe. I was separated from my family, and being without a companion, I had but little else to do but think. Such a situation tends to elevate one's thoughts and feelings above the jarring discords of the world.

"It has often struck me as very strange that men should manifest such indifference towards a subject of so much importance. Even the apathy of those who are convinced of the truth of these modern manifestations of an immortal existence, is often truly astonishing. It seems to me that even if men doubt its truth, when they see so many believing, and openly proclaiming their belief in Spiritualism, it ought to be sufficient to excite in them a desire for investigation. But such is not generally the case. Yet, in my opinion, the friends of the cause need have no fears for its success. "Truth is omnipotent and must prevail" over ignorance and superstition. The rapid spread of Spiritualism in the last two years, is a sure guaranty for the future. No religion the world ever saw, whether propagated by moral suasion or the sword, ever spread with half the rapidity of this, and its march is still onward. I think we have reason to rejoice.

"I am glad to see you have taken the first steps in the organization of a "Society for the diffusion of Spiritual knowledge," and hope it may succeed, and that no *discord* may intervene, to destroy or mar its usefulness.

"My first impression in regard to your Society was, that it was sectarian in its character, but am rejoiced to learn through "The Christian Spiritualist," (which I receive doubtless through your kindness,) that it is not so. We surely have had sectarianism enough. There must necessarily exist for a long time to come, a very great diversity of opinion among Spiritualists in regard to many Theological doctrines, but as long as they show themselves true Spiritualists by purity of life, and love and kindness towards their fellow man; by obedience to the laws of God, as manifested in his works, I look upon that diversity of opinion, as of minor importance, and I think the platform of the Society should be such as to embrace *all*, without reference to unimportant doctrinal differences.

You will probably remember that I wrote you about a young lady, who promised me if she died first, to return and tell me if there was any truth in Spiritualism; and that in St. Louis I received a communication purporting to come from her, (which I believe I sent you,) although I had not at that time heard of her death. Such kind of tests have become so common, that to a believer, they have lost their interest; yet it may not be uninteresting for you to know that I received a communication in New-Orleans, from my friends at the North, confirming the statement made through the medium, as to the hour of her death. While on this subject, permit me to make a request. The communication I have referred to, was sent to the young lady's mother, (Mrs. Temple, of Rutland, Vt.,) who was a bitter opposer of Spiritualism. Mrs. P. received a letter from her a few days ago, (she is now in Wisconsin,) in which she requests

me to obtain for her through some good medium, a communication from her daughter addressed to herself. Will you have the kindness to obtain the communication and send it to me? I will not tell you the young lady's name, as it will be more satisfactory if you do not know it. Will you also have the kindness to send me the pamphlets containing the Constitution, &c., of the Society.

"I cannot resist the temptation of sending you the rough copy of a communication I received from my sister while in Cincinnati, on the subject of Spiritualism, and which I think really beautiful. I sent it at the time I received it to a little paper in Cleveland, but do not know whether it was published or not. My sister has been nearly thirty years in the Spirit land.

"I hope you will find time write me as soon as you receive this. You cannot tell how much pleasure it affords me to hear from my Brothers in the cause. May all good Spirits ever guard, guide and protect you.

Yours fraternally,
J. B. PLUMMER.

"MY DEAR BROTHER: The fire is now kindled on your altars, that will light your sphere from centre to circumference; may you be found walking that light. Take your stand boldly on the broad platform of truth, and we will give you evidence that defies contradiction;—for the glory of the living God is flooding the world for man's universal salvation.

Spiritualism, when fully understood, furnishes to the human soul everything it can possibly desire. It draws into action the purest and noblest sentiments of the human heart; it teaches man his duty to his brother and his God; it is calculated to equalize and harmonize the world; level distinctions, and raise the degraded suffering children of vice and folly, from the level of the brute to the sphere of the angel. The veil is in part drawn aside, that separates the material from the Spiritual world, and Spirit and man can commune as one.

Our course is upward and onward, and the combined powers of earth cannot retard our progress. We have tried to surround you with our Spirit influence, that you may use the influence your position gives to raise your suffering brother. There are millions of the human family, God's children, the homeless, homeless wanderers over God's fair earth, who, if surrounded by the influences which it is in their *lordly* brother's power to throw around them, would be an ornament to society and an honor to their God.

My own dear Brother, put your shoulder to the wheel, and we will give you that power, and that independence, that will be like a rushing torrent in the Spiritual flood. Exercise your reasoning powers for man's elevation; for rest assured that you will have to give an account of your talents, if buried in the earth. Live so as to have no regrets; live, that we can always approach you, and give you that counsel that will be a barrier against the evils of life; live, that you may join our band, far above the cross of earth, is the prayer of her who loved you in life, and in death is ever near you.

MARY.

The foregoing communication I received on the 3d of March, through Mrs. Long, medium, at Cincinnati. I called upon the medium, a perfect stranger, and requested her to write for me, without mentioning the names of any of my departed friends, but at the same time mentally desired F. to communicate. She wrote out the communication very rapidly, to which she signed the name of my sister, of whom I was not thinking at the time, instead of F. as I had desired and expected.

What says the skeptic to this? Did Mrs. Long compose it herself, upon a "rough guess" as to who I was, where I came from, and my relationships in life? and then stumble upon the correct name? Did it emanate from her mind while writing as rapidly as she did, and conversing with me at the same time? Or has she a supply of these kind of articles, already written by some accomplished leader in this wide-spread "knavery" and "deception," committed to memory ready for use, from which she selects, according to the manner or appearance of her customer? How answers the skeptic and scoffer? I should remark that the communication was perfectly appropriate to the occasion, and characteristic of the Spirit from which it purported to come.

J. B. P.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

The following communication was obtained in a manner not altogether unusual, yet under circumstances of much embarrassment to preserve for reproduction. Two gentlemen entered a Refectory one evening last week, taking a seat in one of those comfortable little rooms partitioned off, so common upon Broadway. While discussing toast and tea, and Spiritualism, one, a medium, saw the Spirit of Benjamin Franklin present, and remarked, I think, "he wishes to speak." The manner in which communications come through this gentleman's mediumship is explained something in this way. The medium with closed eyes sees what appears like a "black board," and word after word is presented thereon consecutively until the whole is rendered. The medium in fact, just reading aloud word after word as presented to his vision, without his consciousness being disturbed or his own brain at all exercised any further than to read what is presented. The unexceptionable character of the gentleman forbids the least question of doubt as to the facts above stated, and although at times the matter was spoken too rapidly to be written plainly, I feel quite confident but few errors exist. The copy is taken from my pencil marks made at the time. The writer of this has understood that communications through Mrs. Thomas, of Ohio, are usually given in a very similar way.

Go on, go on, and the blessed Spirits of the sphere will be with you and guide you midst darkness and doubt. There will be light, &c.

This is necessary if for no other purpose for contrast sake. It is by contrast and comparison that we arrive at every just conclusion.

Now, when I speak to you thus, I don't mean for you to understand that this is altogether necessary for you, but it is necessary for many.

The physical and moral world is undergoing great change. Angels have been sent to the uttermost parts of the earth, to arrest the progress of mortals in their course, to turn their eyes and their thoughts from the material to the Spiritual, from earth to Heaven, and it should be one of the brightest proofs to man, that this is a Spiritual work, from the fact, that it has arisen in all parts of the globe at the same time.

These angels traversing the universe are armed by a Spirit * * * proof which will weigh any heart or soul, and after it has been placed in the scales, the sealer's mark has been put upon it, in order that other messengers should see clearly those with whom the line of their duty lies. Thus within a few years has the world been measured and its occupants marked and numbered. This has not been done before for many, many years, and its effects are alike felt in Heaven as well as on earth.

There never was a time since the creation of man, when he in his intellectual and Spiritual nature was so suddenly arrested in his course, and felt his wants so much. He looks around above and below, and asks, what shall I do to be saved? There never was a time in Heaven when Spirit-life has been so thoroughly searched as within the same few years.

Spirits in Heaven and Spirits on earth are seeking the same object—progression! Angelic teachers and teachers in the mortal frame below, will all unite in this great work. Many have been chosen in both spheres to carry on this great work, and you, my friend, have an important, yes, a high work to do, you are in the line of it now, and seeking daily how you may progress yourself and others in this glorious work.

Your duty in that respect on earth lies in the same line with ours in Heaven. We are your brothers then in the work, and as such, must meet often together for Spirit conference and encouragement.

We have difficulties as well as you. Our hearts are often made sad, and bitterly do we deplore our inability to accomplish what we might accomplish, if all Spirits were true to themselves and to those high duties which devolve upon them.

You too, have these same difficulties as well as more material ones in the line of your business operations. Think then, that while you joy, we may suffer. At times when you suffer, be assured that we suffer too; thus you have an advantage of us which we do not possess over you. While you cannot always see us and know our thoughts and sufferings, we always can and do see yours. Be of good cheer then, for we are with you, will guide and sustain you. Fear not, we will never forsake you.

The following beautiful gem is most welcome, as we think there is truth and poetry enough in it for a good sized lecture, which we hope the reader will appreciate. The peculiarity of it consists in the fact that, the medium is in her normal state, is of a plain uneducated character, and never has made any pretensions to composition or literary execution that we have heard of, yet we question if there are many among the educated that could produce the same, in the time the communication was given.

We are informed it was written with a piece of chalk on the table or board prepared, in a very rapid, but neat and beautiful hand.

Now we would like to have the detractors of Spirit Intercourse give us a good reason and explain how this can be, if there are no Spirit's in the case! Will our opposers give us the needful explanation? We will wait and see.

COMMUNICATION.

With hearts full of love you would wish me to glorify you at this pleasant hour to speak of my glorious Spirit home. I am often near you, and though often repelled by causes too complicated for me to touch on now. I still as earnestly seek to expand the thoughts, which, are continually being born in my soul. Oh! the delight which floods the whole being when we comprehend that truth, new, great and glorious are germinating in our souls and growing out into our very being.

He, who deposits in your mind the seed of one truth, enriches your immortality (if I may use the expression.) This is one of the many missions of the Spirits of loved ones, to come from their eternal homes of love and joy, and twining themselves lovingly and caressingly around your Spirits, mingle with their tenderness the seeds which they have gathered from the *dying flowers of truth*. For "truth is a seed wrapped in opinion," and where the opinion dies, as the flower, they gather these seed and bring it to you. True, it sometimes falls on stony ground or scattered by the wayside becomes choked with errors. But that which *does* fall on good ground brings forth a thousand fold. Let this then encourage you in your labor, that though much may be laid before you as emanating from the Spirits which is utterly erroneous, more *shall* come in the progress of humanity which shall cause you to praise the Father of Spirits forever and aye.

Go on in your work and the blessings of the Spirit, sowers of seed, shall multiply around your head and be woven into a wreath whose flowers shall never die, and whose perfume shall never fail.

Yours in the Spirit communion.
ABNERS.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT 553, BROADWAY, EVERY THURSDAY EVENING.

As might be expected by the student of history and the observer of Human nature, the advent of Spiritualism like every new development in the ages, has brought forth all kinds of reflections good, bad and indifferent, the subject matter itself being accepted as *true*. Indeed, as we read the book of life, we cannot see how it could be otherwise.—Since society (to say nothing of the world) is made up of the most marked variety of characters, all of whom revile not only their natures, but their actual culture, as it is universally confessed that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Time, which is the dial plate of all things, has shown, that though the angels have conversed with man, telling the "secrets of the world unknown," that such intercourse will not, and cannot alter the organic and radical defects of character and education, and that Spiritual progress, like every other kind of mental development, must depend mostly on the wise and properly directed efforts of the friends themselves. To this end, we hope to see meetings and conferences multiplied, that we may have the better means, because of the more frequent opportunity of comparing views and knowing the conclusion of the friend as well as the *method* and *logic* by which, such conclusions have been arrived at. We are inclined to think there has been too much "taken for granted" with some, while others are ever "jumping at conclusions," because inclined to "jump" a thing after the method of a *barbary*. The only way to aid this "mangled matter" is to "prove all things," by the most catholic philosophy, the Bible History and science being the loving guides to truthful conclusions.

To aid in this good work, it has been deemed advisable to have a weekly conference at the Rooms of the "Society for the Diff

Poetry.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

TIME IN NO MORE.

Wake the mighty one of triumph,
Over the wide extended earth,
Heaven's new Gospel of glad things,

Time is now no more,
Starting from the grave of ages,
Europe, Asia, Africa, and Rome,

Time is now no more,
Truth descends, that mighty angel,
Standing on the land, the sea,

Time is now no more,
Man, is now among the angels,
Eternity no more a dream,

Time is now no more,
Your dear little children, but what have I said,

Time is now no more,
I shall feel like a stranger in this new world,

Time is now no more,
A traveler on the dusty road,

Time is now no more,
Fair in Aid of Spiritualism postponed from October 2d

Every day a want expressed for some regular
Sunday meeting in this city, conducted with religious
order and harmony adapted to Spiritual de-

Every day a want expressed for some regular
Sunday meeting in this city, conducted with religious
order and harmony adapted to Spiritual de-

miscellaneous lectures of every phase, may have their
place in an early stage of Spiritualism, but are not
always congenial to minds of sensitive culture seek-

THE CONVENTION IN BOSTON.
Most willingly do we give place to the "Call for
a Convention," as we feel there is great need of more
frequent and general meetings among the Spirit-

We do not look for perfect harmony for a time,
since with us, understanding is the first law of
agreement, and to understand one and another, we
must know "even as we are known" before there

Still we sincerely sympathize with the effort
and shall do all we can to aid in its development,
believing that one successful meeting would be
the dawn of a social revolution, which would put

It has been the general belief and expectation
among advanced minds interested in the Spiritual
developments of the day, that these unfoldings are
to culminate in the successful institution of practical

There is need of more abundant opportunities
for the witnessing of Spirit manifestations, avail-
able to the public.

There is need of more highly unfolded and giv-
ing tests and truthful communications.

There is need of more highly Spiritualized me-
diums for the more powerful exercise of the gift of
healing by the impartation of magnetism.

There is need in order to meet these require-
ments, of a central institution, where mediums can
be scientifically and practically taught how to live,

There is need, also, of a Common Home, or cen-
ter of social interests and attractions, where con-
genial associations can always be enjoyed by me-

man's life, that his mother is present when he is
born, to provide for his wants till he is capable of
providing for himself. Aye more, that her love

I have had a mother always, but she passed
away from sight when I was a mere boy. I knew
not where she was gone, and as her presence was

There was a spell in that word that could soften
my feelings when all else failed to move me, for I
could see her then, with her earnest blue eyes and

And thus, life passed along to manhood, and yet
I was not reconciled to the separation, the magni-
tude of the loss seemed to increase with the lapse

After laughing at the Spirit Rappers for a few
months, I concluded to pay the fraternity a visit. I
found access to a circle of strangers. Carefully

It is certainly a position more easily maintained than
any of the others occupied by those who profess to be
mediums. But those who advance this theory of their

You need much to have your hearts touched as with
a living coal from God's altar. You need much more of that Spirit
of revelation and inspiration which is the gift of

There are so many issues brought before the
mind—orthodox and heterodox—while reading this
small volume, that it would need more room and

We had been looking for this review for some
weeks, with the expectation that Spiritualism would
be vindicated in a way, and after a method that both

There are so many issues brought before the
mind—orthodox and heterodox—while reading this
small volume, that it would need more room and

Review of Books.

SPHÉR-INTERCOURSE: Containing incidents of Personal Expe-
rience, while Investigating the various phenomena of Spirit-
ualism, through himself as medium. By HERMAN S. HOWE, Lec-
turer on Spiritualism, at the Boston Convention, 1854. New
York: G. B. FRANCIS & Co. 1854.

The "get up" of this little volume is in the
usual style of Crosby & Nichols, marked as it is by
good taste and sense in the selection of paper and

We have not met with the volume before, al-
though the work has been with the public a year,
and we doubt not had done a good work for Spirit-

The first extracts are from the introduction of
"Part Second," and express the writer's views of
the general issue of Spiritualism with its opponents,

All-or, at least, almost without exception—who have
paid any considerable degree of thorough attention to the subject,
have been absolutely driven from the position, that mediumship,
clearly, or by any other unaccountable means, could accomplish

I do not wish to be understood, however, as claiming for
the communications the virtue of "orthodoxy," as this term is
generally understood, however valuable this might seem in the

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mind—orthodox and heterodox—while reading this
small volume, that it would need more room and

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We had been looking for this review for some
weeks, with the expectation that Spiritualism would
be vindicated in a way, and after a method that both

he makes the Dr. the convenient whipping-post to
which he brings the faith, feelings, religion and phi-
losophy of Christendom, he passes from the Spirit-

Through the "review" there is a fierceness
and recklessness of expression which, towards the
close, culminates in mental extravagance, so mark-

I feel sensible that my time might have been much better
employed. The task has been exceedingly distasteful to me; and
I have written this only as a duty, and not as a pleasure.

The TABLE TALK: A brief Review of Rev. C. M. BR-
IDGES, D. D., By S. B. BRITTON, New-York: PATTERSON &
BRITTON, No. 200 Broadway.

We have read Rev. C. M. Bridges' "Table Talk" with
pleasure, and we hope with benefit, as it gives us an out-
line of the theology of the reviewer, which we are

The review has been published in the weekly
issues of the Spiritual Telegraph, so that little will
be needed of us, more than to say to the reader,

We give the following extracts as answers to the
charge Mr. Butler, in common with many others,
(equally ignorant of the views of Spirits and Spirit-

We do this the more cheerfully because there is
an impression in many minds, that the Spiritualists
are to be anti-Bible, anti-religious and anti-har-

Almost all which have been published to the world, please
to recollect the most precious truths of the Bible. (Dr.
Butler.)

We might furnish an appropriate answer to this absurd
statement in later numbers, but we have not time for it.

DR. HARRINGTON.

Dr. ISAAC HARRINGTON has opened an Infirmary in
17th-st., near 8d-av., Brooklyn, and is prepared to receive pa-
tients and treat their various diseases, at the most efficacious

Under the present arrangements, patients who enter the
Infirmary will receive the closest and kindest attention, enjoying
as nearly as possible the comforts of a home, at any distance.

PSYCHOMETRICAL DELINEATIONS OF CHA-
RACTER.
To read the character of persons by holding the handwriting
to the forehead, is a gift which may be employed in numerous

PERSONS desiring of becoming Members of
THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL KNOW-
LEDGE, are invited to apply to either of the
Officers of the Society, or at the office of THE SPIRITUAL TELE-
GRAPH.

BOOKS AND MUSIC.
THE VALUABLE PUBLICATIONS OF
LARRY SUNDERLAND
May be found for sale at the Rooms of the
Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge.

Many new and beautiful pieces of Music, especially dedicated
to Spiritualists, published by Horace Waters, No. 338 Broad-
way, may be found for sale at the office of this paper. The

NEW METHOD OF HUMAN CULTURE.
PHYSICAL, MENTAL, SPIRITUAL!
HAVE YOU REALIZED THE IDEALS OF THE WORKERS?

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE must be built on the same founda-
tion as the Church of the Present. It must be built on the
same principles, and by the same methods.

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same principles, and by the same methods.

Poetry.

(For the Christian Spiritualist.)

THE SEA AND ITS LESSON.

[Written at Nahant, August 7th, 1864, while seated upon a high rock overlooking the sea.]

By FRANCES E. HYER.

The sea—the sea—thou fatherless and mighty sea,
Thou in thy might and vastness art a mystery unto me,
As I listen to the music of thy ever dashing waves,
At will I wander far and deep in thy mysterious caves,
I can sit beneath thy coral trees and listen to the song
Of water spirits who do here their gladsome strain prolong,
Deep, deep within the recess of the dark mysterious deep,
Where strange and uncouth creatures utter their wailing woe,
Where the floor is paved with pearls by mortals never seen,
Where gorgeous treasures careless lay upon the golden sand,
Within the deep recess of a beautiful coral cavern,
Within this kingdom of the sea, I will enjoy the hour,
The sea, the sea, thou fatherless, thou dark mysterious sea,
Why dost thou in mysterious and darkness seem to me,
Hath deity in wisdom created that which man
With his God-like powers of mind is inadequate to see?
Because thou art bound in mystery, thou ever rolling sea,
Shall we not learn thy history, thou dark mysterious sea?
Yes, and thy due of admiration will we then give unto thee,
Far, far down in thy glittering depths where they may roam free
We may hear a proclamation which the darkened earth shall hear,
And all that's new mysterious to man shall be made clear,
Let the truth be revealed, that thy ignorance alone,
Which renders dark the works of God, and mystery has dawn,
We may not within this glittering lower beneath the ocean
Wave,

We may read as we shall wander within the ocean cave,
That the rose that which in beauty glows within the gorgeous
shell,
That all of beauty which doth mark the works of God doth tell,
The best mirror-herb of the universal plan,
Which showeth forth the works of God a mystery to man,
And if we study nature's book, we will be surely taught
That the works of all creation are all with wisdom fraught,
And its ignorance alone which causes man to fear,
That darkness and mys'eriousness are manifested here.

(For the Christian Spiritualist.)

POETRY!

Oh, to be a poet!
Writing all his will,
Could one only know it,
And be poet still!
'T would be very pleasant,
Very—I declare,
Just to have the Spirit
Easel anywhere,
And to fill it faithfully,
When I should choose
Of the visions richly,
I often lose.
Day's last clouds that glisten,
In an evening sky,
While the hills all listen
For its dying sigh.
Blowest water calling
All the forest through,
To the red leaves falling
With the falling dew.
Ally, gorgeous castles,
Bathlow arched where,
I could see thy Spirit
Just to get the air.
And to try thy pinions
Upward as they rise,
For a higher mansion,
Mansion in the skies.
How, were I a poet,
All the world would be
Brighter, yes, I know it,
Better unto me.
And the mourning raiment
Which we wear through time
Would be far less gloomy,
Fringed with a rhyme.
Lo, my sad soul lingers
Daring to aspire,
But to warm its fingers
In thy poet's fire.

WILLIAMSBURG, L. I. A. M. H.

(From the Liberator.)

THE HONEST LABORER.

God bless the honest laborer,
The busy, busy man,
The worker in the clattering mill,
The deliver in the land,
The one whose weary hands have torn
From earth her hoarded wealth,
Whose soul returns to God,
Is nature's boon—sweet health.
Bless him who wields the ponderous sledge,
Chad in his leather mail,
That, safe as warrior's panoply,
Quarries from beneath each stroke,
Each masonry of the rock,
Who works to furnish labor's toll,
Who's ready to rise slow.
Bless him who turns the matted soil,
Who with the early dawn
Hastes to the furrow's end,
Who plants in nature's bosom wide
The fruitful golden seed,
And gives to his guardian care,
The sunshine and the rain.
Bless him who lays the massive keel,
Who binds the iron rail,
That binds the ocean wanderer
Safe battle with the gale;
Who repairs the iron of the mast,
Whence darts to every breeze
The star and stripes of freedom's flag,
A rainbow in the sky.
Bless him whose ribbed palaces rest
Upon the heaving sea,
Who soars the danger of the flood,
The broken beam,
Who in the ocean's stormy sleep
Calmly in stormy-roughing sleep,
Enduring that his life be paid
Before the tempest's power.
Bless him who gives each beautiful thought
A resting place—a name—
And with the faithful word of fame;
Who sends it forth on every breeze,
And bids it live to bless,
While countless clinics the slender type,
And grounds the printing press.
Bless all who toil! God's blessing rest
On them with every day,
Whose honest brow the sweat-drops deck
In every day-light hour,
Bless them, thou honest man, and may they win
What wealth can never win,
Contentment with their lot on earth,
A laim for every eye.

Is it PAINFUL TO DIE.—According to my observation, the mere act of dying is seldom, in any sense of the word, a very painful process. It is true that some persons die in a state of bodily torture, as in cases of tetanus; that the drunkard, dying with delirium tremens, is haunted by terrific visions; and that most horrible of all disease, hydrophobia, in addition to those peculiar bodily sufferings, from which the disease has derived its name, may be in a state of terror from the supposed presence of frightful objects, which are presented to him as realities, even to the last. But these, and some other instances which might be adduced, are exceptions to the general rule—which is, that both mental and bodily suffering terminate long before the scene is finally closed. Then, as to the actual fear of death, it seems to me that the author of our existence, for the most part, gives it to us when it is intended that we should die. Those who have been long tormented by bodily pain are generally as anxious to die as they were to live. So it often is with those whose life has been protracted to an extreme old age beyond the usual period of mortality, even when they labor under no actual disease.—Psychobiological Inquiries.

SILLY SUPERSTITION.—We live in a remarkable age, and a very free country, and Connecticut is one of the States—one of the original thirteen—and Jewett City is one of the usual periods of the superstition; since then, two of his sons have died there of the same disease; and another son being sick of the same disease, his friends, under the belief that the dead brothers were feeding on the living, turned their graves on the 8th, dug them up, and burned their bones! This is an instance of superstition such as missionaries tell us of among "the heathen."—E.

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."

FIFTH DIALOGUE.

COMPACTS.

It was in 1841. I did not experience anything particular on the first night. But on the second, I witnessed a phenomenon I never wish to see another time. I was scarcely in bed, and did not sleep, when I became conscious that my arm was gently drawn out of the covering, and by and by a greater power attracted in the same way my leg, and my body soon followed these two limbs, when I exclaimed, "Oh, my God, what does this mean?" These words were scarcely uttered, when I found myself again in my bed, and perfectly sure that I was not laboring under a mental delusion. I took to reflect upon the consequences of my conjuration, but I would not give it up, be they what they might. I put the slip of paper under my pillow every night. For several days I was undisturbed, and I was beginning to doubt the result of my experiment, when one evening I prayed to a good aunt of mine, dead for several years, to appear to me and become my guide. This relative was particularly attached to me; while in this world she had tried every means to induce me to practice what she called my religious duties; but she could not persuade me to do so. Could I have met in the churches, souls as pure and angelic as her own, I would doubtless have followed her advice; but the priest's intolerance had turned me into an atheist. I therefore earnestly prayed this noble aunt to appear to me, if that were possible. I was very much surprised during that night by being awakened by the sound of a powerful bell, which struck three times, and each time three blows. I awoke, and was amazed to see before my eyes the son of this aunt, dead sometime after her. I began to talk with him, and was quite surprised to hear him talk of the Spiritual world, the goodness of God, and the necessity of a pure religion.—While among us, this cousin of mine shared my views on this subject; my skepticism was even perhaps due in part to his own. I told him I was better prepared to receive these things than I had been during his life, that I was ardently studying all the books which treated of these matters; and finally that I was endeavoring to enter into communication with Spirits, in order to acquire the conviction of their existence, as well as that of a future life. I added that it was with such intention I had evoked my aunt. I had not yet uttered the last word of my phrase when I saw this excellent aunt, standing in the most magnetic position at the foot of my bed. Her arms were extended towards Heaven, which she pointed forth to me, and it was in that position she addressed me in the following words:

"Well, dear nephew, will you still doubt God's power?"
Horror-stricken by this remark, I tried to atone for my skepticism by some articulated answer, but the apparition vanished. I lighted the gas to see what o'clock it was; it was just four. Several days passed off, and I did not see anything of the kind. Yet, on another night I heard the bell strike just as many times as it did on the first circumstance. I opened my eyes, and lo! I perceived a human head soaring over my bed. It was horrible; supported by bats' wings, it had flashing eyes, and seemed to pain my heart. I became so mad at this hideous creature, that I drove it away by my gesture and voice. Unable to succeed in my defence, I called for help upon my guardian angel and good aunt. At once everything disappeared. On the following night I heard the same noise, and when I awoke, I saw kneeling before my bed a woman, whose long black hair concealed the whole face; yet I became conscious that wickedness and malice breathed in her, a little later she confessed herself that I was right. I was finally obliged to have recourse to the same means in order to get rid of this infernal woman. I then took to write every day an account of these apparitions; I carefully recorded the time at which they began. Similar visions, and often the most singular noises, happened to me for several months. As I laid one night with my head upon my pillow, it was moved and lifted up at least six inches high. I thought at first it might be the effect of a stranger's head breathing by my side, I asked in a clear voice, whether it was my guardian angel. "Yes! yes! yes!" did he say on three successive times; and his voice seemed to spring from beneath my pillow. I was frightened, and did not pursue my questions, at least for that evening. On the following day the noise was no more the same; instead of the bell's ringing, I was awakened by the noise of what I thought iron bars. I felt the same motion under my head, and I asked once more if it was my good angel, and I received the same answer as I had the day before. Less frightened this time, I said, "If you are my guide, you must certainly have a name; if your intention is good I ought to know it, that I may be able to invoke you whenever I shall want you; tell me, therefore, what is your name?" The word "Azoor" was clearly pronounced three different times, but it was accompanied by such smell of sulphur, that I prayed to God, never to hear it any more. I was then several weeks without seeing or hearing anything, but one night a new noise struck my ear; it was very much like that which may be produced by a powerful rattle, and it was repeated nine times, as it had been in the first instance. When I awoke I perceived some one approaching my bed, lifted up the covering, and entered into it. I did not offer any resistance to these singular manoeuvres. This creature took the thumb of my right hand in his right one, and the four fingers of my left in his left; I understood he was willing to squeeze them, and I was satisfied. I said to myself, "I shall, at last, judge for myself of the power of a Spirit has upon matter." I then told him that since his intention was to give me a positive proof of his existence, I prayed him to press my hand only whenever I might wish it. I directed myself, this pressure, by saying each time, "A little more; a little more." But at last I uttered a scream of surprise, and called God to my assistance; I had just felt two elbows pressing my side bones with such a violence that I could not bear it; yet it was the necessary consequence of our respective positions. I soon regretted my skepticism and the experiments it had called forth. The most unearthly noises, the most frightful visions, and my insight into infinitude, were for three long years the reward of my trials. I could not get rid of such torture, and only stop it by calling God to my aid. I was finally obliged to confess my sad position

to M. Renard, who said to me, as a matter of course, "Why did you not follow my advice?"

Why! it was very difficult to stop this singular experiment; my curiosity was equal to my sufferings, and if there were thorns, there were some roses too.

I felt, nevertheless, the want of reading some medical books, especially those which treat of nervous diseases. I was curious to know whether I did not labor, myself, under such an affection. M. Renard assisted me in this undertaking;—but in my numerous reading I could not discover anything that had the faintest resemblance with my own state. The infinite provisions of my future acts, these logical discussions, these experiments I instituted in the middle of the most dreadful sufferings, were for me, a ceaseless object of studies and companions.

The apparition of my aunt and cousin, and their observations, and even the name of this pretended Azoor, led me to believe in Spiritual communications. Some months were spent by M. Renard to discover that there was a genius of this name, whose spelling was exactly the same among the Indians. I was beginning to believe in a mystification, when this discovery of my friend proved that I was right. I could not read here the volume I wrote as a diary during these three years; you must only know that it records many things I am very far from pretending to explain. My first clairvoyant reminded me of this observation, which you have probably read in the first volume of my "Celestial Telegraph," and she added that it had been complicated by a suspension.

JOHN.—Your story resembles very much some awful nightmare. Did you really think you were awakened, I hope not; and while we sleep, error is very easy. ALBERT.—You are right; but I examined all these hypotheses myself, as you may judge from my having even supposed that I was affected by a nervous disease. But any sickness which would send a man with the foresight of events that shall happen only several weeks later, would be certainly very curious for the human mind. Who would not feel jealous of such a property?

I will relate here one fact taken from the hundreds that happened at this time. A little daughter of the cousin I spoke of, was entrusted to me while only seven months old; she was in the worst state of health, and her parents wished I should take care of her in the country. After a fortnight's attendance, that child died in my arms, with its face leaning upon my heart. At the instant of its death, it rose towards me, its eyes full of the deepest gratitude, and breathed its last in a supreme bliss. This child belonged to the Protestant church, my cousin having married a person of this denomination, and the custom being that the female children follow their mother's creed. The result of this circumstance was that I could not get for the burial my one but the sexton of Rambouillet, where I then lived; the Catholic curate refused to assist at the ceremony, and even to permit that this little corpse be interred in their blessed land; it was put in the ground which is reserved for those who have committed suicide. Provoked by so unchristian like exigencies, I ordered a cross to be placed on the grave, and I inscribed upon it a few verses adapted to the circumstance. During one of the nights I was speaking of the apparition of this child was manifested by the same sort of noises, and she came and threw herself into my arms just as she was at the moment of her death. She looked at me in the same manner, but she no longer rose and looked to Heaven with an evident expression of delight; she finally seized three times and disappeared through the ceiling. But she left in my hands the black cloak in which she died, as to tell me, "Take care of it."

The first person I met on the following day, was the sexton who buried the child. His object for coming so early was to tell me that the cross and verses I fastened to it, had been thrown down, and that the verses could be read no more. Was it not evident that the child had come, and had, by the allegorical leaving of her cloak, prayed me to take an equal care of her mortal remains—mingled up now with those of the suicides. Many persons would pay no attention to this allegorical language, but I knew too well that it is the only one made use of by the Spiritual world, to enter into communication with the material one. Every one is satisfied with saying, "Oh, that is only a vision; it is a dream." But as for me, I drew the following conclusions: 1. The appeal I had addressed to my guide had been listened to and granted.—2. That we ought to submit to many trials before obtaining an intercourse worthy of this ultra-mundane world. 3. That in consequence of my skepticism, I deserved certain hard punishments, which have really generated in me a stronger belief in this order of things. But let us resume our investigations about compacts.

Once in the intimacy of Colonel Rogers, he told me that, initiated into the cabalistic art by his famous clairvoyant, Adolphe, he joined with eight other mesmerizers, and that they organized a cabalistic circle, of which he left me a drawing. This sketch had been executed by Adolphe while in the magnetic sleep; it is very complicated, and of the most eccentric composition. I shall try, in consequence, to give you a faint idea of it.

This circle was drawn upon the floor, opposite a similar one painted on the ceiling; no expense was spared to render complete these Spiritual fortifications. Each member of the club adopted one of the half spheres by which the hall is internally surrounded. The president and the lucid placed themselves in the centre of the circle, where a particular space is reserved to Adam and Eve. There, holding as a talisman in their hands, the cross you see here, the president found himself stronger than the prince of darkness. The clairvoyant was under the direction of a Spirit who punished him often for the liberties he took toward his Spiritual teacher. It is because Spirits can oblige man, but never be obliged by him. The opposite belief led all the members of this club to failure, ruin, bad health, &c. The association was dissolved at the Revolution of 1830. Every one went for himself, ruined by the ceremonies and labors their hopes had occasioned. Among hundreds similar scenes, I will tell you what happened one day to these cabalists. The Spirit who presided at the circle had been very badly treated; vexed by such proceedings, he went as far as we can judge, and came back with more force, the building was besieged by this new legion, and its members' lives seriously endangered. Without the holy power of the names of the three archangels who protected the threshold, our poor cabalists would, doubtless, have been crushed under the shower of missiles which were thrown around them; fortunately no one was hurt. The battle began with an ironical laugh, which every one heard, and by which all the lights were put out at once. Then were uttered an infinite number of cries, which struck them all with terror. Finally the siege began, which lasted very long, in

consequence of the clairvoyant's fright; when he recovered and was somewhat calm, he stopped all this scene by an order adapted to the circumstances.

No less than thirty pounds of pieces of old iron were picked up on the following day, in the room where this scene had taken place.

JOHN.—The Colonel was an old soldier, probably very fond of sieges, and he certainly dreamed this last one. ALBERT.—Three other members of this club are still living, and may vouch for the truthfulness of the Colonel's account. The one is Mr. Bordes, whose address I already gave to you; the other two witnesses are Messrs. Revold, father and son, his cabalistic comrades, whose address may be given you by Mr. Bordes.

JOHN.—I shall not trouble these poor people; they have already been too much bothered. ALBERT.—Your skepticism silences me on the Colonel's account. Yet I have still many interesting stories to tell you. But I will confine myself to speaking of another compact, the result of which was very much like that of which I have spoken of now.

An inhabitant of Troyes, who had read my "Celestial Telegraph," came one day to Paris, and consulted me on the difficult position in which he was. This gentleman was entirely unknown to me, but I was informed afterwards that he occupied an honorable position in the magistracy of his native city. He told me that, having read with much skepticism, the "Occult Philosophy of Agrippa," he experienced a strong desire to try the means that are indicated in the fourth volume of this work. Two distinguished persons of the same place united in the undertaking. They made all the requisite preparations, and then to a retired spot, carefully selected by themselves, in order to perform their famous conjuration. When the hour struck, the circle was drawn and the ceremony began. But all on a sudden they were assaulted by an immense number of stones, which could not enter the circle, but so deeply impressed their minds that they could not perform their intended experiment. But it was still worse, for the obsession, instead of ceasing became on the contrary far stronger; screams and hissings were such as to torment the most sluggish. They finally thought of addressing a prayer to God, and at once they were freed from their miserable position.—Now, if we admit that this story is exact, why should we reject the Colonel's?

JOHN.—I do not understand anything about these noises. What may be the use of these showers of stones? Would it not be better not to come when they will not, rather than to use such proceedings which cannot have other results than the disgust of them forever? It may be, also, that your three magicians have been seen by some droll fellows, who liked to frighten them so as to disgust them from leaving their beds for such performances.

ALBERT.—To your first argument I shall answer that a certain initiation is necessary to be admitted into the arena of cabala. The Spirits could not otherwise know with what men they have to do, and how far they may rely upon them. Such proceeding has always appeared so necessary, that even in our own day, there is not a single secret society that does not require more or less similar trials. The object of these initiative formalities is to give the measure of the confidence that may be given to the new adept. The free masons have such terrible trials, that the aspirants did not always support them. It is true I speak of former times, for now every one knows these trials and experiences no fear.

As for your second objection, I shall say that I do not know whether they were the same droll fellows who caused the obsession I spoke of, but it seems that the consequences were too serious to have such trifling origin. One of these gentlemen was a rich landholder and lost more than twelve thousand dollars. The second occupied a high position in the government, and was deprived of it. As for the one who paid me a visit, his business became so bad that he was sent to prison for debt. Should this person have wished to humbug me, he would not have remained eight days with me, in order to receive the consolation he wanted. I inquired, moreover, about him, and I was assured by friends who knew him well, that he did not say anything but truth in his story.

JOHN.—At any rate, these Spirits are not very kind, and I cannot imagine upon what ground they assume the right of thus tormenting our existence? ALBERT.—Do you not give them this right, when you call them and do not answer yourselves to the appeal. These Spirits do exactly what every revengeful man would do in the same circumstances. [To be continued.]

(From the London Times, July 26.)

THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

We published yesterday a short announcement of the fact that a monument had been raised to the memory of this great humorist and poet, and that Mr. Monckton Milnes has delivered an address upon the occasion. It was to the following effect: "I have been asked to come here to-day to say a few words before we open to your view the monument which has been erected to his memory. It is now some years since we laid our friend below in this pleasant place, where he rests after a long illness—after a life of noble struggle with adversity, and of nothing but good to his fellow-men. It is now thought advisable that a few words should be said before that ceremony takes place. It is rather a habit of our neighbors, the French, than of ourselves, to make eulogistic orations at the tombs of our friends. I do not think the habit in general is pleasing to our taste; but there are reasons why, on the present occasion, it may not be unbecoming. At the same time, it is very difficult to perform this duty, because we very much feel that, if ever there was a character of simplicity and humanity, it was that of the late Mr. Thomas Hood; and it would not become us on the present occasion to indulge in eulogies which, if he were here himself, would be distasteful to him, for he was a man who ever retired from the crowd, and who loved, as he has said in his own classical and beautiful language—

"To kneel remote upon the simple sod, And see, in formal prayers, to God. So gently moved to speak, So slowly moved to rise, As we had left our half our powers To eke her living out. Our very hopes belied our fears, Our fears our hopes belied; We thought her sleeping when she slept, And sleeping when she died. For when the morn came, dim and sad, And chill with early showers, Her eyes wide closed, she had Another more than ours."

"Thomas Hood has now another morn than ours—may that morn have brightened into perfect day. May his Spirit look down with gratification upon us who have raised this modest homage to him—may he look down with pleasure on those he has left behind him, and who inherit his honor and his name—and may we all bear boldness with the consoling reflection, that we are all here as we are, and honest man should be ambitious of no other than acquiring wealth, power, or even earning clamorous applause, but the attaining of such homage as we are now paying to one who among us was a brother and a friend—one who may make us at the same time thankful to the age in which it has pleased Providence to cast our lot, and grateful to the race and country of which we are common citizens and men."

THE BEVERAGE WE INFUSE.

The effects of tea are thus described in Blackwood's Magazine:—"It exhilarates, without sensibly intoxicating. It excites the brain to increase use to labor, and produces wakefulness. Hence its use to laborers, to those who have vigils to keep, and to persons who labor much with the head. It soothes, on the contrary, in inflammation of the vascular system, and hence its use in inflammatory diseases, and as a cure for the headache. Green tea, when taken strong, acts very powerfully upon some constitutions, producing nervous tremblings, and other distressing symptoms, acting as a narcotic—and in inferior animals even producing para-

lysis." These effects are produced by the combined influence of three active chemical substances, and the inquiry into the nature of these substances is the most instructive portion of the article under consideration. The first is, the Volatile Oil, about one pound of which is found in each in every one hundred pounds of tea. The second is, the Gallic Acid, which is present in the tea by the fact that tea drink is so subject to head-aches and giddiness, and that those who are employed in packing and in packing chests of tea are liable to attacks of paralysis. This volatile property escapes as the tea grows old, and new tea is rarely used in China on account of this intoxicating property. This volatile ingredient does not exist in the natural leaf, but is produced in the process of roasting and drying, and the peculiar flavor and aroma of tea is due to its presence. The second is the Thein, a substance that exists in the proportion of one part to six parts in every hundred pounds of tea. This thein has no smell, and only a slightly bitter taste, and has little to do with the flavor of tea, but it is remarkable in these respects:—First, in containing twenty-nine per cent of nitrogen, an elementary body, which forms four-fifths of the air, and exists in a large proportion, in Prussic acid, morphia, quinine and tobacco; second, this substance is common to all the beverages we infuse; and third, the beneficial effects of these beverages are owing to its presence. Our author states it as an established physiological fact, that the introduction into the stomach of a minute quantity of thein diminishes the quantity of solid matter which is rejected in a day by a healthy man, and from this fact he argues that the natural wear and tear of the body is lessened by the presence of thein; or in other words, that by the consumption of a certain quantity of tea, the health and strength of the body will be maintained to an equal extent upon a smaller supply of food. It will, therefore, stand to a certain extent in the place of food, while it soothes the body and calms the mind."

MOZART'S DEATH-BED.—While Mozart, with his limbs all swollen, and unable to move on account of a kind of paralytic lameness which affected his whole body, lay upon his death-bed, he received his appointment as Capellmeister to St. Stephen's Cathedral. This post was in the gift of the body of magistrates of Vienna, and from a very early period, a large salary besides several other considerable sources of income, was attached to it. Soon after this, he was invited to visit the theatre in Germany, whose eyes had been opened by the splendid receipts attending the representations of the Die Zauberkolch, disputed with each other for the possession of the composer, whatever terms he chose to fix. At the same time he received letters from Petersburg and Amsterdam, proposing that he should engage, for a handsome sum, to furnish certain compositions of various kinds periodically; in other words, musical miscellanies.

When Mozart died, these unexpected pieces of good luck, which followed so closely upon each other, he exclaimed:—"Just now, when I could live quietly I must depart! Now I must leave my art, when no longer a slave to fashion—no longer fettered by mere speculators—I obey the impulses of my own fancy, and, free and independent, write what my heart dictates; I am snatched from my family—from my poor children, at the very moment I should have it in my power to adopt better measures for their welfare! Did I not predict that I was writing this Requiem for myself?"

During the fourteen days that he suffered fearfully from the disease to which he succumbed, and which the physicians declared to be—or at least thought to be—inflammation of the brain, the wonderful good nature and gentleness of his disposition did not desert him for a single instant. He was perfectly resigned, although a gnawing pain was feeding on his vitals. He knew of his death some days beforehand. On the evening of the 5th of December, he was visited by his sister-in-law, Sophia Weber, came to inquire how he was, Mozart replied:—"I am glad you have come; you must remain with me to-night; you must see me die." His sister-in-law endeavored to reason him out of this idea, but he continued as follows:—"No, no, it is in vain. I have already got the taste of death on my tongue; I scent death, and who will console my Constanza, if you do not remain?"

Sophia hastened to inform her mother of the state of affairs, and then returned back. At the bedside of the dying man she found the Requiem. The score of the Requiem was lying on the counterpane. After turning over the leaves for some time, and looking at it with his humid eyes, Mozart gave his pupil certain instructions, which are now forever consigned to secrecy in two graves, and which, some thirty years later, were destined to occasion so many disputes, and so much ill feeling. After this Mozart turned to his wife, and recommended her to keep the death secret until she could inform Albrechtsberger, to which she said:—"For to him, by all laws human and divine, I owe my place belong."

In the meantime, his physician had arrived and ordered cold lotions to be applied to the patient's burning head; but this so shook Mozart that he instantly lost all power of speech and motion. He still retained his faculties, however, as was proved by one of his latest actions. The dying man was seen to blow out his pale lips and cheeks, as if to produce in the Requiem, that lofty soul of the great master then flew upwards to the source of all light and harmony.

FASHIONABLE TIPPLING.—A New Idea.—A lady friend of ours, in making some calls upon the fashionable millinery establishments in Broadway, after making her purchases at one of them, was politely invited into the back room where she was asked to take a glass of wine. As she did not ask her whether she refused or not, but she informed us that the apartment seemed devoted exclusively to the purpose of treating their customers. This is another step in the march of civilization. We poor male bipeds will have to keep a sharp look-out for our wives and daughters, lest they be induced in a state of semi-intoxication, to spend more money in the way of fashionable vice among ladies, and there are already several splendid saloons in Broadway, which they visit exclusively for that purpose unattended by their lords.—New York Advertiser.

FRESH AIR.—Horace Mann has well said: "People who shudder at a flesh and blood and a trickle of blood, will confine their children like convicts, and compel them month after month, to take the quantities of poison. It would less impair the mental and physical constitutions of children, gradually to draw an ounce of blood from their veins, during the same length of time, than to send them to breathe, for six hours in a day, the lifeless and poisonous atmosphere of our school rooms. Let any man, who votes for confining children in small rooms and keeping them on stagnant air, try the experiment of breathing his own breath only four times over; and if medical aid be not on hand, the children will never be endangered by his vote afterwards."

LONGEVITY.—Andrew Drew, Esq., of Durham, is now living and enjoying as good health as usual, at the advanced age of one hundred years and five months; his head is as free of grey hairs as when but twenty years old. Mr. D. had a wife and two sisters; his wife died at the age of 95 years; one of the sisters is now living at the advanced age of one hundred and three years and the other at the age of 95. Mr. Drew lived with his wife 76 years, and has always enjoyed good health; for 76 years he did not fail to be present at the annual town meeting. Several inquiries were made as to his manner of living, from which we learn that he has always been industrious and temperate, used a moderate share of spirit, rose early in the morning, managed his own farming affairs, and meddled with no man's business but his own.—Portsmouth Chron.

A HINT TO THE MARRIED.—"I have heard," says Mr. Henry, "of a married couple, who though they were both of a hasty temper, yet lived comfortably together by simply observing a rule, on which they had mutually agreed, 'Never be both angry together.'" And he adds that an ingenious and pious father, in the habit of giving this advice to his children, when they married:—"Each one speak first to other with water come: Is one provoked? be other soft and dumb."