

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

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

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York.

GENIAL GREATHEART;

OR,
THE JOTTINGS OF A GUARDIAN ANGEL.

EDITED BY S. LEAVITT.

CHAP. III.

FINISSED.

"Build her good and how pleasant a thing it is for us to dwell
to dwell together in unity."—*Psalm of David.*

A few evenings after that upon which we left
"my charge" in Wall Street, finds him, the weather
having suddenly changed, seated beside the winter
cheering grate in the easy chair, back parlor of his
hostess, surrounded by several members of the
household. A fitting opportunity this, to introduce
the reader to the Bayard family.

But first, a description of the room would be in
order. The space on each side of the fireplace
are filled by glass-paned book cases, whose
shelves are well-stocked with the cream of an-
cient and modern literature. The usual parlor
and pier glass, centre extension table and chandel-
ier, are in their usual places; as is also the in-
evitable daguerrotype covered side-table, while an old
fashioned massive side-board abounding in mys-
terious recesses, stands against the wall opposite the
fire. A small sofa, a rocking chair, a couple of ot-
tomans, and a due allowance of chairs, complete
the furniture of the room; if we except the dozen
small strings of carvings in simple frames, and the
statuette of a woman, Schubler and Tasso, placed on
hanging pedestals, which adorn the walls.

We come now to the living furniture. Two la-
dies sit on the sofa, which forms an acute angle
with the fire. On the opposite side of the fire,
seated in perfect dignity in the arm-chair afore-
said, behold him who is honored by the reception
of my special note. Beside him, newspaper in
hand, sits a young man of 25.

The markedly appearance of the elder of the two
ladies recalls the water-familia. Mrs. Bayard,
whose evenly developed head, and whose face, indi-
cative of calm benevolence and strength of char-
acter, shows her to be a model "head of the fam-
ily"—has gone through an ordinary history, and
one quickly narrated. She was born into the mid-
dle rank, was early wooed, early won, early bap-
tized in the fire of earthly wed. Her husband, a
man of culture and high aspirations, fell in man-
hood's strength to the bottom of mother earth, a
lightning-struck oak.

Look next at the main stay of the family, the
young man Allan, who is already a popular archi-
tect. No wonder that Greatheart felt drawn to-
ward this family, for Allan's character is a coun-
terpart of his own; moreover, the latter finding his
own noblest elements in the glory of age, in the
person of his guest, naturally enough adores him.
Fast and tall, bright, graceful, accomplished, with
long hair which unmistakably upon every lin-
eamment, Allan may be safely pronounced a person
who will make himself felt in whatever society his
lot may be cast.

"But about that other lady," impatiently cry
some readers. Rightly, romance lovers, this "other
is not a sister." The daughter of a dear friend of Mrs.
Bayard, while ago gone higher—Eleanor Vinton
came but lately to the house, having obtained a
situation in a neighboring school. Of course there
are already well-patting as to the arising of a diffi-
culty between her and Allan, and of course nobody
ever anticipated such a result of her coming. But
mark her as she sits, serene, while dignity and dif-
fidence struggle for the control of her features.—
Saw you often a stranger brow, a clearer eye, one
which spoke more plainly of the ability of the soul
whose window it was "to be, to do and to suffer."

But who comes now so radiant? Allow me! Miss
Agnes, gentle 17, and Master Ralph, etatis 14. A
wield, unassuming being is Agnes, with her sybil
shen, though beautiful eyes, hair and cast of
features. She possesses in an unusual degree many
of those qualities which have caused woman to be
called an enigma. Her mind you can as it were
measure concretely, and analyze chemically; but
the true woman has as yet never been taught but
an enigma, because, like the word of God, she must
be spiritually discerned; and the race have never
yet been spiritual enough, whether men or wo-
men, to comprehend the more delicate machinery
of the female mind. In the eyes of the savage,
she is tolerable as a fartherer of animal pleasure,
and a better than no beast of burden. In the eyes
of the civilized man, she is an excessively interest-
ing and agreeable creature; but he is often angry with
himself for the apparently unreasonable adoration
which he feels impelled to pay her as an intelli-
gence, when he considers that she has as yet really
performed so little compared with himself.

The fact is—as we Spiritualists can realize far better
than those who are still in the flesh—woman's equal-
ity with man could never have been proved before
this age: for never before has there been an opportunity
for the exercise of that high range of human
faculties, in which her great strength lies. There-
fore, is it, that she has been an enigma. Conscience

as she was that some mysterious powers, still latent
in her, made her man's equal; yet conscious also of
her inability to show herself such as she was—im-
agine her agony through the long ages when brute
force alone commanded respect—and realize her pre-
sent agony, who could intellectually occupy its
place in the public estimation. But at last the *Spi-
ritualist* has come, and with it appreciation,
agreeable labor, disengagement for women.

But we turn too long from the spiritual Agnes.
The difference which would most strike one in com-
paring her with Eleanor Vinton, would be with re-
gard to positivity; the latter being evidently best
fitted for the "common emergencies of life, whereas
Agnes has but little of the heroine or tragedy queen
about her. Still they both answer very well to
Scott's definition of the female character, where
he speaks of woman as

"Fields, by art thou to please,
And vast the fields to please,
By the light quivering aspen made."

Scott, by the way, has herein given us an epitome
of the impression that woman's ways have made
upon man, in consequence of her having been hith-
erto always more or less out of her sphere. In the
good time coming, when her apparent inconsistencies
will continually melt into harmonies, exquisitely
pleasing to sight; as do the metamorphoses how rapidly
changing pictures of a kaleidoscope.

But all this while Ralph remains *deop*. He being
as yet but an undeveloped boy, we cannot speak
very definitely concerning him; and will only char-
acterize him as a brave, bluff, generous, hearty
and handsome lad—as happy in the society of so
many loving friends as he conceives it possible for
any one to be.

Two such fiery spirits as the brother and sister,
would have become rather uneasy if they were
forced to wait at a parlor door thus long, while "a
lot of people that they didn't care a fig for," were
being enlightened as to the character of the new
comers: but fortunately, our young friends met
with no such detention.

"Room for the lazzarini!" cries Agnes, as she
presses in between her brother Allan and "uncle
Sol," as she has dubbed my charge, being quite
deeply impressed with his sagacity. Having suc-
ceeded in forcing a passage in spite of

"The various hindrances she meets"
from her brother, who remarks that he feels "very
comfortable" seated herself on a low stool, and
resting her head on the old man's knee, gazed into
the fire without speaking another word to any one
present; while the expression of perfect content
which her face exhibited was not ill-looking.

"Does her dress know that she is in a magic
circle, and that she cannot move her rather interest-
ing head from its present position, for at least an
hour?" said Greatheart.

"Such charms have no power over dress," an-
swered Agnes without moving.

"Well, try to get away."
"I am doing very well."

"Ah! conscious of psychological restraint, eh?"
"As you like it," was the only answer vouch-
safed, but the upturning face spoke volumes.

After she had gazed awhile longer into the fire,
the warm outgiving of her pure heart seemed to
turn toward her own kin; for her hand, as she still
rested her head on the old man's knee, now hunted
for and found that of her brother; who in turn
suffered his other hand to stray among her clustering
curls; this all transpiring, so harmonious is this
family circle, without interrupting the reverie into
which all but Ralph, who was reading had fallen.

At length, looking up again, Agnes said: "Uncle,
sometimes in such solemn hours as this, I feel
considerable anxiety when I consider how essentially
we have departed from the views entertained by
our ancestors."

"Dear child," he answered, "be strong and of
good courage. We are indeed swinging loose from
what we know to be safe anchorage, and are push-
ing on into unknown waters; are suffering our-
selves to be borne by a rapid torrent, the Spirit of
the age, into unexplored regions, but

"With Christ in the vessel,
No danger we'll fear;
Our spirits shall pilot,
Knowing which way to steer."

"We may be perfectly sure that we will be
brought into still better anchorage. But I suppose
you was thinking especially about the horrible part
of the old creed, for instance the doctrine of end-
less retribution."

"By way of giving you at least a temporary re-
lief, if you will hand me that volume of D'Aubigne
yonder, I will read you a passage."

The book obtained, he read:
"It had been appointed that Corpus Christi
should be kept with much ceremony at Eisleben.—
The Vicar General was to be present; Luther at-
tended. He still felt his need of Stanzitz, and
took every opportunity of being in company with
that enlightened guide, who helped forward his soul
in the way of life. The procession was numerous
and gaudy. Stanzitz himself carried the host,
Luther followed next in priestly garments. The
thought that Jesus Christ himself was borne before
him by the Vicar General, the idea that the Lord
in person was present, suddenly struck upon Luther's
imagination, and so overawed him, that it was
with difficulty he went forward, he staggered and
thought he should die in the agony of his fear; at
last the procession stopped. The host which had
awakened the monk's terrors, was reverently de-
posited in the sacristy, and Luther left alone with
Stanzitz, threw himself into his arms, and confess-
ed the cause of his fear. Then the Vicar General,
who had long known that gracious Savior who
breaks not the braided reed, gently whispered:—

"Dear brother, it was not Jesus Christ, for Christ
does not terrify, he ever comforts."

"So no," said he, handing her the book, "do I
say to you. That part of your former belief, which
has ever been such a fruitful cause of insanity, is
not God's truth; for it ever gives joy to the godly.
It is only because the souls of us microcosms and
the great macrocosm about us, have ever so stoutly
given the lie to the dogma of endless perdition—that
all we who were nominally receivers of it, have not
become insane in pondering it. O friends, I am an
aged man sitting in the solemn night on this fallen
carth—where frost, snow, tempests, earthquakes,
pestilences, famine, murder and innumerable other
Gehenna horrors abound—surrounded by all the
elements of a hell—do nevertheless avow my belief
that this universe was intended by its Maker for a
happy universe, and that each of its earths will in
some stage of their history, become such. I can
come to no other conclusion, though with the
strength of my being, I have cried unto his Maker
and unto it, 'tell me are any human creatures to
be through endlessness tormented?' The still small
voice of the one, and the mute yet unmistakable
response of the other ever says, 'Nay verily!'"

"The only perfectly safe position for us on this
question, however, is that assumed by your beloved
Tennyson, where he says:—
"Behold! we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last, far off, at last to all,
And every Winter change to Spring,
So runs my dream; but what am I;
An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

And again—
"The wish that of the living whole,
No life may fall beyond the grave,
Desires it not from what we have,
The latest God within the soul."

"I have been wanting to have another talk with
you, sir," here interposed Allan, "about the evil
that is in this and the other world. I mix so much
with the Davis school of Spiritualists, that I find it
necessary to put forth a strong and continuous effort
—so strong and positive is the sphere which
surrounds them—in order that I may retain what I
feel to be the true view on this subject."

"You do well, you do well," responded Great-
heart, "to bring up the subject on every possible
occasion. Now, while there is no unity, and no re-
ligious meetings or papers amongst the Old School
Spiritualists, they stand in a perilous position.—
Dozens of them go over to the other side every
week, because—having no longer any disposition to
attend the religious meetings of the churches or
read their papers, and having none of their own—
they are forced to seek exclusively the meetings and
papers of the New School. I myself, must confess,
that I labor under the same difficulty that you do.
I find that it takes twice as much prayer, medita-
tion and Scripture—searching to keep me straight
as it did while I was strictly orthodox."

"Really, it is quite refreshing," said Mrs. Bay-
ard, "to hear any old fashioned talk. What with
no really religious meetings worth attending; for the
orthodox are too intolerably bigoted or igno-
rant, and the Spiritualists are more taken up just
now with science than with religion; and what with
the absorption of you, gentlemen, in so many new
ideas—I am like the old women we read about in
the good books and missionary heralds; who, living
in isolated places, come to consider 'a real gospel
sermon,' as the greatest of blessings."

"We, men, deserve a severer rebuke than you
have bestowed upon us," answered Greatheart.—
"We have erred in this matter. And now by way
of making some amends, let us take a look at this
controversy concerning hell or no hell, devils or no
devils. Will that suit my pretty prisoner, eh?—
What say you, Agnes?"

"Yes, yes, uncle, by all means talk about it. You
think, perhaps, that I am a trifling, thoughtless girl,
who never concerns herself about such things; but
I have had my troubles about this question as well
as my elders."

"Well, come, you are clairvoyant, what do you
say? Our new friends tell us that the old book
and our hitherto venerated forefathers were entirely
behind the light-house on this grave question. Come,
what says the Pythoness? Be assured, O
Priestess of the great God Apollo, we shall not
count you a Cassandra."

"I don't know, uncle, I feel as much like cry-
ing as like joking when this subject comes up.—
The sudden blaze of light which has been let in on
the doctrine, has so illumined even the darker part
of the theories that we still hold upon the subject—
that it seems for the moment to prevent them from
having their due effect upon us. It seems as though
to us, also, this world and the Spirit-world as they
were, as they are, and they will be—were becoming
one great Vanity Fair; or as Carlyle expresses it in
that queer passage you showed me the other day,
'a grimacing dance of apes,' with nowhere any
thing horrible, anything even sublime."

"Well spoken, verily. You can't think, child,
how you stir my old blood. You have uttered
some saddest verities. This state of things will
not last, however; already the violence of the re-
action begins to subside, and many Spiritualists begin
to tend toward a sober middle position, half-way
between Davis and the old puritans."

"I don't know much about Davis," remarked
Mrs. Bayard, "but I do know that it is a pretty se-
rious business for us to reject one of the corner
stones of the old puritan faith. Serious, I say, be-
cause this matter of hell or no hell is so vastly im-
portant a matter; since if it should turn out as I
think it will, that there is one, it will also turn out
that some mortals must go there. To be sure, I
can't believe that folks will have to be punished for

entertaining wrong opinions; but somehow I feel
that while the subject is still so much shrouded in
mystery, while there is still so much to be said *pro*
as well as *con*, it behooves us to be very careful as
to what course our thoughts take upon it."
"Ah, what could we do without you *old folks*?"
rejoined her grey-haired *vis-a-vis*, smiling; "we hot-
headed youngsters, would surely go to destruction
without your conservative efforts in our behalf."

"Really, uncle Sol," here interrupted Eleanor
Vinton, "for I will insist on adopting Agnes' mode
of address, I wish you would proceed more ener-
getically in the discussion of the subject in hand.
You were talking the other day about women be-
ing variable as the shade of the aspen leaf. I
should think you might as well take the accusation
to yourself."

Having thus spoken—Eleanor apparently feeling
that with her usual impetuosity she had gone too
far; especially when now she noticed a quizzical
look in a certain pair of black eyes—turned unvolun-
tarily as if for protection toward her maternally
neighbor, and resting her face against the latter's
shoulder, awaited her fate."

"Now, will I deliver thee over unto the buffet-
ings of Satan, or one more cruel, impudent danc-
sel," cried her tormenting uncle, "seize her, Allan,
and inflict due chastisement!"

Allan, after a slight feint of obedience, over-
come by the ludicrousness of the *tout ensemble* of
the scene, broke into as loud a laugh as he was ever
guilty of, exclaiming, "truly, we are a proper set
to establish a council which is to overthrow and
bring to naught the decisions of those grave digni-
taries who met at Nice, Trent, and Worms."—
Then, suddenly, a change came over his features,
and a tear stood in his eye as he exclaimed in a so-
lemn tone: "But, O, it is a most earnest thing to
be alive in this world; to die never was 'sport to
man'; and though I rejoice to feel at liberty to make
merry over the most important subjects, I feel also
that there is a deadly solemn side to them." Then
again relaxing from the intensity of his solemnity,
he continued: "What a pleasant and profitable
time we have in these rambling conversations, after
all. I look forward to good results from the con-
tinuance of them. But bed-time has overtaken us,
and the oceans of thought that we can profitably
intercommunicate on even this one subject must
needs be restrained."

So, often chatted the Bayard family on the high-
est matters. We will follow them yet again and
again.

A VISION.

We are kindly favored by Judge Edmonds with two extracts
from his forthcoming work—"Spiritualism," which will appear
early in this month—only one of which we are able to give this
week. The following was given through Judge E. in the form
of a vision:

They have taken me to the darker spheres.—
There I see countless number of Spirits, of various
hues of blackness, amid that dark and murky at-
mosphere, so dark and thick that it would seem al-
most palpable to the senses.

There, amid that cold and watery and cheerless
air, amid that repulsive gloom, I see those countless
myriads, as it were, under the influence
of the darkest passions and vilest propensities of
the human heart, like a seething caldron filled with
human misery and set into never-ending motion
by the lurid and enduring flame of human pas-
sions.

Spread out before me is a vast country, its sur-
face level, its soil bleak and desolate, with naught
to relieve its dreary monotony, naught to indicate
life in itself, but a few sickly and disgusting plants,
that seem to have sprung up and grown in dark-
ness.

There is a restlessness about those inhabitants
that is terrible to behold, for it speaks of the worm
that never dies, it tells in language not to be mis-
taken, that its gnawings are incessant, that its tor-
ments never cease. That worm is memory, and
with all who people that immense desert, it is ever
busy in discharging its duty as a minister of the
Most High God, ever active in the performance of
its terrible task of retribution. Like a hissing ser-
pent, it is ever following the heels of those whose
past was evil. Like a consuming fire, it is ever at
work at its task of burning and purifying the heart.
Like the dread of impending evil, it is throwing
upon the corrupted heart the numbing chill of its
fear. Like the air they breathe, it is ever infusing
into them its deadly venom. Like the life-giving
principle which surrounds them, it is ever impart-
ing new life and activity to its office of punishment
for sin.

It needs the aid of no material flame to infuse
suffering into the heart. It needs no chains of
earthly iron to bind the fallen soul to the dark soil
in which it grovels. It needs no galling fetters to
have its iron enter that soul; but, alone, uncon-
querable, unceasing, ever active, from its blasing
embrace there is no escape, from its devastating
breath there is no refuge. It fills the ear with an
acute pang that pauses but to increase its might
with renewed effort. It flows in upon the eye but
to light it up with a lurid flame, glowing like a
burning coal, and relieved only by its centre-spot
of intense blackness, which proclaims the hue of
the soul that looks out through it upon the world
around. It invades the taste, and while its sweet-
ness tempts to indulgence, the bitter and burning
feeling that follows but speaks the inner condition
still. To the nostrils it is pleasant and captivating,
but it ever leaves behind a putrid and offensive
scint that speaks of the corruption that is festering
within. Felt throughout the surface as a cool and
inviting breeze, it instils into every vein, infuses
into every bone, pours upon the extremity of every

nerve torments that rival the agony that is buried
deep beneath that surface.

Thus the faculties which have been perverted to
purposes of selfish indulgence become ministering
Spirits to the demon of memory that ever haunts
them, and bear to the suffering heart, to the deep-
est recesses of the polluted and fallen soul, endur-
ing streams of agony so intense, so overpowering,
so omnipotent, that it tells the soul upon which it
is exerted, the awful lesson, that nothing short of
Almighty power could inflict it.

Oh! could mortals see in the flesh, and ere it be
too late, how sad is the ruin the soul can bring on
itself, how terrible is the agony which the memory
can inflict, how incessant and how insatiate are the
senses, in bearing within the soul the punishment
that must ever flow from their perversion, they
would recoil affrighted from the contemplation of
a condition so infinitely more horrible than naught
the wildest flight of the imagination ever pictured!

It is now shown to me in this vast concourse be-
fore me—in the mass and in each individual. It is
seen in a restlessness, a discontent with the present
and its employments, a desire to escape to some-
thing else, an uneasy and impatient seeking for
some relief, which mark the conduct of all who are
before me. They are seeking for something, which,
alas! they find too often on earth—something that
will enable them to forget. But, oh! how
vain now the search! The material surroundings
which, in their earthly life, through the intoxicating
cup of pleasure in its various forms, aided them to
down the voice of the monitor within, have now
all left them, and it is in vain they fly for refuge—
for they find none. The intoxicating draught can
no longer stupefy the senses, the maddening love
of pleasure can no longer by its indulgence con-
quer the reason, and even death, to which so many
of them looked for relief, afforded them none when
it came, and answers not now to their call. No
night with its slumbers comes now to aid them.—
No insanity, even, can be invoked as a refuge from
thought. No excess of passion, though here it
rage with tenfold fury, can bring them the coveted
blessing of gratification. And thus they exist, day
by day, age upon age, century after century, living
monuments, speaking lessons, of the curse of per-
verted faculties.

And what adds infinite horror to an existence
so terrible, is the conviction, instilled into their
minds, by their earthly teachings, that it is for
eternity.

Toward man, in or out of the form, their hearts
burn with a bitter and concentrated hatred, which
finds no relief but in inflicting suffering upon each
other. Toward the fair face of Nature, whose
beauties they slighted, whose lessons they disre-
garded, their feelings are those of abhorrence; for
every feature of it, from the rolling orb that speeds
its way through space, to the blade of grass that
protrudes its tiny head from the crevices of the
rock, is ever proclaiming in their ears the lesson
that Nature ever speaks to Nature's God. Toward
the Great Creator they look with mingled feelings
of defiance and fear—defiance which has followed
them from their mortal existence, and which here,
as there, is displayed in disobedience of His laws;
and fear, lest the power which is full mighty to in-
flict upon them what they suffer, may yet visit
them with even greater misery.

Such is the scene spread out before me. If I
ask those who are thus suffering, if there is no re-
fuge? no hope? every heart answers None. I
raise my eyes and ask from above, Is there no
hope? Far distant I see a faint light. Resting
in its beams I see many pure and bright Spirits,
who seem hovering o'er this dark abyss, from
which they are repelled by its gloomy atmosphere.
From them comes my answer, "Yes, even for
these there is hope—even for these the Infinite
Father has provided a redemption—even for these
he has vouchsafed a Savior; for even in the dark-
est and vilest heart there, perverted, misshapen,
and degraded as it may be, His Spirit still slum-
bers, and it yet will answer to His voice as it
speaks from above. In each soul is the power of
its own redemption, and the hour of its redemp-
tion will be when it shall have learned the lesson
so important to man in every stage of existence—
so much easier to be learned and acted upon in his
primary existence—that he must work out his own
salvation."

And now there appears to me from that distant
light a bright and pure Spirit, whose countenance
bears the impress of deep grief, and yet of un-
bounded love, and he says to me:

"Mortal! proclaim this truth to thy fellow-man.
To many of us the learning of it has been a long
and bitter trial. See that it be not so to you by
neglecting the instruction when it can be most
available to you; and fear not to proclaim it by
any dread of the manner in which man may re-
ceive it, for when thou shalt have passed to this
sphere of existence, thou wilt meet with many a
human soul whose gratitude or whose reproach
will attend thy footsteps in thy passage through
eternity, as thou dost faithfully perform or basely
betray the duty imposed upon thee."

A HEROINE.—Miss Florence Nightingale, the
young English lady who, sometime since, sailed
for the seat of war in the East with a corps of forty
nurses, to minister to the relief of the wounded
and suffering soldiers there, is the daughter of a
gentleman of wealth named William Shore Night-
ingale, residing at Embury Park, Derbyshire, and
heir to his fortune. She is conversant with many
languages, ancient and modern, has traveled much,
is a person of fine natural intellect, and possessed
of a happy and luxurious home. Her present en-
terprise is but one of many such benevolent efforts,
by which she has distinguished herself.

CHILDREN.

BY HENRY WARD DELICHER.

Among all the grateful gifts of summer, none, I
think, has been deeper and more various, than the
sight of the enjoyment of the children. I do pity
children in a city. There is no place for them.
The streets are full of bad boys that they must not
play with, and the house of furniture that they
must not touch. They are always in somebody's
way, or making a noise out of proper time—for the
twenty-fifth hour of the day is the only time when
people think children should be noisy. There is no
grass for their feet, nor trees for climbing, no or-
chard or nut-laden trees for their enterprise.

But here has been a troop of children, of three
families, nine that may be called children, (with-
out offence to any sweet fifteen,) that have had
the summer before them to disport themselves as they
choose. There are no ugly boys to be watched, no
dangerous places to fall them, no bulls or wicked
hippogriffs to chase them.—They are up and fledg-
ed by breakfast, and then they are off in uncon-
scripted liberty till dinner. They may go to the
barn, or to either of three orchards, or to either of
two woods, or to either of two springs, or to grand-
ma's (who are the very genii of comfort and gen-
der-bread to children.) They can build all manner of
structures in wet sand, or paddle in the water, and
even get their feet wet, their clothes dirty, or their
pantaloons torn, without its being reckoned against
them. They scuffle along the road to make a dust
in the world, they chase the hens, hunt sly nests,
build fires on the rocks in the pastures, and fire off
Chinese crackers, until they are surfeited with noise;
they can run, wade, halloo, stab their toes, lie down,
climb, tumble down, with or without hurting them-
selves, just as much as they please. They may
climb in and out of wagons, sail clips in the water-
trough at the barn, fire apples from the sharpened
end of a limber stick, pick up baskets full of bril-
liant apples in competition with the hired men, proud
of being "almost men." Their hands, thank for-
tune, are never clean, their faces are tanned, their
hair tangled within five minutes after coming, and
a button is always off somewhere. The day is a
creation especially made for children. Our Noble
has been at least equal to one hand one foot extra
for frolic and mischief, to each of the urchins. But
grundest of all joy, highest in the scale of rapture,
the last thing talked of before sleep, and the first
thing remembered in the morning, is the going for
a nutting. Oh! the hunting of little baskets, the
irrespressible glee, as bags and big baskets, into
which little ones are to disembarge, come-forth!
Then the departure, the father or uncle climbing
the tree—"oh! high!" the shaking of limbs, the
rattle of hundreds of chestnuts, which squirrels shall
never see again, the eager picking up, the merry
oh! and oohes! as nuts come plump down on
their bare heads, the growing heap the approaching
dinner by the brook on leaves yellow as gold
and in sun-light yellow still, the mysterious bas-
kets to be opened, the cold chicken, the bread sil-
ices—ah! me! one would love to be twenty boys,
or a boy twenty times over, just to experience the
simple, genuine, full, unalloyed pleasure of children
in a wood, with father and mother, "a nutting!"—
N. Y. Independent.

WOMEN.—It is not, after all, such a delightful
thing to be rich. Who would be tethered to houses
and lands, or be obliged to carry about upon his
shoulders a bank or a block of stores? Men are
often not so much possessed of riches, as riches are
possessed of them! They are slaves to their fortu-
nes, instead of fortunes being a slave to them.

Talk about money elevating a man above the
necessity of labor! It can't be done. Nothing
can raise a man above the need of exertion. Even
rich men must eat, and nobody can enjoy food
without labor. As P. or Richard says, if a man
does not need to work to find meat for his stomach,
he must work to find stomach for his meat. The
rich need to labor no less than the poor. Labor
is a glorious institution, and in most cases a fortune
is the worst thing that can befall a man. Fortune
may indeed furnish the table with rich viands, but
labor gives a delicious taste to the hardest crust.
Fortune gives ease, but labor brings with it the
luxury of rest. The misery of it is, however, that
like most earthly blessings, labor is very unequally
distributed. One man does not work enough to
give him an appetite, and dies of dyspepsia; another
is condemned to ceaseless toil, until labor be-
comes drudgery. And so it is that work is looked
upon as an evil. It was while bound to the desk
at the East India House that Charles Lamb wrote
thus of work:

Who first invented work, and bound the free
And hollowing reeling spirits down
To the low banding of propriety
Of business in the great world, and of the town—
To plow, loom, anvil, spade, and oil; most odd;
Who but the being unquiet, else from good,
Sabbathers sate: he who his ungod
That ever pierce and rotary burning
That round and round incessantly reel—
For work divine hath made him like a wheel—
In that reel round from which there are no returnings;
Were tolling and turning, were and are,
He and his thoughts keep positive working day.

This the poet said when he was weary, but he
knew that labor was not the invention of Satan.
He knew that it was a good gift perverted by hu-
man institutions. Labor is too often looked upon
as only a means to an end, and that end fortune.
But labor should be loved for itself. It gives health,
which fortune cannot do; it keeps down evil pas-
sions, which rise at fortune's touch; it bestows the
cheerful heart and the glad countenance, while for-
tune brings heart-ashes and wrinkles. Let us think
well of labor.—Portland Transcript.

SPIRITUALISM AND CHURCH ORGANIZATION.

Of the philosophy of organization, we propose not now to write, but to call the attention of the reader to a very significant sign of the times, which seems likely, ere long, to be the general state of feeling in the "Church" regarding Spiritualism and Reform.

Spiritualism, like every new unfolding in the great volume of human life, has been baptized in the fire of opposition and persecution, and like all truth has grown to a vigorous manhood the more rapidly because of this opposition. Still, this is of the grace and wisdom of God, who hath so ordained the government of the world and the providence of things, "that where did sin abound, grace did much more abound," that the world both reformatory and otherwise can take small credit to itself for the wisdom and blessings found in the change.

When Reform has been opposed by the conservative party, it has been with such violence and blind fury, that all fellowship was cut off by a determined antagonism, while the so-called friends of progress have in many ways worked the injury of Reform by such extreme issues with the good sense of the age as to make the slavery of custom desirable, and in the same way to justify the severity of criticism made by the opposing party.

Were there no middle ground or party, the hopes for reconciliation and harmony of society would be indeed dim. But thanks to God, the medium element is ever found at the right time to bring all parties into sympathy and spiritual communion. This is true of Spiritualism while we write, for the opposition called forth at the first stages of its development has given way as the conviction has come home to the honest mind, that the spiritual phenomena had their foundation in the nature of things, and that whatever philosophy was like to ultimate from such premises was worthy of consideration and attention.

With this conviction came the medium elements which by virtue of order seek to unite all things in the fellowship of harmony by making order the handmaid of progress. Organization is but order personified and in action, and the development of any and all thought must ultimately in some such external form, as soon as its unfoldings has called into being the varying phases of culture natural to all stages of life.

This or some such philosophy has forced on the attention of the spiritual reformers the necessity of making the effort to give "form and consistency" to the future issues of the new philosophy, and not a few have already urged the claims of organization on the attention of society. To this proposition, there has been no lack of opposition, which still exists, in a modified degree however, for now that the question is up for discussion, each mind will judge according to the knowledge and culture of its development, until the true and practical conclusion is arrived at. We are reminded of these reflections by reading in the Christian Freeman of Nov. 24th, an article under the heading, "A Word to Spiritualists."

Having seen a previous article in the same paper on "FREE LOVE," we very readily comprehended the distinction made by the writer between Spiritualism and Liberalism, and think the distinction called for, that the issue of the two parties may not be confounded. The writer, however, has little to say in the present article on the follies of Liberalism, but much on the lack of wisdom evinced by those of the Spiritual family in favor of organization, and thus explains himself:

"But we have been moved to take on pen in hand at this time, by the feeling that there is a movement with a portion of those who have been identified with the above named party, but the notion to whom we have just ascribed the character of Spiritualists, to secede from that party whose lead is downward, and get up a new organization. Now this is just the matter about which we want to reason together with you. The abandonment of that downward lead we approve, but the getting up of a new organization we deem you to refrain from. It can do no good, but will assuredly do harm. You may get up organizations for discussing the philosophy of Law subject, or for devising ways and means for concentrating action in conducting any matter of human labor. But the getting up of bulky organizations for carrying on communion with the spirit world, is wiser than folly. It is driving away the spiritual with the human."

Very naturally the reader asks, who is this very confident and wise writer? Is he "wiser than his fellows," or does he give reasons and facts to justify his conclusions and save him from the charge of dogmatism? Yes, reader, he gives such facts as to him seem pertinent, no doubt, but to us they are very far from reflecting a true appreciation of the necessities of the case. The writer, if we mistake not, is the editor of the Christian Freeman, writing for and devoted to the interest of the Universalist denomination, but rather partial and interested in his conclusions.

We are thankful that he gives us credit for some sense and a little honesty, if indeed it may please to classify ourselves with the Spiritualists, but we regret that he does not attach a deeper and a more important meaning to the notion of Spiritualism than to place it in fellowship with such follies as the following:

"When the Methodists have got up their sweeping 'revivals,' with the furious ministry of hell, damnation and the devil, the subjects of trances, and swoons and impressions, were torn again of the Methodist Spirit and doctrine. They could see, in their visions, the flames of hell, and hear the roaring of Satan and the rattling of his chains, and their relations of 'experiences' were of one and the same type. So with the victims of furies under the leadership of the Orthodox Burchards and Finneys; and the Baptist Knapps, and even the corrupt and silly Cochran."

It may be the writer has done his best to be tolerant and charitable in associating the notion of Spiritualism with the above, but the well-read Spiritualist will think it lame and an important conclusion. A conclusion unworthy of the occasion, since there is need enough for a new church organization to harmonize the "com-outers" and others who have separated from the old organizations without thinking of the deeper necessities resulting from the growth and development of Spiritualism.

The conclusion is also unworthy of the man, for if we remember right, he has been in the habit of making earnest protest against these very organizations now recommended as all-sufficient for Spiritualists.

No doubt, however, the excommunicated and heretofore despised and ridiculed Spiritualists will be profoundly grateful for the change that seems to have come over the dreams of some of the sectarian dogmatists, since we have the following assurance of sympathy and fellowship:

gross Spirits of the flesh. And you will need no other organization than your existing Christian organization. If your growth in Christian knowledge carries on your sympathies to the fellowship of a society of more enlarged views of God's paternity and Christ's mission, enter in with them. And you will find no want of sympathy, no repulsive hostility. The reason of most of the repugnance manifested by Universalists, to nominal Spiritualism, is found in the objectionable and even alarming character and tendency of the 'movement' as it has been conducted."

Surely, this is consolation to the many who have been excommunicated for conscience sake, from the churches now so willing to accept them. We incline to the opinion, however, that there is something in the very nature of Spiritualism that will make it necessary for its development to ultimate its own forms, since there is a general conviction that *new wine cannot work well in old bottles*. Still, good sense will see the necessity of softening the angularities of the sectarian, be he in or out of the church, since the true culture of the Spirit tends to fellowship and harmony instead of isolation and antagonism. We are pleased, therefore, with this peace-offering, and hope it may be productive of good to all parties, but we hope, also, our Universalist friends will remember, it is as far from our house to theirs as it is from theirs to ours, the plain meaning of which is, that there may be in their forms of worship, their theology, and much that they do and say for us to object to as there is for them, of "an alarming character and tendency" in the "movement" of Spiritualism.

The philosophy of Spiritualism will have to work out its own salvation, after all, for there are so many conflicting interests in our present church organizations, that we cannot see how harmony could come of such relations of the new and the old.

This is clear, however, to the man and woman of Spiritual culture, that inasmuch as the church has been the monitor of religious discipline to such as may have enjoyed its culture, others may still be benefited by the same teachings and instructions. Impertinence to those, therefore, who may not have made the same use of their culture, is as objectionable to the healthy mind as the bigotry and intolerance that abuses power in crushing the intellect that dares to call in question the infallibility of any dogma, be it ever so sacred to the popularisms of society.

We call the attention of the reader, therefore, to the necessity of caution, in making issues with the present church organizations, hoping that in all the relations of life, there will be purity of motive, emulation for a higher life, and discrimination in adapting means to ends.

If this is done, the question of organizations, old or new, will be easy of settlement and harmonized all in good time. Each day has its lesson, and each night its admonition, so that what is not plain to-day, may be plain and palpable to sense with the morrow, so that all things will work for the progress and culture of those who seek the truth in the love of it.

"SPIRITUAL ANNEXATION."

Some two months since it was our privilege to introduce the Rev. Uriah Clark to a friend of ours from Brooklyn, remarking that Mr. C. was a Spiritualist, and therefore interested in the progress of the cause of Spiritual reform now agitating the age. We proposed to our friend that he should interest others, and get up a meeting for the next Sunday, with the understanding that the Rev. U. Clark should lecture morning and evening, other speakers being present in the afternoon to the conference. As this friend was well known to us, we said much more to the effect that he would interest himself and others in this work, as Mr. Clark was ready and willing to give the helping hand, wherever there was any prospect of success or doing good.

The following Sunday a small congregation was brought together by a limited notice, who promised to meet for a few weeks, to test the propriety of meeting regularly every Sunday, for the investigation of Spiritualism.

During these Sundays, Mr. Clark, Mr. Randolph, and J. H. W. Toohy, and other public speakers were generally present, and each took part in the meetings, supposing the development and spread of Spiritualism the one thing to be desired above all others.

In a few weeks sympathizing friends we found, anxious and willing to sustain a place for regular meeting, the only thing needing particular attention was the character of the platform to be established. This question was doubly important, as it was necessary to get the means to sustain lectures and conferences, but very essential to progress and harmony, that the aims and purposes of these meetings should be known. This conviction was general, while the views of most present were peculiar in some phase or other of reform, which by them were considered all important. This difference was very natural, as some had worked for reform on other platforms, and attached great importance to such questions as were considered by them most fundamental to the general issues of progress. These views were very naturally developed, as each stated what he was willing to support, and explained the character of the platform to which he was willing to be pledged. As there had been a great deal of talk and little work, and little or no progress, some of the Brooklyn friends asked us to draw up "something" which we thought likely to meet the necessities of the case.

Under these circumstances we drew up the preamble and resolutions, which have already appeared in this paper, in connection with some remarks on the organization of the "Brooklyn Society." In the Spiritual Telegraph of November 25, under the head of "Spiritual Annexation," we find an article from the pen of Mr. Tappan Townsend, purporting to be a report of "the action taken by the Brooklyn Spiritualists," which, by implication and charge, makes us rather officious, while it makes public the charge of the Rev. U. Clark against the "Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge," for "unwarrantable interference on the part of a representative," "with reference to his course."

The mistakes of Mr. Townsend we should have passed by in silence, considering them the natural results of a memory not over exact, did not the charge of Mr. Clark make an explanation imperative. We cannot but regret, however, that Mr. Townsend has acted as he has, in sight of the fact that he was present at the meeting he calls the "last" in his report, and heard our remarks to Mr. Clark, which explained what *was said*, and *why it was said*, not a word of which *was said*. If, therefore, we have to be somewhat direct and personal in our remarks, the blame must rest primarily with Mr. Clark, who lacked sincerity and honesty in making the issue he did with the "Society" or its representative, (although such representative never even had a being,) and secondly, with Mr. Tappan Townsend, who had not discretion enough to let a bad thing rest. We say bad, for it could be nothing less, when one person makes a false charge for the purpose of justifying his lack of consistency and integrity of purpose; and another person makes such charge public in order to place an opposing party in an objectionable position.

We are thus introduced by Mr. Townsend in the article referred to:

"At the succeeding meeting, held the 29th ult., owing to the inclemency of the weather, there was but a small attendance. In the absence of Mr. Ryerson and the minutes of the previous meeting, J. H. W. Toohy, Editor of the Christian Spiritualist, and apparently in some sort the representative of the 'Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge,' presented the following preamble and resolutions, which he supported in an able speech, and which were further supported by Uriah Clark, P. B. Randolph, and others."

Now, this extract, short as it is, has a number of statements likely to be misunderstood, implying as they do, a good deal too much. In the first place, we never acted as the representative of this Society in what we did for the cause in Brooklyn, but acted on our own responsibility entirely. In the next place, Mr. Toohy would have done just what he did had Mr. Ryerson and the minutes of the previous meeting been present, and we are sadly at a loss to know why our action is tagged on to the absence of the Secretary, without it is to make the whole thing unofficial and out of place.

After copying the resolutions, we find the following remarks:

"The preamble and resolutions as above printed are not precisely as first offered, for, feeling insuperable objections to several parts of them, I made several motions to amend, which, after considerable discussion, were carried. The fifth and last resolution was added entire upon my motion, and the whole, as above, is the amended copy. When the final vote to adopt was about to be put, finding that the few present were determined to press the question to an immediate vote, I offered a motion to strike out that portion of the first resolution that would make our Brooklyn Society auxiliary to the 'Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge,' and which therein declared to be the 'Parent Society.' This amendment was not prompted by any hostility to the so-called 'Parent Society,' but because I knew that many Spiritualists were not willing to admit the assumptions of that Society, and were opposed strongly to the idea of Spiritual centralization; and I was, moreover, anxious that the meeting should adopt nothing that would so narrow our platform that those most widely differing in sentiment could not with entire freedom occupy it."

The first of these remarks is so nearly false, that the faintest shade of truth in them, saves them from general condemnation. The preamble is "as first offered," and the resolutions the same to all practical purposes, for the only modifications made after an hour's discussion, was to drop the line, "And this Society shall be known in law," as it was considered superfluous, and to leave a blank in the fourth resolution, for each to give in proportion to his means, instead of one dollar the month, as was at first proposed. If these call for "insuperable objections," we must say, the writer accepts consolation with as much ease as he gives himself credit for doing next to nothing; for the omissions in no way better the resolutions, as they were printed word for word as they were written and passed, with the above modifications. The difficulty, however, was and is in the clause that made the Brooklyn Society auxiliary to the "Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge," for Mr. Townsend, whether he cherishes any "hostility" to the "Parent Society" or not, gave every indication that he was in no way in fellowship with it. We don't know that the fellowship of Mr. Townsend is at all necessary to the success of this Society, or any other; but if it is, we will have to do without it, pledged as he is to oppose any and all organizations that has not an *imaginary* something about it, which he does not find in this.

The assumptions and presumptions of the above reasons for opposing the "Parent Society," however, are amusing, because they imply narrowness of platform, and intolerance to those holding "widely differing sentiments" on Spiritual phenomena. These imputations may be more easily made than sustained, and until sustained by something like fact, in the history of this Society, must pass with the honest thinker as convenient clap-traps to develop side issues. The most amusing items in the above, however, is the *quiet way* in which Mr. Townsend takes the whole Spiritual family into his kind care and keeping, in telling us "I was, moreover, anxious that the meeting should adopt nothing that would so narrow our platform," &c.

The assumption of infallibility and scientific accuracy is here so paternally put on—that we feel amused with the innocence that makes it, rather than pained by the intelligence that could allow itself thus to dogmatize. "The Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge" is well aware, and its very existence was premised on the knowledge that many Spiritualists ("so-called") were not willing to admit the assumptions of society organizations, and therefore opposed to all Spiritual centralization, because the *dogma* of Individualism has got to be quite popular with many of our latter-day philosophers. With this class of thinkers, however, the Society has no issue, because their voice of protest may be needful, and therefore useful in certain departments; but when a body of men, such as are presented in this Society, unite for reformatory and philanthropic purposes, are charged with an attempt to establish anything that may "tend to prevent the fullest fraternization of all investigators and believers in the Spiritual phenomena," the charge is made in ignorance of the men, and their published sentiments.

This whole discussion, however, springs from the dogmatism of Mr. Townsend, for he knows that the majority of the friends in attendance were in favor of organization, and so far in favor of "centralization," as to be auxiliary to the Society in New York City. The law of majorities may sometimes give its influence to a false conclusion, or an improper issue, and be tyrannical in all its ultimatums, but that majorities have rights as well as minorities must be self-evident to Mr. Townsend. Why not leave those agreeing in organization, then, to do their work, in such way as may best express their convictions of the good and true?

We ask this question, because Mr. Townsend found it necessary to give way and vote for the resolutions, that he might have the right to bore the next meeting by making a motion to reconsider such items as were obnoxious to his feelings. We say bore, because the subject had received all the discussion likely to do good, Mr. Townsend and others being authority.

It was on convictions like these, we predicated the remark that Mr. Townsend's "motion" would be a direct insult to the Society, without good and sufficient reasons could be given for such change. The following extract will elaborate this point:

"At the succeeding meeting, which was the last, I briefly recapitulated the previous action, and stated my object voting as I did in the affirmative, and then proposed to make a motion to reconsider the vote by which the preamble and resolutions were adopted. Hereupon, and before I made the motion, the editor of the Christian Spiritualist made a speech, in which, among other things, he said that he should regard the reconsideration of the vote, with such an object as I had proposed, viz., to amend by striking out the name and the clause making the Society auxiliary to the 'Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge,' a direct insult, and particularly as the preamble and resolutions had been published in the Christian Spiritualist with the approbation of the previous meeting."

ter is to make such corrections as the published charges of the Universalist denomination against Mr. Clark, make necessary. He vindicates himself in a positive and determined manner, and changes entirely the character of the issue.

Of the truth of either statement we know little, and must therefore consider ignorance bliss, until we have more light.

LECTURES IN BEHALF OF THE RAGGED SCHOOL.

We are happy in being able to inform the reader, that the *hint* expressed in the last paper is about to become a *fact*, as we are authorized to give notice that Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Fowler, will lecture at No. 635 Sixth-avenue, Monday evening, December 11, at half-past seven o'clock. Subject—"FORMATION OF CHARACTER."

We are happy that the opening Lectures in these Rooms are to be given by the above well-known Phrenologists, as the Gospel as preached by them is impartial, and freed from every shade of sectarianism. The Ragged School Enterprise should be unsectarian in all its relations, so that all parties may feel free to give, as the children of all nations and religions will find a welcome in its charity.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that all lectures delivered in these Rooms will be practical and philanthropic, rather than theoretical and theological. The gas has been introduced into these Rooms, and every convenience consistent with the limited means of the enterprise.

We hope the friends will bear in mind the Fair, and those having anything to give, will direct the same to No. 553 BROADWAY.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

Mr. Edron: The following is taken from the correspondence of the New York Tribune, November 3:

"The Rev. Charles Bartlett, aged about 40, a member of the New York Eastern Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, stationed at Darien, Conn., committed suicide by hanging with a strap, in the wood house, this morning, in a state of temporary insanity. His health has been impaired for some months past. He was beloved and respected in the community."

I confess myself a little surprised that it has not been noticed by yourself or the Telegraph before this. I am not much surprised at not having seen it in any other secular paper, save the Tribune; but if the Rev. Mr. B. had been a Spiritualist, we should have seen it copied in at least half the papers in New York.

The moral state of the press generally upon the subject of Spiritualism is to me a matter of astonishment! Editors are usually men of progress, and that they should cry humbug, devil, &c., upon this subject, is truly surprising.

They must acknowledge as a self-evident fact, that nothing displays a man's ignorance more than for him to condemn a subject which he professes to know nothing about, and which, by the way, he has not moral courage to investigate; Spiritualists know, that if the subject is *honestly* and properly investigated, a conviction of its truth will most inevitably follow.

The Rev. Mr. Bartlett was a highly respected and much beloved minister of the Gospel; yet in a moment of "temporary insanity" he committed suicide! Was it the fault of religion? Is the Methodist Episcopal Church to be prosecuted and branded with infamy for this? Certainly not! Then with what show of justice can these men brand with infamy Spiritualism, because some unfortunate creature, who happens to be a Spiritualist, in a moment of "temporary insanity" commits suicide!

But I have observed lately, that the press, (at least at the North,) is getting a *little timid* about what they say upon the subject of Spiritualism, except perhaps such as disregarding all truth, hatches up such falsehoods as the case said to have taken place at the Essex Market Police Court, referred to in your paper of Nov. 18. The truth is in this enlightened day, the cry of "humbug" has lost its potency, men laugh at the *stale cry*, as it is frequently said that he who thus cries, is himself the "humbug."

A SPIRITUAL THANKSGIVING.

WEST ROXBURY, Nov. 25th, 1854.

The two mediums became entranced, and each seeing the same scene, they described a Spirit of intelligent and loving countenance standing before them, bearing a scroll. He lays his hand upon them, and blessing them, bids them read these words successively.

TO THE CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES.

We, God's agents, bring you a declaration; the right of man to man, of Spirit to Spirit, saying, the immortal doth and can mingle with the mortal body, and bring words from our city unto your cities.

Our presiding officers rule supreme, as long as justice, truth, and love hold the sway, and as we love one another in the natural law draws us, the Spirit of departed men, to give you that counsel which you demand, and we consent to give. These two laws must mingle together, love begets love, sympathy draws friendship. You have appointed a day of Thanksgiving and praise to God for his boundless mercy and for the prosperity of your country. We, too, have our appointed day with you, in which we render our Thanksgiving to God the Father, for his great gift to man in giving us the Spirit, power and strength, and love to hold open the gates of Eternity, and let Spirits pass in and out; for giving us the temples of mortals to guard and give freely, from the ocean of Eternity, knowledge of that state of that part of man's existence, which the Father created in His own image to live with Him, ages after ages forever.

Friends, one and all, with your feasting we will join our Thanksgiving of teachings. We have prepared a banquet to which we invite you freely and most cordially. We will be the carriers of water, that you may drink and thirst no more. The well of Eternity is deep, and angels draw from it daily, and hand to us, the Spirits. We bear it to you. Accept, then, tarry not, come to the banquet, for it is near ready.

Friends invite you to sit down; they have robes of divine light around them. They say unto you, touch me not yet, wait till ye have arisen with us, then joy and peace, hope and love will be upon you and yours, unto all time for Eternity.

The medium says: This Thanksgiving scene we may go and describe, and we shall remember it.—Will it not be pleasant while sitting at our table to think of the Spirits at theirs?

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The two mediums became entranced, and each seeing the same scene, they described a Spirit of intelligent and loving countenance standing before them, bearing a scroll. He lays his hand upon them, and blessing them, bids them read these words successively.

TO THE CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES.

We, God's agents, bring you a declaration; the right of man to man, of Spirit to Spirit, saying, the immortal doth and can mingle with the mortal body, and bring words from our city unto your cities.

Our presiding officers rule supreme, as long as justice, truth, and love hold the sway, and as we love one another in the natural law draws us, the Spirit of departed men, to give you that counsel which you demand, and we consent to give. These two laws must mingle together, love begets love, sympathy draws friendship. You have appointed a day of Thanksgiving and praise to God for his boundless mercy and for the prosperity of your country. We, too, have our appointed day with you, in which we render our Thanksgiving to God the Father, for his great gift to man in giving us the Spirit, power and strength, and love to hold open the gates of Eternity, and let Spirits pass in and out; for giving us the temples of mortals to guard and give freely, from the ocean of Eternity, knowledge of that state of that part of man's existence, which the Father created in His own image to live with Him, ages after ages forever.

Friends, one and all, with your feasting we will join our Thanksgiving of teachings. We have prepared a banquet to which we invite you freely and most cordially. We will be the carriers of water, that you may drink and thirst no more. The well of Eternity is deep, and angels draw from it daily, and hand to us, the Spirits. We bear it to you. Accept, then, tarry not, come to the banquet, for it is near ready.

Friends invite you to sit down; they have robes of divine light around them. They say unto you, touch me not yet, wait till ye have arisen with us, then joy and peace, hope and love will be upon you and yours, unto all time for Eternity.

The medium says: This Thanksgiving scene we may go and describe, and we shall remember it.—Will it not be pleasant while sitting at our table to think of the Spirits at theirs?

Mr. Edron: The following is taken from the correspondence of the New York Tribune, November 3:

"The Rev. Charles Bartlett, aged about 40, a member of the New York Eastern Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, stationed at Darien, Conn., committed suicide by hanging with a strap, in the wood house, this morning, in a state of temporary insanity. His health has been impaired for some months past. He was beloved and respected in the community."

I confess myself a little surprised that it has not been noticed by yourself or the Telegraph before this. I am not much surprised at not having seen it in any other secular paper, save the Tribune; but if the Rev. Mr. B. had been a Spiritualist, we should have seen it copied in at least half the papers in New York.

The moral state of the press generally upon the subject of Spiritualism is to me a matter of astonishment! Editors are usually men of progress, and that they should cry humbug, devil, &c., upon this subject, is truly surprising.

They must acknowledge as a self-evident fact, that nothing displays a man's ignorance more than for him to condemn a subject which he professes to know nothing about, and which, by the way, he has not moral courage to investigate; Spiritualists know, that if the subject is *honestly* and properly investigated, a conviction of its truth will most inevitably follow.

The Rev. Mr. Bartlett was a highly respected and much beloved minister of the Gospel; yet in a moment of "temporary insanity" he committed suicide! Was it the fault of religion? Is the Methodist Episcopal Church to be prosecuted and branded with infamy for this? Certainly not! Then with what show of justice can these men brand with infamy Spiritualism, because some unfortunate creature, who happens to be a Spiritualist, in a moment of "temporary insanity" commits suicide!

above and beyond, each bearing a record, and they look around to catch the expression, as they meet face to face. 'Tis friends long since gone into Eternity, bearing the record of how and in each way they have whispered words into the dear one's heart. It is indeed a feast of joys. They come to learn how the tidings have been received on earth.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

ONEHLIN, Ohio, Nov. 27, 1854.

As your paper is open as a channel for truth, it may not be uninteresting to your readers to hear a little of this progressive town.

About nineteen years ago a Mr. Shepard with a few others came to this place, then a dense wilderness, two miles from a public road, commenced felling the trees, and soon laid the foundation for a prosperous town and one of the most celebrated schools in America.

The school has ranged from 800 to 1000 scholars at a time latterly, and mostly boarders from different sections of the country. Among those have been a few colored people, about a dozen generally, and by the rules of the school and the public opinion hereabout, color is not an objection to a man, if otherwise equally meritorious. Practically those who object to sit upon the same seat or walk upon the same side-walk, are not compelled to do so, but are left at full liberty to select such companions as their affinities may desire.

The town has about two thousand inhabitants, and is a beautiful village, and I understand rum has never been retailed here but once, when on a certain commencement day a stranger brought in a keg called sweet cider, but it was soon found to contain the evil one and was summarily disposed of.

This village has no resident lawyer, although occasionally they consult one at Elyria, eight miles distant. In regard to doctors, they are not so fortunate as several are here, and generally manage to keep themselves employed. In regard to churches, they also present an anomaly, as there is but one church here, and that of the Congregational order. Even the Romanists have not as yet been able to get a foot-hold in this puritan town.

For the first number of years each family in the village were regular church members, but latterly, the whole two thousand have not professed the faith of their fathers.

Rev. Charles G. Finney, the great revival preacher, formerly traveling through New England and New York, is the President of the College and the head of the theological department.

As many east will remember, he is a man of great originality and power, and has nearly as much boldness as H. Ward Beecher. In preaching he is not apt to denounce the sins of Babylon, but generally strikes home at the frauds and evil practices of the rich and selfish of his own hearers. While in New York city some years since, in preaching to the merchants, he estimated that at least nine-tenths of them who were regular churchmen, would cheat their neighbors in their ordinary dealings of a week day.

You in Gotham, can readily imagine that such truths were not well relished by the upper church gentry.

The celebrated Rev. Antoinette Brown and Lucy Stone graduated at this place, and many other ladies of wide reputation.

The faculty consists of ten professors, mostly Reverends, among whom is Rev. James Munroe, a young man of some learning with many progressive ideas.

I must say, however, that this community is much further developed in ordinary matters than in theology.

Yours &c.,

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Dec. 1st., 1854.

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.—The cause here is progressing slowly; not so many new believers are being made, as those who already believe begin to feel the importance of working in the great field for the regeneration of man.

The Spiritual Universe, a weekly sheet published here, has a circulation of about 1200, and is standing on a good basis. The editor and proprietor, S. Ward Smith, deserves great credit for his unselfish devotion to the cause, and a man of his earnestness and zeal cannot fail to be an important worker in the great cause. The most of his circulation and patronage comes from the country, where Spirituality seems to find more congeniality than in cities generally.

The friends here during the summer have neglected to keep up regular circles, but find the want of them now, and are beginning to move in the matter.

Brother Finney is in the field, and with other associates has called a Convention for Ohio, to meet at Painesville the 15th inst. It is hoped that the meeting may result in something practical, and not end in mere smoke.

There is much desire to hear Gov. Tallmadge, Mr. Toohy, and other lecturers here.

Yours &c.,

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

ASPIRATIONS TOWARD THE INTERIOR LIFE.

GIVEN THROUGH MRS. SWEET—SEPTEMBER 24, 1854.

There is a deep and solemn grandeur comes over the soul when contemplating its future destiny.—There is a feeling into the unknown sea which is rolling wave upon wave into the darkness of futurity, until lost from our view. We can follow it but a short distance, a very short distance, even with our Spiritual eye. Soon we become lost amid its intricate mazes and winding turns. The Spirit is too feeble; too undeveloped

Poetry.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

The North British... The gray beams looking from their lazy hills... All lights were extinguished, and all sounds subsided...

THE ANGELS CALL.

Come to the light of peace... Come to the light of peace... Come to the light of peace... Come to the light of peace...

ORIGIN OF VARIOUS PLANTS.

Every gentleman farmer ought to be somewhat acquainted with the history and origin of all native plants and trees... Wheat, although considered as a native of Sicily...

MAGNETIC MAGIC.

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

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

SEVENTH DIALOGUE.

ON SORCERIES—WITCHCRAFTS—CORRECTION OF THE REASON AND INTELLIGENCE—POSSESSIONS—BLOWS GIVEN AND RECEIVED AT A DISTANCE—DECLINES WHOSE CAUSE IS UNKNOWN—OCCULT MURDER—EVIL EYES—PHILITERS, &c., &c.

COURT OF THE 28th SEPTEMBER.

Soldier Lebel—Internal Spirit. DISCHARGE. Our readers will recollect all the tribulations experienced by a grocer's family, and produced, as it was said, by an infernal Spirit.

All the family conceived, and still preserve for their liberator, the strongest gratitude. Unfortunately the law does not believe in magical science, and the Paris Council of War ordered the arrest of Lebel, and his examination under the charge of swindling.

M. de Laverdo, Captain of State Major, related in his quality of Judge Advocate, the different phases of the first trial. He thought that the first Council of War violated an important form, by not ordering the reading of the witnesses' examination, and especially the evidence of Mrs. Tourneville, who was unable to come to the Court.

The King's Commissary, M. Joinville, discussed the importance of these omissions, and presented them as a direct violation of the 26 Brumaire Law. He consequently requested the abatement of the sentence pronounced against Lebel.

Hearing this, M. Corleher, the Council of War, unanimously pronounced the abatement of the said judgment, and sent the culprit before the second Council of War, in order to be examined anew on the charge.

26. In the Journal La Presse, of December 21, 1849, I find the following article, bearing the title of "Pascal's Amulet." "When only one year old, this great writer of the seventeenth century was thought bewitched.

"Anno Domini, 1654. "Monday, November 25, St. Clement's day, and other martyrs. "Vigil of St. Chrysogone, &c. "From half-past two, P. M., to about midnight. "Fire. "God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob. "Names of philosophers and learned men. "Certitude, certitude, sentiment, joy and peace. "Fortitude of the world, and everything but God.

"Joy, joy, joy, . . . tears of joy." This amulet is thus described by M. Lutel, member of the Institute, and physician to the Lunatic Asylum. Jones.—But, my dear friend, it is quite impossible that the great Pascal ever wore such an amulet.

ALBERT.—It is possible that Pascal did not know the contents of these slips of paper: he may have received that amulet after the spell had been thrown upon him, and preserved it all his life without being aware of its composition. But it is also possible that this great philosopher knew better than yourself the corresponding meaning of the phrases that seem to you so ridiculous. I have not the pretension of explaining to you everything that you do not understand. Our present study is so complex, so difficult, so mixed up with error and truth, that it would be presumptuous to decide positively upon every question which may be addressed. To follow the teachings of prudence, we must be a little more advanced in our knowledge before deciding these questions.

27. Le Constitutionnel, of December 7, 1847, relates the particulars of a lawsuit which deeply agitated the city of Lyon. Yet it was nothing more than a case of possession, similar to those I spoke of at the articles Girard and Picard. In the present case, the victim is a girl called Auburger, living in the boarding-school of Miss Denis. I copy an abstract of the facts. "Miss Denis kept a sort of boarding-school at Lyon, or unauthorized convent. Among her pupils was a girl called Jane Mary Auburger, twenty-one years of age, and who was persuaded she was possessed by the demon. The accusation tried to charge Miss Denis and her brother with the responsibility of the facts attributed to the evil Spirit. These facts were attempts to debauchery, &c., &c. The witnesses easily destroyed these charges, as is evident from the acquittal of Miss Denis. The devil alone remained accused of those horrors. Montanier, the policeman of that quarter, shall relate the particulars to the Court. "Every night," said this officer, "between half-past eight and nine, frightful cries were heard in the house of Miss Denis; the neighbors were very much troubled by such cries. I was commissioned to examine the house, and the girl who pretended she was possessed by the devil. We were introduced to the girl; her frame had still the marks of flagellation; her hands, tongue and breast, were transpierced by iron nails. She declared that the demon often spoke to her, that she heard terrible hissing, and was very much startled by these manifestations. Our search did not bring any light on this affair. Miss Denis was not at home; Mary Auburger was put to bed. She had been very much tormented during the previous night; the devil laid upon her, and put his finger into her eyes. The girl was examined by physicians, and they declared that her eyes still bore traces of inflammation. But I must say, that this girl was, for a long time, laboring under an ophthalmia.

Question.—Were any immoral acts perpetrated upon her person? Answer.—I was told that another girl, standing next to Auburger, felt a foreign body landing upon her. A heavy hand was passed several times over her body, &c. "One of the physicians who examined this girl, M. Pesequin, declared that the nails and pins which are seen in her flesh may have been introduced by natural causes, and that such a spectacle is often offered publicly by mountebanks. "Doctor Pietet, on the contrary, sides with the supernatural hypothesis. He had closely examined all the persons interested in this affair, and he was satisfied that they were in good faith. He one day saw the girl come in with a silk thread around her neck. The compression produced by this thread was such as to inject an her face with blood. He cut the thread, but observed with amazement that it had no knot. A moment afterwards she came again with another thread, but this had a knot. Another time an iron wire seriously injured her eyes in the presence of another witness. The doctor was satisfied that these facts could not be ascribed to natural causes, and advised to consult other physicians.

"Two other witnesses related that Miss Denis ordered the devil to cut a lock of hair from Miss Auburger, and at once a lock fell on the ground, although no one was near by the girl's side. "Miss Denis answered with much assurance, that she was herself trying to discover truth. "On the President's observation that these facts had already lasted for nine months, Mary Auburger said that since her infancy she had seen the Virgin, but that having suspected it might be a delusion of the evil Spirit, she had sent away her apparition; and that the devil then struck her saying, "It is well for you, but you shall repent it by bodily suffering." "Yet the first physician assured us that having ordered a straight jacket to be put on this girl, the devil did not appear; but that she saw him in her person, and suffered the same tortures. This circumstance destroys every suspicion about the supposed authors of this possession.

"In an enlightened century like this, it was necessary to obtain a condemnation against a fact which had excited the indignation of the whole city. But the issue of this trial was not less surprising than the possession itself. "Jones.—I must confess that I am particularly pleased with the devil's kind manners. I would have been very unjust to condemn so zealous an advocate of the Virgin. ALBERT.—I shall not lengthen this book by a useless repetition of what I have said in my other writings. You may find in the Spiritual Mesmerizer, the account of many similar manifestations. Several of these possessions have already been recorded here; but in the aforesaid work, you will especially remark a phenomenon of spell-throwing which took place at Chartres. The furniture of a house there, was for fifteen days, moved and overturned by invisible hands. I shall now speak of the Presbytery of Cedeville, where one of the most complete facts of spell-throwing took place; these details will thus be an abstract of all the most curious phenomena of magic. I have read this narrative in a book entitled "Pneumatology of Spirits, and their Fluid Influences," by Marquis Eudes de Mirville, a very singular work which has just appeared. But I prefer to give only an abstract of this affair, which I borrow from the Journal La Patrie, May 26, 1853. Here are the words of the author:

RECORD OF OCCULT SCENES. "We have to relate to-day facts of so extraordinary, so bizarre, so incredible a nature, that nothing but the evidence which resulted from regular debate before an eminent court, could have led us to publish such debates. But twenty witnesses, all unanimous in their testimony, oblige us to relate facts which throw us violently four hundred years back. "So well authenticated a narrative will prove more than the modern philosophers who have denied so absolutely the phenomena of magic, were wrong, rationally wrong. The simple people of our country places were alone in the truth, despite the apparent absurdity of their beliefs. "Here is the narrative of the facts which took place in 1850, in a small village of Normandy, called Cedeville. This narrative is literally copied from a legal examination which still exists in the tribunal archives, and an abstract of which is in press, to appear as an Appendix of M. de Mirville's book.

"Towards the end of March, 1849, M. Tenel, curate of Cedeville, met at one of his sick parishioners' houses, a man who was considered by the whole community as a sorcerer. The curate reprimanded him severely and sent him away. On the other side, the authorities took hold of this man, and kept him for one or two years in prison. "Scarcely had he recovered his liberty, when he swore he would take revenge upon the curate, whom he accused of all his troubles with the police. To accomplish his plan of revenge, the sorcerer selected his friend and disciple, shepherd Thorel. "Two boys were educated at the curate of Cedeville; the one was twelve years of age, and called Gustave Lemonier, the other was fourteen, and his name Clement Benel. The education of these children was both a pleasure and a source of profit for the curate, and it is in the person of one of these children, that the sorcerer is accused of having struck the curate. "One day the boy was accosted by the shepherd, and from that instant all these events began. "Scarcely had the child returned, when a tornado came and seriously damaged the presbytery. A moment after severe blows resounded all over the house; they seemed to be produced by a powerful hammer, and the house appeared on the point of falling down. "These blows became so violent that they were heard at more than a mile distance. One hundred and fifty persons went to the parsonage, but could not discover any cause for this frightful noise. "The mysterious knocks went on, and repeated in measure all the musical pieces which were demanded of them. The window glass fell to pieces, the tables danced about the rooms, knives, brushes and breviary, flew away through one window and came back through another, the shovel and tongs quitted the hearth and walked boldly around the room, the hammers soared in the air, or fell down lightly as a feather, a table covered with enormous books, darted towards a witness, but instead of striking this person, fell perpendicularly at his feet, despite all the known laws of gravitation, &c., &c. "Another witness went to the parsonage, and installed himself in the children's room. He questioned the mysterious noise, caused knocks to be produced in every corner of the apartment, and agreed upon certain forms to enter into communi-

cation with the mysterious agent, viz: one rap would mean 'yes,' two 'no,' &c. The number of raps would also mean the number of letters in a desired word. These terms once agreed upon he called for his name, that of his wife, children, &c., &c., and all the answers came perfectly correct. "A vicar of St. Rook, happening to be in the neighborhood, went to Cedeville, and questioned the mysterious rapper. The name and the age of his father and mother were correctly answered for him; he carefully wrote down the figures that were given, and as soon as he arrived at Paris, he went and examined the Register at the City Hall, wherein is recorded the birth of every citizen. These dates perfectly agreed with those that had been given at Cedeville. "As for the state of the child who labored under this obsession, it offers the most extraordinary symptoms; the whole of his nervous system is invaded, an unusual weight compresses his chest and shoulders. The child declares, moreover, that he ceaselessly perceives standing behind him a man clad in a blouse; but he pretends he does not know this peasant, until confronted with Thorel, when he exclaimed, 'here is the man.' "One day this child revealed a very singular hallucination; he saw a black hand descending from the chimney, and all on a sudden he screamed out that this hand had struck him; yet no one could perceive anything, but the noise produced by a slap was clearly and distinctly heard, and the child's cheek at once turned quite red, and remained so for a long time; in his simplicity the child ran into the street, hoping that he should see the hand flying off from the chimney.

"The curate of Cedeville, and several other priests of his acquaintance, were talking one evening about the means that should be employed to rid the child of such an obsession; one of the clergymen said he had read in an old book on sorcery, that the Spirits were very much afraid of iron points; anxious to try the experiment, they all took sharp pieces of iron, and began to strike whenever the noise was heard. After a few minutes one of these blows seemed to have struck the aim, for at once a brilliant spark was produced, and accompanied by such a quantity of smoke, that they were obliged to open all the windows, otherwise they would have been suffocated. They again began the same fight; a groan was soon heard, and then vague cries, in the middle of which the word 'pardon' could be clearly distinguished. 'Pardon,' repeated the priests, 'we will do so, and pray God to grant you the same favor. You shall only exact one condition, viz: that you will come yourself and beg pardon of this child.' 'Will you pardon us all?' 'Why are there many?' 'With the shepherd we are five.' 'We forgive you all.' The passage then remained in a profound silence. To be continued.

PHYSICO-PSYCHOLOGICAL INTELLIGENCES.

The distributions and associations of the forms and organisms which compose the sum total of created being, observe the law of adaptation both as to exterior properties. We may therefore find the same forms, or less conspicuous ones in the lower kingdoms of Nature as well as in the human world. Thus the vegetation indigenous to any particular clime or locality, always bears a relation to the temperature, soil, and moisture prevalent in that locality. The mountains of tropical regions, which rise from a realm of perpetual summer to an altitude of eternal snow, are clothed in their different elevations by different genera and species of plants, and the gradations of temperature, from the tropic to the pole, are an artificial translation of any of these vegetable forms is either fatal to the latter, or else causes in it a gradual change of constitution until it is fully adapted to its new condition. Plants sometimes manifest a marvellous instinct, which may almost be called intelligence, in making the most of the circumstances in which they are placed. For instance, transplant a rose-bush, grape-vine, or almost any other vegetable form, into a spot where it is on the one side approached by moist and warm air, and on the other by a hard, dry and sterile soil. For a short time the roots will put forth almost equally in all directions; but, as if growing with interior and sympathetic experience, the roots extending towards the dry and sterile soil will soon begin to recurve and extend toward the moist rich soil, as if in quest of the better pabulum which their brethren on the other side have found. While a root is growing in any particular direction, let a fresh breeze just beyond and a little at one side of its extremity. The root will turn out of its direct course and go in pursuit of the breeze, and when it finds it, it will stop and send out numerous little fibres which, forming a net work, will envelop the breeze; and when all the nourishment has been sucked out of it, the root will again pass on its way, and the temporary fibres thrown out around the breeze will gradually disappear.

In the animal kingdom we see exemplified the same law of distribution, adaptation, and conformity. Thus in the cold regions of the Lapland, we find the reindeer, an animal fitted by nature to endure the rigors of the arctic winters, and to subsist upon the coarse and scanty food which the vegetable kingdom there affords. The deserts of Arabia, where the reindeers would speedily perish, are the congenial home of the camel, which is totally unfitted by Nature to bear the rigors of the Lapland clime. The fertile prairies of western America are inhabited by teeming herds of buffaloes, which thrive upon the most abundant pastures, whilst the crazy steeps of the mountains which a buffalo could not live, are tenanted by the sure-footed chamois, which by nature delights in clambering and browsing among the rocky cliffs. Through the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky flows a river; and because in the impenetrable darkness which there ever prevails, the fishes that inhabit its waters would have no use for eyes, Nature, or rather the God of Nature, has placed there a species of fish, termed the cave loach. Any attempt to transfer any of these animal forms to a climate or country in which it does not specifically belong, would be either fatal to the animal, or attended with such a progressive change in its constitution as to adapt it to its new condition.

Animals, however, endowed with powers of rapid locomotion are often guided by a surprising instinct to change their location with the changes of the season, and according to the exigencies or food of circumstances most suitable for procreation. This fact is observable in the habits of the feathered deer and other deer animals of the northern regions, and in some other species of the finny tribes also exhibit this instinct in a remarkable degree; and the guidance which all receive from this migratory impulse is generally unerring. A similar instinct of adaptation is, in some animals, often exhibited in a marvellous manner, even under temporary and accidental exigencies. Thus it is said that when the deer of the desert of Arabia for the first time, will, if pressed with extreme thirst, turn short from his course and travel directly to a spring of water ten miles distant, and entirely out of sight. A young swarm of bees, if they are dissatisfied with the hive in which their own places them, will make a temporary halting-place, or alight on a neighboring bush for two or three days, as if taking time to send out, and receive reports from committees of exploration; and of circumstances most suitable for the purpose, and gathering themselves in as small a compass as possible, proceed in a perfectly straight course, as if hollow tree in a neighboring wood, which they are seemingly fixed upon as their future residence. But one of the most remarkable examples of an adaptive instinct of this kind which ever came to the writer's personal knowledge, was exhibited by a so stupid an animal as a common land tortoise. The tortoise had found its way to my mother's garden, and was feasting itself upon the cucumbers.

Being caught in the thirteenth act, he was thrown over the fence to some distance. In a few hours, however, that some torpid (known by peculiar marks) was found again in the cucumber bed. He was expelled again, and this time was carried to some distance, across a brook into the woods, and left among the rocks and bushes; but the next day he was found again in the garden, pursuing his deceptions as usual. He was then carried over a hill, across several fences, and undisturbed with stone, across a wood, and then thrown into a garden, where he fell into a basket among the high grass, and told to never to show his face in those "diggings" again; but the next day his identical torpidity was found again among the cucumber vines, breaking his long fast with greedy voracity! How can we account for the apparent intelligence of the ugly little "varmint" but by supposing that there was a magnetic and great physical rapport between him and the locality so perfectly furnishing the requisites of his nature. Man is an epitome of all the inferior kingdoms of creation, and therefore may be supposed to possess the qualities of all, either in a latent or active state, and that quality which is distinctive of his manhood besides. From the complexity and pliability of his nature, and the resources of his inventive genius, he can manage to live and flourish in almost any clime and country. Yet even he is subject to the law of adaptation, physically and psychically. Thus the European Indian never to be removed from the land of perpetual snows to the equatorial regions of Africa, he would soon languish and die, whilst it would be equally fatal to the comfort and life of a native African to remove him to the country of the Esquimaux. The same principle is in a less conspicuous manner illustrated by the necessity of acclimation to protect a native of New York against the diseases of New Orleans, on taking up his residence in the latter city. The more subtle illustration here given is in the disease called homesickness, technically, *Nostalgia*, which sometimes attacks susceptible constitutions who have left their native places to reside in a distant country. Medical writers describe this disease as consisting first of a settled melancholy and longing for a return to the native country, which sometimes gradually increases in intensity, until the whole mental and physical systems are deranged; and unless the patient can be transferred to his native soil, the affection may result in death. Considerations like the foregoing, and which might be multiplied to almost any extent, prepare us to entertain the proposition, that man, as well as the lower forms of life, is influenced, exteriorly and interiorly, by all things surrounding him, and that, too, often to such an extent as to produce marked effects upon his health, development, and happiness. The natural scenery with which we are surrounded may or may not have a congenial and healthy influence upon our minds, and through our minds upon our bodies; though the same scenery may be entirely adapted to other constitutions. The sensible aspects and insensible emanations of the vegetable and animal kingdoms affect us in a similar way, as is evident in the differences of the physical and moral qualities of the horticulturist, who for years has been continually beholding the beauties and inhaling the odors of flowers, and the butcher, who has for the same length of time been continually inhaling the life-tumes rising from the blood and carcasses of slaughtered animals. But the most powerful of the influences of this general class which act upon us, are received in our associations with our own kind. The most unsusceptible persons, magnetically speaking, are more or less sensible of impressions, tending to modify their own characters, as received from persons with whom they familiarly associate. So decisive is the operation of this law, that we sometimes, indeed, feel either an irresistible attraction or repulsion for a person at first sight, and before we have had the slightest external clue to either his mental or moral qualities. Nay, some persons whose sympathetic susceptibilities are particularly acute, have sometimes distinctly discerned the physical aches and pains, or perceived the mental idiosyncrasies, or even the very thoughts of persons present with them, before any external indications of the same have been given. Not only so, but man's magnetic sphere (which contains all the life-qualities of himself) is capable of being impressed on every thing that he touches, and in such a degree as to be clearly perceived by a person of acute sensibility. Innumerable proofs of this fact have of late years been developed in the phenomena of so-called "psychometry," which consists in the accurate discernment of the character of a person, by holding in the hand his autograph, or a letter written by him.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

High Miller, in his Autobiography, thus relates some of his hair-breadth escapes, and moralizes upon them. How plain does the ministry of angels make this? For my own part, though I have, I trust, erred believed in the doctrine of a particular Providence, I have been always some narrow escape that has given me the belief in the existence of the deity, and the touch of danger that has rendered me strongly emotional. A few years ago, when stopping at a wayward to examine an opening fissure in a rock front, at which I was engaged in quarrying, a stone, detached from above by a sudden gust of wind, brushed so closely past my head as to beat down the projecting front of my bonnet, and then descended into a deep hollow among the rocks at my feet. There was nothing that was not perfectly natural in the occurrence; but the gust of acknowledgment that burst spontaneously from my breast would have set at naught the skepticism which would have held that there was no Providence in it. On another occasion I paused for some time when examining a cave of the old-cast line, directly under its low browed roof of Old Red Conglomerate, as little aware of the presence of danger as if I had been standing under the dome of a roof had fallen, when I next passed that way, the given me at one death and burial, cumbered the spot which I had occupied. On yet another occasion, I clambered a few yards down a precipice, to examine some crab-apple trees, which spring from a turret-like projection of the rock, far from gardens or nurseries.

had every mark of being indigenous; and then, climbing up among the branches, I shook them in a manner that must have exerted no small leverage power on the outlet beneath, to possess myself of some of the fruit, as the native apples of Scotland. On my descent I marked, without much thinking of the matter, an apparently recent crack running between the outlet and the body of the precipice. I found, however, cause enough to think of it on my return, scarce a month after; for then both outlet and trees had broken and fractured on the beach more than a hundred feet below. With such momentum had even the slimmer twigs been dashed against the sea-pebbles, that they struck out from under more than a hundred tons of fallen rock, displaced of the bark on their under sides, as if peccid by the hand. And what I felt on these occasions was, I believe, not more in accordance with the nature of man as an instinct of the moral faculty, than in agreement with that provision of the Divine Government, under which a sparrow falleth not without permission.

MISSION OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

The annexed beautiful and touching extract purports to come from a "Discourse on the Mission of Little Children." "No one feels the death of a child as a mother feels it. The father cannot realize it thus. True, there is a vacancy in his home, and a heaviness in his heart. There is a chain of association that at set times comes round with its broken link; there are memories of endearment, a keen sense of loss, a weeping over crushed hopes, and a pain of wounded affection. "But the mother feels that one has been taken away who was still closer to her heart. Hers has been the office of constant ministration. Every graduation of feature developed before her eyes; she detected every new gleam of infant intelligence; she heard the first utterance of every stammering word; she was the refuge of his fears, the supplier of his wants; and every task of affection wore a new link, and made dear to her its object. And when her child breaks in portions of her own life, as it were, dies with it—How can she give her darling up, with all these loving memories, these fond associations? Timid hearts that have so often taken hers in trust and love, how can she fold them in his sinless breast, and surrender them to the cold grasp of death? The feet whose wanderings she has watched so narrowly, how can she see them straightened to go down into the dark valley? The hand that she has pressed to her lips and bosom, that she has watched in peaceful slumber and burning sickness, a hair of which she could not see had fallen, oh! how can she consign it to the darkness of the grave? It was a gleam of sunshine, and a voice of perpetual gladness in her home; she had learned from it blessed lessons of simplicity, sincerity, purity, faith; it had unsealed within her a gushing, never-ebbing tide of affection; when suddenly it was taken away, and the home is left dark and silent; and to the vain and heart-rending aspiration, shall that dear child never return? Her child breaks in portions of her own life, as it were, dies with it—oh! never more! The heart is like a forsaken mansion, and that voice goes echoing through its silent chambers." While speaking of the death of children, these good and touching lines by Lydgate, an early English poet, come familiar to the mind: "Ah, wretched! most angel-like of face, Little young in life, but more than twice as old, Tender of limbs, God woe full creature, The goodly fate that death here speecheless, A month he liveth, but with him he none; Cannot complain, alas! for none outward, He grieves not, but he grieves inward; Still as a lamb, most meek of his visage; With heart of stone could he have done, God woe, he would have been a man; And look benign of his twin eye clear!"

STOVES IN CHURCHES.—The introduction of stoves into meeting-houses in New England, some years since, was resisted by the more pious Christians, who needed no fire to warm their zeal—muffs and tippets and little foot stoves, about the size of a scoger box, being deemed amply sufficient. Every body returned to church, however, in the winter, the church, putting out collars about the neck, and the person's words almost freezing, as something like smoke from a chimney ascended from his mouth, wide open in prayer on a cold morning. Gradually, however, a reform took place, and large cast-iron stoves were introduced, placed in the centre of the "broad aisle," and diffusing warmth around. The reform met with much opposition, and for a time those who proposed it made few converts. In a certain meeting-house, which shall be nameless, the stove reform was introduced under the following circumstances: Another year rolled by; cold November arrived, and the stove question was again mooted. Excitement ran high; night meetings, church caucuses were held and arguments were made pro and con in the village stores, the subject was introduced into conference meetings and prayed over; even the youngsters had the question brought up in the debating club; and early in December a great "Society's Meeting" was called to decide by ballot whether or there should or should not be a stove in the meeting-house.

The votes carried it by a majority of one, and to the consternation of the minority the stove was introduced. On the first Sabbath afterwards, two venerable ladies fainted on account of the dry atmosphere and sickly sensation caused by the draughted stove. They were carried out into the cold air, and so returned to consciousness, after being informed that, in consequence of their not being stove-tipped enough within two lengths no fire had as yet been kindled in the stove. The following Sabbath was a bitter cold day; and the stove was warmed with well-seasoned lickerwood, and brought nearly to a red heat. This made most parts of the house comfortable, pleased many, and horrified some.

Immediately after the benediction had been pronounced, at the close of the afternoon services, one of the deacons, whose "pew" was located near the door arose and exclaimed in a loud voice. "The congregation are requested to tarry." Every person promptly tarrying on hearing this common announcement. The subject was addressed the altar, and turning to the people, he addressed them in a whining tone of voice, as follows:—"Brethren and sisters, you will bear me witness that, from the first, I have raised my voice against introducing a stove into the house of the Lord. But a majority has prevailed against me. I trust they voted in the fear of God, and I submit, for I would not willingly introduce schisms into our church; but if we must have a stove, I do insist on having a larger one than we now have, one you have not large enough to heat the whole house, and the consequence is, it draws all the cold back as far as the outside pews, making them three times as cold as they were before, and we, who occupy these pews, are obliged to sit in the entire cold of this whole house."

The countenance and manner of the speaker indicated beyond all doubt that he was sincere, and nothing would appease him until the "Business Committee" should give the subject into consideration. In the course of the discourse he addressed him that the stove was large enough, except on unusually severe days; but they found great difficulty in making him comprehend that it the stove did not heat the entire building, it did not intensify the cold by driving it all into a corner.—*Journal of Gospel Liberty.*

INFLUENCE OF MIND ON DISEASE.—It would seem as if the study of certain diseases sometimes favored their real or imaginary development. Leonardo died of phthisis, and Corvisart of disease of the heart. When the celebrated Professor Frank was preparing his lectures at Pavia, on disease of the heart, his own heart became so disturbed that he was obliged to rest for awhile. Rumor says that no less than five of the professors in one of the medical colleges have unjustly suspected their hearts. Medical students, exhausted by a winter session, are apt to be special subjects of real or imaginary irregularity of the heart. A young friend who attended our lectures, last winter, on disease of the chest, felt an unusual knocking of his heart after ascending the long college stairs, and required several examinations to satisfy him that there was no danger.—*Hydrophobia Review.*