



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

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THE NEWSBOY.

BY J. W. E.

One day, while sitting in my room reading some letters to my family, my daughter became influenced quite unexpectedly, and began by saying:—"Hurrah! hurrah! I am out of their dirty streets of New-York."

I did not keep notes of this interview, and can therefore only state some things generally about it. He said he was a news-boy in New-York, and his name was Tim Peters; that he had died since the last 4th of July, and was about twelve years old; that his father had been run over by a railroad car; that he was a man of intemperate habits; that his mother had survived him awhile in feeble health, and he had one brother, named Bill, about ten years old.

He said many things which showed me that he was familiar with the localities near the upper end of Nassau Street, and his shrewdness, his slang terms, and his manner of speaking were particularly characteristic of the class of boys to which he belonged. And he spoke of men and boys, with whom he had been thrown in contact, in a manner so natural as to carry conviction that he was what he said he was.

There was a keen shrewdness of thought, a reckless, devil-may-care manner, and a love of fun about him that can be seen in full combination only in them. He sometimes swore, but immediately checked himself, and said that his mother, who was with him told him he must not talk so. He said he had seen me when I was a judge, and had read my letter of last August. He had sold more *Heads* with that in it than usual. I asked him if he had noticed what effect it had had on those who read it. He said, "I have seen a feller sitting on a hydrant, who said, 'he liked that feller who opened his jaws, and dared to say what he thought, and not like — who was afraid of having pink sticks in him.'"

This is a part only of this interview, but is enough to show the character of it. But in the course of it, he said that he wanted to give me his history, and have me write it down, and publish it in the *Sacred Circle*, so that the newsboys might see it, for it would "do 'em good." I told him I would soon give him an opportunity.

We were then called to dinner, but in the afternoon he came again, and gave me his history, which I wrote down as he went along, nearly in the following words:

He began as before, in a joyful, cheerful tone. "Hurrah! hurrah!"

Say! that light hurts this ere 'gils' eyes. [The medium was sitting facing the window.]

You know, as I told you before, my name is Tim Peters. Well, my mother was a good, respectable kind of a woman, and worked at sewing when a gal, she says. Dad was a day-laborer—that wasn't his trade—he was a harness-maker. I didn't know that, but mother says so. Golly! why didn't he stick to it?

Dad worked at that ever so long after he hitled worked with mother, and I was his oldest boy—Well, I grow'd up 'longside my brother, and we had a jolly good time when little, mother says—Mother was American, father was English.

Well, father took to drink, like a darned sight of other fells, and went head over heels down hill fast as he knew how. Mother got sick and worn out, and got to feeling bad.

When dad used to come home, she dreaded to speak to him. It would come tumbling into the house, cuffing us here and there, and swearing at mother, and she used to cry.

One day I come in and see her crying, and I says "Well, marn, what do you feel bad about?" she cried, and said, "Tim, my boy, your father's worse and worse; he has taken every thing from us, and if he don't take care, he will take me from you—And, Tim, I haint got a cent in the house to get breakfast with for to-morrow."

"Well," says I, "mother, wipe your peepers; I'll be supporting you, mother; you ain't got two boys for nothin'; just say how I can go ahead, and I'll be don' somethin'."

So she ups with her apron and wiped her eyes. That was an awful cold night. Oh, marn, I'd heard mother say, when she was a gal, if farmers wanted rain, they prayed in meetin' for it; so when I went to bed, I down on my benders, and asked for snow, and snowhoo or other snow come. So the next morning I borrowed next-door neighbor's shovel, and went along the streets hunting "snow jobs," as the boys call it. I got one. "Hurrah!" says I, "now you are set up in business, you're in for it, Tim." So I pockets my money, and trudges home. Says I, "Mother, here's your money." Well, I declare, if she didn't make me feel as soft as a girl—I warn't no more a boy—kase she went to crying agin'.

"Well," says I, "mother, I didn't pray for rain last night. You melt me all down, mother; and I feel all gone."

Well, she smiled, and says, "Tim, my boy, what'll we do when this is gone?"

"Well," says I, "mother, give me half o' that, and I'll buy some papers, and start in business myself."

[I asked him how much the half was—he said five pence. 'Twas better than nothin'; I would buy a loaf of bread anyhow.]

Well! golly! I pitched down Fulton Street, and invested my stock in papers. 'Twas the *Sun*. You can get lots of 'em for that. I got six for five pence, and they trusted me three more for pence. I don't know how they come to trust me—the boys found said they never did it to them. Well, I sold all but one, and what do you think I did with that? I kept it as a show for next day; for if I could only buy three, four would look more respectable. That's the way folks trade, you know. Well, I took my money home, and that's the way I helped my mother along.

"Tim," I said, "Let me ask you—"

Well, I'm in the witness' box—go it.

"How did you get money to buy papers next day?"

Did another job of snow.

[While I was writing this down, the medium whistled, and he immediately said, "Golly! didn't think I could do that—thought I must do something while waiting for yer."

Where did I leave off? Oh, I got a shillin', and give it to mother. Stock was up, but I had none on, so I said nothin'.

When I went home each night there was a grin on my face broad as a moon. Mother said, "Tim, I've hopes of you, if you'll only keep out of liquor."

So down she went on her marrow-bones—why-on-earth she did it I couldn't see—but she ups with her eyes and says, "God bless Tim." Somehow I felt weak in the joints, and down I went; 'twas catchin', so says I, "God bless Tim, too." Then I played leap-frog all round the room, I was so happy. Mother laughed, and said, "Tim, my crazy boy;" that made me feel better, but I could understand it.

By-and-by dad come in, and he smelt like a distillery; and oh, if he didn't rip it! but I gave mother the wink not to let him know I was set up in business. When he come in he couldn't stand up, so he down on his marrow-bones, and swore a blue streak. I thought I smelt brimstone. What was eternal strange to me was, mother didn't cry a bit; says I, "Tim, that's mighty strange, she'd cry for you, and not a bit for that lubber." But she did worse—she took to cursing, and I knew the jig was up for that time. And so it went day after day. Dad said she was drunk, but he *know* he lied.

Well, I kept selling papers and increasing my stock. I took the *Head*, and sold lots of 'em; 'twas a good investment. I ups Broadway one day, Bill at my side, and I seen some M. P.'s on a corner. I warn't afraid of 'em, so I stepped on one of their toes. He gr'm a devil of a look—mother says I mustn't say that—says I to Bill, "Let's to our mothers, or we'll be sent to the House of Refuge." I'd heard tell of that, dad used to threaten me with it. Down by the Park I saw some awful fine dandies prinking along. Says I, "Bill, just seen the M. P.'s; now look at the M. T.'s."

So I went it every day; I couldn't feel bad, to save my life—I suspect I warn't born in a bad time. Mother said it used to make her heart good to see me come in.

I asked him, "Were you so cheerful then? I warn't nothing else. When I used to swear, it made her feel bad. I told her I took it the natural way."

I asked him, "How so?"

I had heard my forefathers—I'll tell you what I heard one day in the Park. A great lubberly feller was making a speech.—He said, "The time is coming when the day shall be celebrated —, hem. — that speaks of the noble deeds of our forefathers." I'm not so grand as he; I can't make such a cock-a-doodle-doo. So I run home and said, "Mother, the day is coming when it shall be celebrated that speaks of the noble deeds of our forefathers."

She said, "Tim, Tim, what on earth will come of you?" So it went along.

One day dad was brought in dead. I needn't enter into particulars, 'twas all in the papers. I cried it, and made it an extra *Head* for me.

I asked him, "How so?"

It was the celebration of the death of my forefathers. I went home, after getting a few coppers, and found mother cryin' and blubbering like every thing, for she had loved him once. She said, "Tim, step softly, your father's dead." Says I, "I will, for I'm afraid I'll wake him up."

"Oh," says she, "Tim, you'll break my heart, talking so; forget the past; go look at him who once loved you, and called you his child." I went and looked; his face warn't red no more, and there was a sorrowful expression about his mouth—and I caught something running down my cheek afore I knowed it. Well, they held a coroner's inquest, and he was buried.

I asked what made his tears run.

He had a kind o' sorrowful look. I felt, oh dear! suppose he'd been a good man, like I see in the Park, wouldn't he love his Tim? and I thought, "Tim, don't you love him?" How could I, when he made mother suffer so. I s'posed he was in hell and damnation they talked of, and I couldn't feel sorry, that was the end of that.

I watched mother mighty close after father's interment. In spite of herself she breathed freer. I never see the woman so happy. Bill come in with a forlorn old black bonnet he'd begged somewhere; she kissed him, and said, "God has blessed me in my

trials." I felt so proud I could have knocked over any body. We had some potatoes that day—Bill got 'em.

I used often to feel soft—I was took that way every once in a while—tears and fun altogether. I used to be ashamed of myself, and then I'd swear a blue streak to hide it. Bill sold radishes for a living. He went into the vegetable line. I was more intellectual.

Mother got sewing. She scratched, we scratched, and we got along nicely; there was nobody to drink it all up.

I was death on the M. P.'s, just for deviltry; I couldn't keep still.

I used to feel bad, coming home nights, to see mother look so bleached. I saw a "pain-killer" advertised down Nassau Street, so I went and got some for mother. Warn't I a fool, liked to have killed her, not the pain.

One day she said to me, "Tim, take this ring, my boy, and go buy yourself a pair of shoes."—Well, says I, "No mother, I can't do it." She says, "Timmy, I'll never live to see you wear 'em out, so let me see you have them." If I'd got a lickin', I couldn't have felt worse. So I runs after Bill, and says I, "Bill, come in here, mother's kinder lonely." Bill never stopped for nothing, but after the doctor he goes—a spensary doctor—mother looked so sick. Says I, "Mother, open your peepers; don't look so." She says, "Tim, God bless you, Tim and Bill. I hate to leave you, but God will take care of the orphans." I says, "Mother, I'm sorry you are going, but seeing you can't stay, hurry up your cakes, and I'll take care of myself."

I asked him, "Why did you say that?"

Oh, she did feel awful bad; so says I, "Mother, Jordan is a hard road to travel. If you get there before I do, tell 'em I'm coming, too." She laughed, and, by golly! if she didn't die a laughing, and that was just what I wanted.

Bill didn't get back before she died. Oh! didn't he take on! 'Pord cretur! He took on awful bad, seeing mother 'd gone before he got there. "Well," says I, "Bill, if I only knew how to wear petticoats, I'd be a mother to you; but," says I, "never mind, we'll set up bachelor's hall."

I thought I was going to stay at that place, but no; rent day come, and we had to go; and when I gets outside I said to Bill, "Nothing like taking the air." So we slept round in the carts that night.

A poor old Irishwoman washed for mother when she died. She did it for nothing. Catch rich fells doing that. She said she knowed how she'd feel if she should leave her boys kicking about, and if I wouldn't be up to so many tricks, she'd keep us. So we staid with her after that. She was a darned good old thing, but not so clean as mother. I told her I would do some odd jobs for her. Her rooms were dark, and I whitewashed them, and white-washing it was! She was awful tickled; but I didn't like my boarding-place, 'cause she wouldn't take any pay.

Says I to Bill, "I'll get you a situation." So, as luck would have it, I used to listen to people's talking, and one day I heard a man say he wished he had a smart boy to take into the country. I goes up to him and says, "I knows a fellow." He looks at me, and says, "What do you mean?" I says, "I knows a fellow will suit your capacity."

Says he, "Are you the chap?" Says I, "No, I ain't, but I knows one what is." "Well," says he, "I like the looks of you." Says I, "I'm obliged to you." So I whistled to Bill, and he come. He was really a pretty-eyed fellow, just like mother. So the man axed me about my relations, and I told him all about it. "Well," says he, "I like the looks of your boy there, and I'll take him." "But," says I, "look here, mister, don't you lick him; if you do, I'll lick you back." I thought he'd die a laughing.

So I fitted Bill out. How do you think I did it? I give him some gingerbread. 'Twas as hard to part us as two peas in a pod. But the old feller fixed him all up before he went out of town. Bill felt so grand and happy, that he forget to be sorry at leaving me.

[I asked him here if he could tell me the name of that old Irishwoman, and where she lived. He said it was Bridget Mahan; she lived near the Five Points; he couldn't mention the name of the street; said it was a short one, and added, "Hold on! see if I can fetch it." He paused a moment, and not recalling the name, went on.]

I trudged home to the old woman's where I boarded. I felt awful streaked; I couldn't cry nor do nothing, so I went to the National Theatre. I saw nothing for my tears—had to laugh once in a while. 'Twasn't the National Theatre—it was the next one to it, where the boys could get in for six-pence. I sold papers ever so long after that. I got in all sorts of mischief; took to smoking and chewing—the boys set me up to it. Then I got happy agin, but I felt lonesome; I went to all the firs—used to go to H'oboken; pitched pennies, till I got enough to pay the ferridge. The boys used to say I cheated. I wonder if I did? They said I was a gambler, but I only used *common cents*. I had a black eye every once in a while, fighting the boys who twitted me about Bill and mother. I wouldn't stand that, so I give 'em something to remember me by. They are hard boys—had to be so. I used to pitch into the bullies when pushing the little ones away, and hooking their papers.

I made about a shilling a day, depending on the news and the brain of the editor. I tell you one thing, if any of the boys didn't sell his papers, we'd go stuck with him, and each take one—that was among the good fellows. Tell you what I used to do—go 'long up Broadway, and see one of your

lin-looking fellows, run agin' him, most knock his breath out, then ask, "Have a paper, sir?"

I always thought of mother while bawling my paper at the top of my lungs. Sunday was a forlorn day.

One day I thought I'd treat myself, so I bought one of them penny ice creams that they sell at the corners. I was took up with the crap and went home. I had changed my boarding-place, and the way I paid my board was—if I made a shilling, I paid two cents for my board; if I made eighteen pence, then I paid four cents. I was awful sick. "Tim," says I, "you goin' home—ain't you glad?"

I grew worse and worse, and all grew dark about me. I wished for Bill. I lay on some straw on the floor. I began to feel so pleasant and happy. I heard my mother speaking to me, "Tim, my boy!" I jumped right up in bed, but I saw nothing—then the pain come on. One of the boys come in, and says he, "Tim, what you doin' there?" "Ike," says I, "I am goin' where the good niggers go, I s'pect."

"Tim," says he, "I guess you'll be well to-morrow."

"Ike," says I, "if I'm well, I won't be here—Mother's calling me, and I can't stay." What did he do but cry. I never see folks cry so easy. Says I, "Ike, don't let the bullies beat that new-comer—the green 'un—will yer?"

Says he, "No, I'll take care o' him till you come back."

Then it grew darker; I didn't hear his voice.—All at once I saw mother. I had no pain, and there was no tears in her eyes. Says I, "Hurrah! I'm in for it. Ain't I, mother? How the dickens did I come here?"

Says she, "Look!"

I looked and saw them carrying my coffin out of the room. Then she took me with her, and if I ain't as happy as a bee, I tell you. I go 'bout singing, but not the papers. There are lots of other boys, but somehow I feel kind of babyish; I don't want to be out of her sight. I thought I was independent.

I've been to the *Herald* office; there I heard some one say, "Timothy." "Oh, grand," says I. "Hush!" says mother, "don't talk so."

Then the other one said, "You must go back, my child, and teach the little newsboys, that if they keep a kind feeling in their hearts and try to be good, there is a happy place for them all."

"Well," says I, "mister, whoever you are, its easier said than done; because, if a boy tries to be good, there is always somebody to kick it out of him. But," says I, "mister, I'll do that same." So here I am at it.

Would you like to know how I learn to read? Mother taught me some, then I taught myself some. All the newsboys can't read, but when they have got through selling their papers, some one of 'em can read sits down with a lot 'round him, and read to 'em; so they know a darned sight more of what's goin' on than you think they do. Then they talk it over among 'em selves.

Look here, mister, I tell you what had a wonderful effect—when a newsboy come up to a gentleman, and he looked pleasant on him and smiled; 'twas worth three cents to sell a paper to that feller. But when they are cross and push 'em aside, it makes a feller swear. Whoever it is, tell them to be good to their mothers, and they'll be as happy as I am. Hurrah!

Here ended this interview. The next day he came again, and talked considerably. Among other things, he said that he once got drunk just to see how it was. "Golly," says he, "I got enough of it, never catch me at it agin'." I asked him if he could give me the name of any of his companions. He gave me the names of four of them: Jim, Ike, John Smith, and Lazy Bob.

He brought with him at this interview the Spirit of a boy younger than himself, who said his name was Dick Hardin.

West Roxbury, July 29, 1854.

THE SEMI-REFORMERS IN A QUANDARY.

BY S. LEAVITT.

Elder steel sits pondering in his easy chair, after supper; his children the while, to his great annoyance, employing themselves (the more vigorously, in view of the speedy approach of bed-time) in various ungainly gymnastics. But a weightier ill is oppressing the Elder, and ever and anon he knits his brows, and emits still more *a la Stentor* the oft-repeated injunction to silence.

Soon, however, the door-bell announces visitors. Deacon Smooth enters, in company with their mutual friend, Mr. Freeman, "an occasional hearer," whom he had met in the street and invited in.

After the usual amount of small talk, the Elder proceeds to unburthen himself of "I am," said he, "utterly perplexed; I don't see what the world's coming to; I am sometimes almost ready to say that I will give up all connection with the benevolent movements of the day. Why, it makes my blood run cold to see what company I am brought into, the moment I engage, *practically*, in forwarding any reform. And then I am in such a maze trying to distinguish Christians from Infidels—trying to determine as to whom I may look upon as true brothers—that I am afraid I shall lose my senses."

"There used to be none of this trouble when I was a young man. Then an Infidel was a marked and shunned man among us; and it was mutually, though tacitly agreed between the two parties, that they should steer clear of one another. But now, somehow, there's no doing anything in the way of

practical benevolence, without finding yourself cheek by jowl with a rank Infidel. And then there is such utter confusion among the Churches. In the good old time, when most orthodox church members did not dare to begin to think that there was anything wrong in their creed, and those that did, kept so still that it was all the same—then, I say, all went along smoothly. Then, if a man belonged to an orthodox church, for aught you know, he believed the creed which he had publicly professed. But now, since that dangerous liberality has spread so—while you are associating intimately with some church member, in all confidence—you are frequently shocked by hearing him coolly disavow his belief in some of the cardinal doctrines of the true faith.

"Yet I like liberality, and consider myself quite progressive. I am delighted to see Christians of different denominations uniting in the Tract and Bible efforts. Where this liberality is to stop, is a question that puzzles me. For if there was no other objection, there is something so incomprehensibly fascinating about the manners of some of these ultra-liberal men, that it is next to impossible for us to cherish what we know to be the true view with regard to their condition and prospects; that is, that they are God-hated, God-forsaken sinners, who, if they died to-morrow, would be cast into the eternal burnings. Why, one would suppose, from their serenity, that they were, like Daniel, men greatly beloved of God. And yet we know that it cannot be so, for 'God is angry with the wicked every day;' and it is the height of wickedness for a man living in this enlightened age to reject Christ's salvation.

"But about that fascination of theirs. Don't you see that it is one of the things that is destroying the Church? Christians deluded by this artifice of Satan's—who says, 'Let us do good that evil may come'—begin to suspect that these men, also, will get to heaven at last—and so make shipwreck."

"Then, again, to sit on the same platform from which they are holding forth against the Bible and Christians as stumbling-blocks in the way of reform, is unendurable. At such times I feel disposed to say—'Give us the old state of things, when Christians did not feel called upon to listen calmly to such harangues, even if the car of progress has to stop; for I fear this car is carrying us all down the broad road that leadeth to destruction.' And again, that outrageous attempt to smuggle women in among the delegates of the World's Temperance Convention; as if it was not enough for us to have to endure the society of the male outlaws."

As may be supposed natural, Elder Steel, just here, a kinder gin' went.

Deacon Smooth, who was one of these universal echoes, "coincided perfectly with his superior officer, and felt very much grieved;" but finding him in such a bad humor, did not unfold the object of his visit—which was to consult about some Church matter.

Mr. Freeman, knowing that this trade was partly called out by the Elder's knowledge of his tendency to liberality, and that some reply was expected from him, now took up the subject.

"This state of things," said he, "which, from your stand-point, must necessarily appear deplorable, is a source of great joy to me. For the facts you mention, are every one of them evidences to me, that the time has come, at last, for the noble souls among men to unite harmoniously in raising the ignoble and succoring the needy. As yet, although the world has always been full of noble men, a true, thorough philanthropist, has been a *rara avis* among them. One of the principal causes of this was, that there were very few of them, the teachings of whose hearts were not in direct antagonism with either their own or the prevailing religious creed of those around them. Look, for instance, at the English nation for the past few hundred years. The prevailing creed among them during that time has been essentially orthodox. Consider, then, the case of the naturally philanthropic Englishman—thoroughly imbued with that faith. His heart tells him—and perhaps his reason—that it is not right to believe that the heathen, who never heard of Christ, will go to hell forever for not believing in Him. And in many other respects they contradict what he feels bound to believe; so that, although he may generally enjoy that peace of God which passeth understanding; his soul is kept in a continual turmoil by these conflicting teachings. And, by the way, many of his 'seasons of darkness,' as he calls them, must be seasons of light—times when nature so prevails in him as to cause him to doubt even whether there is *any* truth in his creed; because he then so plainly sees that it contains errors. *How boldly fitted was such a man, for active usefulness!*

"Again, the Infidel Englishman, finding himself surrounded by those who regarded him as a 'son of perdition'—remembering always when his heart prompted him to benevolent action, that he was so regarded by his neighbors—could not help having a faint suspicion that they were right; and that, moreover, the whole of their creed was right. This shackled him. 'How absurd,' said he, 'would it be for me—who half suspects that death will transport me to a lake of fire—to be troubling myself about the present welfare of others.' So he turned himself madly to dissipation of some sort.

"The religious antagonism, and doubt on the subject of religion, existing among them, have been, then, one grand cause of the backwardness of men with regard to benevolent effort. It follows, therefore, that one great desideratum in order to the ushering in of an age of universal benevolence, is, that good men generally should become of one mind on the subject of religion. Religious toleration, alone,

will do but little for the accomplishment of this end.

"This universal religion must, I think, find its *key-note*; somewhere along that key-board whose lowest note is the *deep bass* of Calvin, and whose highest is the *shrill, enaculated treble* of A. J. Davis.

"You would say that Calvin is to give the key-note. All the signs of the times—and especially the very ones which you have enumerated—tell me that it will be found somewhere near the middle of the board.

"But God is now working out this problem before our eyes, with astonishing celerity, through the instrumentality of such men as you and I, even. Supposing men, for the moment, to be printers' type, who have been imbedded and rusted in where they were not useful—I may say that God is throwing us all into *pi*, as the first step toward getting us all into more appropriate situations. Even as the various schools of medicine, have been each developing some of those great truths which are to make up, together, a perfect system; so, also, the various sects have, I think, for the most part—while they thought they were building up the only true church—been each only hewing a foundation-stone for the *Lord's New Church in the Earth*. By means of some sects, God has developed great truths; while by means of others—as the Roman Catholics—He has kept alive great truths; and by means of others—as the Methodists—revived great truths; at the same time, by means of Infidels, keeping alive some common sense in the world. And now, in these ends of the earth and of time; by means of telegraphs, railroads, steamers, books—Temperance, Anti-Slavery, Tract, Bible, Missionary, &c., Societies—He is throwing them altogether, as I said, into *pi*. The consequence will be, such a comparing of notes as will result—if I mistake not—in their gradually settling upon some universally agreeable religion; and then, hand in hand, making a dead set at the devil and all his works!"

The speaker had become so wrapped up in his subject, toward the close of his remarks, that he sat with his eyes fixed on the fire, almost unconscious of surrounding circumstances. When now he lifted his eyes, he perceived that the Deacon was comfortably sleeping in an easy chair, and that the Elder had fainted, through excessive righteous indignation.

TERMINAL RETRIBUTION—A STORY OF A FAITHFUL DOG.—About fifty years ago, in the western part of the State of New-York, lived a lonely widow, named Mozher. Her husband had been dead many years; her only daughter was grown up and married, living at the distance of a mile or two from the family mansion.

And thus the old lady lived alone in her home by day and night. Yet in her conscious innocence and trust in Providence, she felt safe and cheerful; did her work quietly during the daylight, and at evening lay down and slept sweetly.

One morning, however, she awoke, with an extraordinary and unwonted gloom upon her mind, which was impressed with the apprehension that something strange would happen to her or hers. So full was she of this thought that she could not stay at home that day, but must go abroad to give vent to it, by unobscuring herself to her friends, especially to her daughter. With her she spent a greater part of the day, and to her she several times repeated the recital of her apprehensions. The daughter as often repeated the assurances that the good mother had never done injury to any person, and added, "I cannot think any one would hurt you, for you have not an enemy in the world."

As the day was declining, Mrs. Mozher sought her home, but expressed the same feeling as she did when she left her daughter's house.

On the way home she called on a neighbor, who lived in the last house before she reached her own. Here she again made known her continued apprehensions; which had nearly ripened into fear, and from the lady of the mansion she received answers similar to those of her daughter. "You have harmed no one in your whole life time, surely no one will disturb or molest you, go home in quiet, and never shall go with you," were Rover," said she to a stout watch dog that lay on the floor, "thou Rover, go home with Mrs. Mozher and take care of her."—Rover did as he was told; the widow went home, milked her cows, took care of everything out of doors and went to bed as usual. Rover had not left her for an instant. When she was fairly in bed, he laid himself down on the outside of the bed; and as the widow relied on his fidelity, and perhaps chided herself for needless fear, she fell asleep.

Sometime in the night she awoke, being startled, probably by a slight noise outside the house. It was so slight, however, that she was not aware of being startled at all, but heard, as soon as she awoke, a sound like the raising of a window near her bed, which was in a room on the ground floor.—The dog neither barked nor moved. Next there was a nother sound, as if someone was in the room and stepped cautiously on the floor. The woman saw nothing but now for the first time felt the dog move, as he made a violent spring from the bed and at the same instant something fell on the floor, sounding like a heavy log. Then followed other noises, like pawing of the dog's feet; but soon all was still again, and the dog remained in his place on the bed without having barked or growled at all.

This time the widow did not go to sleep immediately, but lay awake wondering, yet not deeming it best to get up. But at last she dropped asleep, and when she awoke the sun was shining. She hastily stepped out of bed, and there lay the body of a man extended on the floor, dead, with a large knife in his hand, which was even now extended.—The dog had seized him by the throat with the grasp of death; and neither man nor dog could utter a sound till all was over. This man was the widow's son-in-law, and the husband of her only daughter. He coveted her little store of wealth, his place on the bed without having barked or growled at all.

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ERRATUM.—In No. 23 of Christian Spiritualist, the third line of third column on page 3, should read "they always leave us," instead of "they always leave us the most deceived."

SUICIDE IN THE CHURCH.

There are some phases of mortality "too tender even for tenderness to touch," without touching the sensibilities of the mind into madness. This thought, now measurably plain to the culture and humanity of this age, has not always been prominent even with the clear thinkers of the past, else there could not have been such barbarous laws enacted and enforced as we find in the history of long ago.

In the age of Lason and Shakespeare, manners and customs were very different from those received as authority to-day, and on no subject has public opinion changed more than on suicide. We do not wish to intimate that it is more popular, or that it is on the increase; far from it, for facts and figures would give a different testimony were they consulted.

The following, from Shakespeare's "Hamlet," will give the reader a clear conception of public opinion on suicide, antecedent to the Elizabethan age, in which Shakespeare wrote.

In the play, Ophelia is made to commit suicide, so that the following dialogue very naturally takes place at the grave:

Enter, with a casket, Ophelia.
A Priest. Her death was like a fall of heaven.
As we have warranty, her death was noble;
And that great contractual rings the order,
She should in ground immediately have hold;
Till she lay down, for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her;
Yet here she is allowed to virginity,
Her maiden strewments all the while her home
Of hallow and her home.

No reader can be insensible to the stupidity that punishes the dead body for the offence of the Spirit, and consequently cannot be insensible of the change that has taken place in public opinion on this subject. Still, such is as objectionable and painful as ever, and is made more terrible by the painful recollections which each victim finds it necessary to make, in order to soften the severity of the judgment pronounced upon them.

The notices that prompt suicide in most cases, come from inability to meet certain issues, painful though necessary under such social and other relations as belong to the position of the sufferer. Public opinion to-day, inclines to consider all such acts as the result of cowardice and fear, but the conclusion is too general and indiscriminate. The time was, however, when it was a question whether persons could be sane who would take the life of another or their own; but, to-day, it is plain that both can be done, the persons being sane and well.

Our object, however, is not to get at the wisdom of public opinion, nor too curiously to inquire into the motives of the unfortunates who seek relief in destruction, but to call the attention of the reader to the fact that the dying testimony of these unhappy persons come to us alike ignoring our censure and the conclusions of our popular theology. The Church has no consolation, not even hope, for such as destroy life, under circumstances like the suicide, for their punishment closed with their exit from life, so that misery must be their forever.

When we find members of the Church, therefore, seeking relief in suicide, we may rest assured that the theology that consigns so many Spirits to despair and woe, can have had but little influence on their mind. The following we clip from the Palmer Journal:

Mrs. Anna Jane Maclean, a gifted authoress of New York City, recently committed suicide by taking poison. Unrequited love, together with, as she avers, a "life which has been one of continual loss," urged her to commit the deed. The following poem is taken from her "last letter," in which she said, "however slight the world may consider this last act, I did in the full assurance of pardoning grace through the blood of Christ."

"I am now judged, but God knoweth the heart." She was a member of the Baptist Church, and her virtues, her errors, are now with her God, who alone can judge them aright.
We are pleased with the kind Spirit of the above notice, although we strongly incline to the opinion, judging from the past charity of the press, that had this misfortune come to the Spiritual family, the conclusion would not have been so considerate. We think no worse of the Baptist Church, however, because the lady gives positive testimony that her case was one outside of the Church's control. Still her dying words are significant and will go far to silence the declamations of the denouncer—for "man may judge, but God knoweth the heart."

We hope, however, the Baptist Church will learn charity from this affliction, and speak and think more kindly of the unfortunate, since life has its sorrows, its woes, which no philosophy can cure on earth. How sad must her Spirit have been while penning these sad farewell lines to earth:

DYING MOMENTS.
BY MRS. ANNA JANE MACLEAN.
There's a rustling of angels' wings—
Bright creatures—leave the sky—
They come to see, in her society,
A mortal sister die.
There is a no more to hear her,
When she kneels her bowing head,
Save the angels that are winging
Their bright way from the sky.

There is another lesson to be learned from this, however, and that of a very practical kind. The question comes home to the reader, cannot society be so organized and social relations so harmonized as to obviate the necessity of such painful and unhappy utterances? It's an old question, and "day into day" it is asked, and night into night addeth knowledge," in favor of the affirmative answer. It may not be for many, many years, because the causes that produce melancholy and predispose

persons to suicide, are as various as the temptations of life. Misfortune comes in one way or another to all, and the true hero is the man or woman who religiously takes the world and its trials as God has appointed them; for it worketh out for such a far more and exceeding weight of glory.

The philosophy of suffering will be one day understood, and when fully comprehended, will reveal much hidden beauty in the moral structure of the universe; but at present we see "through a glass darkly" on this, as on many other subjects. Still, we know enough of the culture of life to soften the severity of judgment and temper the censure so freely bestowed on the dead and their memory; but the pride of consistency forces men into conformity with conclusions that daily and hourly do violence to their better and holier sensibilities.

God knows only and truly the temptations of the erring; and men should so translate the follies of life as to look at them not only with charity, but in full faith that the Great Teacher—God—will make all clear, in His own good time and way.

The course of human events is daily bringing to notice things, new and old, that remind us of such a faith in God; because the sensitive mind must find some consolation for the ills of life, to save it from madness. We know the power of philosophy, the charms it has for some minds, and the consolation that is offered to the sufferer by the stoic; but, to our mind, the consolation of religion, which makes the wisdom and goodness of God adequate to the necessities of every affliction—be the sufferings ever so aggravated—is the only one that can warm the affections, or keep the Spirit in love with the discipline of life.

The following statement, which we find credited to the St. Louis Republican of Nov. 3, will illustrate these remarks:

SINGULAR SUICIDE.—Early yesterday morning, the body of a young man, genteelly dressed, was found on a levee between Myrtle and Elm streets. He was about five feet six inches high, had on a black frock overcoat, black cloth pants, patent leather shoes, gingham shirt, and black silk handkerchief. The cause of his death is explained in the following letter, written in the French language, which was found on his person:

"I beseech the person who finds my body not to make inquiry for the act was mine; I am my own murderer. My name is Francis Henry De Longueuil. I was born in Paris, on the 4th day of April, 1828. My family were in the great enterprise of 1841. I was married to a young girl, thirteen months old, which gave strength to resist the misfortune that had occurred to me; and in this little innocent I could see the likeness of my beloved wife, and I could ask no more of God than to live for my dear child. But God was willing again to afflict, by taking everything that was left for me in this world. On the 29th of October last, I had the misfortune to close the eyes of my treasure—my child. Having nothing to console me, I resolved to quit life myself. Let no one blame me, for life was a burthen."

An inquest was held by the Coroner, and Drs. Campbell and Henstead were present, and held a post-mortem examination. The contents of the stomach were analyzed, but no poisonous substance was found. The Jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death by some cause unknown to them. We have no doubt but the angel of mercy will drop a tear over the error of our departed brother, although good sense can give no other name to his deed than mental weakness.

Oh! I fear'd he all, and heaven nothing,
What three-marked fools we are!

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.

We have received the first and second numbers of a weekly paper of this name, published by the "Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge," at No. 553 Broadway, New York, asking us to exchange, in a truly polite and courteous manner. We cheerfully comply, and hope to be able to recommend this paper as one of the best of its kind.

The objects of the Society and the paper are set forth in the first number, as follows:
They have rented for a term of years all of the upper part of the building 553 Broadway, New York, which the Society is fitting up, and so arranging as to facilitate free and convenient intercourse, to the end that there may be afforded to all resolved enquirers after Spiritual knowledge, the light which is dawning from the spheres, free as the air of heaven.

It is the intention of this Society to have, at all convenient hours, test and other Mediums, in attendance at their rooms, whose lives and conduct will be in accordance with the principles of the Society, and who will in no case exact or receive pay from Visitors or Enquirers.
Freely we receive, and are admonished freely to give to those, therefore, admitted on our motto, "VERA NO GRATIAS," and acting under this primary aim of our Society will be to make the manifestations of Spirits free to all serious inquirers after the truth—by establishing free circles—where the honest seekers after truth may receive the light, "without money and without price."

According to this show of benevolence, we, who are unbelievers, and busy about other matters—plodding along in the old way of doing good—need give ourselves no uneasiness about any advantages which our Spiritual friends may possess, as all the benefits will be diffused so freely that they will soon reach us without our seeking. This is consolation, and costs us nothing.

But the most remarkable thing of all about this new move is, that it is called by the name of "Christianity." In the estimation of these Spiritualists, the name of "Christian" must be more respectable than it is with some of their contemporaries around us here. Perhaps they truly appreciate such sentiments as are found in "Barnes's Notes" on the name "Christian":
"Who lives according to the import of this name, is the most blessed and eminent of mortals. The name shall be not to be forgotten, when the names of royalty shall be remembered no more, and when the appellations of nobility shall cease to amuse or dazzle the world."

Let us see how much our Spiritualist friends shall prove themselves worthy of the name they have now adopted.

REMARKS.—No doubt many, in reading the above, will conclude that the repudiation of such a name is very much out of date, if not entirely useless; but as it was sent to call attention to the seeming inconsistency of our use of the term "Christian," it is necessary that we make a few remarks, that in answering it, we may answer so many as labor under like misconception. To say truth, however, it seems hardly called for, as the paper has been long enough before the public for the thinking mind to judge whether the expositions of moral principles and the general teachings of its communications are consistent or not with the Spirit and precepts of Jesus.

We know, however, that the name of Christ is held as exclusively by the conflicting and antagonizing sects and churches as any item of personal

property; so that the assumption of the name "Christian" is as like to be challenged by the adherents of the popular church parties as "votes" are, on election day, by the politically orthodox. There is, no doubt, propriety in both; for a man's professions of faith in principles—be they religious or political—should be so fundamental to his conduct, as to make him attentive to the practical duties belonging to and growing out of such principles, in order that his profession of faith may pass for something more than "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal."

We are led to inquire, therefore, by what right any one assumes the name of "Christian?"

If we take the plain teachings of the New Testament, the answer is direct and positive; for Jesus says—"He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me; and he that loveth Me, shall be loved by My Father; and I will love him, and manifest Myself to him."—John xiv. 21. This one verse comprehends the entire testimony on the subject; for the teachings of Jesus, however varied in phraseology, give but the one conclusion—"If ye love Me, ye will keep My commandments."

The man, therefore, who loves the Lord with the fullness of love—that comprehends his entire being, and thinks of his neighbor's good while working for his own, is accepted of God, and in fellowship with the Spirit and mission of Christ; although he may not profess to make Jesus authority for doing either. When, however, a body of men and women publicly acknowledge themselves the friends of Jesus, no one has any right to call in question the sincerity of their faith, nor the purity of their motives, until such time as, by their conduct, they say, in the living language of fact, that the teachings of Jesus is of none effect; since the only test instituted by Jesus is, that "by their fruits ye shall know them." By this test we are willing to be judged, for it is fundamental to every department of life.

Still, inasmuch as there is a time to plant, a time to reap, and a time to use the products of the harvest season, so there is a true time for judgment; since anything out of season—be it ever so good in itself—is like to be unproductive of good in the highest degree. The judgment that may be used upon our present efforts must be very uncharitable, as well as unjust, if censorious and fault-finding; because we are young, alike in influence, worldly means, and, may be, wisdom—all of which increase with years, where the Spirit of Jesus and true reform lives in the affections of those professing to love His memory, and to take example from the devotion of His holy life. All this, we hope, will be eminently true of us as a Society; for we understand the teachings of Jesus to be practical, reformatory, humane and religious—not theoretical, conservative or formalistic; and, therefore, give little heed to the speculations of the theoretical schools of the land.

Therefore, in calling the paper the "Christian Spiritualist," we have done what good sense and the plain teachings of Jesus warrant us in doing—at least, so we understand the matter at present. If we ignore anything fundamental to His philosophy, we shall be most thankful to any one for such information as will convince us of that fact.

What we are doing, as a Society, for the spread of Spiritualism and the progress of Christianity, is, no doubt, small, in comparison with what should be done. Still, such as it is, it gives promise of what shall be, soon as the way opens and means come to hand. At present, the rooms are open to all who wish to form "circles," or consult such mediums as we may have to aid in the examination of the Spiritual phenomena. This, and the publication of the paper, is the positive proof that the Society wish to work for the good of Spiritualism; since the enterprise is sustained by the voluntary donations of friends who consider Christianity and Spiritualism alike the friends of progress and reform—men and women of some experience in the ways of life, and most of them graduates from some one or other of the theoretical churches of the day. It is their hope and desire that the paper and the Society may be Christian in that Divine and Spiritual sense which makes it the highest honor for a man or woman to be the friend and servant of others—for good, for progress and reform.

In attempting to aid in the development of the new era now dawning on the age, they ignore all responsibility for the conduct and opinions of others, as they wish in no case to dictate or dogmatize, but leave for good sense and wisdom to adopt what seems significant and suggestive to reason, moral sense and the intuitions of the soul. This we see soon time to the sectarian, who thinks the building of a creed of more consequence than the growth of a true and tolerant charity; but as we read the lessons of life and understand the Spirit of Jesus, we feel to say—"And now abide faith, hope and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." The popular creeds of the day have given a different reading to this passage, since it makes faith the greatest of the three, and excommunicates all that dare to call in question the wisdom or authority of their conclusion. From this Spirit we differ in toto, as we attach the least of all importance to our opinions, and wish to be known by what we do, and the spirit in which it is done, rather than for a fanciful conception of how it should be accomplished.

It is hoped, therefore, that the reader may see good sense in our adopting the name "Christian," and fidelity to the duties which are fundamental alike to the teachings of Jesus and a developed manhood.

SPIRITUALISTS IN BAD REPUTE.

A few days since, an article in the New York Herald with the above heading, attracted the attention of many, and was read with marked exclamations of surprise and doubt, the whole statement seemed so improbable and impossible.—Knowing, however, that the press is not over nice in giving publicity to anything that tends to make Spiritualism objectionable, we cut the article out of one of the exchanges, requesting a friend to take the precious morsel to Justice Welsh, and ascertain if there was any truth in it. In order that the reader may know how to value the conscientiousness of reporters when Spiritualism is the subject of remark, we give it place.

SPIRITUALISTS IN BAD REPUTE.—ALLEGED VIOLATION OF A WOMAN BY MEDIUMS.—A few days ago, a man named Alexander Drummond appeared at the Essex Market Police Court, and made a complaint before Justice Welsh against five individuals for having violated the person of his wife, Sarah Jane, while she was thrown into a state of insensibility, by those parties, who he believed to be Spiritual Mediums. He states that on the evening of the 4th instant, five men called at his house, No. 251 Third street, in the character of Spiritualists, and commenced their operations by throwing the complainant and his wife into a drowsy or rather unconscious state, which effected they proceeded, each of them, he says, to violate the person of his wife, she being unable from their fiendish acts to make any exertion whatever to cry out against the gross outrage. The statement of the complainant is corroborated by two men, named John McMan and Barnes, who informed him of what oc-

curred at his house. The names of the persons implicated in this alleged outrage we refrain from publishing until the necessary affidavits are made, and until the examination takes place. Meanwhile warrants have been issued for the arrest of the accused.—N. Y. Herald.

On the return of our friend, he informed us that Justice Welsh and the Clerk of the Court, pronounced the whole thing a humbug, as no such "violation" had taken place, and as the man that came to make complaint proved to be a lunatic, he was taken into custody, and is now in the safe keeping of those whose duty it is on Blackwell's Island to "minister to a mind diseased." But what makes the statement of the Herald a positive falsehood is, that there were no "warrants issued," and no "accused" to be brought up for "examination."

The Herald has for many years enjoyed the not-to-be-desired reputation of telling anything and everything likely to please the bad taste and corrupt feelings of many of its readers, so that no great surprise will be evinced by the reading public, when they learn that another lie has been added to the many that has graced or disgraced the columns of that paper. Still, we could wish, for the sake of humanity, that those who have control of the Herald's editorial, would watch the movements of their reporters, as there is a great temptation to fabrications and fibbing, while the public taste has such a morbid craving for everything that borders on the outrageous and objectionable. It is to be regretted, moreover, that in the make up of our papers, good sense is so often ignored, to make room for such filth as comes from the gossip of the times.

Were the papers of the day as free to correct a report as they are to flatter prejudices, there might be a better chance of doing justice, although the correction would fail to catch rumor in the present state of society.

"Love the world is given to lying," was the astonished exclamation of Falstaff, and many find the necessity of echoing his words, even in this age of newspapers and telegraphs. We know of no remedy at present, as very few can afford to keep a conscience, much less to use it, and so in good faith we must be content to wait progress and pray for the good time coming. We know, however, there are thousands in the land that long for the time, when honest men will control the press and fill the public offices generally, for the salvation of this country as well as the world rests mainly on the development of principles and the reformation of public opinion.

Could we address the good sense of the editorial family, it would be to tell the truth, for as society is organized, the truth will have the necessary phases to make variety the spice of life. Still, in the present state of antagonistic interest and party prejudice, there is every inducement for men to lie, if that tends to the temporal good of the issue. In our own mind, however, we are clear in the conviction, that the man who is so weak, shallow or foolish as to lie, believing that he can live long in the sunlight of good sense as a truthful and reliable man, is so morally blind, that he needs a Spiritual guardian to watch over him. We know lying to be a part and parcel of most of the trade and barter now carried on under the name of commerce, and we know also, that it is justified by the doctrine of expediency, but we also know that all such men and women have their reward. How different will all this be, when conscience sits in the editorial chair to correct the follies and prejudice, and dictate the higher law of God to the Nation? When truth and justice illumine the night of mental ignorance and error, then will conscience preside over the councils of expediency, so that honesty will not only be the "best policy," but the practical and vital religion of the soul.

THE NEWSBOY.

The article under the above heading, on the first page of this week's issue, purports to be a Spirit-communication—and as such, was taken down by Judge Edmonds. The medium was his daughter; which fact, to those who know the parties, will give strong presumptive, if not conclusive evidence as to the genuineness of the communication. This remark is predicated on the supposition that the cant phrases, the idioms of the street, and the entire make-up of the character, is not native to the culture or taste of the young lady—which supposition seems to us legitimate, from our knowledge of the medium. Those, however, who do not know the parties, must draw their own conclusions from such statements as the above and the study of the article itself.

It is sometimes painful, however, to think of the way some men reason when they wish to set aside some conclusion at war with their preconceived opinions; for they not only torture sense and logic, in many of their issues, but torture the characters of the persons that may be the mediums of such issues. This is so much a matter of course with many, that in many cases where young ladies of culture, good sense and social standing, are like to become mediums, their fathers and friends oppose it, because of the free criticism and scandal likely to result from such a position.

Of course the reader will think there must be a good and sufficient reason for this, since it is a common conviction that "there must be some fire where there is much smoke." In the case of Spiritual communications, however, they wish to make it all smoke; for the many, to-day, ignore not only Spirit-intercourse, but doubt the immortality of the soul. What wonder, then, that any article purporting to come from the Spirit-land should be held in doubt, and criticized in such a way as to make it objectionable to sense. Still, we may be permitted to reflect on such conclusions without dogmatizing, in order to find if there is sense or mental sanity in them.

The following is pertinent to these remarks, which we take from the State Capital Fact:

"By the way, reader, if you have not read the story of the Newsboy whose Spirit, through the mediumship of Judge Edmonds's daughter, gave a history of his short but eventful life, we advise you to procure and peruse it. We should have published it in the Fact when it first appeared, had we not found it too long for us to have a rooted dislike to dividing a well-earned tale into half a dozen parts, and publishing it by piecemeal."
"This story of the Newsboy, whether it came from a Spirit or not—that question we do not pretend to decide—is life-like in its incidents, and told in a peculiar vein of broad, rough humor, richly interlarded with the rough jokes and slang of the street. The only objection we have heard to the tale—and that would seem to be some proof that it has been mirrored forth from the Spirit-world—is, that the portraiture is too rigidly original—the Newsboy is too bright, good-natured and mischievous—in a word, he is too much of a Newsboy. The critics think he gave too exact an account of himself to be really himself."

If this objection is a valid one, will some critic be so good as to inform us where the dividing line comes? If the communication is too good, or not good enough, to be Spiritual, will some of the very wise critics please inform the reading public what is about right? The general objection urged against most Spiritual communications is, that they are no more like the originals than "I to Hercules." And

yet, when we get one that is life-like, and mirrors the original, it is too good, too exact, and therefore not Spiritual. Surely, the mind of such a reasoner must be very hard to please.

Were Spirit-intercourse, however, an acknowledged truth, and the immortality of the soul a living fact in conscious life, there would not be such contradictions in reasoning, nor absurdities in criticism.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

A LETTER OF THE MORNING LAND. BY T. L. HARRIS. NEW YORK: PATERSON & BENTON, 300 Broadway, 1854.

Since the advent of Thomas B. Macaulay and many other European Reviewers, there has come to the mind of the reading public a partial conviction that the Poet is to be numbered among the things that were. True, Greece and her beauties, Rome and her powers, have served the uses of an external culture, but the mind must be indeed limited in Spiritual depth, that can give the good bye to the world's within, above and around us, or consider them as alien to poetry. It may be, that infancy and childhood, are the imaginative phases, of the race or the individual; but that does not warrant the conclusion that as the world grows old, the Spirit out-grows the Spiritual element. Nevertheless, such conclusions are fundamental to much that is called scientific criticism, and material as they are, they are the natural consequences of the philosophy which have been "the glory and shame of England" for over two centuries. No wonder, therefore, that the poems of these now worshipping at the shrine of poetry and song, "are sicken'd o'er with the pale cast of thought," and unintelligible to good sense from excess of metaphysical refinement. Tennyson, Browning, Bailey, and Smith, attempt the Spiritual and fail, because the soul was never reasoned into Spiritual life, and never will.

If, therefore, the poet is to be a creature of the present and the future, as well as the past, we need such conditions of Spiritual life as will make song inspirational to the soul, now, as in the olden time. And this beautifully illustrates the need and necessity of a new era, that the soul may grow young again in the light of hope and the warmth of love, for without such rapt and inspirational elevation of Spirit, the harp must "hang in Tara's hall," for "the soul of beauty" is dead. We have not the room to expand this thought, and therefore introduce Mr. Harris in the language of poetry. The following forms a part of the *poem*, and truly does it set forth the mission of poetry and song:

The Thinker, who from sense constrains the pain
Of speculation, might as well be dead,
Use crutches to find the mind of man,
Or point the skylark from his meadow nest.
Celestial Visions those alone can sing
Whose faith and love are spar'd within the chest:
Till heaven's fire hath shined each inward string
Of mind and heart, no song to Heaven may rise.
They only can excel who write the thought
That dominates the mind and rules the breast.
Empire, how long shall I be a slave to thee?
Is Truth, and trust when in song expressed.
For Poetry was man's primeval speech,
And Angels talk it now within the sphere;
Dull Power nor could man's inward essence reach.
Nor learn logic to become a speaker.

It is possible that a man should sing in song,
As God thinks when he lifts the seasons' roll,
And then through him the radiant Angel throng
And thrill mankind with harmony of soul.
The Bible is a Poem; not a tale;
But five and six times in vain to mankind;
And Nature is all divine;
And Song the natural language of the mind.

The "Poet's Story" is as soft and musical as any of Moore's, although it has not his excess of glitter and redundancy of figures. The following will illustrate:

But my Spirit within me said, "Back thou the hand,
Far away from the Earth, where the weary are glad;
Where the heart is torn by the burden of sin,
Where the Spirit of Beauty are deathless and dead;
Where the sorrows of Earth are in anguish forgot,
Be that home of delight where it may,
Then I rose like a beam to a balcony's top,
And a Spirit of Beauty in vision I saw,
And I leant, entranced, like a dew-drop that sleeps
In the heart of the summer's first rose,
When the Angel of Peace his gently keep
A watch over his blissful repose."

The poet's song of Home, breathes the same Spirit of devotional admiration for the joys of higher life:

How beautiful is Home in Heaven! for there
Our thoughts become substantial and assume
For the good of others, and the vision fair;
And loving eyes with light of love illumine.
The loving soul and love illumine the air
Each to have, each to have, each to have,
And love transforms to feeling all our thought.
The truth in conscious bliss—through all the soul is wrought.

As we did not intend a review, so much as a notice, we must be content with one more extract. When we have more time, we shall return to the two volumes of Brother Harris, that we may say more in detail how we are impressed and improved by these communications: for the philosophy of mediumship is too imperfectly understood to allow occasions like these to pass without questioning the testimony thus given.

We should say that the work is got up in a very neat and handsome style, printed well on good, clear paper. The volume is some forty pages larger than the epic of the Starry Heavens, and was "spoken in thirty-six hours."
The following, from "The Poet's Song of the Soul," will be acceptable to every true Spiritualist:

It seemed the air became a sea,
Living sea of adoration,
Where waters made the Spirit free,
And pure in Heaven's regeneration.
For purity and love and truth,
And whistling peace soul pervaded;
My heart took on immortal youth,
By the inspired, by death untraded.
"Thou art the power that Heaven bestows,"
I heard an unseen Angel saying,
In Heaven the soul forever flows,
And beauty clothes its poorest dwelling.
"Body and Soul are interwoven,
As light and fire in mingled splendor,
And when the inner soul is freed,
The obedient form delights to render."

We change, unfolding, through our love,
An inner form of purer essence,
Until we rise to Heaven above,
And worship in the Father's presence."

Mr. Gridley, in speaking of the work, uses the following language:

The narrative maintains the great doctrines of Christianity, draws them from the unnumbered absurdities that professed teachers have gathered around them, unfolds their philosophy—even to the conception and birth of the Son of God—makes all clear as light. To all believers in the New Testament who think for themselves, it cannot fail to prove refreshing; while to Spiritualists, as such, it will be acceptable, as presenting a phase of Spiritualism new in many of its aspects, and far out of the channel of Spiritual communications, as they have been generally received.

The work is very suggestive, and in many parts gives convincing evidence that there is depth and clearness to the mind that is arguing.

The narrative will convince every reader that men do not become angels as soon as they go into the Spirit-sphere; but that it will make out a clear case of devilism, or devil-possession, we doubt. It cannot fail, however, to be of interest—save to the mind that, having come to conclusions, ignores all further investigation.

As *Realities* are rather dangerous in our present limitations of intelligence and philosophy, it would be well to read the various phases of evidence before concluding that the ultimates of analyses have been arrived at.

The friends of Mr. A. J. Davis, and the lovers of the Harmonical Philosophy in general, will do well to give some attention to the work, as direct issue is made on many important points of that school.

As we have not the room for an extended notice, the following extract must suffice:

"Why in the world has not the greatest philosopher of this age ever referred to this subject? I.—Because he has not the courage to tell you again, as I have told you before, that I am personally acquainted with Mr. Davis; that I have examined his interior, and find that he is in the first half of the fourth degree. The Spirits that have impressed him are in the same degree. He has not only not referred to the Day of Judgment, but he has made no reference to any truth peculiar to any condition of man or angel above the first half of the fourth circle. Above their own true moral position, neither man nor angel can trade, and in a Spiritual sense, realize anything—and Mr. Davis is not an exception to the laws that govern other intelligences. If he or his Spiritual psychologists should attempt to ascend only the fifth circle of the next sphere, until they are gradually and interiorly unfolded into its conditions, they would be immediately repulsed by the higher societies, as Mr. Davis himself declared. Neither can Mr. Davis or his associates safely go below zero to examine the condition of advanced spirits, unless they have first developed the lowest classes of debased Spirits; though occupying only the fifth degree, I can safely go much lower than Mr. Davis or any Spirit from the fourth degree. It would require Spirits far advanced of me to go down among the vilest of the vile. It is with us, in this respect, as with you—a man of the most rigid and disciplined integrity may the more safely visit or live in the vilest society. We therefore aver, that most Mr. Davis has written of the Spirit-sphere, who has not written of anything more, his magnetizers possess large idealities, and range upon his mind whatever they idealize in their own. Mr. Davis' often-repeated expression, 'I am impressed,' is proof positive that, in Spiritual matters, he is a sympathetic, and not an independent clairvoyant. He does not see for himself, but sees as he is impressed to see. We know, assuredly, that in the development of his own interior—Spiritual growth—quite a number of earth's inhabitants are in advance of him. We have clearly and fully shown that many have more intellect and philosophy, and on a greater variety of subjects, than any living man; but the incorporation and assimilation of deep interior truth to his own Spiritual organism, is surpassed by many others. Mr. Davis has expressed the growth of natural love, if we remember, thus: 1st, Self-love; 2d, Conjugal love; 5d, Paternal love; 4th, Fraternal love. In the last he stands, as we have said, supremely in the Love of MAN. The begins already to feel the difficulty of carrying the same quantity of philosophy, as he is declared rather severely with a certain class of men, while according to his philosophy, they are no more to blame for the position they occupy, than vegetation is censurable in the spring, for not bursting the earth in full blossom, and bearing mature fruit. Mr. Davis declares the laws of the universe are perfect and unchangeable, and they of course alone have operated on man. Yet his favorite expression is, 'Man is misdirected.' It is perfect laws misdirected, or the man have not developed that certain kind of liberty or freedom in man, as the 'Crowning Head' of the universe, by which he is able of his own will, to disregard those laws, or violate them, at pleasure—though he is not able to escape the penalty of such violation? If the perfect operation of Nature's perfect laws, in her eternal whirl, has thrown man off in a tangent; if her attraction has not been sufficient to hold him to her own unerring bosom, it is exceedingly difficult to prove that she is able to draw him back to that position. While we have taken the suggestion that man has been made free to violate Nature's laws, than a freedom that Nature hath given she will never withdraw, and man will be forever free to seek happiness on his own account, and in his own chosen way—to cultivate the wheat or the tares, as he chooses, through all coming ages. One thing is certain, that all advanced men and angels know that sympathy and antipathy, attraction and repulsion, are co-existent and extend as power, that man may love and hate, and with all that, but without in the iniquity with a perfect hatred; that when we hate men they feel a repulsive power go out from us, as surely as they feel an opposite power when we attract them by love. Hatred and anger, as well as evils of all kinds, then, are not negative, as Mr. Davis affirms. (We refer to evils possessing moral qualities, not earthquakes, nor hailstones, nor fevers.) If Mr. Davis should be permitted to stay on earth till he has passed the judgment, and is permitted to write after that indignation against willful transgression would blaze up and run through his writings like a grain of ignited brimstone. It is equally true that he would be vastly more long-suffering and merciful than at present; yet these virtues would be so healthily exercised as by no means to clear the guilty."

THE BIBLE: IS IT A CREED TO BELIEVE. BY GEORGE B. SMITH. PATERSON & BENTON, 300 Broadway, N. Y.

The philosophy of this work is of the external school, and aims at criticism rather than constitution, and is, so far, behind the age. The man that finds it necessary at this day to rehash the old issues of *liberation*, be he of the theological or material school, is sadly at war with constructive sense and philosophy of the age, which seeks to find "good in everything." The critical points of Mr. Smith are old, and have been so often before the public in one form or another, that we are unable to attach much importance to their republication. We are not, however, of that class who think the Bible so sacred and perfect a thing, that the mind that criticizes it must be denounced as "rightly," and excommunicated from the pale of good sense, but we do feel that the mind that can find so much to censure, and so little to love in the Bible, must have peculiarities of his own, which make him bad authority in argument, and a doubtful counsellor in the affectional sphere. That the Bible has many errors of one kind or other in it, is conceded by its warm advocates, but it is making war on good sense, and substantially telling the majority of christendom, past and present, that they are *fools*, by this indiscriminate censure of the language, narrative, and philosophy of the Bible.

We have not the room, nor the disposition to write on this subject at present, for there is so little in the work that relates either to Spiritualism or Christianity, that our notice of it would be more critical and argumentative than we wish our book notices to be. In reading the work, however, we felt conscious that Mr. Smith was very much more at home, and therefore, more happy in his reflect-

ASTORLENCE FACTS FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD. Witnessed at Friends, embracing the extremes of good and evil. Session, Mass.: Jostan A. Gridley, 1854.

We have delayed noticing this work, the better to think of the revelations it contains. And now that it has been with us over a week, and we have read most of it cautiously, we feel as if we needed more time and room to form and express the opinion that seems most natural to our present light and culture.

We are sometimes called to account, by some of our correspondents



