

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1854.

THE FAIR FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE RAGGED SCHOOL.

According to the published notices of this Fair, things were in readiness on Thursday evening, December 21, to receive the friends that came at an early hour, to see the labor and handiwork of the ladies. The Hall was nicely decorated with evergreen, laurels, and flags of nearly every color. Those were most conspicuous that were best known, and the use made of them was well calculated to set off the Hall to the best advantage. The ends and sides of the Hall were occupied by well-furnished tables, each having two or more ladies in attendance.

As we enter the door, on the right, the tea and coffee table invites us to stop, as Mrs. Burton and Sykes are active in supplying the demands of the occasion. Next is a long table filled with a very nice selection of confectionery, which is watched over by three ladies, Mrs. Dr. Hatch, Mrs. Fitzgerald, and Mrs. Underhill, who do all in their power to make the cakes, &c., inviting. Here is the large cake, cut up into ever so many slices, with the ring in it, and other things of a like kind, to give pleasure and inspire cheerfulness while chasing fortune through the variations of lottery. Next is the table of fancy articles, book-marks, dolls, toys, &c., and which Mrs. Levy and Mrs. Humbleton have placed in a very attractive position. This is headquarters for the juvenile fraternity, who in thinking of "Cris Cringle" and merry Christmas, make provision for the "good time coming." Next is a table of "dry goods," with assortments for the young Miss, or the well developed lady. Here are displayed ribbons, bows, &c., up to Norma cloaks and furs, some of which are to be sold by lottery, Mrs. Fitzgerald and Brintnall doing their best to make things attractive to the passers by who are in search of Mrs. Bradley's SPIRIT-DRAWINGS, to be seen for 25 cents. Mrs. B. has her own department and seems very much at home, as she explains the progress and development of her mediumship, and points out the peculiarities of the drawings. Next is Mrs. Whitney's table, covered with food of an intellectual and spiritual kind, with the very characteristic sign of a meeting house. This very interesting piece of shut-work is the product of Mr. Whitney's patience and amusement, during his convalescence from a very severe sickness. Mr. and Mrs. W. are active in calling the attention of the passers by to the many works on Spiritualism here offered for sale. Now we are at the post-office, which we see at a glance is got up in the very nicest style. Of course there is a letter, which we get from the hand of Mrs. Gilman or Miss Hook, full of good advice and counsel. While we attempt to read, however, the sight of some *longues* invites attention, and for a time, we are sadly at a loss to know what to do, so many attractions, so many willing to accommodate us, at the lowest prices, so that in self defence, we buy.

Then Mrs. Brayton has to say a word about partiality, &c., as she has charge of the next table, which has many very nice articles in the ladies' department. We are at a loss, however, what to do, as we see Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Emsun looking at us from the next table. We have now nearly made a circuit of the room, and stop before a long, well-filled, and variously ornamented table, attended by Mrs. Levy, Miss Middlebrook, and others, where ham, turkey, tongue, pickled oysters, pies, cakes, &c., are inviting the attention of the many now coming into the Hall. Mr. H. Waters, of No. 323 Broadway, is at the Piano, and music soon attracts the attention of all. For an hour, Spiritual songs are sung, and lively tunes are played, all of which give life and cheerfulness to the occasion. Amid this attraction, the merry voices of the little Misses with their *gub-bys*, reminded us of the wonders of the deep—deep bag, as we thrust the arm down for a chance.

The Hall is quite full by this time, and the smile of recognition is playing on the features of all, as they go on pushing through the crowd. For fear, however, of any excitement, the audience is informed that Mrs. Wilsey is in attendance with ice cream, for all that may need cooling. With such a combination of things to make folks happy, and so many willing to aid in making all feel pleasant, what wonder that some *laughed right out*, just as the impulse prompted. The occasion was indeed happy, and its influence will be long remembered, for the charity that prompted the getting up of the Fair was seconded in every practical way by the good nature and accommodating dispositions of the ladies whose names we have already given. There were others, ladies and gentlemen, workers all, who attended the door, carried the turkey, &c.

Each did with a willing and cheerful spirit what the occasion called for, and general harmony was the result. The evening was far advanced when Mrs. A. Rose was introduced to the audience, who made some very appropriate remarks on the necessity of educating the young. Mrs. R.'s remarks were listened to with marked attention, as she has traveled much in the United States, and has known much experience as a Reformer. Her commendation of the Fair, and the purpose to which it was devoted, was warm and eloquently spoken, and appreciated by the audience. Mr. Jones, of Boston, followed in some very pertinent remarks. This gentleman had been connected with the House of Reformation, where he had seen much of the good and bad of juvenile life, and his testimony was, that children are generally good by nature, and bad only by the accidents of parentage, misfortune and neglected education. His subsequent experience in the Blind Asylums, confirmed this view of the subject, which prompted him to make some practical remarks on the many ways children might be employed and made useful to themselves and others. Thus closed the first evening.

Friday, through the day, a fair business was done, and in the evening, the Hall was again filled with a happy and cheerful audience. During the evening, there was music from a variety of singers, and some remarks from S. B. Britton, Editor of the Spiritual Telegraph, and J. H. W. Tooley. Saturday evening closed the Fair, when it was proposed to give a Christmas dinner to the children of the Ragged School. The remaining pies, cakes, &c., were donated for that purpose. Cheerfulness and unanimity of feeling characterized the Fair, and many little tokens of regard, which the ladies of the Fair made present of to Mrs. Wilsey, Mrs. Whitney and others, will long be remembered as tokens of friendship.

Christmas day at the Rooms of the Ragged School, 695 Sixth Avenue, was a cheerful and pleasant day. Word having been sent to the children that a dinner and treat were in preparation for them, some fifty or more of the School, boys and

girls, were got together by 2 o'clock, P. M. It was a pleasant sight to see these children in the enjoyment of the occasion. There were a number of visitors present, who enjoyed the interview as much as the children, as it was an occasion of rejoicing to them to know that such a good work had commenced.

The children had first a good substantial meal of soup and bread, after which, each had cake and pie, nuts, candy, &c. After dinner, the children took their seats, and sang two or three of their little hymns, which were executed in a very happy manner, Miss Dow directing and taking the lead. This was a very pleasant sight to the friends in attendance, and prompted Mr. Charles Partridge to make some remarks which were of a very practical character. The children gave attention to his counsel and advice, and seemed to understand the meaning of his words. Mr. Horace H. Day followed in a very pleasing and affectionate address to the children, which had the effect of making them feel happy and cheerful while giving them the plainest and best advice. During the afternoon, Mr. S. S. Jones, of St. Charles, Ill., Editor of the Keene County Democrat, made some remarks of a very plain and practical character. He was delighted to know that the Ragged School effort had commenced, as he thought it would be suggestive of effort and enterprise elsewhere.

The meeting closed by prayer and singing. We are not able to state how much will be realized by the Fair, but something, we know, has been accomplished, as it has brought together men and women who are determined to stand by the enterprise and give it the helping hand, so often as their means and other duties will permit. It is to be hoped, beside, that the lesson taught by this labor of love, may not be without its true value, for, if there is benefit in education, any thing that tends to make us thoughtful for the wants of others, charitable to their short coming, and benevolent in the hour of need, that must be considered true education.

Still, the philosophy of all such enterprises is poorly understood. It is more an *impulse* than a practical part of religious life, and we hope the friends of Spiritualism will commend the religion they profess to love and honor, by deeds worthy of themselves and humanity. It is true that there are difficulties to be overcome, prejudices to be subdued, and angularities and antagonisms to be harmonized in this labor of love; but the man and woman who looks at Spiritualism as a religion, to be incorporated in life, a something calculated to give vitality and inspiration to being, they will not fail to know the *secret* by which this can be accomplished.

We are happy in being able to say that the ladies and gentlemen that have met at our Rooms from time to time, in getting things ready for the Fair, have so far overcome prejudice, that while working for humanity they forget many of the *theological* differences that may otherwise divide them. If the world waits for unanimity in opinion, before it commences to practice the humanities of its religion, we may grow strong intellectually, but the kingdom of heaven will still be far off, and humanity will still have to accept the degrading qualification of "poor."

It is in contemplation, therefore, to get up an organization for the purpose of aiding and sustaining all schools that may have a like mission to the Ragged School, as this is not only the best, but the only true way to put an end to the *crimes* now common to the young of our cities. It may take some time to effect this, but the lessons and benefits of Fairs for the aid of Ragged Schools, will be none the less needed, nor useful in the meantime, so that we shall be happy to know that others will get them up, and we will be ever willing and ready to give the helping hand to any and all such enterprises.

The only thing we have to regret after thinking over the advent of the Fair, associates itself with the *cherry*, for out of the many invitations sent to the Rev. gentlemen of this and Brooklyn City, not one responded to the invitation in presence, and only one by *note*.

We try to think in charity that this was the result of pre-engagement and business, but we cannot help thinking that the *heresy* of Spiritualism was the main cause. Alas! for *poor* theology and worldly pride. We are inclined to think, however, that some of these gentlemen would have been with us had not other duties interfered, for we know some of them to be honorable men. "CHARITY SUFFERETH LONG AND IS KIND."

THE PERMANENT HAPPY EXISTENCE OF THE HUMAN RACE, OR THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE MILLENNIUM OF 1855.

ALL GOVERNMENTS, RELIGIONS, CLASSES, SECTS, AND PARTIES, IN ALL COUNTRIES, are invited to appoint and send delegates to a Meeting to be held in the Metropolis of the British Empire, on Monday, 14th May next, in St. Martin's Hall, to hear explained "Glad Tidings of Great Joy to all Mankind," which will include the principles and the plain and easy practice by which all Governments may make, with the aid of their respective religions, every one from birth, good, intelligent, wise, united to all, and permanently prosperous and happy.

And as a preliminary measure, the TRADES OF THIS METROPOLIS are invited to elect and send delegates to a meeting to be held in St. Martin's Hall, on Monday, January 1, 1855, at 7 P. M., to have explained to them, that they may explain to their constituents in London, and to their fellow workmen over Great Britain and Ireland, the course which they will be recommended to adopt at the Great Meeting of Universal Delegates to be held as stated on the 14th May, on which day will be declared a coming change in the condition of the human race, without revolution or violence, to be effected in peace, with order and wise foresight, and without injury to any one of any class in any country, but with high lasting benefit to all who shall from birth be placed within the new conditions.

Let all who shall attend these two meetings, come in the spirit of pure charity for all men, and, with a right good-will to aid, and benefit them regardless of their class, creed, country, or color. There will be no deception or secrecy in these proceedings; but the whole will be conducted with "Truth without mystery, mixture of error, or fear of man." And the glory of this elevation of mankind to a new phase in their condition will be alone to the God of the Universe, who evidently worketh all things in regular progress for the ultimate good and happiness of man. ROBERT OWEN.

London, 25th Nov., 1854.

The above call for "A WORLD'S CONVENTION," came by the last European mail to one of our Society, to whom we are indebted for a copy. Cheerfully do we give it place, as it will be "glad tidings of great joy to all of the Spiritual and reformatory family, to know that such a Convention is in contemplation. It is a sign of progress to us most cheering, for it would be very strange indeed, while living in the midst of war, destruction and disorder, that no sign of promise came for a happier and better future. The war now so much talked of, is but the effect of the social disorders which has a being in the bad faith, bad morals, and no religion of the many antagonizing parties, and its corrupting influences will go far towards making the present policy of Europe so hideous to the good

sense of advanced and civilized minds, that great changes and modifications may be expected to be made in the future structure of society. This is the private conviction of many reflective minds not committed to any reformatory issues, nor anxious for change. The religious world, however, is full of prophecy of a change, that soon must come, not only to the structure of society, but to the forms and administrations of government, if social harmony is to be expected. Indeed, the conviction is nearly general, that we are living in the midst of a great revolution, the full nature and extent of which it were difficult to conceive of.

The Spirit of prophecy, the love of humanity, and the aspirations of a higher life, have ever looked forward to the "MILLENNIUM" as the time when the "desire of all Nations shall come," and the "glory of the Lord cover the earth as the waters cover the mighty deep."

That Robert Owen should be found *re-echoing* what has been his *faith* through a long and laborious life amid such expectations will astonish none who know the man, but many will be astonished, who are not already acquainted with the change that has come to his faith, and know not some little of the value he attaches to this manifestation of the inner life. Those who know Robert Owen only through the confused and discordant echoings of theological warfare as the *infidel* and opposer of all religions, will be pleased, and we hope, made happy in knowing that *Spiritualism* has been to him a light, indeed, that it has given him the needful evidence of another and a better life, both for the race on earth and the great family of God in the Spirit-land. This man, who has given his *all* to humanity, who in youth commenced to reform society by reducing to practice what others commended in prayer and theory, this man, who for years, has borne *protest* against all religions, and preached the dogmas of *Nothingness* and Atheism, because *duty* prompted the issue, this is the man, who gives in his adherence to Spiritualism, and in the light of a new and unfolding Gospel, sends forth this call for a WORLD'S CONVENTION. How many will respond to the call from this country, it were difficult to say, but we hope the subject will be thought of by the reformatory friends, as one among the many signs of the times that speak promise for the future and progress for the race.

While thinking of the *theological* errors of Robert Owen, we are reminded of Bulwer's very happy words, which should not only be his apology, but the stimulant of every man and woman, to know the true and live the right. "The past is the past, there is a future left to all men, who have the virtue to repent and the energy to atone."

We do not wish to imply by this any of the popular *out* that an unthinking and unwise public opinion has used against this man, for as we read the lesson of his life, the heroism of his deeds, the philanthropy of his Spirit and his devotion to his mission, *not to shame* the pretensions of the *canting* sectarian and the brawling demagogue, be they ever so honored by theologies of the times. No, we mean that life is so *sacred* and its relations so vital to all the developments and unfoldings of the Spirit's progress, that any error, be it ever so small in itself, must be a thing of regret to the Spiritually conscious and religiously enlightened mind.

The conversion of Robert Owen to Spiritualism has been known for some months to society, and yet, we have noticed the silence of the theological press on this subject with surprise, and the conviction has been forced upon us, had Mr. Owen accepted any of the popular creeds, and joined any of the popular churches, this *silence* had not been so profound and general.

Men and brethren, this is all wrong, for, if you love to see *good done*, what matter who is the medium, or by whom accomplished, so that it be good and humanity be exalted? Rather "rejoice evermore," that new aids and instrumentalities are working with you and for the glory of God, since through Him and to Him shall be everlasting praise, by bringing *peace on earth and good will to man*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS. THE LILY WREATH OF SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS; Received chiefly through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. ADAMS. BY A. L. CHILD, M. D. NEW YORK: PARSONS, ROGERS & BROTHER, BOSTON: CROSBY, NICHOLS & CO. 1855. This is one of the most beautifully got up books we have seen in a long time. It is a timely issue for the Holidays, and no doubt its present publication is designed to meet the demands of the season. The get-up of the work and its general execution, reflect the highest credit on all concerned. We are happy in knowing our Boston friends think enough of Spiritualism, to do it up in such beautiful binding. Passing from the external dress to the communications and their Spirit, we are happy in finding that the internal is worthy of its handsome dress, for the entire volume breathes the Spirit of devotion to a higher life than is known to mortals, while affection and sympathy are ever knocking at the door of our better nature for fellowship and acceptance. The work is not philosophical except to the *intuitive*, that grow into *rapport* with the wisdom of goodness, and the goodness of wisdom; as heat and light blend in the illumination and beautification of God's world.

There is, however, a strength and splendor in much of its simplicity, that reminds us of the best parts of the poems of Ossian. Instead, however, of the *warrior* worth that was given to the successful aspirant for martial fame, we have here the *Lily Wreath* offered to all who have any sympathy with the devotion of love, veneration for religion; aspiration for a better life, or hope of a *blessed* immortality. Had we room, it would be our delight to make such selections from this work as would confirm this statement. But we say to our young friends, if you wish to bestow a beautiful and at the same time a *pure* present, let the "Lily Wreath" be one of your selections. The religious mind cannot fail to feel the Spirit of these communications, although the phraseology may differ from that which custom has made familiar to the eye and ear.

THE LADIES' CASSET OF GATHERED THOUGHTS. Third edition. THE LADIES' VASE OF WILD FLOWERS; A Collection of Gems from the best Authors. By Miss COLLINS. Auburn: ALDEN, BEARDSLEY & CO. ROchester: WALKER, BEARDSLEY & CO. The above publications have been before the public long enough to have a *just judgment* pronounced on them, and it has been done in demand; that a *third* edition should be given to the reading many. These miniature volumes are indeed *multum in parvo*, as many of the best thoughts of our modern classics are here presented in a neat and handsome style.

THE INDEX, DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY AND PRACTICAL REFORM. The above is the title of a forthcoming *Monthly Magazine*, the particulars of which are as follows: The Index will be published on Monday, the 15th day of January, 1855, and on the third Mon-

day of each succeeding month, by Thomas Price, No. 83 Dock-street, Philadelphia. Terms—Single copies, 10 cents; single copies one year, \$1; six copies one year, \$5.

This periodical will be devoted mainly, but not exclusively, to the examination of the laws that govern the interior or Spiritual nature of the Universe, as evinced in the modern manifestations of Spiritualism, Psychology, &c. Endeavor will be made to point out the intimate connection existing between these modern phenomena, the mysteries of the occult sciences, the inspirations of the ancients, and the effusions of genius in all ages of history.

Its columns will be open to communications from the various circles in this city and its vicinity. Subscriptions are payable invariably in advance, as, to prevent mistakes, the magazine will be supplied only so long as paid for.

THOMAS PRICE, Publisher, No. 83 Dock-street, below Third.

We are assured by those who know Mr. Price, that this monthly issue will be worthy of Spiritualism and the cause of Reform. We are not informed as to the Editorship of the Journal, but all in good time the public will be able to judge for itself. We wish the enterprise success.

NEW MUSIC. Horace Waters, the great Music Publisher, Manufacturer, and dealer in Piano Fortes, of No. 323 Broadway, New York, has sent us the following sheets of popular Music, published by him:—"I know thou art Gone," duet; "Praise God for the Sunday School;" "The Grave of my Mother;" "Mary's Beauty;" "Wide Awake Rondo;" "Lily-White Scotchish."

Mr. Waters will present as a New Year's gift for 1855 one dollar's worth of Music, to be selected from his extensive and popular catalogue, to all who purchase of him the same amount previous to the 15th of January, and will forward both gift and purchase postpaid. A most liberal offer! One, however, characteristic of the great Publisher and Dealer, and of which we would advise our readers by all means to avail themselves.

MEDIUMS.

MR. EDITOR: I feel an irresistible impulse to write on the subject of Mediums, and the sources of their inspiration. My present design extends only to the class known as speaking Media. First, then, let me notice the first division, the *premier* legion, the victims of delusion. There always may be found a class of persons who intensely desire to *show off*, to exhibit their accomplishments, to manifest their wonderful abilities; and being made of very slender materials, they naturally lack that force which is essential to their taking a prominent stand among men, and in the fields of Letters, Art, Science and Reform. They are aware that they have not the requisite stamina to go ahead; they dread to make the attempt, and yet their vanity impels them forward. Now, to such persons, our modern Spiritism opens a wide door, and presents the plainest, broadest, and the best of fields. They become *speaking Media*, and having observed the *modus operandi* of the real article, they forthwith invest their proceedings in the garb, and assume the formulas recognized by the Spiritists as the standard; for, say they, if I make blunders, why, I am not held responsible therefor, but "the Spirits" must take that *onus* on their own shoulders; while if I succeed in impressing the people, the credit will attach itself to me, notwithstanding all that is said about the "responsibility of the thing," and the credit, if any there be, is rolled as a sweet morsel under the tongue. This class of Media is quite numerous, and as all things subserve a purpose in the great economy of things, so these individuals fulfil their part of the great drama, by assisting in what may, and at the first blush, certainly, does appear to be a reprehensible method of calling attention to the general subject. These Mediums are of two kinds: first, those who are knowing impostors, and another class, which may again be divided into two sections, comprehending those who by a wilful persistence in a falsehood, have at length come to believe it themselves, and those who have by a psychological process from surrounding or supermundane influences been brought to believe themselves to be what they are not. The distinction between them consists, in that one condition results from a laxity of morals, and the other from a constitutional weakness, whose origin is to be looked for in the physical department of their natures. All of this great general class are to be pitied but not despised, for the man of Nazareth telleth us "to love one another."

I now pass to the second sphere of speaking Mediumship, and this presents a subject for profound study. These are the Mediums in the proper sense of the term. They are always negative persons in some one department of their natures, and are ever and always sensitive to the last degree. They can *love*, Oh! how they can love! Their natures are gentle, smooth, and negative, that is to say, the genuine speaking Medium is never well calculated to succeed in the world. They are generally persons who have felt the cold, unfeeling blasts of the world till their hearts have bled with anguish, whose souls have been bruised, and the channels of whose love have been driven back upon the fount from whence they issued, and who have thus been forced to look above and within, for that sympathy denied them here, and thus become imfiltrated by a Spiritual atmosphere, and thereby become fit subjects of Spirit-power. Spirits act upon these persons in several ways, but in these two mainly: first, they utterly subdue the *consciousness* of the individual, and then use him or her as the case may be, and of course, the person is to himself dead for the time being. Occasionally, the Spirits permit the consciousness to remain intact, but subdue the *will* or the volitional power of the Medium. This process is as follows: in the latter case, the posterior coronal regions of the Medium's brain is magnetized and utterly paralyzed for the time being. In the former case the regions between the two great hemispheres, including a section of each, is rendered dormant by the same method. The next great mode of Spirit-speaking is that of so acting on that mysterious thing, the mind, so playing upon that wondrous harp, that for the time being, the Medium may be said to be the person he personates, so complete is the hallucination thus produced. If these genuine speaking Media are not such persons as above described, they are of those gentle, innocent, angelic natures of whom Mrs. Stowe's little Eva is a splendid type.

I now pass to the most elevated and useful of all known media. They are seldom found perfectly developed, but "they are coming;" in fact, I know but three or four among the thousands of Media whom I have seen. One of these is R. P. Ambler, without doubt, the most perfect Medium of this (highest) class on earth. These persons are an outgrowth of the last mentioned, who, by severe discipline, have become so etherealized that they are Spirits, and that is to say, they are of so divine a nature, that the whole being is absorbed in the grand Spiritual idea, and the soul battles in the free ocean of celestial truth. Jesus was such, and God grant we all may become

like unto him and other such Media. These people lead double lives. When they give external utterance to what their pure Spirit sees, they are frequently unconscious, but even that which comes through such pure channels is not to be relied on absolutely, because the Medium, however pure, always looks through his own spectacles, and gives us that which is seen from his stand-point. There is, still, another kind of Medium, intermediate between the last two mentioned. To give the rationale of this last would require more space than you can spare, for to do so would require a not very brief essay on the philosophy of metaphysics. Still, the facts are worth attention. Perhaps you can think better, clearer, closer with your eyes shut than with them open, if not, some people can. Now, many persons become firmly impressed with the importance of an idea, either scientific, philosophical, or reformatory. Well, the same principle that closes your eyes when you are solving a difficult question in figures, for instance, if carried further, if operative on a more extended scale would magnetize you, that is, you would forget all else, become abstracted in the idea that fixed your attention. Thus, if a word, a phrase, a thought be uttered or suggested to some persons, they will either on the spot, or upon subsequent occasions, relapse into a semi-trance state, and repeat the idea, sometimes using the very terms in which it was clothed when first presented to their notice, and they will frequently enlarge and expand it to a great extent. These Media are transitional from negative (Spiritual) to positive, actual inspiration, such as inspired Christ. At another time I propose to treat of another branch of this great and interesting subject. Adieu till then.

P. E. R.

LETTER TO DR. DODS.

INTRODUCTORY. NO. 1.

MY FRIEND AND BROTHER:—With the kindest feelings of respect and sympathy permit me, a stranger, to address you. Allow me to obtrude myself upon your attention for the purpose of an exchange of views on the contested point of "Spirit Manifestations." I am aware that you are, in many respects, well versed in the subjects of Magnetism, Clairvoyance, Psychology and other kindred sciences. That you are a proficient in the feature of experimental Magnetism must be admitted; but how far those principles are understood by you, the future must determine. I am also aware that any remarks coming from one, with so little of the scientific knowledge of the schools as myself, to assist them, might, by you, be deemed impertinent and officious, hence, while I present the ideas for your consideration, I beg leave to retain the authority from whence originate those ideas and to meet you with an anonymous signature.

All subjects capable of demonstration are liable to abuse, even from their friends; let me, therefore, entreat you to suspend your decisions upon me or my subject till such time or times as may seem appropriate for judgment to be administered. You are by no means insensible to the approbation of others yourself, and would consider me an anomaly could I hope to retain my own knowledge of myself, without requesting you to also retain yours, therefore, permit me to say, that I do not expect you as an individual to surrender up any of your own rights of judgment, but to allow me and all others the same privilege as you claim for yourself, viz: the capability of judging for yourself.

Now, let me suppose a case: you are in a darkened room, and I am in another darkened room alone, you behold, or fancy you do, a light upon the wall, and exclaim to yourself, "O, see there, that light!" I hear you, and exclaim to myself, "what a fool to be thus talking to himself!" You hear me and again speaking to yourself, reply, "which is the greater fool, you or I, for you are talking to yourself likewise!" And thus, the contest commences, each speaking to the other through himself, till all patience is exhausted and all decorum sacrificed! Thus a war of words is waged upon nothing, and instead of questioning the possibility of your vision's correctness, the dispute is, which is the greatest fool, you for exclaiming in your surprise to yourself, or I in censuring you for thus exclaiming, at the same time expressing myself in the same manner. The important point whether you did see the light or no, is forgotten in the debate, and the consequence is a reprimanding rejoinder on both sides.

Now, this to me, seems to be the position of the combatants in the Spiritual warfare! They seem to have lost sight entirely of the starting point,—"was there a light seen," or, "are there any truthfulness in these manifestations," and to have fallen to cudgelling each other with all the powers of their souls, with the sticks and brickbats of fool, humbug, know-nothing, and any other appellation tending to arouse the vindictive ire of the assailant.

Now, is this the letter way, is this the philanthropic way, is this the christian way, thus to treat the subject and each other, I would affectionately enquire? for I am not a belligerent between the two armies, or yet belonging to either, but a peace maker.

I accuse no one, not even you; all persons must judge for themselves how much of this contentious Spirit of personality belongs to themselves, and must apply it accordingly; but let me probe a little deeper. When the voice of argument is heard, is not the voice of reason and truth usually silent? Is not the contest rather to establish the opinion of the restrictor than to elicit truth? You reply, "no, not in my case." But have you not already formed an opinion that such and such positions cannot be valid, and that you must attempt to overthrow those opinions at the risk of being defeated in your argument. "Yes," you answer, "and that is all right." But are you not determined to hold on to them even in spite of proof. "No," you answer, "you are not." Examine yourself and see. You do not, in the first place, mean to be convinced.—You know you are right. In the second place, you are attempting to fortify yourself in your own position against the proof, instead of endeavoring to gain the truth. And in the third place, were truth presented from your opponent, so wilfully blind has your pertinence made you, that you cannot see even if you would.

Now, at the foundation lies this culpable wrong: self idolization of opinion! It may be that this opinion is false, it may be that it is correct; that is not the point at issue here; it is this. Your opponent may have equally good grounds for his belief as have you for yours! He may have investigated the subject through himself, and come to conclusions which are as philosophical to him as are yours to you. Then, how foolish for truth seekers to level their weapons at each other's opinions, even, since it may be as impossible to drive a man from a false opinion as from the truth, since that opinion to him, in his weak understanding, savors of truth. Then, return, my friend, to the question, did you see the light? Endeavor to ascertain by the laws of cause and effect, whether it were possible for you to behold a light in a darkened room where not a par-

ticl or ray of light from without could enter.—This is the question at issue, not whether you were a fool or not for saying you saw a light, for that will depend upon the fact to be proved, whether you did see the light.

If mankind will confine their attention to this point, *was there any light*, Spirit-manifestations will soon be traced to their true cause, and then will this war of words and strife of nothingness cease, in the knowledge which shall flow from the truth of these existing principles, which cause the phenomena of the so called Spirit-manifestations.

It affords me sincere pleasure to observe the turn of thought your work, entitled "Spirit Manifestations, Examined and Explained," has taken in the minds of many of the Spiritualists. Though they ignore the book for its assumptive title, yet it has opened to many a new field of thought, as if they had never before supposed that Spirits in the body could perform all these manifested effects which they attribute to the influence of Spirits out of the body. It also affords me pleasure to notice the conciliatory spirit in which, at least, a larger portion of the work is dictated, evidently with the design of imparting information, which was in your mind incompatible with the idea of Spirits disembodied interfering whatever in the affairs of mortals.

Now, widely as I may differ from you in some of the leading views which characterize your work, yet I do not wish you to consider me your enemy, in the least. I am not so arrayed; I wish to compare my experience with your views, and investigate, that myself and others may be able if possible to give some new ideas. There may be some features of this *internal* phenomena yet unknown to you, which if presented to you might explain some of the mysteries in which you tacitly acknowledge yourself to be involved. Far be it from me to assume the prerogative of teacher over you, but you are aware that the man sometimes learns a lesson from the ignorance of the child. So, I am would I be an instructor, in my ignorance, if perchance, I might add one grain to the sea of knowledge with which earth is eventually to be filled.

I am your friend, and as such, I subscribe myself; an enemy to no one, much less to one who like yourself, has done so much to prepare the way of the good time coming, for I consider that the light which you have been the means of pouring upon the world by your scientific illuminations has paved the way for this very development, which is now assuming a life-like appearance and destined in its triumphant march to supplant all former luminaries in its resplendency and glory.

Permit me, then, once again, to reiterate, ere I close this, my first epistle, this assertion, that as a friend to you, to the whole human family, as well as to myself, do I indite this letter, and I hope ere I close this series, I shall convince you and the public, into whose hands these letters may fall, of the fact, if I have not done so already.

Thine for truth ANONYMOUS.

NO. II.

In reply to the leading idea in your work, viz: involuntary thought and motion, allow me to presuppose a case. The heart ceases to beat and respiration is superseded. Now, the involuntary powers of mind have ceased their action, and what moves the thought or will of the soul? Is it the voluntary powers which perform the part of both? The individual has become entranced, and lies as one dead for many weeks. He neither seems to inhale or exhale, to perspire or respire. He neither eats, drinks, nor moves, and it is impossible to detect the least appearance of life in him. He is dead, pronounced dead by physicians, who profess to understand the functions of existence. He is shrouded in the grave and may be buried; but lo, he is restored to consciousness and rises and speaks!—He informs you that during his trance, he was perfectly conscious, that he heard every word you uttered, and moreover was capable of reasoning and understanding your intentions. He assures you that every faculty of his mind was so far from being dead or dormant, so acutely intensified that he was able to apprehend all that was to be done, and to behold the deepest mysteries of Nature. You know it to be so, for he proves it to you by his recapitulation of what has transpired during his entrancement. You question him further, and ascertain that he has during his trance visited foreign nations, and can correctly relate to you their manners, customs, &c. You also ascertain that he has entered the invisible portals of the tomb, and can speak of the mysteries of a future state. You breathe your thoughts over him, and he relates them to you in detail, and your whole soul is but an outspread page of your life's existence before him.

Now, how will you dispose of this case? Are the involuntary powers suspended or not? if they are here, can they move the involuntary powers of thought, reflection, and reason are silent and dead? If they are not at rest, why has the beating of the heart ceased, respiration unperceived, and the whole system bereft of pulsation? "Of this dilemma you may take either horn, and also reconcile these apparently strong contradictions."

Poetry.

WE ARE BROTHERS!

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

A happy life have this and world would be,
If men, when they are here, could make us all agree.

I ken na why we wad anither's auld fight,
When to lere would make a body eazy an' right.

My coat is a coarse one, an' your's may be finer,
An' I mean drink wine, while you may drink whine!

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithful deird,
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your side;

Ye would scorn to do falsely by women or man;
I stand by the right side, while you may shift to gain.

Your mother has loved you as mothers can love;
An' mine has done for you what athers can do;

We love the same summer day, sunny an' fair;
Hame's oh, how we love it, that we are there!

Freel shakin' auld aeel will soon come o'er us bath,
An' creepin' along a' his back will be death;

When will thou save the People!
Oh God of mercy, when!

Not King and Lord, nor King and Queen,
Not thrones and crowns, but men!

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MAGNETIC MAGIC.

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

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

SEVENTH DIALOGUE.

SPELL-THROWING, OR SORCERIES—WITCHCRAFT—CORRECTION OF THE REASON AND INTELLIGENCE—POSSESSIONS—BLOWS GIVEN AND RECEIVED AT A DISTANCE—DECLINES WHOSE CAUSES ARE UNKNOWN—OCCULT KILLER—EVIL EYES—PHILTRES, &c., &c.

The same thing might be said about the cows; for it is always possible to dry up their milk, either by means of plants or magnetic practices.

The reverse is sometimes true also; that is to say, the milk may be rendered more abundant by the eating of certain herbs; the coincidence of these two opposite results may have led people to believe that the cow was gaining what the other lost.

It was allowed to me to see their criminal manoeuvres upon my own corpse, unable to present any resistance. I was, moreover, informed of their trials by excellent clairvoyantes, and received from them the most friendly and disinterested advice.

I shall not speak of the refined process they made use of in their spells against me. I could not find anything so transcendental in all my researches of the magical library. These means are so powerful that I do not think anybody in my state could ever escape their deadly influence.

But my enemies did not confine themselves to magnetism in all its forms; they made use of the fluid and material forces, far more powerful than the feeble will of man. It is really very painful to charge humanity with such crimes. For revenge, I must confine in the justice and goodness of the Almighty God, whom I shall implore to my last day.

I discovered, at last, the names of my enemies; they were revealed to me by clairvoyantes and friends. Count de C— even came to my house one day and told me about the experiments which were secretly made against me.

Like men, there is nothing very extraordinary in these phenomena; they are the result of material combinations and nothing more. They are simply the action of one brain over another brain, as it is the case in any other psychological marvels of magnetism.

Like some men, some horses are, more than others, sensitive to the magnetic influence, or to the action of certain perfumes. We have a proof of this special sensitiveness when we see a horse stopping short at a place where other horses have not crossed.

When I was suffering very much from the consequences of a bad night, I thought of calling to my assistance the Spirit of our dear friend Duinell, whom I rid of an obsession while in this world.

I shall now tell you what I did myself on that occasion. As I was suffering very much from the consequences of a bad night, I thought of calling to my assistance the Spirit of our dear friend Duinell, whom I rid of an obsession while in this world.

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I could treat this subject with more details than anybody else, for no one, perhaps, knows so much about it as I do; but prudence forbids me to speak of such odious crimes publicly.

36. You know that my clairvoyant, Binet, said to me once that he saw the number six, and that this figure was that of the years I had still to live. The foretold date fell in 1849, and in that year I really had an attack of cholera, which seriously endangered my life.

Binet was not, therefore, so far from the truth; this attack was followed by a sweating fever, which tormented me for about a year. You may imagine how weak I became. I was during all this time the object of the tenderest care, and I may say without vanity, that a prince would have been happy of such marks of friendship. But every medal has its wrong side; and I was, at the same time, persecuted by the hatred of my cowardly enemies, who inquired every day about the state of my health, and met in a double areopagus, the one composed of jealous mesmerizers, and the other of disappointed Jesuits.

It was allowed to me to see their criminal manoeuvres upon my own corpse, unable to present any resistance. I was, moreover, informed of their trials by excellent clairvoyantes, and received from them the most friendly and disinterested advice.

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3. If they are creations of images, voices or noises, send back those hallucinations by means of the thread which brings them to you. You must consequently imagine a person upon whom you pour the impressions which you have received from him.

Every undulation given to this thread in any of its parts, will be communicated to every other, and especially its extremities. It is then a simple question of will; and the more intense of the two must necessarily be the victor.

4. If the areopagus is very numerous, call to your assistance friends whom you know enough of to be sure of their devotedness on every occasion, and of their desire to help you in getting rid of your enemies.

5. When these besettings take place during your sleep, study well your nervous system, and read books that will make you acquainted with the natural and simple causes of these disorders. When your conviction is soundly established, avoid being in your bed at the time you generally undergo these hallucinations.

If by chance you are already in bed, pray a person, (sleeping for that purpose in your room,) a friend on whom you may rely with absolute confidence, to help you rise. This precaution is often necessary, for the attack is sometimes so sudden that you may fall at once into a sort of catalepsy, and be unable to make any motion by yourself alone.

Such powerful effect cannot take place while you are standing; the circulation of the blood is too strong for that. You feel rather, in this last case, a sort of nervous and feverish agitation, which induces you to strike and combat these mysterious attacks.

If an areopagus assemble at a certain hour of the night to torment you, call yourself your own assembly, and act energetically together to repel the action of your enemies.

MEMOIRS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

BY ALPHONSE DE LAMARTEINE.

SOCRATES.

470 B. C.—Not content with improving himself, Socrates was inspired with the more disinterested and divine passion of improving others. He employed every moment he could abstract from his domestic avocations in the instruction and correction of his fellow citizens of every class.

Often, indeed (and his wife justly complained of this), he forgot the necessities of his household, and would sit for whole days in dreamy abstraction, his head buried in his hands, or holding philosophical converse with the first stranger who demanded from him lessons in wisdom.

By degrees the profound truth of his remarks, the novelty of his ideas, the penetrating, unexpected simplicity of his arguments, the familiarity of his images and parables which he borrowed from the common employments of life, to elevate the minds of those with whom he was conversing to the most sublime conceptions of genius, as the Jeweller uses the vilest dust to polish the diamond—these combined attractions drew around Socrates an extensive circle of disciples.

Athens was a free republic—rich, idle and luxurious; given to doctrines, controversies, sects, truths, sophistries and even falsehood; the government, which was carried on in public, was little more than a perpetual conversation between the citizens, on politics, laws, religion, Nature and the Deities. In that lovely climate, where men passed their lives in the sun—the porticoes of the temples, the studios of the artists, the open shops of the trades-people, the streets, the squares, the market-places were so many academies or schools, where all discoursed together, and the most eloquent, the most seductive or the most able carried away the greatest number of auditors from his rivals.

Perpetual converse was, in fact, the leading institution of Athens. It supplied the place of what the periodical press has become with us since the discovery of printing, with this distinction, that the press speaks separately to single readers, and allows neither dialogue nor reply; while the public conversation of Athens became to many animated discussions, and gathered together the leaders and the followers of the most popular speakers in a sect or college. Thus it was that Socrates, though always speaking, and on every subject, wrote nothing; his lessons were all dialogues with his listeners, and after his death, Plato and Xenophon, his disciples, preserved and made lectures on virtues, and a constrained form, the doctrines which they had heard and noted during the life of their master.

His CHARACTER.—For ourselves, while with Xenophon we admire the wisdom of the Grecian philosopher, we do not hesitate to prefer, by a thousand degrees, the more divine inspirations of India, of China, and above all, of the Christian revelation. The wisdom of Socrates was intelligence only, not sufficiently imbued with love. It reflects justly, but fails in self-devotion. Personal sacrifice, the highest consummation of virtue and prize of truth, can scarcely be awarded to him, despite his punishment, which was entirely political and not religious. He is a sage, but not a martyr. He accommodates himself to the manners, the faith, and even the feelings of his age and country. He delivers animated and able lectures on virtues, and the virtues which he requires them, but he also discourses on vice with youths and courtesans. He believes in only one God, the Creator and Regulator of the universe; but publicly worships the multiplied and carnal divinities, formed after the conceptions of man. He dies heroically, but he dies for himself as much as for truth. His very death is a fortunate incident in his destiny, which he turns to his advantage with consummate intelligence. "I am old," says he to Xenophon, and nothing remains for me but to decay in molities in genius. This is the proper moment to die." Socrates exhibits little sympathy with human nature; he has no strong tenderness even for his wife and children; he is always a man of genius, rather than a being devoted to his fellow creatures. His sermons, although occasional, are sublime; and that his grant of Heavenly love in his nature and his wisdom. He bantered sometimes, he ridicules often, he laughs always. Irony, which renders truth itself offensive, is the inseparable feature of his dialogues. He argues by teasing interrogatories, as if to force his antagonist to contradict himself; he draws him on from point to point, hiding with dexterity the end to which he proposes to lead him. Finally he confounds him in his own admissions, as if truth itself might be entangled in a snare. He is always critical, scarcely ever imaginative. Plato, his divine disciple, has given him wings, without which he would often creep.

From this summary, we conclude that Socrates was neither wiser, more virtuous, nor more religious, than all the other philosophers of antiquity, but that he was the most witty and the most amiable of Athenian citizens; that he knew how to think well, to speak well, to die well; but that he also knew how to live well, and, according to our ideas, had too much prudence in his wisdom, and too much cleverness in his virtue. Charity (in its Christian sense) had not yet appeared in the world.

JOAN OF ARC.

"The pensive and retiring beauty of Joan, while it attracted the attention of men, repelled familiarity. Several, nevertheless, pleased with her grace and modesty, solicited her hand from her parents. She persevered in remaining single and free, possibly through some obscure prementiment, which warned her that she would one day have to give birth not to a family, but a kingdom. One of the suitors, more violent, had the boldness to claim her love as of right, swearing before a court of justice that she was betrothed to him. The poor girl, abashed but indignant, appeared before the judges at Toul, and contradicted by oath this calumny of passion. The judges saw through the plot, and sent her home free.

"While her beauty thus charmed the eye, the composure of her face, the thoughtfulness of her features, the solitude and silence of her life, astonished her father, her mother and her brothers. She possessed only the grace and attractions of her sex—she had none of its weakness. Her face exhibited neither her feelings nor the emotions of her heart. Its expression, concentrated in her eyes, seemed rather that of meditation than of feeling, yet she was compassionate and tender; but her pity and tenderness extended to something greater and more distant than her immediate horizon. She prayed unceasingly, spoke little, and avoided the company of her equals in age. She generally reposed alone, and piled her needles in a secluded nook, under a ledge behind the house, from which she could only see the blue sky, the tower of the church, and the distant crest of the mountains. She seemed to hear voices within her which the noise of the world would have stifled. She was scarcely eight years of age when these signs of inspiration began to appear in her. In this she resembled the Sibyls of old, marked from her infancy with the fatal seal of sadness, beauty and solitude, among the sufferers of men—instruments of inspiration reserved for crises, and to whom every other employment of mind was prohibited. She loved everything that suffered, particularly animals—those intelligent beings gifted with love for us, but deprived of words to convey their feelings. Her companions say that she was mild and merciful to birds. She considered them as creatures condemned by God to live near men, in a state of transition between soul and matter, and having in their nature nothing as yet complete but the painful faculties of suffering and love. All that was melancholy and indefinite in the sounds of Nature attracted and absorbed her. "She was so fond of the sound of bells," says the old Chrozier, "that she promised the ringer hanks of wool from the autumn gatherings, if he would sound the Angelus longer in the mornings."

"But her pity was most strongly excited for the kingdom of France and for the young dauphin—motherless, without a country, without a throne. The tales she daily heard from monks, soldiers, pilgrims, and beggars—the cottage newsmen of the time—filled her heart with compassion for the young prince. His image was associated in her mind with the calamities of her fatherland. It was in him she saw it perish; it was through him she prayed to God for its deliverance. Her Spirit was ceaselessly occupied with this anxiety and sadness."

A FORTUNATE KISS.

The following little story, by Miss Bremer, is furnished to Sartain's Magazine. For its truth and reality she says she will be responsible:

In the university of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student, a lonely youth, with a great love for studies, but without means for pursuing them. He was poor and without connections. Still he studied in great poverty, but keeping a cheerful heart, and never ceasing to look at the future which looked so grim at him. His good humor and good qualities made him beloved by his young comrades. Once he was standing with some of them in the great square of Upsala, praying away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young man became arrested by a very young and elegant lady, who, at the side of an elderly one, walked slowly over the place. It was the daughter of the Governor of Upsala, living in the city, and the lady with her was the governess. She was generally known for her beauty and for her goodness and gentleness of character, and was looked upon with great admiration by the students. As the young man stood gazing at her as she passed on like a graceful form, one of them exclaimed:

"Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth!"

The poor student, the hero of our story, who was looking intently on that pure and angelic face, exclaimed, as if by inspiration, "Well, I think I could have it."

"What!" cried his friends in a chorus, "are you crazy? Do you know her?"

"Not at all," he answered; "but I think she would kiss me now, if I asked her."

habituated neither her feelings nor the emotions of her heart. Its expression, concentrated in her eyes, seemed rather that of meditation than of feeling, yet she was compassionate and tender; but her pity and tenderness extended to something greater and more distant than her immediate horizon. She prayed unceasingly, spoke little, and avoided the company of her equals in age. She generally reposed alone, and piled her needles in a secluded nook, under a ledge behind the house, from which she could only see the blue sky, the tower of the church, and the distant crest of the mountains. She seemed to hear voices within her which the noise of the world would have stifled. She was scarcely eight years of age when these signs of inspiration began to appear in her. In this she resembled the Sibyls of old, marked from her infancy with the fatal seal of sadness, beauty and solitude, among the sufferers of men—instruments of inspiration reserved for crises, and to whom every other employment of mind was prohibited. She loved everything that suffered, particularly animals—those intelligent beings gifted with love for us, but deprived of words to convey their feelings. Her companions say that she was mild and merciful to birds. She considered them as creatures condemned by God to live near men, in a state of transition between soul and matter, and having in their nature nothing as yet complete but the painful faculties of suffering and love. All that was melancholy and indefinite in the sounds of Nature attracted and absorbed her. "She was so fond of the sound of bells," says the old Chrozier, "that she promised the ringer hanks of wool from the autumn gatherings, if he would sound the Angelus longer in the mornings."

"But her pity was most strongly excited for the kingdom of France and for the young dauphin—motherless, without a country, without a throne. The tales she daily heard from monks, soldiers, pilgrims, and beggars—the cottage newsmen of the time—filled her heart with compassion for the young prince. His image was associated in her mind with the calamities of her fatherland. It was in him she saw it perish; it was through him she prayed to God for its deliverance. Her Spirit was ceaselessly occupied with this anxiety and sadness."

Such powerful effect cannot take place while you are standing; the circulation of the blood is too strong for that. You feel rather, in this last case, a sort of nervous and feverish agitation, which induces you to strike and combat these mysterious attacks.

If an areopagus assemble at a certain hour of the night to torment you, call yourself your own assembly, and act energetically together to repel the action of your enemies.

MEMOIRS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS. BY ALPHONSE DE LAMARTEINE.

SOCRATES.

470 B. C.—Not content with improving himself, Socrates was inspired with the more disinterested and divine passion of improving others. He employed every moment he could abstract from his domestic avocations in the instruction and correction of his fellow citizens of every class.

Often, indeed (and his wife justly complained of this), he forgot the necessities of his household, and would sit for whole days in dreamy abstraction, his head buried in his hands, or holding philosophical converse with the first stranger who demanded from him lessons in wisdom.

By degrees the profound truth of his remarks, the novelty of his ideas, the penetrating, unexpected simplicity of his arguments, the familiarity of his images and parables which he borrowed from the common employments of life, to elevate the minds of those with whom he was conversing to the most sublime conceptions of genius, as the Jeweller uses the vilest dust to polish the diamond—these combined attractions drew around Socrates an extensive circle of disciples.

Athens was a free republic—rich, idle and luxurious; given to doctrines, controversies, sects, truths, sophistries and even falsehood; the government, which was carried on in public, was little more than a perpetual conversation between the citizens, on politics, laws, religion, Nature and the Deities. In that lovely climate, where men passed their lives in the sun—the porticoes of the temples, the studios of the artists, the open shops of the trades-people, the streets, the squares, the market-places were so many academies or schools, where all discoursed together, and the most eloquent, the most seductive or the most able carried away the greatest number of auditors from his rivals.

Perpetual converse was, in fact, the leading institution of Athens. It supplied the place of what the periodical press has become with us since the discovery of printing, with this distinction, that the press speaks separately to single readers, and allows neither dialogue nor reply; while the public conversation of Athens became to many animated discussions, and gathered together the leaders and the followers of the most popular speakers in a sect or college. Thus it was that Socrates, though always speaking, and on every subject, wrote nothing; his lessons were all dialogues with his listeners, and after his death, Plato and Xenophon, his disciples, preserved and made lectures on virtues, and a constrained form, the doctrines which they had heard and noted during the life of their master.

His CHARACTER.—For ourselves, while with Xenophon we admire the wisdom of the Grecian philosopher, we do not hesitate to prefer, by a thousand degrees, the more divine inspirations of India, of China, and above all, of the Christian revelation. The wisdom of Socrates was intelligence only, not sufficiently imbued with love. It reflects justly, but fails in self-devotion. Personal sacrifice, the highest consummation of virtue and prize of truth, can scarcely be awarded to him, despite his punishment, which was entirely political and not religious. He is a sage, but not a martyr. He accommodates himself to the manners, the faith, and even the feelings of his age and country. He delivers animated and able lectures on virtues, and the virtues which he requires them, but he also discourses on vice with youths and courtesans. He believes in only one God, the Creator and Regulator of the universe; but publicly worships the multiplied and carnal divinities, formed after the conceptions of man. He dies heroically, but he dies for himself as much as for truth. His very death is a fortunate incident in his destiny, which he turns to his advantage with consummate intelligence. "I am old," says he to Xenophon, and nothing remains for me but to decay in molities in genius. This is the proper moment to die." Socrates exhibits little sympathy with human nature; he has no strong tenderness even for his wife and children; he is always a man of genius, rather than a being devoted to his fellow creatures. His sermons, although occasional, are sublime; and that his grant of Heavenly love in his nature and his wisdom. He bantered sometimes, he ridicules often, he laughs always. Irony, which renders truth itself offensive, is the inseparable feature of his dialogues. He argues by teasing interrogatories, as if to force his antagonist to contradict himself; he draws him on from point to point, hiding with dexterity the end to which he proposes to lead him. Finally he confounds him in his own admissions, as if truth itself might be entangled in a snare. He is always critical, scarcely ever imaginative. Plato, his divine disciple, has given him wings, without which he would often creep.

From this summary, we conclude that Socrates was neither wiser, more virtuous, nor more religious, than all the other philosophers of antiquity, but that he was the most witty and the most amiable of Athenian citizens; that he knew how to think well, to speak well, to die well; but that he also knew how to live well, and, according to our ideas, had too much prudence in his wisdom, and too much cleverness in his virtue. Charity (in its Christian sense) had not yet appeared in the world.

JOAN OF ARC.

"The pensive and retiring beauty of Joan, while it attracted the attention of men, repelled familiarity. Several, nevertheless, pleased with her grace and modesty, solicited her hand from her parents. She persevered in remaining single and free, possibly through some obscure prementiment, which warned her that she would one day have to give birth not to a family, but a kingdom. One of the suitors, more violent, had the boldness to claim her love as of right, swearing before a court of justice that she was betrothed to him. The poor girl, abashed but indignant, appeared before the judges at Toul, and contradicted by oath this calumny of passion. The judges saw through the plot, and sent her home free.

"While her beauty thus charmed the eye, the composure of her face, the thoughtfulness of her features, the solitude and silence of her life, astonished her father, her mother and her brothers. She possessed only the grace and attractions of her sex—she had none of its weakness. Her face exhibited neither her feelings nor the emotions of her heart. Its expression, concentrated in her eyes, seemed rather that of meditation than of feeling, yet she was compassionate and tender; but her pity and tenderness extended to something greater and more distant than her immediate horizon. She prayed unceasingly, spoke little, and avoided the company of her equals in age. She generally reposed alone, and piled her needles in a secluded nook, under a ledge behind the house, from which she could only see the blue sky, the tower of the church, and the distant crest of the mountains. She seemed to hear voices within her which the noise of the world would have stifled. She was scarcely eight years of age when these signs of inspiration began to appear in her. In this she resembled the Sibyls of old, marked from her infancy with the fatal seal of sadness, beauty and solitude,