

# CHRISTIANITY SPIRITUALIST

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

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### MR. BANCROFT'S ORATION.

The semi-centennial anniversary of the New York Historical Society was celebrated on Monday afternoon, Nov. 26th, at Niblo's Theatre, in the presence of a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. As we have not room to copy the oration in full, much less the speeches that were made at the dinner, we have used our judgment as to what is more important in the oration, and give such extracts as will mirror the full conception of the speaker. We do this, because the subject matter is worthy the attention of all, for nothing can be more fundamental to the faith of the Spiritualist than "the necessity, the reality, and the promise of the progress of the race." Beside, the reader should know something about the oration, that he may be able to attach the true value to much of the criticism it has received. After some general introductory remarks, Mr. Bancroft proceeds in the discussion of his subject as follows:—

Since everything that is limited is in perpetual change, the condition of our race is one of growth or of decay. It is the glory of man that he is conscious of this law of his existence. He alone is gifted with reason which looks upward as well as before and after, and connects him with the world that is not discerned by the senses. He alone has the faculty so to combine thought with affection, that he can lift up his heart and feel for himself only, but for his brethren and his kind. Every man is in substance equal to his fellow-man. His nature is changed neither by time nor by country. He bears no mark of having risen to his present degree of perfection by successive transmissions from inferior forms; but by the peculiar and hereditary gifts of his parents he shows himself to have been created separate and distinct from all other classes of animal life. He is neither degenerating into such differences as could in the end no longer be classified together, nor rising into a higher species. Each member of the race is in will, affection, and intellect consubstantial with every other, no passion, no noble or degrading affection, no generous or selfish impulse, has ever appeared, of which the germ does not exist in every breast. No science has been reached, no thought generated, no truth discovered, which has not from all time existed potentially in every human mind. The progress of the progress of the race does not, therefore, spring from the supposed possibility of his acquiring new faculties, or coming into the possession of a new nature.

Still less does truth change. They speak falsely who say that truth is the daughter of time; it is the child of eternity, and as old as the Divine mind. The perception of it takes place in the order of time; truth itself knows nothing of the succession of ages.

Neither does morality need to perfect itself; it is what it always has been, and always will be. Its distinctions are older than the sea and the land—than the earth or the race does not, therefore, spring from the beginning, and is unalterable. The progress of man consists in this, that he himself arrives at the perception of truth. The Divine mind, which is its source, left it to be discovered, developed, and appropriated by finite creatures. The life of an individual is but a breath; it comes forth like a flower, and dies like a shadow. Were no other progress, therefore, possible than that of the individual, one age would have little advantage over another. But as every man partakes of the same faculties, and is consubstantial with all, it follows that the race also has an existence of its own, and this existence becomes richer, more varied, free and complete as time advances. Common sense implies, by its very name, that each individual is to contribute some share toward the general intelligence. The many are wiser than the few, the multitude than the philosopher; the race than the individual; and each successive age than its predecessor.

The social condition of a century, its faith, and its institutions, are always analogous to its acquisitions. Neither philosophy, nor government, nor political institutions, nor religious knowledge, can remain much behind, or go much in advance, of the totality of contemporary intelligence. The age furnishes to the master-workman the materials with which he builds. The outbreak of a revolution is the pulsation of the time, healthful or spasmodic, according to its harmony with the existing sum of human knowledge. Each new philosophical system is the hieroglyph of the passing condition of public thought. The state in which we are, is man's natural state at this moment; but it neither should be, nor can be his permanent state. It cannot be his permanent state, for social existence is flowing on in eternal motion, with nothing fixed but the certainty of change. Now, by the necessity of the case, the movement of the human mind, taken collectively, is always toward something better. There exists in each individual, alongside of his own personal, the ideal man who represents the state.—He bears about within himself the consciousness that his life is a struggle, and at every moment he feels the antagonism between his own limited nature and the better life of which he conceives.—He cannot state a proposition respecting a finite object but it includes also a reference to the infinite. He cannot form a judgment, but it combines ideal truth and partial error, and, as a consequence, sets in action the antagonism between the true and the imperfect on the one side, and the false and the perfect on the other; and in this contest the true and the perfect must prevail, for they have the advantage of being perennial.

In public life, by the side of the actual state of the world, there exists the ideal state toward which it should tend. This antagonism lies at the foundation of all political parties that ever have been or ever can be formed. The elements on which they rest, whether in monarchies, aristocracies, or in republics, are but three, not one of which can be wanting, or society falls to ruin. The course of hu-

man destiny is ever a rope of three strands. A party may found itself on things as they are, and strive for their unaltered perpetuity; this is conservatism, always appearing wherever established interests exist, and never capable of unmingled success, because finite things are always in motion.—Or a party may be based on theoretic right, and struggle unrelentingly to conform society to the absolute law of Truth and Justice; and this, which is the party of enthusiasts, can likewise never perfectly succeed, because the materials of which society is composed are imperfect, and to extinguish all that is imperfect would lead to the destruction of society itself. And there may be a third party, which seeks to reconcile the two, but which yet can never thrive by itself, since it depends for its opportunity of activity on the previous antagonism of others. Without all the three, the races could not spin their thread. As the motions of the solar world require the centrifugal force, which by itself alone would draw all things into central confusion; the centrifugal force, which if uncontrolled would hurl the planets on a tangent into infinite space; and lastly, that reconciling adjustment, which is the true power, in fact, in money; so society always has within itself the elements of conservatism, of absolute right, and reform.

"The necessity of the progress of the race follows, therefore, from the fact, that the great Author of all truth has left it in its immutability to be observed, and has endowed man with the power of observation and generalization. Precisely the same conclusions will appear, if we contemplate society from the point of view of the unity of the universe. The unchanging character of law is the only basis on which successful action can rest. Without it man would be but as the traveler over endless morasses; the building on quicksands; the mariner without a compass or rudder, driven successively whithersoever changing winds may blow. The universe is the reflex and image of its Creator. 'The true work of art,' says Michael Angelo, 'is but a shadow of the Divine perfections.' We may say in a more general manner, that BEAUTY ITSELF IS BUT THE SENSIBLE IMAGE OF THE INFINITE, that all creation is the effluence of the Almighty, not as the result of caprice, but flowing out from his essence; and as the universe thus produced, is always in the course of change, so the regulating mind is a living Providence, perpetually manifesting itself anew. If His designs could be thwarted, we should lose the great evidence of His unity, as well as the anchor of our own hope.

Harmony is the characteristic of the world of intelligence; and immutable laws of moral existence must pervade all time, and all space, all ages and all worlds. The comparative anatomy has studied, analyzed, and classified every species of vertebrate existence to be found now on earth, in the air, in the rivers, in the deep, or among the fossil remains of lost forms of being; and he discovers that they all without exception are analogous, so that the induction becomes irresistible, that an archetype exists in the previous to the creation of the first of the kind.

Shall we then hesitate to believe that the system of law likewise pervades the moral world? We cannot shut our eyes to the established fact, that an ideal, or archetype, prescribed the form of animal life; and shall we not believe that the type of intellectual life likewise exists in the divine mind?

I know that there is a pride which calls this fatalism, and which rebels at the thought that the will of the Father of life should control what He has made. There are those who must needs assert for their individual selves the constant possession of that power which the great English poet represents the bad angels to have lost heaven for attempting to usurp; they are not content with being gifted with the faculty of discerning the counsels of God, and becoming happy by conforming to His decrees, but claim the privilege of acting irrespective of those decrees. Not satisfied with having been created in His image, they assume the liberty to counteract His will. They do not perceive that cosmical order depends on the universality and absolute certainty of law; that for that end events in their course are not merely as fixed as Ararat and the Andes, but follow laws that are as much older than Ararat and the Andes, as the glory of God is not contingent on man's good will, but all existence subserves his purposes. The order of the universe is as a celestial poem whose beauty is from all eternity, and must not be marred by human interpolations. Things proceed as they were ordered, in their nice, and well adjusted, and perfect harmony—so that as the hand of the skillful artist gathers music from the harp-strings, history gathers it from the well-tuned chords of time. Not that this harmony can be heard while events are passing. Philosophy comes after events, and gives the names as the web woven by light. The nature of their results. The great mind of collective man, may, one day, arrive at self-consciousness, so as to interpret the present, and foretell the future; but as yet, the sum of present actions, that we ourselves take part in them, seems shapeless and unintelligible. But all is one whole; men, systems, nations, the race, all march in accord with the divine will; and when any part of the destiny of humanity is fulfilled, we see the ways of Providence vindicated. The antagonisms of imperfect matter and the perfect idea of liberty and necessary law become reconciled. What seemed irrational confusion, appears as the web woven by light. It is desired to behold the Divinity face to face; was denied; but he was able to catch a glimpse of Jehovah, after he had passed by; and so it goes with our search for Him in the processes of life. It is when the hour of conflict is passed, that history comes to a right understanding of the strife, and is ready to exclaim: "Lo! God is here, and we knew it not." At the foot of every page in the annals of time, may be written, "God reigns."—Events as they pass away, proclaim their Great Original; and if you will but listen reverently, you may hear the receding centuries as they roll into the dim distances of departed time, perpetually chanting "Te Deum Laudamus," with all the choral voices of the countless congregations of the ages.

It is because God is visible in history that its office is the noblest except that of the poet. The poet is at once the interpreter and the favorite of heaven. He catches the first beam of light that flows from its uncreated source. He repeats the message of the Infinite, without always being able to analyze it, and often without knowing how he received it, or why he was selected for its utterance. But history yields in dignity to him alone, for it not only watches all the great encounters of life, but recalls what had vanished, and partaking of a bliss like that of creating, restores it to animated being. The mineralist takes special de-

light in contemplating the process of crystallization, as though he had caught Nature at her work as a geometer; giving herself up to be gazed at without concealment such as she appears in the very moment of action. But history, as she reclines in the lap of eternity, sees the mind of humanity self-engaged in formative efforts, constructing sciences, promulgating laws, organizing commonwealths, and displaying its energies in the visible movement of its intelligence. Of all pursuits that require analysis, history, therefore, stands first. It is equal to philosophy; but as certain as the actual bodies forth the ideal, so certain does history contain philosophy. It is grander than the Natural sciences; for its study is man, the last work of creation, and the most perfect in its relations with the Infinite.

In surveying the short period during which man has been the tenant of the earth, the proofs of progress are so abundant that we do not know with which of them to begin, or how they should be classified. He is seen in the earliest stages of society, bare of abstract truth, unskilled in the methods of induction, and hardly emancipated from bondage to the material universe. How wonderful is it, then, that a being whose first condition was so weak, so humble, and so naked, and of whom no monument older than forty centuries can be found, should have accumulated such fruitful stores of intelligence and have attained to such perfection of culture!

The half century which we commemorate, is found to retain the same character of superiority, if we consider the study it has made of the history of the earth. Geology, in that time, has assumed a severe scientific form, doing the highest honor, I will not say to the individual men who have been concerned in the pursuit, but to human nature itself; by the imperturbable serenity with which seeming contradictions have been studied till they have been found to confirm the general laws, and men have been able to discover in some degree the chronology of the earth; to demonstrate the regularity of its structure where it seemed most disturbed; and where Nature herself was at fault, and the trail of her footsteps broken, to restore the just arrangement of strata that had been crushed into confusion, or turned over in apparently inexplicable and incongruous folds. And thus the geologist has been able to peruse the rocky tablets on which time-honored Nature has set her inscriptions. He has opened the massive sepulchres of departed forms of being, and has pored over the copious records preserved there in stone, till they have revealed the majestic march of creative power, from the organism of the zoophyte entombed in the lowest depths of Siluria, through all the rising gradations of animal life, up to its sublimest result in God-like man.

Again: It is only in our day that the sun has been taught to do the work of an artist, and in obedience to man's will the great war of light in its inconceivable swiftness of motion is compelled to delineate with infinitesimal exactness any object that the eye of day looks upon.

Of the nature of electricity, more has been discovered in the last fifty years than in all past time, not even excepting the age when our own Franklin called it from the clouds. This aerial invisible power has learnt to fly as man's faithful messenger, till the mystic wires tremble with his passions and bear his errands on the wings of lightning. He divines how this agency, which holds the globe in its invisible embrace, guides floating atoms to their places in the crystal; or teaches the mineral ores the lines in which they should move, where to assemble together and where to lie down and take their rest. It whispers to the meteorologist the secrets of the atmosphere, and the alchemist, in the laboratory it perfects the instruments of heat, dissolves the closest affinities and reunites the sundered elements. It joins the artisan at his toil, and busily employed at his side, this subtle and swift of existences patiently and carefully reproduces the designs of the engraver or the plastic art, and disposes the metal with a skillful delicacy and exactness which the most consummate workman cannot rival. Nay, more: it enters into the composition of man himself, and is ever present as the inmost witness of his thoughts and volitions. These are discoveries of our time.

But enough of this contrast of the achievement of one age with that of all preceding ones. It may seem to be at variance with our theme, that as republican institutions gain ground, Woman appears less on the theatre of events. She, whose presence in the briary world is as a lily among thorns whose smile is pleasant like the light of morning, and whose eye is the gate of heaven; she, whom Nature so reveres, that the lovely veil of her Spirit is the best terrestrial emblem of beauty, ceases to command armies or reign supreme over legislation. Yet the progress of liberty, while it has made her less conspicuous in historic events, has redeemed her into the possession of the full dignity of her nature, has made her not man's slave, but his companion, his counselor, and fellow-martyr, and for an occasional ascendency in political affairs has substituted the uniform enjoyment of domestic equality. The avenue to public active life seems closed against her, but without impairing her power over mind, or her fame. The lyre is as obedient to her touch, the muse as coming to her call, as to that of man; and truth in its purity finds no more honored interpreter.

When comparisons are drawn between long periods of time, the progress of the race appears from the change in the condition of man himself.—Time knows no holier mission than to assort the rights of labor, and it has not been unmindful of its duty. Were Aristotle and Plato to come back to our earth, they would find no contrast more complete than between the workshops of Athens, and those of New York. At Athens the slave practised the mechanic arts; nor did it occur to the pupils of the Academy, that the world could do its work except by the use of slaves. But here labor is dignified and ennobled, as it deserves, and has a right to be. The mechanic in his freedom knows how to command the powers of Nature by rendering filial obedience to her laws; his desire of success in his occupation, whether in the shipyard, or the iron-works, or wherever else he is found, compels him to be the diligent, persevering, and honest investigator of truth; at his daily toil he stands face to face with the laws of creation; so that it may be said of him that, like Enoch, "he walks with God."

The fifty years which we celebrate, have taken mighty strides toward the abolition of servitude.—Prussia, in the hour of its sufferings and its great calamities, renovated its existence partly by the establishment of schools, and partly by changing its serfs into a proprietary peasantry. In Hungary the attempt toward preserving the nationality of the Magyars may have failed; the last vestiges of bondage have been effaced, and the holders of the

plow have become the owners of themselves and of their soil.

Here we are met, at the very threshold of our argument, by an after-birth of the materialism of the last century. A feeble effort is making to reconstruct society on the simple observation of the laws of the visible universe. The system is presented with arrogant pretension, under the name of "the Positive Philosophy," and deduces its lineage through the English Utilitarianism of Priestley and Belsham and the French materialism which culminated in Broussais, to scoffs at all questions of metaphysics and religious faith as insoluble and unworthy of human attention, and sets up the banner of an affirming creed in the very moment that it describes its main characteristic as a refusal to contemplate or to recognize the Infinite. How those who take their opinions from Hobbes and Locke and their continental interpreters, and still adhere to the philosophy which owns no sources of knowledge but the senses, can escape the humiliating yoke of this new system, I leave them to discover. But the system is as little entitled to be feared as death are synonyms. Falseness can give no permanent foothold in the immortal soul; for there can be no abiding or real faith except in that which is eternally and universally true. The future of the world will never produce a race of Atheists; and their casual appearance is but the evidence of some ill-understood truth—some mistaken direction of the human mind—some partial and imperfect view of creation. The Atheist denies the life of life, which is the source of liberty. Proclaiming himself a mere finite thing of to-day, he rejects all connection with the Infinite. Pretending to search for truth, he abjures the Spirit of truth.—Were it possible that the world could become without God, that greatest death—the death of the rock which stands by itself in the wilderness, seems to cast the widest and most grateful shade; in a word, that the day of mediocrity attends the day of general culture. But, if wiser men do not arise, there will certainly be more wisdom. The Spirit of the world is always becoming more intelligent; the collective man of the future will see further, and see more clearly, than the collective man of to-day, and he will share that superior power of vision with every one of his time. Each individual man bears within him not only his own personality, but the consciousness of the existence of that ideal man who is the impersonation of his race, and in whose attainments and intelligence he participates. Thus it comes to pass that the child at school, in our time, could instruct Columbus respecting the figure of the earth, or Newton respecting light, or Franklin on electricity; that the husbandman or the mechanic of a Christian congregation solves questions respecting God and man, and man's destiny, which would have perplexed the most gifted philosophers of ancient Greece.

Finally, as a consequence of the tendency of the race toward unity and universality, the organization of society must more and more represent the principle of freedom. This is the last triumph of humanity—partly because the science of government enters into the sphere of personal interests, so that the application of those laws is resisted by private selfishness—and partly because society, before it can be constituted aright, must turn its eye upon itself, observe the laws of its own existence, and arrive at the consciousness of its capacities and relations.

The system of political economy may solve the question of the commercial intercourse of nations, by demonstrating that they all are, naturally, fellow-laborers and friends; but its abandonment of labor to the unmitigated effects of personal competition, can never be accepted as the rule for the dealing of man with man.

The love for others, and for the race, is as much a part of human nature as the love of self: it is a common instinct that man is responsible for man. The heart has its oracles, not less than the reason, and this is one of them. No precept of the system of social equality has been brought forward, or should, and it would have been adopted. It does not follow that none can be devised. There is no necessary opposition between labor and intelligence. To elevate the masses, they themselves must have culture to know their rights, courage to assert them, and self-respect to take nothing less. The good time is coming when the Spirit of humanity will recognize all members of its family as more equally entitled to its care; when the heartless jargon of over-production in the midst of want, will end in a better system of distribution; when man will dwell with man as with his brother, when political institutions will rest on the basis of equality and freedom. But this result must come from the development of internal life by universal culture; it cannot be created by the force of exterior philanthropy, and still less by the reckless violence of men whose desperate audacity would employ terror as a means to ride on the whirlwind of civil war. Successful revolution proceeds, like all other formative processes, from inward germs of life. A people is always logical in its action; its institutions are always the reflection of its heart and its intelligence; and in proportion as they are purified and enlightened, must its public life manifest the dominion of universal reason. In this manner changes are surely and often imperceptibly made. Where an abiding reform appears to have been instantaneously effected, it will be found that the happy result was but the sudden plucking of fruit which had slowly ripened. The subtle and irresistible movement of mind, silently but thoughtfully purifying opinion and changing society, brings liberty both to the soul and to the world. All the despotisms on earth cannot stay its coming. Every error that man discards, is an emancipation; every superstition that is thrown by, is a redeeming from captivity. The tendency towards universality implies, necessarily, a tendency towards freedom—like of belief and in action. The faith of the earliest ages was of all others, the grossest. Every century of the Christian Church is less corrupt and less in bondage than its predecessor. In the present age, the sum total of Spiritual knowledge, as well as of liberty, is greater, and less mixed with error, than ever before. The future shall surpass it. The senseless strife between rationalism and supernaturalism will come to an end; an age of skepticism will not again be called an age of reason; and reason and religion will be found in accord.

of coming generations can alone adequately conceive and practically apply, we may observe that the human mind tends not only towards unity, but universality.

Infinite truth is never received without some admixture of error; and in the struggle which necessarily ensues between the two, the error constantly undergoes the process of elimination. Investigations continue without a pause. The explanatory hypothesis, perpetually renewed, receives perpetual corrections. Fresh observations detect the fallacies in the former hypothesis. Again, mind, acting *a priori*, revises its theory, of which it repeats and multiplies the tests. Thus it proceeds from observation to hypothesis, and from hypothesis to observation, constantly gaining more perfect mastery over its stores of accumulated knowledge by generalizations which approximate nearer and nearer to absolute truth.

With each successive year, a large number of minds in each separate nationality inquire into man's end and nature; and as truth and the laws of God are unchangeable, the larger the number of minds that engage in their study, the greater will be the harvest. Nor is this all; the nations are drawn to each other as members of one family, and their mutual acquisitions rapidly become common property.

Here, then, is a double advantage. Truth, as discerned by the mind of man, is constantly recovering its primal lustre, and is constantly making its way to universal acceptance; while every successive emancipation from error brings the race closer to a likeness with God.

Not that greater men will appear. Who can ever embody the high creative imagination of the most noble poet than Dante, or Shakespeare? Who can discern "the ideas" of existence more clearly than Plato, or be furnished with all the instruments of thought and scientific attainment more completely than Aristotle? In universality of mind, who will surpass Bacon, or Leibnitz, or Kant? The mass of men will never, individually, be their peers; indeed, the world may never again see their like. There are not wanting those who believe that the more intelligence is diffused, the less will the intelligent be distinguished from one another; that the colossal greatness of individuals implies a general inferiority; just as the tree which rises on the plains, in solitary grandeur, alone reaches the fullest development; or as the rock which stands by itself in the wilderness, seems to cast the widest and most grateful shade; in a word, that the day of mediocrity attends the day of general culture. But, if wiser men do not arise, there will certainly be more wisdom. The Spirit of the world is always becoming more intelligent; the collective man of the future will see further, and see more clearly, than the collective man of to-day, and he will share that superior power of vision with every one of his time. Each individual man bears within him not only his own personality, but the consciousness of the existence of that ideal man who is the impersonation of his race, and in whose attainments and intelligence he participates. Thus it comes to pass that the child at school, in our time, could instruct Columbus respecting the figure of the earth, or Newton respecting light, or Franklin on electricity; that the husbandman or the mechanic of a Christian congregation solves questions respecting God and man, and man's destiny, which would have perplexed the most gifted philosophers of ancient Greece.

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### FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

Mr. Editor:—What is future punishment? In Matthew's Gospel, xxv. 46, we find the following text:—"These shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal."

It does not, however, imply they shall stay there. Thus we see that eternal punishment is exhibited as a principle, like that of fire, which was to burn, ever has, now does, and will.

Hence, the principle of everlasting punishment is a law held good by Deity, as a constant corrector to the wicked; and as the time never has been, can, or will be, that the wicked can be wicked without feeling the influence of this principle to chasten them for their good—for good cannot inflict wrong—so of the righteous, the time never has been, can, or will be, when they, even after passing into the principle of life eternal—or eternal life—that they will be able to retain the same upon any other principle than eternal goodness.

If any, however, dares to doubt this, I will ask them to consider why it was that holy angels could become unholy after admission to the Paradise of the Most High God?

Has God changed His eternal purposes? or is He eternally the same? If eternally the same, what reason have we to doubt but what we shall as surely fall if we degrade ourselves in heaven, as angels who have made the trial before us?

Or what reason have we to doubt if the heavens are on fire, and its elements to melt with fervent heat, the earth and the works therein, as the Apostle Peter declareth—2 Peter, iii. 10, 12—but what all will be purified, or suffer a similar fate, together?

Where shall we ourselves escape to when the heavens themselves melt with the fervent heat? Certainly we must have a place in earth, heaven or the hades; and when they all are on fire, where, Sir—where, indeed, shall we go?

The philosophy of Spiritualism has long since answered these questions to my mind; while the science of Psychology clearly demonstrates Spiritual existence—showing that we shall be conscious beings, bereft of the physical temptations to error, and that God's eternal purposes are one and the same thing; and if we are like Him, (eternally good,) we shall be eternally happy.

But if, unlike Him, eternally vile, eternally miserable. I ask, who cannot see that the eternal justice of God demands His wisdom to be unchangeable and proportionate to all ends?

I ask, therefore, where can His eternal goodness to those who go away into everlasting punishment, except it is to suffer chastisement in proportion to their unyielding vileness? And who are to say that they shall remain eternally unyielding there—or, in other words, shall be prohibited repentance? God prohibits none from repentance—nor, indeed, punishes any; and if they go away into everlasting punishment, is it not for them to return again, or suffer eternally?

But nothing will satisfy us, as Sabbath-day Christians of this old mythology, but frizzling and frying, and frying and frizzling of all who do not agree with our faith.

Our faith, Mr. Editor is a very essential consideration; as though God's plan of redemption must bend to it. Thus, the Rev. E. Dean, of this city, has taken great pains to show—and that, too, according to the Bible—that all Spiritualists are fulfilling the false prophecies; and, although they don't know it, yet, he says, they are going on to destruction—muttering and bewitched with all manner of evil conjuncture; or following the like character of such Spirits, proclaiming that no philosophical or scientific person has anything to do with the phenomena.

This Brother, I apprehend, has found that he must either acknowledge these manifestations of deny the Bible. Thus will end his apprehensions and anxieties, like thousands of others.

I sincerely hope all those who have scruples on this great and all-important subject will examine the philosophy of it; and I think they will see that going away into everlasting punishment, (which is a principle of chastisement,) and being eternally punished, are quite two things.

But it is said this is future punishment. Who does not know that God is one eternal now, and that men and angels are present-tense beings? Then all chastisement must be in the present tense, for neither men nor angels can suffer where they are not. Consequently, where they are they must suffer, or not at all.

God is love. Love cannot inflict suffering. God is wisdom. Wisdom is too wise to err. God is Spiritually everywhere present. Wherever His Spirit is, there is liberty, peace, rest, and eternal life. Then, if we must be eternally punished, we must eternally punish ourselves, by eternally laboring to pervert God's laws.

Your Brother,  
L. BSN.  
Auburn, Dec. 3, 1854.

ELECTRICITY.—The following remarkable story is related in a recent number of the *Courier de l'Europe*:

A gentleman employed in one of the telegraph offices in France, accidentally brought his arm in contact with one of the wires with the electric current was passing through it. So violent was the shock that he was raised from his chair and thrown with great force through an open window into the adjoining garden. When he recovered his senses, he had no recollection of what had happened, and could only be convinced of it by finding that his hair and beard, which were previously of a jet black, had become in various places as white as snow. It devolves on men of science to explain this phenomenon, which will form an epoch in the history of electricity.

"POPULAR INFIDELITY."

The above saying has been used so often, and forced on the attention of the reader and hearer in such a variety of forms, that one is sadly at a loss to know just what meaning is attached to it. Still, we incline to the opinion that there is a meaning, could we be so fortunate as to give it "a local habitation and a name."

When a man adopts any system, or acknowledges any law or principle, every conception of consistency and honor demands of him fidelity to such; and when his conduct violates the fundamentals of such duty as he owes to these relations, such neglect becomes infidelity, in the most significant and primitive sense of the term. This word, therefore, has a great variety of application, although the meaning of the word is fixed and definite. As we use the word, therefore, it is most expressive of the bad faith kept by the professedly Christian world with the precepts and plain teachings of Jesus.

The opinions of this or that man may be *erroneous*, so far as they violate this moral relation; but in any other sense, there can be no infidelity in the word.

It is necessary, therefore, for such moral relations to exist between the opinions of the party and its conduct as will make *fidelity* or *infidelity* the natural result of such agreement or disagreement, as may be found in harmony with their expressed faith and expressive conduct.

This conception is in harmony with the conviction, now becoming somewhat popular, that a man is to be judged by his own standard, and not by the notions of his neighbors. This, of course, is true only of the man of moral character; for those who make issue with the fundamentals of morality, are not only infidel to the moral order of society, but criminal from the necessities of the case.

The existence of Common Law, and the discipline it enforces, is the expressed conviction of mankind as the way all such questions are to be treated, and establish, beyond cavil, the necessity for moral fidelity. The Christian, therefore, who ignores the responsibilities of his faith, and the citizen who violates the fidelity he owes to law and order, are alike *infidel* to the true gospel of life—*morality*. The religion of Jesus, the philosophy of his teachings and the philosophy of his life, confirm this view of the subject, and authorize us in saying it is not a man's opinions, but his conduct, that proclaim him *infidel*. This man is plain to those who remember that Jesus selected the poor and despised Samaritan—the second and third of his time—to illustrate one of the fundamentals of his teachings.

The world, as yet, however, thinks but lightly of this view of the subject; because opinion is more powerful—because more popular—today than deeds and practice.

This would be plain, but we have time and room to make up and give a catalogue of the works—small and large—that have been published within the last half century for the purpose of convincing the general reader of the fallacy of "infidelity." The following reflections, however, are suggested by these issues:

First. The general conception of Christianity, as it reveals the teachings and explains the life, and elaborates the value of the mission of Jesus, makes each and all so simple and so comprehensible and well-adapted to the needs and necessities of humanity, that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err" in understanding it.

This conception has been favored by the constant appeals made from the pulpit to the popular mind in favor of the teachings of Jesus. These publications, however, make it a very complex affair; because there are so many issues that challenge not only faith—moral and historical—but reason, science and philosophy, that few know how to reason on the subject, even when these works have been read.

We have not the room to say why this is; but we recognize, in the reactions of public opinion, that the innate faith of human nature delights to believe there is some method and sense in this labor for Christianity, while thinking of the scholarship, the piety and the earnestness still displayed in these popular publications.

The more we think of this, however, the more promptly are we brought to the second reason. If it is fundamental to human nature to believe that "a tree is known by its fruit," it is equally true that "effects are in proportion to causes," so that we are safe in the inference that the popular method of advocating Christianity must be radically and fundamentally wrong—else so much work, so much piety and ingenuity, could not have been so unproductive of good.

This is not the time to make a comparison between what has and what might have been done; but we are daily reminded that a reform is needed in church policies, as much as *prophetic* is required of the professed Christian, if the Gospel is ever to become "glad tidings of good joy unto all people."

These reflections, true in themselves, have been prompted by thinking over the criticisms made on the Oration of the Hon. George Bancroft, and the theology of Lord Palmerston, now going the round of the press. There is much in the opinions of both those distinguished men we like; because we think them true, and in harmony with the Spirit, as well as the philosophy of Jesus. We have given most of Mr. Bancroft's Oration on the first page, and hope the reader will give it a candid and thoughtful reading.

The omitted portions are so purely of a theological or non-essential character, that the general and fundamental philosophy of the orator will be plain to the reader.

The two following extracts will give a fair expression of the opposing press, though every phrase of criticism has been called out by the orator.

We attempt no criticism, as we have not the room; but if we had, it is a question with us if such criticism would be useful or called for.

The following is from the High Church Episcopal organ, the *Churchman*, and "speaks like one having authority":

There were interdenominations of religious sentiment in this oration, as compared as they were specimens, and the Almighty was invoked in some of His attributes, and even the Savior was acknowledged in some of His capacities. It had nothing of the inspired word in it—nothing of the Gospel. No one could, on the slightest consideration, suppose that "Moses and the Prophets" were regarded as any authorities, whether as respects the veritable history of creation, or the real condition of our race; or that the Gospel dispensation was to be held otherwise than as subordinate to the intellectual attainments, the cultivated reason of man. We heard a good deal about Truth—but not only was it truth restricted and misdirected, but it was not the Truth as God has revealed it to us. It was truth according to reason, in opposition to revelation. As though he had, in so many words, de-

clared to us—"You have reason; reason was given to you to be exercised. What is the use of it, if you are not to search out truth? You must become independent thinkers, and students of history and investigators of Nature. Truth, as you will thereby find it out, must be your object and rule." Such was, in effect, the language of Locke, and Rousseau, and Voltaire, and Paine; and, disguised it as he may, it is virtually and consequently the language of Bancroft. . . . We have no wish to say one word in disparagement of Mr. Bancroft as a man of genius, and of a highly cultivated mind. But having come forward to teach, or at least to instill a theology of reason, not only in contradiction of revelation, but in antagonism to it, he must excuse our exposure of so mischievous a device. We know nothing of the honorable gentleman's religious professions; nor should we, under other circumstances, have taken the liberty of alluding to them. But notwithstanding his anathema of the Rationalist, his eloquent oration was very beneficial of Reason. And hence its contamination. Poison is not the less fatal when it is administered in a chalice of gold, and when it has the flavor of nectar.

The longest, the most able, and in some respects the most severe, criticism we have met with, is from the *Christian Inquirer*, (Unitarian) of which the following is an extract:

But the most painful objection we have to make on the main philosophy of Mr. Bancroft's discourse, is its latent irreligion. The Pantheistic Spirit of his philosophy, his Hegelian or Spinozian temper, is not concealed by the skillful diction of evangelical terms in which it is arrayed. With an amusing and confounding air and sound of piety, we cannot but feel the freezing Naturalism, the unadvised confusion of sacred and profane, the essential Materialism of his philosophy. "The great collective mind of man may one day arrive at self-consciousness, so as to interpret the present and foretell the future," is a sentence in the discourse which may pass for a word of wisdom, if the hearer know not the school of false philosophy it smells of, and the laborer who, at his daily toil, "stands face to face with the laws of Nature, so that it may be said of him that, like Enoch, 'he walks with God,'" is the accidental betrayal of a theology which makes small account of the Divine personality. We know no more successful or plausible form of Atheism than Pantheism. When God is everything, He is practically nothing; and when He does all things, He might as well do nothing. God in history is apt to be anything but God in Christ; and the piety which, instead of discriminating His ways from our ways, and His will from our will, confuses all the partition lines of thought and feeling, ends in practical Infidelity and Atheism. It is in vain that our orator endeavors to put us off the scent of his own heresies by crying down the Positivism of Compe, and the Materialism of Locke, Priestley and Broad-street. It is an old trick, which finds its imitators every day in the stop-thief cry of the shop-lifters and pilferers of our streets. "We hold the bold Atheism of the honest and domestic Frenchman as far more respect and infinitely less horror than the secret and poisonous skepticism which, in misty and unmeaning terms of orthodox, covers a mere Nature-worship or man-worship. And as for Locke, and Priestley, and Bulsham, no one acquainted with the deeply religious Spirit of any one of them would think for a moment of profaning their piety by associating or comparing with them any of their unscrupulous defamers. Their theories may have been mistaken, but their lives and characters, their Spirit and temper, were above suspicion.

Neither of them could have stooped to the use of a literary occasion for polemic calumny. Neither of them could have made use of terms certain to be misunderstood, to conciliate the approbation of the multitude. Neither of them could have smuggled into a public discourse, on a secular occasion, and before a promiscuous audience, theological statements offensive in the highest degree to invited guests, astounding to personal friends, and contradictory to all the antecedents, obligations and sanctities of their own history.

We doubt not, many will accept of this opportunity, to see what must be considered by all, whether Spiritualists or not, a *conclusion*. As cheerfulness is ever desirable, every fitting opportunity will be used for that purpose. Of course the Post-Office will have full and heavy mails, and an active business, as all should know the latest news from Home. In short, it is hoped, there will be something for all, old and young, that all may enjoy the Fair while contributing their "mite" to aid the cause of Humanitary Reform.

The admittance will be 12-1-2 cts. Tickets can be had at our office, and will be sold by the proper committees and at the door during the exhibition. It is to be hoped, that those having made articles for the Fair, will be mindful to bring them to 553 Broadway, by Tuesday, December the 10th, that the committee on arrangement may be getting things in order. Of course, the eatables and drinkables usual on all such occasions, will be thought of by such of our friends as understand the economics and laws of *gastronomy*. We say of course, for our present culture makes us think too often—"horribel, that which was *natural* was *art*, and afterward that which was *spiritual*."

It is to be hoped, however, that in all things, "whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do," all shall be done with reference to the law of temperance and prudence. This caution may be unnecessary, but it often happens, in the enjoyment of life, we forget in the hour of excitement and pleasure the counsels of good sense and prudence.—This is not only true of those who buy, but those who sell, and is often productive of loss rather than gain in a nominal point of view. As wisdom is said to be approved of her children, we invoke her presence on the occasion, that it may be worthy of the holy cause it seeks to aid.

NEW BOOKS ON SPIRITUALISM.

THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS

CHARLES LINTON, M.D.

The above is the title of a very remarkable book, to the reading of a part of which it was our pleasure to listen a few days since. It purports to come from the Spirit world, through the mediumship of Mr. Charles Linton. The medium is not only young in years, but in the experiences of life and the culture of scholarship, so that there is every external and circumstantial authority to force the conviction that the work has other than an earthly origin. It is hardly necessary, at this date, to refer to these items, since the experiences of the Spiritual family, during the past five years, has made mediumship a matter of fact and science to all who have examined the subject.

Still, the question of *quality* and the conditions *best* calculated to develop superior manifestations are not by any means settled or understood, so that every effort made by the Spirit to develop mediums and make revelations of a more ambitious and commanding character will aid to give light on these points, as investigation is challenged in proportion to the claims and magnitude of the communication.

The book under consideration is of this class, as may be inferred from its title, "The Healing of the Nations." It is religious in all the issues it makes, and frequently devotional, even when discussing and ignoring many of the dogmas of theology.

Much of this remarkable work has been written in the presence of Gov. Tallmadge of Wisconsin, who has become so profoundly impressed with the importance of the work and the mission it has to fill in the world's history, that he has written an introduction, which for clearness of method, elaborateness of detail, and power of mental demonstration, has seldom been equaled in so short an essay.

This might be expected from Gov. Tallmadge, as he is a man of acknowledged ability and strength, but the freshness and thoroughness of the *revelations* have come home to his own Spirit, warming him into the admiration of youth and the vigor of manhood, so that he brings an illuminated mind to his labor of love. The book will be uniform in size and style with Judge Edmonds' works, and will number over 500 pages.

Every effort will be made to have the execution of the work perfect. As the work is to be published by "The Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge," great pains will be taken to have a *true* representative of a *series*, which, it is hoped, will follow, as fast as the Spirits favor us with like or better communications. The getting up and publishing of the book will require two months at least, but it may be looked for early in the month of March, 1855.

Although the size of the book, as well as the size of the type, the quality of the paper, the binding, &c., will require a large outlay of money, still, as the Society wishes it to do a good work, and have a large circulation, the price will be proportioned by this view of its usefulness.

It is supposed that the retail price will be \$1,50, while the usual discount will be made to the trade.

SPIRITUALISM.

BY JUDGE EDMONDS.

This work has been in progress, and is now nearly completed. We are in hopes it will make its appearance in season for the holidays, as we think many Spiritualists would much rather select their "gifts" from such works than spend their money for that which is "not bread." Of the character of the work, the reader must

draw his own conclusions from extracts in this and last week's paper.

FAIR FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE RAGGED SCHOOL.

As the time is near when the Fair is to be opened, we wish to report progress.

The Fair will be held in FREE MASON'S HALL, No. 659, Broadway, commencing Thursday evening, December the 21st, at 6 o'clock, to be continued the following day and evening.

The ladies have been active in getting articles made and things in readiness for the occasion, that the Fair may be an exhibition of taste, ingenuity, and industry, as well as charity and philanthropy. There will be some of nearly all sorts of fancy articles and toys for the holidays, and many things of a more substantial kind, that may serve as mementoes of the occasion, while filling some practical office in the economies of life. A piano has been loaned, so that music may be expected, with such other entertainments as may best harmonize with the meeting. As many persons like to have public speaking at all such exhibitions, there will be an invitation to such gentlemen and ladies as would be most likely to respond to such a call, and act in the Spirit of fellowship with the gettters-up of the Fair.

It is expected that the exhibition will look very beautiful, as we hear there are many ingenious things conceived of to ornament and decorate the Hall, as well as taste and order to the general arrangement. Mrs. Bradley will also be present with her Spirit-drawings, as many have expressed a desire to see them. This lady will have a part of the Hall fired off for her exhibition, where those wishing to see the drawings, can do so by paying an extra fee.

We doubt not, many will accept of this opportunity, to see what must be considered by all, whether Spiritualists or not, a *conclusion*. As cheerfulness is ever desirable, every fitting opportunity will be used for that purpose. Of course the Post-Office will have full and heavy mails, and an active business, as all should know the latest news from Home. In short, it is hoped, there will be something for all, old and young, that all may enjoy the Fair while contributing their "mite" to aid the cause of Humanitary Reform.

The admittance will be 12-1-2 cts. Tickets can be had at our office, and will be sold by the proper committees and at the door during the exhibition. It is to be hoped, that those having made articles for the Fair, will be mindful to bring them to 553 Broadway, by Tuesday, December the 10th, that the committee on arrangement may be getting things in order. Of course, the eatables and drinkables usual on all such occasions, will be thought of by such of our friends as understand the economics and laws of *gastronomy*. We say of course, for our present culture makes us think too often—"horribel, that which was *natural* was *art*, and afterward that which was *spiritual*."

It is to be hoped, however, that in all things, "whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do," all shall be done with reference to the law of temperance and prudence. This caution may be unnecessary, but it often happens, in the enjoyment of life, we forget in the hour of excitement and pleasure the counsels of good sense and prudence.—This is not only true of those who buy, but those who sell, and is often productive of loss rather than gain in a nominal point of view. As wisdom is said to be approved of her children, we invoke her presence on the occasion, that it may be worthy of the holy cause it seeks to aid.

THE RAGGED SCHOOL.

According to the notice given in our last, Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Fowler were in attendance at the above School, 675, Sixth Avenue, on Monday evening, December 12th. The subject of remark for the evening was "The Formation of Character," which was treated in a familiar and practical manner.

The gospel of life, as preached by Mr. Fowler, is plain, practical, and fundamental to all the relations of life, suggesting the defects of our present manner, morals and customs, as well as the necessity of a higher civilization, a vital religion, and an acclimated humanity.

This, in outline, was brought home to the convictions of the audience, and enforced by Mrs. Fowler in some very humane and kindly expressed remarks. The culture of this lady, and the delicacy and feeling with which she expresses the good sense, native alike to herself and the school of her culture (the Philosophical), will seldom fail of awakening the intellectual sympathy of the sensible hearer, be her mission public or private.

In her remarks, she illustrated how the influence of the family, the school and the street tended to the formation of character.

Much that she said, has most direct reference to the present difficulties that stand in the way of female culture. As this lady is to commence a course of lectures at the above place for the benefit of the School, we hope the ladies of the Spiritual family will be in attendance, as Mrs. Fowler is well qualified by study, observation, and culture, to give such explanation of the functions of the body as will illustrate the *uses* and *abuses* of life. These lectures are designed mostly for women, the first to be delivered Saturday afternoon, December 23d, commencing at 3 o'clock. There will be a collection taken up at each of these lectures.

Decide these, there will be *two* lectures each week, on Monday and Tuesday evenings, commencing at half-past seven o'clock.

Mr. Towhey was announced as the next lecturer, and his subject, "The Temperaments and their Harmony."

That there is a growing interest in this School is very apparent to us, who are in the way of hearing the remarks made, and know what is doing to make it more useful.

There are many, however, who do not know this, for whom we insert the following, that they may learn how others are trying to give the helping hand to this philanthropic enterprise, and how they may do likewise. How many there are in this city like the gentleman writing, who may have lived long without knowing in what way they may have been able to aid humanity in its efforts for a better life, it were hard to say, but many there are who have yet to learn the divine ecstasy of doing good to the poor and needy.

To all such, the following letter will be suggestive of a method by which they may give the helping hand to the cause of Humanitary Reform, and sustain those working for the redemption of the unfortunate everywhere. May God and the angels watch over and bless progress in this holy and benevolent enterprise, is and ever has been the prayer of the good and true of every nation.

LETTER TO MISS DOW.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17th, 1854.

MY DEAR MADAM:—The review of a life prolonged beyond forty years, leaves a deep regret of an apparent inability in any direct way, of having been beneficial to my fellow-creatures, up to the present moment, I have not seen in what manner I would promote any really good cause. I now do see it, and

before worldly feelings of prudence chill and choke the impulse, I commit myself to aid your noble efforts to educate and elevate our unfortunate youth, by contributing what I have my health, and hold my present situation, (that of book-keeper with a moderate salary, the sum of one dollar per week. This I can do without depriving myself of any of the necessities of life, and, as, thanks to a beneficent providence, who caresses the sun to shine on the just as well as the unjust, my children are daily becoming more able to provide for themselves, and I am also enabled to lay up a certain something for declining years, I do not think I am robbing them.

I have long been subject to the strongest Spiritual influences which I am sorry to say have been unheeded, and I have pursued a worldly course. My daily pursuits have spared me but little time to investigate this most vital subject, rendered more difficult by the ridicule of a large family circle, members of the Episcopal Church, by whom I am looked upon as little better than an infidel or lunatic, but in spite of all opposition, I am determined to pursue my course calmly and dispassionately, if possible.

I do so you my first weekly stipend, and shall continue to do so, unless it will be more useful to you monthly or quarterly.

From one who feels that he is very frequently under the guidance of the Spirits of dearly beloved ones.

REV. U. CLARK.

We have been waited on by some of the Brooklyn Society, with reference to an article in our last issue, in which we made some reflections on the above-named gentleman.

Those friends wish it to be known that there are in the Society those who not only like Mr. Clark as a man, but as a speaker, and think his style calculated to please and educate the inquiring mind.

This statement will be sufficient to offset the implied censure in the following extract, taken from the article referred to:

"Mr. Clark had lectured some Sundays for the Brooklyn Society, during which time they learned that his style, as a speaker, was not to their liking, and therefore were anxious to have a change."

We are, moreover, requested to remark that the charge brought against Mr. Clark of "wire-pulling for office," must be received with *caution*, as his conduct in this particular was but the carrying out of a suggestion made by another member of the Society.

While we are on this subject, we will give place to an extract from the editorial of the *Troy Daily Times*, on Mr. Clark's letter, to which we referred last week.

We do this, that we may exonerate ourselves from all imputation to injure Mr. Clark in vindicating ourselves.

The Editor of the *Times*, in a commendatory notice of Mr. Clark's letter, uses the following language, which is friendly and positive:

"We have enjoyed the intimate acquaintance and friendship of Mr. Clark during a period of many years, and always found him to be what we sincerely believe he now is—an honorable, upright, Christian gentleman."

Since writing the above, we have been informed that, at the Brooklyn Conference, last Sunday, part of the afternoon was occupied by Dr. Hatch and Mr. Clark in criticizing our reply to Mr. Townsend's Report, and reflecting on the past phases of our history. Of the propriety or impropriety of this conduct, we have nothing to offer, at present, as Mr. Clark recalled all he had ever said about us, in the presence of the Committee. We hope this explanation will be acceptable to our friends.

We learn, by the *Spiritual Telegraph*, that the Committee was to request us to make "material modifications in the article referred to," as "it reflected severely on Mr. Townsend and the Rev. U. Clark." The only modification it is in our power to make, is in the above remarks, which were submitted to the Committee; nor could we have made them, did not the *proper* party come *voluntarily* forward to take so much of the blame as improperly was placed on Mr. Clark.

Our motto is, "Nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice;" but speak the truth, in the love of it—when justice requires us to speak plain.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

"I saw in heaven a Victory-bell ringing Angel; A rod, whose flowers were souls was in his hand; Concentric Sun-spheres that the skies bespangled Wreathed all their jeweled flames to form a band Of concentrated light his brow upon."

I saw a shower Of golden light stream from that Angel's wand, And, looking down upon the Earth's Western Land, The sun was full of fire-drops where they shined; The human mind, thrilled by some unknown spell, Was quickened. Day by day, for so it seemed, More vividly those burning fire-drops gleamed. Some fell on little infants, and they talked. In perfect speech almost before they walked. And some on children, and they spoke by night, And talked with Angels, and their hearts grew light With many smiles. Some fell on youthful maid, Working untended in the forest glades; These felt the young leaves quiver, heard the thrill Of music 'round them, though the birds were still, And the quick ear thrilled to celestial songs. Created in heaven by victorious Angels through, And poets felt, as beneath the snow The snow-drop wakes, when first the south winds blow, And lovers heard it in the moonlight pale, What time sweet twilight throws her bridal veil, Jeweled with stars o'er Earth's bloom-blinded breast; Their beams move, as if each were the best Of happy doves who have been in love with truth, Their hearts thrilled deep as they talked with God; A Spiritual glory sparkling alone Around each sacred form, a light unknown To natural senses, and they seemed to glide Almost in ether, Spirits glorified. It came to old men, when a century's snow Had settled o'er them, they began to sing through, With moping sounds of returning youth; Sweet Love and Peace and Innocence and Truth From the eternal hill-tops sang to them; Plumed Immortality, with diadem Of crystal fire, and eyes that shone like gems, Instead of Death, to the departing soul.

[LIT. OF THE MORNING LEAD.]

That the internal of every movement which tends to elevate and bless mankind is from the Lord, is confessed alike by the Spiritualist of the present day and the adherents of the several churches which represent the Past; which represent it, however, as the wasted and decaying corpse the once animate and beautiful structure of man. And as is the heart, so the life-blood which it impulses through its channels. If that be faint and low, slow and sluggish will be the vital current, in its flow. If the lungs, weak and diseased, no longer serve to purify and quicken with the breath of heaven, then, instead of life and health, poison and death will permeate and spread throughout the system. Therefore if a church be dead, its faith will be also dead; and though outward forms may remain, the inner life and substance will be found to have departed. Judaism still lingers like a wandering and homeless Spirit, haunting the suburbs of the cities of the Old World, and the crowded lanes of the New; so the embalmed and exhumed remains of poor "humanities," denied even the blessing of oblivion and a return to kindred dust, still meet the gaze of the curious, lingering mementoes of forgotten races, and their vain and foolish labor to resist the law of change and evolution. But God in His abundant and boundless goodness will not suffer such folly to be repeated. As life departs from the Medieval, or Catholic Church, as palor and fell disease seize upon the Protestant or Churches of the Reformation, as the damp death-chill, benumbing the extremities, creeps stealthily to the heart, and mortal pangs and cold tremors shake the doomed tabernacle of the struggling Spirit, LIFE descends anew from the Spirit-world, and humanity is born again from the heavens. And from the spheres sweeps a power, that like a whirl-

wind bears to the Land of Oblivion and endless Night, all effete and useless forms, creeds outward and institutions that have lost their worth—fatters and remnants of a receding age. True, life begins in feebleness; the infant now spreads his little hands and smiles, and myriads bend to catch his words; he lifts his voice and weeps, and ten thousand hearts with pity move; from his expanding breast he sends a shriller cry, and despoits tremble and priests and prelates lift their withered hand to curse; but when his manhood comes and the rolling years have added strength to his limbs and volume to his voice, and wise and deathless ones have clad him for the fight, then tower and battlement must crumble down, and every impious fine lie level with the dust.

But milder themes be mine. Not mine to tell How freedom perished, how Europe fell; How meek Religion, hand in hand with Faith, Trampled, despoiled, sank down in bitter death; What force availing storms the heavens prepare To drive old Wrong from his accursed seat, And sweep the wrongs of an accursed year. The forms that feed on human agony, How low the Age of Gold returns once more To bless mankind on every peopled shore. I tell what I have seen; but one ere long, Inspired from heaven, shall pour to wondrous song A mighty volume of unfolding Truth. As ages rise, strong as the deathless years, That through the skies, and all with music grand The cloudless cimeter of God's own Morning Lead

It has been my lot, although the circle of my observation has been by no means extended, to witness a confirmation of almost every incident predicted on the extract placed at the head of this article. It is but a few weeks since a little child, who occupied the same room with me, having recently lost his young and beautiful mother, returned with his bereaved affections to such poor sympathy as I had to give. Though, but eight summers had quickened his youthful mind, still the seed-germs of the great philosophy of Spiritualism had taken deep root in his innocent and guileless nature. His chief comfort was his faith that his mother, though invisible, oft hovered around him, and that she had exchanged a couch of lingering suffering for the golden rest of the Angels. But Faith, the only consolation of the bereaved through the long night of ages, was in his case to be verified by sight, like the kindling splendors of the morn added to the pale light of the waning moon. In a quiet hour, his internal vision, quickened by the Spiritual presence of that angel mother, opened to the wonders and beauties of the unseen world. The face and form of his lost parent shone upon him in the clear light of celestial day. Now she shone, but through of Angels, looking upward and adoring the Divine Lord seated as upon a throne of sun and stars. Often, too, significant and symbolical imagery was presented, and in more than one instance the internal ear was quickened to hear the voice of the guardian mother calling from her state of bliss and luring to the better life:

"And as a bird, each endearment tries To tempt its new-dugged offspring to the skies"—

So, bending from her angel home, she came, Coming sometimes as a radiant star, She seemed to lift his childish thoughts above, And fill his little heart with tender love."

And beautiful it was to hear him in childish phrase describe the wonders he beheld, speaking under a soft and gentle inflex as if from an infantile heaven. These manifestations continued, occurring almost daily, while the child was with me. I have since, through a highly developed medium, had an interview with the Spirit-world, who affirmed the reality of the visions of the child, and the truthfulness of his descriptions.

Many other incidents, little less remarkable, have come under my own observation. In two instances, persons living in the same house with me, young ladies, who knew nothing of Spiritualism, except from its opposers, have had, in the still hours of the night, celestial visions pouring forth strains of immortal harmony; in one case so distinctly that the words of the hymn were audible to the quickened receptivity of the Spirit-ear. I find also it is quite common among the susceptible and sensitive to discern a fair bright star gleaming out to them from the depths of the Spirit-world.—I have a young heart's beautiful description of the effects of the descending shower upon their gentle natures, forgetful of self in the mutual attractions of spontaneous unfolding affection; and to those of advanced years, to testify to the quickening, renovating effects of the influx which has descended upon them; and which will doubtless ultimate in a victory, complete and universal, over the All-destroyer of the race.

MR. LOGAN SLEEPER'S REPLY

TO MESSRS. MILITENBERG AND S. M. PETERS.

Dear Sirs.—Your communications addressed to me in the *Christian Spiritualist* of Nov. 15th, I have read and considered, and I wish to vent them with all the attention and respect which they deserve. In this reply, I shall perhaps have more regard to the letter of Mr. Peters, and if my friend, Mr. Miltenberg does not find his to be sufficiently included, he can easily come at me *directly*, and have his proper portion more full, as he is but a stone's throw from me.

And now, let us first come into a little more acquaintance and better understanding; a fair starting may help to the better dining and tempering of your criticism.

If I pay more attention in reading and looking into this strange modern Spiritualism than is consonant with the example or the wishes of Baptist brethren generally, it is to be accounted for by facts and circumstances as follows.—I have been annoyed a good deal for a few years past by letters from relatives and friends who are carried away with it in the cast. They write me all sorts of strange vagaries, such as we continually read of from different quarters.

My father has had a communication from his father, and it sounds so much like the good old man's quaker preaching in New Jersey fifty years ago, that the family are all astir with agitation and wild with wonder! Now, as to whence this discourse may come, or how much, or in what way, or whether at all, the authorship may be charged with the care of the souls and consciences of some of them, I am too calm to have any dispute with any body on any of these points to any profit.—One thing, however, I know: I can write out myself now any time in an hour or two, (partly from memory and partly by guess,) one of grand-father's discourses, more than they are all willing to practice.

I find I cannot calm them down to the use of such reasoning as suits me, nor put any check successfully upon the wide wild range of their fancy, because they persuade one another that Logan is so boozed up in Baptist church prejudices, that he sees nothing and knows nothing for himself about this matter. Now, I want you, Mr. Peters, to be a witness for me in the east, that such is not the case.

A passage of true history now belongs right here. I never have despised the Spiritualists around me as fellow-citizens and friends, nor neglected entre-

re, all efforts to do them good, to admonish and be concerned for them as Christian brethren. I have no more clerical friend on earth than is my ex-Baptist brother Slagg, with whom I am in daily intercourse. To please him and other friends, and to help my own willing investigations of the subject further, I accompany him to a medium and get something (as they say) from my deceased sister and mother. I report the case with all the brevity and candor of which I am capable to the *Spiritualist* paper of New York, and one consequence that two writers at once pounce right upon me, and *leave-hand* (as they suppose,) at my steadfastness in the faith of real genuine orthodox Bible religion.

You seem to infer, and claim *prosto a priori* that I was very soon brought to certain important points of conviction! Not quite so fast, my friends, if you please. I aver most solemnly, that I went out of that room very much as I went into it, having heard before of *stranger* things upon good testimony which I believed. Often have I had occasion to reflect upon the strange, silent, unseen influence of correspondence between mind and mind. With very slight contact, and often the first, I have been surprised to find the mind of another in possession of my own distinct thoughts without any instrumentality of expression at all, of which either were conscious. I have, indeed, observed facts of this kind so frequently in the course of my experience that their strangeness is greatly abated.

Now, Mr. Peters, I may believe that there are ten thousand times ten thousand invisible instrumentalities for conveying thought from mind to mind continually employed both with and without



Poetry.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

LINES TO A FRIEND.

Down, down beneath the crystal deep,
When morning dawns, and from the shore
Through the wide waste of waters blue,
On wings of light, I swiftly flew.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

THEIR IS LIGHT.

There's light beyond the mountains,
There's light beyond the valleys,
There's light beyond the sea,
Which speaks with a voice.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

NOT TO MYSELF ALONE.

The little opening door, transport of cries,
Not to myself alone, I speak to thee,
With prayer and blessing the breeze I perfume,
And gladness all breathes with my rainbow perfume.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

MUTTON RATHER THAN BEEF—A PLEA FOR SHEEP.

We sincerely wish that the American people
would substitute mutton for beef and pork to a
much greater extent than they have been in the
habit of doing.

MAGNETIC MAGIC.

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

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

SEVENTH DIALOGUE.

OR SOBERIES—WITCHCRAFTS—CORRUPTION 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.

SPELL-THROWING.

"On the afternoon of the following day, a knock was heard at the parsonage door; it opened and Thorel entered the house; his mien was humble, his words embarrassed; he tried with his hat to conceal the wounds that covered his hands and face. The child saw him and exclaimed, 'There is the man who prosecuted me these two weeks.' 'What do you wish, Thorel,' said the curate. 'I come, . . . I come to take the little organ my master left here. 'That cannot be, Thorel; it is not for that you came here, . . . what do you wish? But tell me first where you received the wounds I see upon your hands and face. 'That is only my business—I will not answer such a question. 'Tell me then what you wish, . . . be frank, Thorel; confess that you came to beg this child's pardon; . . . do so; . . . kneel before him.' 'Well, pardon me,' said Thorel, falling upon his knees. 'But while he was thus imploring forgiveness, he tried to seize the child's blouse.

"He succeeded in doing so, and the witnesses testified unanimously that, after that moment, the child's sufferings increased as well as the noise at the parsonage. Nevertheless the curate advised Thorel to go to the City Hall; he obeyed; and there, before a numerous audience, he fell three times upon his knees, and implored his pardon. 'Why do you ask my pardon,' said the curate, 'explain yourself.' Thorel continued his supplication and did as he had tried to do at the parsonage, viz.: to take hold of the curate's clothes. 'Do not touch me,' exclaimed the priest; 'do not touch me, for heaven's sake, or I'll strike you.' All in vain. Thorel continued to advance until the curate, driven into a corner, was obliged, for his own defence, to strike the man on the arm with his club.

"Such are the facts which became the pretext of the trial that took place before the Court of Yerville. It was before this Court that were revealed all the circumstances of which we have tried to give an abstract, upon the unvaried testimony of numerous witnesses. After having received the witnesses' evidence, and the culprit's defence, the Judge discharged the curate, and condemned Thorel to all the expenses of the trial.

"Such was legally the end of this affair. As for the noises and other phenomena of which we spoke, they continued until the 10th of February, 1851, when the Archbishop of Rouen ordered the removal of those two children, and entrusted their education to another priest of the city.

"How! has the Church lost its power of exorcism? Is the devil now endowed with the full power of throwing brawlers out of the window? Is Rowland's sword more powerless than the Asperion? Where are we going?"

"We advance toward a knowledge that we cannot foresee yet. We are dazzled and amazed! But I am not yet at the end of my narrative.

"Oh! it is enough for me. Should you continue, you might perhaps seduce me in the midst of a sulphurous cloud. But, tell me, have you seen yourself any thing of this nature, to admit such stories? Do you not know of any remedy to such crimes?"

"In 1840, while I was still living at Rambouillet, I witnessed a very singular fact of the same order. M. Lefebvre—then proprietor of the post-houses—had his horses dying of an epidemic; the disease taking the appearance of a contagious affection; he was even obliged to have them killed, in order to save the remaining ones. The disease was thoroughly studied, and yet the best veterinary surgeons were obliged to confess their utter ignorance of its nature. Ninety-nine horses had already died. M. Lefebvre was almost ruined, when somebody advised him to go and consult a famous clairvoyante who lived at Chartres. As it was the first time he had heard of mesmerism, he could scarcely believe in the efficacy of such a process. But in his position no advice ought to be neglected; he therefore went and consulted this clairvoyante. Scarcely was this girl asleep, when she said: 'You come to consult me about a disease that is destroying all your horses, without your being able to find any remedy. I am not surprised, . . . your horse-doctors do not know this remedy, or if they know it, they do not know where it may be found. Ask you recollect that sometime ago, a beggar asked for charity at your door, and was rather harshly refused? Do you not recollect that, in going away, this man said, 'you shall remember me?' Well! the loss of all your horses is the result of this threat.

"Your daughter is now arranging a robe of such a color, and putting it into her drawer." "Well," said M. Lefebvre, "I shall take note of everything you have told me, and see if you are right." M. Lefebvre went away at once, and as soon as he reached home, he went to his daughter, and inquired about the particulars that had been revealed by the clairvoyante. Miss L. assured him they were perfectly correct. He then went to the stable, and was told that a post-boy had really left at the said hour, with the two horses described by the clairvoyante. Persuaded, then, of her real power, he ordered the search she had prescribed, and the talisman was found. From that moment the horses were perfectly well, and not an accident happened.

"What was this charm? What was its power? . . . its nature?" "All! those explanations I cannot give publicly, in a treatise which may fall into unprepared hands. I shall only say that the ordinary treatises on Magic profess the fear of depositing a green tadel under the road which is followed by cattle. Others dread the composition of charms, or small balls made up with the hair of the person who is to be spell-thrown. But it is dangerous to go too far into this lore full of crimes; the object of our dialogues was to combat them, not to reveal their secrets. But should you preserve the least doubt about the virtue of the atoms which are emitted by those charms, I should pray you to observe with attention the power of the charms which are affixed to the bridle of sultry horses; a single observation of this nature would be sufficient to convince you of such a possibility. The most skillful veterinary doctors of the present day have not the slightest doubt in this respect. There is nothing more easy than to throw a spell upon cattle or horses; their living together in large numbers, facilitates all the phenomena of sympathy or mesmerism. I will now relate to you a fact of another kind—it is a spell-thrown through the action of anger.

"One day we received the visit of a woman who thought she was laboring under a disease produced by an interior animal. She desired to consult Adele upon this pretended sickness, but scarcely was she in communication with her, than the clairvoyante exclaimed, 'Do you not recollect that you had some difficulty with one of your neighbors?' "No," "Oh! think well; it was a long time ago." "I do not recollect anything of the sort." "It was a little brownish man, not precisely good." (She here gave a full description of this individual.) "His house and garden were next yours; you accused him stealing your vegetables, &c., during the night. Look well into the past." "Oh," replied the woman, "I had for a neighbor at that time, a man who looked very much like the description you have just now made. But it was twelve years ago. . . . Why, I recollect now. . . . It is true, every night something was stolen from our garden. . . . I had some quarrels with him on this subject; . . . but, once more, that happened at least twelve years ago, and, moreover, he left the country about that time himself. I do not know where he is now." "Do you not recollect the first attacks of your disease? Do you not recollect that it was during one of your disputes that he said, 'you shall regret for this.' "Oh, yes! it is true; but since he is not in the country my disease must have another cause. Do you not see, moreover, the animal I have in my body? What is it? "It is a worm," answered Adele. "I stopped this conversation to prevent any new cause of uneasiness for this woman, who was very far from supposing she was the victim of a spell-thrown. But after her departure, I consulted my clairvoyante, who said, that during their last dispute, this man was so madly irritated against her, that he threw on her a malediction. He was in the meanwhile thinking of a worm; he wished she might be devoured by a violent one. His desire has just been incarnated into the entrails of this poor woman, and she really suffers what a real worm could make her experience. 'But you said that you saw one in her body.' 'That is true; but I cannot assure you whether it was a Spiritual or a material worm. But it had all the appearance of a real one.' 'If this worm only exists in a Spiritual way, how can it irritate the body the same as a material one?' 'Just as similar impressions are produced in all sorts of hallucinations. She believes she sees an animal in her body, and she does not inquire from whence it may come. Dye-and-by she fancies that it is the cause of all her sufferings, and it really becomes so.' 'But let us suppose for a moment that this worm is a material one, how could he have created it?' 'There are a thousand similar creations which every day confound our observations.'

"Another day, M. Chevillard Medar, a landlord of the neighborhood of Paris, came with a woman suffering of a fistula near the eye. She was at the same time laboring under a slow disease which had led the orthodox science. Adele at once asked her if she had no enemies in her village. The woman answered she had none. 'I do not speak of strangers,' continued Adele, 'I mean your own relations.' 'There is only one,' she said, 'who does not like me much.' 'Did you never quarrel with her?' 'Oh, yes, several times; she is a bad woman.' 'In your last quarrel did she not threaten you?' 'Doubtless; if she could she would suck all the blood from my veins.' 'When she meets you does she not menace you with her hand?' 'Yes, but she does not dare to put her threats into execution; she knows that I would play my part, too.' 'You think so?' replied Adele, 'well, you are very much mistaken. I see that she executes what she said.' 'But she cannot do anything, she never comes to my house.' 'No! but she often passes before your door, and threatens it just as she does you. You say that you could defend yourself; you are not as strong as she is; you want the help of somebody, and I hope that our friend here present, M. Medar, will not refuse you his assistance.' 'But what must I do?' asked M. Medar. 'You must help this woman to get rid of the fluids that her enemy projects upon her whole system.' 'How! . . . fluids! . . . I never saw anything on me, . . . and the woman looked with amazement and terror at her dress. 'These fluids are not visible to the eye,' replied Adele, 'but our friend will nevertheless rid you of them.'

"At that time Medar was only a beginner in the art of magnetism, and did not, therefore, understand at first what he had to do to rid this woman of her sufferings.

Adele told him what he had to do. He acted with so much force and energy, that the poor woman was restored to perfect health in less than one year. But it is very remarkable that the sorceress fell into a sort of consumption just in proportion as her victim recovered her health. Unfortunately the latter took cold and fell dangerously sick; the sorceress profited by this circumstance to resume her nefarious action upon this poor woman. She at the same time spread the rumor that it was Medar who had thrown her into the state in which she

was, and her story was generally believed; he was not, therefore, called to attend upon his protégé. This circumstance was the cause of her death. Her enemy recovered, and walked triumphantly over her tomb. This wretched woman did not know mesmerism, nor the action that certain souls may sometimes exercise upon others. She acted simply upon the impulse of her hatred, when she threw her malediction upon her victim. But that was enough to slowly infect the whole system of her relation. Medar may give you all the particulars of this affair. I recollect only the advice given him by Adele. 'Address yourself to God whenever you magnetize this woman,' she said, 'and pray to Him that He may grant you the means of obtaining her recovery. On every pass throw off the fluid that you suppose you take from this woman, and send it upon her spell-thrown. Do not look at this last, not even in imagination, lest you might confound the one with the other. God will be pleased to do the rest.'

"If we thus enter into the region of hypothesis, we do not know where we shall stop." "It is true that we reason especially upon suppositions. But when a fact is clearly established, I am doubtless authorized to draw from it every legitimate conclusion. If you examine this question well, and reflect upon the bitter effect a bad word leaves in our heart, you will easily understand how dreadful consequences may follow from such a struggle. Whenever these two persons happen to meet, they both receive a shock; but the weaker of them will, evidently, be far deeper and more seriously affected; this last will then lose all sort of energy and courage, while his adversary will certainly experience the contrary.

"What happened in these fortuitous meetings, must be experienced with far more intensity when one of the actors experiences a deep hatred, and centres his whole mind upon the ruin of his adversary. The results are also determined in a great measure, by the constitutional power of the enemies. Now should this natural influence be strengthened by a profound knowledge of the mysteries of magnetism, there is almost no limit to the power of one man over another, and the most extraordinary facts become probable.

"I will now examine phenomena of a different nature." "The daughter of the gentleman who assisted me so kindly in the publication of the first volume of the 'Celestial Telegraph,' once asked Adele whether it was true or not, that an evil action could be produced at a distance by a single act of the will. Adele answered affirmatively. My friend's daughter then said: 'What my neighbor, Mrs. B—, said to me, is therefore true. Imagine that a certain hair-dresser of Honoré-street, is said to produce a similar action upon the ladies whose hair he dresses, probably because they do not yield to his passion. Several ladies of my acquaintance say that they are obsessed by him while they sleep, and see very disgusting images of his taste. When he cannot succeed and make them yield to his desires, he creates the most abominable fancies, and even sometimes strikes them while asleep. . . . I have myself seen one of these ladies covered in the morning with black spots upon her form, and even sometimes blood. I knew this lady for several years, and she enjoys too superior an intellect to be suspected of delusion. None of these ladies will now accept him as hair-dresser. They have inquired about him and his morals, and it is said that he spends the greatest part of his nights out of his house; but no one could say where he goes or what he does. He is ceaselessly wandering and walking about.'

"He enjoys all sort of facility to produce such disorders," said Adele. "In dressing the hair he exercises a direct action upon their brains, and, therefore upon their minds; these wretched women do not suspect his cowardice. He can do every thing you mentioned, and still more."

"Well, then," replied the young lady, "it is very dangerous to have one's hair dressed by him." "Certainly," said Adele, "but it is perhaps more so to employ bad women. Let every one of us fulfill this simple operation of our toilet; it will probably be the surest way."

"You may yourself draw the conclusions of such a power. But I will relate an example myself." [To be continued.]

"Progress—Every part of the civilized world bears the most unmistakable marks of human progress. It is seen in every branch of the mechanic arts, in labor saving machinery, in matters of practical science as applied to the every day wants and labors of the race, and in every thing else pertaining to the material interests of mankind. There is more learning and more extended intelligence among the masses of the people. They read more, and reason with more logical acuteness than distinguished the generations of some fifty years since. But with all these advances, one can see but little evidence that the people are happier. They have more luxuries, but at the same time they have more requiring tastes to gratify; they read more, but the more they read the more certain they are to find the comparative poverty of their intellectual attainments, and the almost hopelessness of ever getting beyond the confines of ignorance—so vast the prospect beyond their immediate ken. Still, if partial knowledge does not make mankind happier, as a whole, it has one good effect—it brings up some men to a point of manly self-denial and independence, that makes them willing to throw aside the love for power, place and emolument, and stand up in the face of the giant follies, fanaticisms and hypocrisies of the world, and rebuke them in words fitting to their enormity; it learns men that the physical wants are but few, and that there are higher gratifications than result from a free use of the mere luxuries of life; it teaches men that self-denial, and sometimes suffering, if experienced in sustaining a great moral or political principle, is happiness; it raises up men of bone and sinew enough to battle with and conquer the great popular fallacies in politics, religion, trade and morals. These men are an index or guide-board to a better state of society, and they mark the different steps of progress of the human race upon the great road to happiness—though far in advance of the actual crowd. To them we owe the reforms of the church and state—partial and unsatisfactory it may be, but still progressive; to them we owe almost every humanizing and benevolent move made in society. They are scoffed at and hooted in their day and generation, but the next following defies them, erects their statues crowned with laurel, and the tablets of history are filled with their golden deeds.

"But the progress of the physical sciences should attract some share of our attention. Hardly a day passes, but some new discovery is heralded to the world that promises to become an important element in its future.

One day it was a steam engine, another, a railroad, another, the magnetic telegraph, and to-day, a new method of illumination, which, at an expense

of a couple of pennies an hour, will give the light of a thousand wax candles; to-morrow perhaps a flying machine, and the next day something so much more wonderful, that we now hesitate to name it in sober earnest. All this shows the wonderful activity of the human mind, and the order of that human intellect whose higher powers are yet to be developed in the great march of human progress.—Boston Post-Register.

"The first engine in India. A gentleman who had long labored indefatigably in India to introduce European traffic, notices the first introduction of the steam engine as follows: In the district in which I lived there had been vague, mystical stories about respecting a strange machine said to be possessed by the Sahib people. It was said to be capable of running ten 'cass' (twenty miles) an hour, with a hundred wagons at its heels; and ships were said to be propelled by it on the 'Kella pance' (blackwater or sea) against both wind and tide. But these stories were considered by many as far away wonders with which the Sahibs delighted to magnify their own wisdom at the expense of the men of Hindoostan. Great therefore was the astonishment of these wise men when it was made known that one of these mysterious machines was about to make its appearance among them. Courts of solemn-looking Brahmins and grand-bearded Mussulmen might be seen examining and criticising the limbs of the huge creature as they lay scattered about on the wharf, where they had just landed. During the time these 'disjecta membra' were being put together, there was much speculation and curiosity as to what means of energy these uncouth looking pieces of iron could possess, and as I had occasion to consult the plans before giving instructions to the workmen—apply a pair of dividers, scale, and sometimes making calculations with a piece of charcoal on the nearest wall, I observed that the men ceased working, and looked on with open mouths, as if I had been going through a conjuring process. After much labor and anxiety, I at length succeeded in getting the 'monster' put together; and one day, just as the heat of the day was beginning to decline, I ordered the boiler to be filled with water, and soon had a roaring fire beneath it. The natives seemed to have an impression that something unusual was about to happen, and crowds from all directions began to assemble to witness the new 'arater.' By dusk the steam was well up; and by the light of two burning torches I could see curious looking faces peering in at the door and windows of the engine-house. The workmen who had assisted in its erection, laid by their tools, and were whispering to each other in wondering groups, when the safety-valve suddenly opened, and the new born Titan began to let his voice be heard. I shall never forget the terror and amazement depicted on the faces of those who were standing by me when this occurred. A great man ran away in sheer fright; but those who remained, and I had occasion to put the engine together, and, from daily familiarity, grown bold, readily assisted in turning round the ponderous fly-wheel preparatory to starting. It was as much as a dozen of them could do to move it, and that very slowly; but when the steam began to act, and the massive iron-rim to steal away from their aiding hands, they fairly screamed with delight. Faster and faster went the wheel; the pumps clanked, the steam snorted through the escape pipe, and the heavy masses of iron they had experienced so much difficulty in lifting into their places, now seemed endowed with life and motion. Some months after the engine had been at work, and when I had become better acquainted with the language I was at much pains in endeavoring to explain the principles of its action to the most intelligent of the workmen; but I found they had long ago provided themselves with their own theory, and the doctrine was, that the boiler contained an English 'bhoot' (spirit), that we made a fire beneath the boiler, and roasted the said 'bhoot' until he called out 'dubage' (mercy), through the safety-valve; and then only, and not before, would he go to work; and the water was merely given to quench his thirst! The repeated injunctions given the man who attended to the boiler about the necessity of keeping it well supplied with water, and the consequent danger of the boiler bursting, which I attempted to explain as likely to follow any neglect of this precaution, led the poor fellow to imagine that if the boiler was not 'made pleasant' with plenty of water, he would certainly break loose and kill every body within his reach. They soon began, however, to have tolerably correct notions of its true character; and although no longer believing in its supernatural attributes they allowed it was a 'great contrivance.' Steamboats now ply between all the different stations on the Ganges; and it presents a curious contrast to witness the straight-forward course and inflexible will of the English steamers, breasting wind and tide, as if impelled by fate, and the crazy, undecided motions of the native budgerogs, creeping along the lee shores, tacking and tumbling about with the most bewildering incoherence. Railways, too, are now in course of construction on some of the principal lines of traffic; and the time is not far distant when, by their means, the rich produce of Central India will be poured into Europe with a profusion and regularity never yet dreamed of. Aye, the steam engine is destined to do more for India than all her other teachers have yet effected. The iron apostle of civilization does not decline; it does not dispute nor vituperate, but it works and always succeeds.

PRAYER OF JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF GERMANY.—The Emperor was a Freemason, and the following was his beautiful prayer—truly masonic—which we extract from an old work, under the title of "Joseph's Prayer-book." A Spirit of unbounded clarity, which is the essence of true religion, breathes through the whole; . . . incomprehensible Being! who art the fountain of mercy and the source of love! thy sun lights equally the Christian and the Atheist; thy showers equally nourish the fields of believers and infidels; the seed of virtue is found even in the heart of the impious and the heroic. From thee I learn, therefore, that diversity of opinion does not prevent thee from being a beneficent father to all mankind. Shall I, then, thy feeble creature, be less indulgent? Shall I not permit my subjects to adore thee in what manner they please? Shall I persecute those who differ with me in point of thinking? Shall I spread my religion with the point of the sword? Oh, thou! whose mighty power and ineffable love embrace the universe, grant that such erroneous principles may never harbor in my breast. I will try to be like thee in all that human effort can approach infinite perfection. I will be as indulgent to my subjects as thou art to the nations; and all unnatural compulsion in point of conscience shall be banished forever from my kingdom. Where is the religion that does not instruct us to love virtue and detest vice? Let all religions, therefore, be tolerated. Let all mankind pay their worship to thee, thou eternal being! in the manner thou thinkest best. Does an error in judgment deserve an expulsion from society? And is force the proper way to win the heart, or to bring the erring mind to a sense of religion? Let the shameful chains of religious tyranny be parted asunder and the sweet bonds of fraternal duty unite all my subjects forever! I am sensible that many difficulties will appear to me in this bold attempt, and that most of them will be thrown in my way by those very persons who style themselves thy ministers; but may thy almighty power never forsake me! Oh, thou eternal, incomprehensible Being! fortify my holy resolutions with thy love, that I may surmount every obstacle, and let that law of our divine master, which inculcates charity and patience, be always impressed upon my heart. AMEN.—Celtic Valley Weekly Times.

GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—"There are thousands of men in our city who possess wealth which has been obtained at the neglect of intellectual cultivation. These would give their talents to the world if they could be set back, and have the leisure for mental culture which you, young men, are throwing away. Let this be no longer. Commence with the autumn months to devote an hour or two each evening to study. It may be difficult at first, but will be easier as you proceed, and at length it will become the most delightful of all your enjoyments. The mind makes the man. Do not suffer your talents to be dwarfed by too much enjoyment either in business or pleasure. Whatever you do for the cultivation your intellect will be permanent. Every hour expended in this manner will return you five hours of the most elevated enjoyment in after years. 'Nor is this all. As you become intelligent, your opportunities for usefulness will increase, and you can be the benefactor of your race.—With an increase of usefulness comes an increase of emolument. The better you are able to help others, the better qualified will you be to help yourself. Do not then trifle away the best years of your existence in low and frivolous pleasures, which will only degrade you, and impair both your usefulness and success in after life.

AGES OF ANIMALS.—A bear rarely exceeds twenty years; a dog lives twenty years; a fox fourteen or sixteen; lions are long lived; Pompey lived to the age of seventy. The average age of cats is fifteen years; a squirrel, a hare, a rabbit, or a pig, to live to the great age of four hundred years. When Alexander the Great had conquered one Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant, which had fought very valiantly for the king, named him Ajax, dedicated him to the son, and then let him go with this inscription: 'Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the son. This elephant was found with this inscription three hundred and fifty years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years; the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages twenty-five or thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred. Stags are long lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years. Cattle considers it proper that whales live one thousand years. The better you are able to help others, the better qualified will you be to help yourself. Do not then trifle away the best years of your existence in low and frivolous pleasures, which will only degrade you, and impair both your usefulness and success in after life.

LOVE—How bright and beautiful is 'love' in its hour of purity and innocence—how mysteriously it etherealizes every feeling, and concentrates every wild bewildering impulse of the heart; love—holy and mysterious love! it is the garland spring of life, the poetry of Nature. Its song is heard in the rude but of the poor, as well as the gorgeous palace of the rich—its flame embellishes the solitude of the forest, and the brilliant haunts of busy life, and its light imparts to every heart, no matter what may be its condition.

LOVE—pure and devoted love—can never change. Friends may forget us—the riches of this world may soar away, but the heart that loves will cling the closer; as loud roars the storm, and amid the wreck of the tempest, it will serve as a "beacon" to light us on to safety and happiness.

LOVE is the music and unseen spell that soothes the wild and rugged tones of human nature; that lingers about the sanctity of the fire-side, and unites in closer union the affections of society; and the soul that loves truly will love forever. Nor like the waves of the ocean, nor traced in sand, is the image impressed upon a loving heart. No, no—but it will remain unbroken and unmarred—it will burn on undimmed in its lustre, amid the quick rush of the tempest cloud—and when our fate seems dark and dreary, then will we seek safety in her own hallowed temple, and offer up our sufferings and sorrows and affections.—Monumental Literary Gazette.

CHRISTIANS CANNOT FIGHT.—No one who reads the New Testament carefully can deny that in the words, the sentiments the expressions are in favor of universal brotherhood, and 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.' 'Hereby may ye know that ye are my disciples, because ye love one another.' 'Do ye unto others as ye would have others do unto you.' 'Resist not evil but overcome evil with good.'—If any man suile thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also.' 'If any man sue thee at law, and take away thy cloak, forbidd him not to take thy coat also.' 'If any man compel thee to walk with him a mile, go with him twain'—'put up thy sword into its scabbard; he that takes the sword shall perish by the sword.'—'Whence came all wars and fightings? Come they not hence even of your lusts?' Such are the doctrines of the New Testament; yet nearly all the churches in this age, who profess to follow Christ, and make a great show of what they call Christianity, are members of governments that derive all power from the sword. Their war ships and arsenals are stored with the improvements of human destruction, and they are at all times ready to go to war for a whim called honor, or to recover a few hundreds or thousands of paltry gold. Are such the churches of Christ? Surely not—and the question is, whether it would not be a libel on the Saviour's majesty to call them the synagogues of Satan, for we do not read that his subjects destroy each other.—Exchange.

The houses of Bagdad and Mosul are provided with underground apartments, in which the inhabitants pass the day during the summer months. They are generally ill-lighted, and the air is close and oppressive. Many are damp and unwholesome; still they offered a welcome retreat during the hot weather, when it was almost impossible to sit in a room. At sunset the people emerge from their subterranean chambers, and from the streets the roofs where they spread their carpets, eat their evening meal, and pass the night.—Layard.

"I'll tell you what it is," replied Jones after an interval of reflection. "Providence does well enough, since he had sent me from the sword, to put his trust in Providence again, in the matter of seed potatoes. But no plants sprung up this season from his well prepared field. Hooting time came, but there were no potatoes to hoe; and at harvest a very slight experiment in digging was sufficient, to convince him that the coveted edible was altogether wanting. Jones having made this unwelcome discovery, was sitting upon the fence in a disconsolate mood, when one of the neighbors passed who had the year before enacted the part of Providence, and to whom Tom had often expressed his unwavering confidence that the potatoes would in due time make their appearance. 'Well, Jones, what is your opinion now about Providence?' he asked. 'I'll tell you what it is,' replied Jones after an interval of reflection. 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