

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

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

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GENIAL GREATHEART;

OR,
THE JOTTINGS OF A GUARDIAN ANGEL.

EDITED BY S. LEAVITT.

CHAP. IV.

INCIPENCIES.

Leon. "You must not, sir, mistake my niece; there is a kind of merry war between Signor Benedetti and her."—MRS. ADO. BOTT. NORTH-SIDE.

The afternoon following that upon which the family discussed, Alan Bayard sat near a window in the same parlor into which the reader has been introduced. The tasteful gardens of the neighborhood still retained much summer garb; pleasantness, and peace seemed reign there. Alan had returned earlier than usual from his office, and was busy with some of his architectural plans. Eleanor Vinton enters the room, for school hours have run their course, and she has yet several hours of day light to spend, as she supposes, reading in the pleasant parlor, with no prospect of company other than feminine.

"Is a little disconcerting, to be sure, to find *him* there, but *was there*, (what boots it) she has to get acquainted with him and must not shrink from such natural opportunities."

"Spleen talk it is, when they two encounter.—"A fair afternoon Mademoiselle! but you look rather ill-natured; have unruly girls aroused your positivity?"

"I'm obliged to you for condescending to notice the expression of my face, Mr. Bayard; but allow me to inquire whether you have adopted for the regulation of your behavior, the code Francois or the code Malay—not being a judge of such matters, I am a little anxious to know."

"I believe I asked you a question, Miss, I am not accustomed to allow my questions to pass unanswered."

"What for a grand Turk have we here! as the country folks would say," answered Eleanor, trembling a little, for she began to be dubious with regard to the propriety of continuing the conversation in this extraordinary strain. "Surely, sir, you were but now reading 'the Taming of the Shrew,' and suppose that you have a mission in that direction?"

So speaking, she took up a book and moved toward the door, concluding that it would be most unadvised in her to show a disposition to shrink from too sudden familiarity.

But he exclaimed, "Come! I know that you intended to sit here and read, and yet in conformance with the beggarly conventionalities of modern society, you are going away into your cold room, simply forsooth because you find one of the other sex sitting in the parlor. If there is to be any absurdness, any martyr to the cause of good manners, let it be myself. Sit down; I am not an ogre. If it is necessary, I will turn my back and not even look at you, though it will be especially inconvenient—that is, I mean, to do the former, for I have the best light to draw by when sitting my back to the window.—Well, you are going to submit, are you, that looks reasonable; most young ladies would persist in carrying out the absurd notion."

"You did not really think, though, did you, that I was impertinent?"

"Rather!" was the laconic response, while the inflexible countenance gazed indifferently at the copy of Kingsley's Hypatia, which she had taken up.

"Well, if I was, I hardly think you were very far behind in that respect. But what book is that you are reading? Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy, or some such—to the female mind—awfully imposing volume, I'll be bound." Do you know," he continued, without waiting for a response, "that I am falling into the Mahometan notion that woman has no soul?"

"I wonder that you will still be speaking, Signor Benedetti," replied the inflexible face, "nobody marks you."

"Parbleu!" that was well put, there's even a touch of originality about it. But you would have me to understand, would you, that your attention has been fixed on that book all this while, which I see by the way, is a novel, so that I was not far from right. Now, I will venture to say, that you have not read a paragraph; you should have taken care to open elsewhere than at the first half page."

"Perhaps if there was less noise in the room, I might get along faster."

"Noise, eh? that's complimentary! But really, won't you talk? You have got plenty of time. In the good old times of yore, ladies did not sit reading half the day; but spent their leisure working at tapestry, and other needle and thread manufactures, so that when their lords and masters returned from their more dignified and arduous labors, they found themselves not in the company of a set of petrified blue stockings, but in that of blithely chattering and gossiping beings; who

knew that Heaven had given them a so great disposition to talk, simply that they might thereby entertain the lords of creation."

"Unmitigated and abominable nonsense!" cried Eleanor, making a motion to go, "I won't hear another word of it."

"Stop!" said Allan, "If you are not sensible enough to converse reasonably, I'll stop it. Just come here and see what I am drawing. O!" said he, seeing her look of hesitation, "you think, I suppose, that it would be more proper for me to come to you. A pest on these proprieties! I neither take naturally to them, nor can keep the run of them by artificial means. See, then, I am planning a picture gallery for the house of a family of cod-fish extraction, which they are building up near the grand Avenue. The beauty of it is, that they having already collected a large number of pictures, seem to think that all they have got to consider in building a gallery for their reception, is that it should be arranged in accordance with the size of their picture frames; which is certainly an important item, as they have some immensely tall ones. All considerations as to the different lights and shades required by different pictures, are entirely ignored by them. But I suppose they and their guests will lose but a small discount on their enjoyment of them on any such account, as they are right in supposing that the frames are the most valuable though not the most costly part of them; since those of them which are not sham 'works of old masters' picked up at a bargain in Italy and Germany, are the productions of our 'sham democracy.'"

"But I hear 'the patriarch's' late-key. Now, won't I be revenged upon you for all your impertinence! and for making me waste a full half hour of my valuable time. I defy you to go up-stairs now, while he's in the hall. It would look pretty, wouldn't it, for you to whirl past him as he comes in, and finds that I was your only company. May be, I did not plan it all and keep you here on purpose to mortify you, and make you ashamed that you did not let me carry that huge load of books to school the other day."

"Most worthy patriarch!" cried Allan from his seat, which he had that moment resumed, while Eleanor sat looking at her book and nervously fingering the cord and tassel which served her as an apron string, and turning alternately red and pale. "Most worthy patriarch!" he cried as Greatheart entered and approached the fire, "how shall I deliver myself from the annoyances to which I am subjected by this young woman. Here, now, for a mortal hour she has been boring me with all sorts of impertinent questions concerning my business and family affairs. Just now, indeed, I was obliged to enter into an elaborate explanation of the origin and object of this drawing. I suppose that the next thing but for your timely entrance, would have been a series of home questions as to the state of my affections. I shall never say anything in favor of Woman's Rights after this. Miss Eleanor."

"It is a shame! Mr. Bayard," here broke in Eleanor, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, but too late to prevent one big *bona fide* tear from leaping out, leaping madly as if impelled from the heart's deepest wells.

"It is a shame! Allan," said Greatheart, stroking with soothing father hands the head of the weeping girl as he stood beside her. "You are an intolerable tease."

"Ah *me miserum!* *quo rorum?*" ejaculated the culprit with a most tragic expression of despair upon his countenance, "I am surely Murad the Unlucky. Let me be 'kicked to death by grasshoppers,' 'fired from a mortar,' or 'hung, drawn, and quartered,' rather than that I should see a tear on such a — on a woman's cheek, myself having called it forth."

"There, have done with your rhapsodies," said his more staid friend, "let your future conduct prove your repentance; such ecstasies are a little suspicious. You must remember that Eleanor has lately gone through a trying scene, and is now an orphan dwelling among comparative strangers, so that even your bantering when carried to an annoying extent is enough to overcome her. Tell us, now, aggrieved fair, is not your emotion to be attributed to past as much as present grief?"

"Yes, Uncle," she replied, looking up with that look of trust and confidence that is purely feminine, and is not imitable by man.

"You will not be angry with Allan very long, then?"

"No, not very."

"Come, then," said Allan, "we will all be good, and I won't do so any more, (the mischief in his eye belied him,) and you, my venerable friend, will tell us where you have been this afternoon."

"I dropped in to see a physical medium on my way up, which you know is a rare thing with me. Shortly after the sitting commenced, we were treated to a very amusing scene. There was a capital specimen of the live Yankee present, full of all that vigor, vivacity, curiosity, and incredulity, for which that genus are celebrated. The thing in hand was a trial of strength between the Spirits and us, flesh clad Spirits, the test being the holding and moving in spite of the resistance of the other party, a heavy oak table. First, we would try to hold the table still while the Spirits strove to move it, but were individually and collectively overcome, except the Yankee, who as yet chose to be a spectator. With the same success we tried to move it while they held it. Finally, it arose in the air and passed over all our heads to where Jonathan stood. He had been numbing and ejaculating all the while 'humbug!' 'mesmerism!' &c., but now, half in terror and half in desperate re-

solve to discover the cheat, he seized it. 'He was darned if he could hold the darned thing.' He had no sooner taken hold of the edge than it began to dance a sort of hornpipe with him. It danced him pretty rapidly to the other side of the room, where unfortunately for him a chair lay on its side. Strait for the chair danced he and his partner, and over he went backward the moment his heels touched it, with the table on top of him, which immediately became stationary in that position, pinning Jonathan fast to the floor. There he lay for several moments shouting lustily, 'help! take him off! to hell with you, you infernal devil!' while we were all holding our sides, wiping the mirthful tears from our eyes. At last he was let up, and rubbing his aching joints, and recovering a little from his amazement, he looked at the now placid table exclaiming, 'well I'll swear! if there ain't more'n about fifteen horse power in that infernal machine!' and then bolted. We learned from one of the friends who accompanied him down stairs, that in reply to the question 'whether or no he was now a Spiritualist,' he replied that he 'warrant nuthin' shorter.'"

"That was droll enough," said Allan. "But what a wonderful work the manifestations are doing all over the world. Some people seem to think that because they are not in every body's mouth as much as formerly, that they are dying out. It occurred to me to say the other day when discussing the subject with an unbeliever, that the interest in Spiritualism is dying out just as the interest in the electric telegraph and the gold of California is dying out. That is to say, it has become a fixed fact with millions, who, having discussed it incessantly for months, now suffer it to absorb a due amount and no more of their attention."

"True," replied Greatheart, "that is a true view to take of it; and just as millions are now troubling noiselessly in California, sending us millions of gold, and the telegraph is creeping noiselessly over the land by the thousand miles, whereas when man appeared to be taking such an interest in these things, they were really doing nothing about them; even so are millions now working practically to spread Spiritualism, whereas before they only talked about it."

CHAP. V.

GREATHEART AS AN ALMS-GIVER.

"Well, God mend all.
—Nay! by God Donald, but we must help him to mend it!"
—SIR DAVID LINDSAY.

As my charge has many novel theories and practices with regard to alms-giving, I will endeavor to show them up. Although, as will appear, he does it in a very eccentric manner, he really gives away more money than many noted philanthropists, possessed of ten times his income. Quite fresh in my recollection are the incidents of a charitable excursion he undertook about the time of which the last chapter treats; (my narration began with the month of October, 1853.)

It was a cold December morning, when the kind-souled man "feeling moved," as he worded it, "to go a pauper hunting," started out about ten in the morning; and betook himself first as a necessary preparation to Fifth Avenue. As usual, I was intent upon the curious working of his mind.

The clearest idea that his mind seemed to generate for the first few blocks, can be best expressed by the monosyllabic *umph!* Then the thoughts began to assume a more tangible shape. "Well," said he, "I have no quarrel with these people. No doubt they are useful members of society. It was necessary that such houses should be built, and people found who were willing to live in them; and because such sensitive people as myself could not feel at ease in them, while there is so much of human suffering around that money can nullify—that is no reason why we should call those hard names who have a CALL to live in this way; though, to be sure, feeling as we do about the sufferings of humanity, we cannot help battering with all possible energy at the thick ramparts which they have raised around their hearts, to the end that we may get as much money as possible out of them for the needy. Ah, how I long for the return of those good old times, when people who had gone to hear Whitfield preach charity sermons, were forced by his eloquence to borrow from their neighbors, and even cast their rings and breast-pins into the plate!"

He proceeded soliloquizing in this strain, until he reached the store of a friend in Broadway, which is a kind of chatting place for the benevolent. Here he found several such. Salutations being over, the conversation turned upon the usual topics, and one asked Greatheart, "If his heart did not bleed for the poor sufferers whose case was so graphically described in the Hot Corn sketches."

Said he, "you may think it rather inconsistent in me, but the fact is, I don't allow my heart to bleed any more than I can help. If I had, it would have led to death long ago. I am naturally quite open to horrors; my mind indeed acts as a kind of sponge upon the world of horrors. In my youth, Moloch, the horror God, held me to his bosom like that dagger-studded automaton image we read of, held its shrieking enclasp victims. Yea, I in turn, clasped him, all pierced as I was by his daggers, though every nerve quivered with agony, just as the Romish devotee clasps his thorny crucifix to his bleeding breast. I threw out my sympathies, as it were, toward every distressed person I met, just as some insects will reach out their feelers toward the wick of a candle. Of course an experience like theirs upon such occasions followed. The heart's feelers constantly communicated to their scorched sensation. Every person communicating to me the news of some terrible mishap, was like the messengers that told Job of the loss of his

family and property, only that whereas messengers came to torture him thus on but one occasion, they come to me every day.

But now, it is far otherwise, for now I can look upon the fearfulest agony without quailing. One principal cause of this change is, that now, I have an abiding sense of the fact, that there occurs nothing in this universe, the sight of which excites that feeling of horror and dismay in God and his high angels. By ever saying to myself when disposed to give way to those feelings in view of some terrible occurrence, 'the All Father and those nearest him see this and remain serene,—I have gradually got into a state in which I, also, though, feeling the deepest compassion in view of men's miseries, am able to obey to the letter, Paul's injunction, 'Rejoice evermore.' In short, I may answer your question by saying, *my heart used to bleed at the sight of suffering, now it only weeps. Bleeding destroys; weeping relieves.*"

"Well," answered the other, "though I cannot perfectly understand you, I can see that you are disposed to active exertion in the cause of humanity. If, therefore, you have leisure, I would like to have you come with me this afternoon on some visits to the suffering which I have in view."

"I will go with you gladly," was the reply, "I was in search of charitable objects."

It so fell out that they had a considerable demand made upon their sympathies before reaching that quarter of the city in which the philanthropists proteges were located. They had gone but a few blocks when a scaffolding gave way just before them, and an Irish laborer lay dying at their feet. He was in horrible torture, but Greatheart quickly arranged his mangled limbs, and with unflinching countenance held him till his friends took charge of him. Then resuming his companion's arm he said, "I never could be satisfied in younger days with merely agonizing over their sufferings who happened to be stricken down before me. I said to myself, if there is anything to be horror struck about, it is the existence of misery, not the mere sight of it. So that if it is worth my while to go into hysterics at the sight of a broken limb, I ought, as a reasonable being, to keep up an incessant *hysteria*; since to my certain knowledge the shrieks of millions of sufferers are every moment piercing the air."

"Taking it for granted, then, that it was right for me as had been my wont to make myself miserable over such woes as came to my notice—according to the above exceedingly reasonable theory, I began to set my thoughts wandering up and down the earth *not hunting*. In successive moments I would be dying of thirst with the travellers through Sahara's desert, of cold on St. Bernard, of plague, leprosy or cholera in Asia, &c."

"But such enormous evils are apt to cure themselves. There came a glorious revulsion. In a word, I came to the conclusion that there was nothing in the list of possible occurrences, which ought to be sufficiently appalling to the man truly baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire, 'to throw him off his balance, or give him the horrors. David knew that this feeling was when he said, 'therefore we will not fear though the earth be removed, though the mountains be cast into the midst of the sea.'"

[To be continued.]

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

NEW YEAR'S EVE—1850.

Back, back, memory rolls through five successive years! On that New Year's Eve, I was sister to an elder brother. Ere morn'op her eye of rosy light, the form of that brother was forever hid from our sight, and his Spirit had returned to God who gave it.

The liquid element which wrapped our dwelling in sheets of living flame cared not to pause in its onward course as it came in contact with its prostrate form, or to stay its progress, to select, to us, less valuable, but enveloped his body in its raging fury, seized upon his apparel, curled around his limbs, played with his hair, danced upon his cheek, kissed his lip, ate out his eyes, licked up his blood, fed upon his vitals, consuming and reducing, till nought was left for us to behold save a blackened, charred mass of unsightly flesh, loathsome and unseemly, a few calcined, crumbling bones, and a handful of floating, scattered ashes!

That fatal hour, all unknown, was to him, Death's Door! Awakened by light and flame, he threw his garments on, aroused the household by his cry of "Fire! Fire!" passed and re-passed into the street, to return again and meet his fiery doom!—"Lost! Lost!" he repeated, and fell! O, what were all earth's vanities to him as he lay writhing and gasping in suffocation upon the floor of that room? "Will no one save me? Will no one come to save me? Must I die here alone?" Alas, no one could save there; no one heard there, for *no one knew that thou wert there!* and thy call, if call thou didst make, passed in silence with thy Spirit away, unheeded mid crashing timbers, falling fragments, flying cinders, and cracking, hot, smouldering embers.

Yes, brother, thou art gone;—yet methinks even now, I hear a voice whispering, "Be ye ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, ye may go also!"

Where, O where, exists that Spirit now? or exists it at all? Who may know? who may tell? May not man inquire? Is it wrong for him to seek this knowledge? Would he be inexcusable did he not seek it? Who shall dare to say, that friend to friend never seems dearer than when the severing chord parted, the soul ceases to animate the form, and the silent dead is gazed upon with awe and dread, mingled with love and veneration? How may we inquire, where goeth the Spirit of our

friend; doth it still recognize me, will it still love me, will it still continue to watch over me, will it be unto me ever a guiding star, and may I hope to unite my songs of praise with this one who has gone before, when I too shall pass away? To whom shall we cite the question? Who shall decide for us? Another! Another knoweth no more of the Spirit of man than ourselves! Another! and who gave that other power to know, and not us! May we not know, too? What hindereth us from being baptized, also, since there is water enough?

Who shall limit the depths of the stream? Who shall measure its contents or give its dimensions? May not man ever continue to explore? Shall he be contented to rest upon past revelations?—Where *rests* the Spirit? Surely not in the bosom of man. There it is ever active. And shall it rest in the cold earth's bosom through countless ages; then to be resurrectionized, animated, again to take upon itself its ashes, and to be formed anew?—Where rests this hypothesis? Upon the mistaken ideas of a few ignorant men and women, who mistook the words of the Great Apostle of Life, and who supposed that dust to dust, limb to limb, would again be reunited. The scattered ashes passed into other organisms and become inherent particles in their organizations, were believed to be but the power of God in disuniting processes of combinations, so that no part should be lost, and yet all restored again to their primitive state. *Are these things so?* It behooves us to carefully inquire. If my brother's ashes are again to become living flesh, his heart to pulsate again with arterial blood, whence the particles collected, which have since become the regenerating process of a plant, which has nourished an animal, and that animal's flesh again entered into the organization of a man, and become *his* existence, *his* life, and contributes to constitute *him* a thinking, intellectual being, endowed with peculiarities, and made up of the particles of life fed from the ashes of this organization of my brother? How blend the two? How can they be separated? Why, God can do all things, may be answered; he can divide as well as separate, and separate as well as divide. He can again clothe the body as well as first to make it from the dust of the earth,—that earth and all in it, being formed from nothing.

To meet such an argument requires a long disquisition. I would not attempt it were I able.—But let me return. The form clothed anew at the resurrection morn goes to its final judgment. That judgment is yet to come; consequently all who have died now rest in their graves, and have not yet received their doom. Agus longer must they wait ere they rise, some to everlasting life and others to shame and everlasting contempt. Who, then, is happy; who, then, is miserable? All is yet to be determined, and the oblivious dead lie peacefully in their graves, yet ignorant of the future. If thus, then do the wicked have a respite from their woes, and those long ago deceased have enjoyed a long, calm sleep; and should this judgment day or hour be deferred through an eternity of time, they would have quite a heaven of bliss, since 'tis folly to be wise where bliss is ignorance; so would it be Hell for them to rise, when sleep was quietude. And what of the righteous through all this long night of dark, silent repose? Are they not bereft of all the joys of Heaven, even as are the wicked preserved from their Hell? Methinks a God of wrath would suffer his anger to boil more furiously than thus to relieve the wicked. Methinks a God of love would exercise his goodness more lavishly than thus to deprive his *loved*, obedient children, of all the privileges of Heaven through such a long night of annihilated bliss. But perhaps I am in error, and am met with the problem, "We do not believe they do lie in their graves; we believe that the dead immediately go to their final reward or punishment."

How, then, I am more puzzled than ever. I can not conceive of the utility of a second judgment, or a general judgment day, or the possibility of one even. For all being then fixed, the righteous in heaven, the wicked in hell, how can they be taken from their abodes, again to mingle and be judged, as if sentence had not been already passed upon them more effectually in their consignation than any verdict from word of mouth from the inexorable Judge could render it? The effect has already taken place, the sentence been executed, and where the necessity of a trial and a condemnation after the execution of the sentence has gone into effect? This problem I am not able to solve. Perhaps I do not understand the case, and am not competent to judge. If I have not stated it as generally believed by the Evangelical Churches, will some one correct me and be so condescending as to enlighten me upon the subject? The second judgment I never could understand, and would be happy now to gain some farther knowledge of it. Perhaps Mr. Logan Sleeper, of St. Louis, Mo., can inform me.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have made quite an offset from my first paragraph, and will again change my subject to one more interesting to your readers. I refer to the article published in the Spiritualist selected from the California Pioneer. The theory there exhibited has long been mine, and the practical part I was about to say, I had even realized in my experience;—but I would not wish to be understood that I had died and been resurrectionized, but I have truly in my own self, when by disease laid low, felt the breathings of another world, and seen that the suspension of consciousness would not be mine, were the soul then to take its departure. I could fill a volume upon this interesting point, but I forbear. But I would invite the attention of all to this fact: when falling asleep, we suspend our

consciousness, only while the breath is taken in once, hence the mind is active continuously. Why then, do we not know it, it may be inquired? Because that depends upon another faculty of the mind conversant with memory, and we are not conscious that we *are* conscious. Thus it is with clairvoyants, who are unconscious; and thus it is with the individual who passes through the death struggle. This to many may seem untrue and unphilosophical, hence they cannot rationally endorse the facts elucidated in the article referred to. To me, there is nothing mysterious connected with it, and should I hear to-night, that these facts *did* not occur, and that the whole statement was a hoax, yet would I affirm the possibility of the case, and attempt its explanation. Now I am not over credulous, but have always been accused of incredulity, where marvellousness was concerned; and much surprise has been expressed by my friends, that I, such a disbeliever in all the Invisibles of other spheres, could ever become a Spiritualist. I may reply to them that the lack of marvellousness in Spiritualism is the very reason why I believe it.—I see nought in it that common sense cannot freely understand and that reason cannot fathom. Aught else is not received into my vocabulary. Not that I readily comprehend every phase of the Spiritual manifestations, but I interiorly behold the workings of a principle sufficiently broad to support all the phenomena of the Universe, and that, too, without attributing to God any of the fickle plans of a child, or the horrid motives of a demon.

I see no reason why Infinite wisdom cannot contravene all the laws of Nature; hence, I would not be surprised to learn that a Spirit after its departure, returned and dressed its own body for the grave, prepared the grave for its reception and even buried itself by casting the clods of earth over it; that, too, in so nice and exact a manner that no one would suspect that one grain of the dust or particle of the earth had ever been displaced. This, to many may seem like moonshine, and I may be called a visionary, or even a "monomaniac;" but my friend, *we yet know but very little of the great power which mind possesses over matter*. When these laws are better understood, then shall we be able to comprehend in a slight degree, how the will-power can cure diseases, how it can raise the supposed dead, how it can still the raging tempest of wind and waves, of matter, as well as the tempest of mind, the soul, and we shall further understand those old Scripture accounts called miracles, which have so long set at defiance the researches of science, and been food only for the fabulous and superstitious. Then shall we be able to reduce even these to a science, and the men of letters will not be able to gainsay, or the skeptical devotee of supernaturalism to sneer down their truthfulness. All this lies far in the future! These things must be demonstrated! Prophecy will not suffice, and I will desist lest I grow tedious and weary you. But, O, consoling thought! these things are hid from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes! O, rejoice my soul, that thou art a babe in the wisdom of this world, that thou may'st be a giant in the wisdom of the Spiritual, even the mysteries of godliness! I thank thee, O Father, that thus it is, else, babe as I am, I should even now be perishing for the want of this daily bread of Spiritual knowledge, upon which I continually feast! Thy Son, even Jesus, opened the way, and into its foldings I have entered to find the everlasting life of its revelations. O, Peace, thou divine handmaid of Life, I invoke thee and into thy arms will I fall, and under thy wing ever rest, and trust that the divine principle of everlasting love will unite me to all that I hold dear on earth, all that is dear in heaven, all that is worthy of thought in time and eternity. Amen!

E. E. GINSON.

Ridge, N. H., New Year's Eve, 1850.

DICKENS'S OPINION OF BEING IN EARNEST.—I feel as if it were not for me to record, even though this manuscript is intended for no eyes but mine, how hard I work at that tremendous short-hand, and all improvement appertaining to it, in my sense of responsibility to Dora and her aunts. I will only add, to what I have already written of my perseverance at this time of my life, and of a patient and continuous energy which I know to be a strong part of my character, if it be, I find any strength at all, that there, on looking back, I find the source of my success. I have been very fortunate in worldly matters; many men have worked much harder, and not succeeded half so well; but I never could have done what I have done, without the habits of punctuality, order, and diligence, without the determination to concentrate myself on one object at a time, no matter how quickly its successor should come upon its heels, which I then formed. Heaven knows I write this in no spirit of self-laudation. The man who reviews his life, as I do mine, in going on here, from page to page, had need to have been a good man, indeed, if he would be spared the sharp consciousness of many talents neglected, many opportunities wasted, many erratic and perverted feelings constantly at war within his breast, and defeating him. I do not hold one natural gift, I dare say, that I have not abused.—My meaning simply is, that whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well; that whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely; that, in great aims and in small, I have always been thoroughly in earnest. I have never believed it possible any natural or improved ability can claim immunity from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities, and hope to gain its end.—There is no such thing, as such fulfillment on this earth. Some happy talent, and some fortunate opportunity, may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, and sincere earnestness. Never to put my hand to anything, on which I could throw my whole self; and never to effect depreciation of my work, whatever it was; I find, now, to have been my golden rules.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1855.

THE WAY SOME EDITORS CRITICISE.

It would seem from a certain class of facts, that some minds, like the eyes of some animals, are so constituted that they see best and only in the dark, which precludes the possibility of their seeing many of the beauties of the world.

Nevertheless, daily experience and some of our "exchanges" convince us there are a few of this class remaining, for if darkness exists, or misconception is possible, it will find in them a home and a welcome.

Spiritualists are as free to speak of as they are apt to see the occasional follies that come with this or that phase of development, but that such should be considered as characteristic of the whole, it were absurd to think and satirical to represent.

The law of charity should be fundamental to all criticism, since there are "none perfect," but in the absence of "charity that sufferech long and is kind," all who are subject to criticism, have the right to expect justice and good sense.

The following, which we clip from the N. H. "Stars and Stripes" may be "news" to the reader, and no doubt the Spiritualist will consider the editor of said paper a very far-seeing or else a very stupid "individual" for making the discovery.

FREE LOVE-ISM.—The latest ism is Free love-ism, which is a new development of Spiritualism, and against which the Rev. Adin Ballou warns the Spiritualists. He regards it as the suggestion of "semi-supernatural" Spirits.

We had hoped since the failure of the New York Daily Tribune to fasten the stigma of "free love-ism" on to Spiritualism, that all "meaner things" would permit the subject to rest and rot into oblivion, but we were mistaken, judging from the above.

Her manner is earnest, but subdued; while in tone of voice and gesture she is impressive and simple. The delivery of the lecture occupied an hour and a quarter, and was listened to by an intelligent and appreciating audience.

It was an elaborate answer to the question of Job, "If a man die, shall he live again?" and set forth the presumptive and demonstrative evidence of immortality in an orderly and convincing manner.

The next item comes from "away down South," and gives us some startling intelligence on "hallucinations of the nineteenth century." We clip from the Mobile Weekly News as follows:

THE HALLUCINATIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—In a town not a dozen miles from Boston, there is a female who claims to cure various kinds of sickness by the laying on of the hands, and who has many patients, some coming from a distance of fifteen or twenty miles.

Now in all probability, the writer of this is a geographical believer in the Bible, if not a christian in theory, and would be very much offended if we pronounced him "infidel" in fact or tendency, and yet the curing of disease "by the laying on of hands" yea, by a "touch," is a very common doctrine in the New Testament.

Gov. Tallmadge made a few remarks to the effect, that he had been surprised at the depth of philosophy, and delighted with the eloquence he had heard through the medium while in Troy.

If we understood correctly, Miss Jay is about to commence a lecturing tour, and will no doubt be happy to cooperate with such as would be glad to hear her.

We have commenced the publication of a series of twelve letters to this "notorious individual," not so much with the hope of converting him to Spiritualism, as to show the many ways Spiritualism utilizes itself from various STAND-POINTS.

The next item is from the Walworth County Reporter, and is marked by good sense, whatever the writer may think of Spiritualism. We do not know the editor of this paper, but we do know that in his reflections on the developments of Spiritualism he is generally logical, candid and truthful.

EFFECTS OF SPIRITUALISM.—The Wisconsin has a paragraph under this head, in which it is related that a Mrs. Thayer, of Wyoming county, Pa., committed suicide by hanging herself—that she had lost her children, and in a fit of insanity hung herself. Then it is attributed to Spiritualism, because she had been taken up of late, with the "developments of Spiritualists."

But in the same paper we find another of a different character, as follows:

DAUGHTER'S LUNATIC.—Yesterday afternoon, Archibald Henderson, a long bearded man, was found in West Broadway, flourishing a formidable sword, much to the danger of any who approached him.

This is not pretended to be the work of Spiritualism. The man was crazy, though. It might have been in consequence of his reading some

other book or books. This man thought himself under the guidance of the Almighty—not the Spirits. What made him crazy? It might as well have been headed, "The effects of believing in an Almighty. Weak logic, isn't it?"

The extracts will convince the reader that "harmony of views" is not to be found in the editorial, more than the ministerial family; but we have one more item, which we think will surprise some of our readers. We take it from the Advent Review, and is summed up in the following comprehensive statement: "MAN NOT IMMORTAL: the only shield against the seductions of MODERN SPIRITUALISM."

Now, this statement, short as it is, comprises the path, marrow, and backbone, of a number of long and singularly constructed articles against Spiritualism, which have appeared in the "Advent Review," under the above heading, which had their origin in assumption, expanded into assertion, and terminated in the annihilation of all sense, reason, and philosophy.

Surely, if ever there was need of divine intercessors to save the world from confusion worse confounded, the present condition of the theological world would justify the Spirits in doing almost any thing that would have the happy effect of waking men from their Spiritual stupor. Notwithstanding the easy manner with which the Review disposes of Spiritualism, we find the following statement of progress in its columns:

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM.—It is computed that nearly two millions of people in our nation, together with hundreds of thousands in other lands, are already believers in Spiritualism. No less than twelve or fourteen periodicals are devoted to the publication of its phenomena and the dissemination of its principles.

The consolations of this annihilation theory must have a strange pleasure for the "Saints," for it beggars sense to conceive how any, not related to the savage or the anti-human family, could find consolation in such a faith. Yet this is the antidote to modern Spiritualism, and consequently the "only shield against the seductions of" "Spirit-intercourse."

The following letter will in some degree help the reader to understand the seeming mystery in the rapid development and spread of Spiritualism.—When it comes to pass that nearly whole families are mediums, (it makes little matter for the time being, whether the phenomena is of "a high or low character," since the first of all questions is to ascertain if it be phenomena or trick), the spread of the phenomena is inevitable.

MISS E. JAY. The lecture at Dadworth's Academy last Sunday, was delivered by this young lady while in the abnormal condition.

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ion, has the redeeming virtue of fair dealing and candor; while the other is morally, legally, and religiously defective. We look upon the entire system of social gossip by which so many have had their "life's life hid away," as most destructive to good faith, social intercourse, and general harmony. This "I'll tell you a secret, if you won't let it go any further," is giving power to the malicious and cowardly, by often sacrificing judgment and conscience on the brazen assumptions of slander and falsehood.

Among the revolutions that must come ere the long hoped-for and prayed-for future shall arrive, we know of none more needed or more likely to be efficacious of good, than the one that shall make honesty marketable, so that if justice and candor demand plain truth to be told, that it may not be ruled out of court by interested parties as impertinence. DIVINE JUSTICE as well as the practical ends of law require that the truth should be told, but both make it imperative that it should be told in the love of truth.

We had no intention of extending these comments but to say in so many words, we have no sympathy with the Spirit of censure and condemnation, which converts social ethics into a body-guard of the meanest interests, by which the offending party is kept in some popular purgatory, because, forsooth, "once a sinner always a sinner."

No, if thou hast aught against thy brother, go to him, and if he will not hear thee, and the nature of the case makes it worthy of further comment, let your action be direct, open, and manly. By this means, scandal is disarmed, malignity deprived of its venom, while distributive justice still lives to be a "terror to all evil doers." The government of God as well as the social harmony of society require that such should be the conduct of all, when duty demands such stern service from us, but in this, as in all the rotations of life, magnanimity as well as the Gospel teaches us to "deal gently with the erring."

STARTLING PHENOMENA.

The following letter will in some degree help the reader to understand the seeming mystery in the rapid development and spread of Spiritualism.—When it comes to pass that nearly whole families are mediums, (it makes little matter for the time being, whether the phenomena is of "a high or low character," since the first of all questions is to ascertain if it be phenomena or trick), the spread of the phenomena is inevitable.

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I said to the children, try that, and two or three went to it, and in three minutes it was bounding. In the confusion, the old man looked up and said: "O! did I ever see such a time since I was born of a woman! He kept having these exclamations over for five hours, or till eleven at night. I got upon the big table and it threw me off.—There were two tables, one stool, one or two chairs, all moving with great power and confusion. We never saw such a night before. At last, we got it a little quiet, and the table began to answer questions. The Spirit was none of our connections.

Questions Is this a General? Ans. Yes. Q. Is this Napoleon Bonaparte? A. Yes. Q. Have you made all this fuss for our diversion? A. Yes. Q. Can't you find bigger business than this? A. No.

These and many other questions were answered. I don't pretend to say that they are all true, but if it was him, he made things more about as rapid as he did on earth. He said he had made a prophecy about the war, and it would come to pass. The mediums here are hindered from laying their hands on the table. Is it not cruel that old priestcraft will hinder us from communing with Spirits, when every denomination has said in their prayers and hymns, "Come Holy Spirit, heavenly dove, with all thy quickening powers."

I would like to say to all the Spirit-friends, don't give up the ship! Holy Spirits have put a hand to, and have helped us to launch one that will navigate the globe, and carry the passengers safe.—But are you afraid to say that you are going aboard of that ship? If you are, I am sorry, for the most of those that I have seen are the most enlightened, the most open hearted and frank of any men and women that I have ever known.

We should say they did, for if the following proves anything, it is, that either the company had so much regard for the Bible as to stop humbugging in the supposed presence of that "book of books," or else the Spirits, knowing the deception of the tester, would not cooperate with him.

DID NOT THE SPIRITS KNOW OF THE HOAX?

SPRITS AND TABLE MOVING.—A correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, in describing some experiments he recently witnessed, says: "The table being put in rapid motion, a Bible folded in paper was placed upon it, when the table stopped instantly, and could not be induced to go again so long as the precious volume remained upon it. The Bible was removed, and a copy of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' placed in its stead, when the table revolved as before. A prayer book was tried with like results; and the whole service of the Church of England failed to arrest its rotary motion.

Whatever may be said of the policy which has resulted in bringing misery and suffering to so many of the poor of this and other cities, it must not be overlooked that great sympathy has been called out, and many practical measures are in process of development for the good of those unfortunate. It may be, that the lesson of this winter is to be the means of developing humanity more than if success had followed on success, since it is too common a thing for men to allow themselves to become excessively proud and opinionated by triumph, while disappointment and failure cannot fail but teach the lesson of dependence and humility.

MOVEMENTS FOR THE POOR. The subscriptions made by the members of the New York Corn Exchange, amounting to \$4,000, have been distributed: a fifth, or \$800 to the Brooklyn association, for the relief of the poor of that city. The balance, \$3,200 to the New York Association for improving the condition of the poor of this city.

MOVEMENT AMONG THE INSURANCE COMPANIES. The National Fire Insurance Company of this city, by the consent of the stockholders, have presented \$125 to the "New York Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor," and \$50 to the "Brooklyn Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor." It is understood that this example will be followed by other Companies.

THE LADIES' BALL FOR THE POOR. In accordance with a call, an adjourned meeting of the "Committee of managers for the Ladies' Ball for the Relief of the Poor," was held at the St. Nicholas Hotel, last evening, Mr. Depeyster in the chair. Mr. Phalon, from the Committee on Tickets, reported progress and submitted a draft for a ticket, of which the following is a copy:

LADIES' BALL. FOR THE RELIEF OF THE POOR. OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Jan. 17, 1855. DANCING to commence at eight o'clock.

Mr. P. further remarked that 5,000 tickets, would be printed and distributed among the Hotels and Book stores for sale.

Mr. J. W. Gerard was in favor of having 15,000 printed, and distributed for sale everywhere.

Mr. Gerard, from the Committee on Music and Police, reported that the Committee had engaged Monck's Band, fifty-four pieces, at five dollars per piece, and that they also purposed to engage a military band (perhaps the Government Band) to play marches, &c., so that the expense of the music would be about \$450.

The Committee on Hall and floor reported that they had engaged the Academy of Music, for the evening of Wednesday, Jan. 17, with five lights, &c., for \$300. They also reported a rule. That it be not considered a rule of this ball, that the floor Managers are bound to furnish persons attending with partners for the dance.

The subject of the distribution of tickets was then taken up. Mr. Gerard moved that fifty tickets be sent to each manager for sale, with a circular requesting them to report progress at a meeting to be held on the 13th. It was agreed that the price of tickets be \$2, each, whether for a gentleman or lady.

After the transaction of some further business the meeting adjourned.

TEMPERANCE. It has long been a study with us, to know practically the wisdom of Paul's advice in being "temperate in all things," although a temperance advocate. This does not come from any dislike to the temperance movement, but from the fact that we have never been able to see far into the mysteries of the law. We have great confidence, however, in good sense and progress, and where the former is father to the latter, we know that good must come of it.

There is no revelation aside from the Revelator. The revelation and the Revelator are one. They are inseparably connected. They cannot be separated. God is in all His works and as such reveals Himself. If He be not his own revelator in His works, how is He a revelator? For man knows nothing of Him but what He has revealed to him through the manifestation of Himself in His various operations.

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manded existence into existence, and now, when modern revelations explain how it was done, they hiss the idea, and scout the manner of its presentation as if truth never before has conversed in a similar manner. Let such pause, and consider upon the subject. Let those who refuse to believe that aught is revelation but that which is contained in Holy Writ, remember the injunctions of the Prophets, Jesus Christ, and his inspired Apostles, that after them should arise greater than themselves, who should accomplish greater works than they had had then. If they were true prophets, then must those prophets have arisen, and those "greater works been accomplished," else are they still to be fulfilled. If the latter, which you still all Christians I believe, admit to be true, then surely must there be "greater revelations to man than those ever yet made known. It is a self-evident truth that the higher the mind, the higher the knowledge emanating through that mind, or from that mind. Then if Nature's truths are revealed through the human mind to the human mind, then must that mind, as it advances, become more and more capable of receiving and imparting higher and higher truths. We have instances of it through all the past. We can not perceive how obscure and mystified were the first revelations made through man in comparison to the revelations made after he had become more advanced in civilization, hence his inspirations vary according as his different degrees of development vary. Deny this who can; it speaks for itself and needs no specification.

The aborigines of a country are not usually conversant with the laws of their being, hence they are not prepared for scientific researches; then how could it be expected that the aborigines of a planet could understand the laws of that planet, the effect of causes and the causes of effect? If the seed be a higher production than the blossom, the effect of causes and the causes of effect? If the seed be a higher production than the blossom, the effect of causes and the causes of effect? If the seed be a higher production than the blossom, the effect of causes and the causes of effect?

If the acorn is a further development of Nature than the stately oak which yearly produces its bushel of this same product, the nut, then may the past revelations, perhaps, be greater than any which are to succeed them.

Man is a progressive being, and as such, must have a progressive revelation. As a natural consequence of progression arises this progressive revelation. He unfolds himself in unfolding Nature, and in applying her to his wants. How can he unfold himself and not increase his conception of himself? If he increases his conceptions of himself, must he not thereby increase his conception of God? As his conceptions of God increase, so must his knowledge of God increase, and as his knowledge of God increases, so must the nature of God's revealed will increase; or in other words, so much higher revelation will be obtain as a natural consequence of his increased knowledge.

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Poetry.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

SPIRITUAL VISIONS.

The cloud that o'er my vision spreads,
Cannot obscure my mental sight;
Its grateful darkness round me sheds
An atmosphere more purely bright.

Like *Vesta's* gorgeous stream,
Dazzling with all glorious dyes,
A soft, bewildering seraph-dream,
A freshness o'er my Spirit flies.

Around my couch white flames throng,
Radiant from a clime more fair;
And, delect, as the *Italian's* song,
Their tones float on the stilly air.

Far o'er the trackless, azure plain,
Among the glittering stars of night,
Soon, soon I'll hymn the glad refrain,
A pure and ever joyous sprite.

The tide of life is faintly flowing;
O, dimly glows the Spirit-tire;
Gales from Paradise are blowing;
List the pean, come ye mortals!

[From the Ladies' Repository.]

ANGELS.

BY CHARLES KINNEY.

"Are they not all ministering Spirits?"—Her. 1, 14.

With sweet voices, solemn warnings
Of the heing yet to be,
Bands of Spirits hover round us,
Like the stars in the sky.

Shore-birds, how they get hearts longing
For the happy home!
As around the world's vessel
They in flocks of beauty come;

They out venture far and farther
In the calm of sea and sky,
Blowing glad, but when the tempest
Thunders and the rocks are high,

Then they, landward wildly winging,
Scram the omen of the sea,
Of shock among the breakers,
To the ruin rushing slay.

So these Spirits from your bright shore,
Golden with the sun of stars,
When God's truth has kindled the billows
Of our let'se's pain and wars—

Then these Spirits come to visit,
Come to visit and console,
Dipping sweet plumes round us
In the earthly sea of soul—

Choiring onward, or else warning
Of some future, temp'ring night,
Or some secret rock of ruin
On the voyage to the sky.

They are round us—round us ever;
'Tis their presence in the soul,
When affections, like the fountains,
Gush from their hearts without control;

When the thrilling thrill-chords quiver
As a harp's strings are rung,
'Tis their sweet angel-voices,
On their breathing angel-wings;

On their breathing angel-wings,
On their breathing angel-wings,
For a heavenly light they bring,
Upward through the awful night;

Beckon they down to us,
On they glide down in our slumbers—
These who on earth we know,
And those who have lived before us—

And we wake to live anew;
For their voices, low and strong,
Though but ripples of the ocean,
Which upholds music's tone;

Ever round the Great White Throne;
Yet inspire us with more longing
For the glory in the sky—
For the happy life immortal,
Of these angels hovering high.

With sweet voices, solemn warnings
Of the heing yet to be,
Bands of Spirits hover round us,
Like the stars in the sky.

[From the Dublin Nation.]

MAN'S MISSION.

Human lives are silent teaching—
Be they earnest, mild, and true—
Noble deeds are noble preaching
From the conduct of the few.

Post-prints their anthems singing,
Herodward on cordant strings,
When Truth's lowly voice is heard;
Tounged preachers, gossamer-tinged,

Pointing their souls upturned,
'Till their preaching reaches the world.

Each must work as God has given,
Herodward or just-son—
Work is duty which we live in
This world's world of sin and gloom.

God's Spirit, low and strong,
Lift their white hands up appealing
To the Throne of the Great White King—
Stronger nature, culminating,

In great actions incarnating,
What another can but sing.

Pure and meek-eyed as an angel,
We must strive to be more true;
We must preach the lowly message
Ere we claim the saintly prize—

Work for all—for work is duty—
We fill our mission solely,
When, like Heaven's arch above,
Bend our souls in one embrace,

And the social distance
Sounds the perfect chord of love.

Life is combat, life is striving,
Such our destiny below;
Like a scythed chariot driving
Through an onward pressing foe.

Deepest sorrow, sorest trial,
Will but teach us self-denial;
Like the alchemists of old,
Pass the ore through the refining fire

If our Spirits would aspire
To be God's refined gold.

We are struggling in the Morning
With the Spirit of the Night,
But we trample on it scornfully,
Lo! the eastern sky is bright.

We must wake. The day is breaking;
Soon, like *Mennon's* statue waking
With the sunrise,
We shall raise our voice to Heaven,

Chant a hymn for conquest won,
Since the pain nor loss the wound.

We must bend our thought to earnest,
Would we strike the Lord's love;
With the purpose of the sternest,
Take the Cross and leave the Crown.

Suffering human nature's crown,
Suffering leads to God's *Vallhalla*—
Meekly bear, but humbly try,
Like a wither'd olive-branch,
Like a god with conquest glowing,
So to love, and work, and die!

LONG COATS VS. SHORT COATS.

What is becoming of this age? It goes from one extreme to another without the least notice or warning. We go to bed at night and leave the dandies of Broadway dressed in light inexpressibles and short-tailed overcoats, and awake in the morning to find them arrayed in exaggerated pantaloons, and almost sweeping the pavements with the elongated skirts of their surtouts. What shall be done? Must the world succumb to the behest of the tailors in this manner? Are gentlemen to be voted "behind the age" unless they will content to jump at once from short tail garments to the "entangling alliance" of a coat which seems to be intended, like the ladies' dresses, to sweep the streets in the heat of fashion, and they promenade Broadway in proud nonchalance. Johnathan Slick, it is said, talks of again spending the winter with us. If he does he will find his "old blue coat" just "the cheesc."

In this connection we must do the policemen the justice to give them a compliment for their good looks in their present appropriate dress. Their deep blue coats are cut about the mark, neither too long nor too short, and made of substantial looking cloth, they seem to be well adapted for their business. We put down as a fact not to be questioned, that the members of the police are the best dressed men in New York.—N. Y. Sunday Times.

Russia.—In the seventy-seven years intervening between 1773 and 1849, the Russian Empire increased in population from fourteen millions to upwards of sixty millions, or at the rate of fourteen millions in every twenty years. This wonderful increase is chiefly attributable to the enlarged area of the Empire, caused by the addition of Poland, Finland, and the Caucasus to its domains. If Russia should conquer and annex Turkey, her population would exceed eighty millions, almost equaling the combined population of England, France, and the United States.—Portland Transcript.

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."

EIGHTH DIALOGUE.

SYMPATHETIC CORRESPONDENCE.

I shall say a few words about this question, as old as the world. Scarcely was man fatigued of his part as an observer, than he wished to extend his sphere of action, he tried to know at a given point, what happened in any other. A microcosm himself, viz.: the faithful representative of the whole creation, he discovered the point where all lives and universal manifestations are centered.—But he wanted to establish a link between himself and those distant places. But the means he found were not proportioned to the intensity of his desires, and he wished to be heard by his brothers in spite of that distance. He tried all means to gain the object of his ambition. The treatises on magic assure us that he discovered these means; but they do not prove the fact.

Sympathetic communications to write are the only means of this nature with which we are now acquainted; but this process has fallen into the public's hand, and does not therefore realize its object. Three years ago this same question again agitated the world, and snails seemed destined to solve it at last; but the whole affair was soon forgotten. I believe myself in this marvelous power, and it is in consequence of this faith that I one day consulted the Spirit of Swedenborg on the subject. He answered that the sympathetic communications did really exist, but that he did not know himself any better means of distant correspondence than that of thought. He assured me that this faculty would soon be developed in centering one's thought upon that of another friendly person, every day at the same hour.

I had almost forgotten this question, when you proposed to me the present conversations. I thought then, it would be proper to study it again, in order to be able to tell you my opinion on the subject.—I therefore spoke of it to our friend, M. Lecoq, and we agreed that we should study it together. That gentleman took the part of patient, and I that of agent. We agreed that at nine o'clock in the evening, M. Lecoq should seat himself before his desk with a pencil in his hand; I was to seat myself at the same time, and centre my will upon his hand, to move it just as if I was writing at a distance. Until now we have only made six experiments of any importance, but the results we have obtained are a great inducement to continue our investigations seriously. From ten letters I thought of, six have been written by M. Lecoq, and from six figures, he has guessed three or four. In all our experiments, it happened only once that he wrote a letter more than I wished.

M. Lecoq is neither a clairvoyant, nor a sensitive subject; and this I consider a very good condition to obtain these communications. The only difficulty we have met with in establishing this correspondence, was in the agreement of the time. A mathematical precision would be necessary to make a total at a distance; the time required for writing a few words being almost infinitesimal. But we shall by all means continue this study, not only for sounds, but also for impressions at a distance. These observations are yet too new to me, to say more than I have done. I shall only pray every friend interested in the solution of such questions, to help us by their own experiments and communications.

NECROMANCY.

ALBERT.—By Necromancy we mean the art of evoking the Spirits of the dead. From the beginning of the world to our day, the history or religion of every people on the surface of the earth, contains records of this art. All its practices may be reduced to a certain excitement of the senses, by which man is put into communication with this subtle part of himself called soul. To obtain such results, some made use of the fumigations of certain plants, others employed a mixture of gases, fasting, or religious practices; one of the commonest means was human magnetism, which was in former ages kept secret, and often the object of an initiation. The Christians admit the existence of this faculty in man, and their holy books are full of instances of similar visions. When the magic lantern was discovered, the Catholic Church did not hesitate to make use of it to produce false apparitions, &c., &c. The smallest crack in a partition or door was at once used for that purpose; fantastical images made up to serve the foul purposes of the Danish priests were produced upon the walls of a chamber during its occupant's sleep; a knock at the door awoke him in a start, and the awful apparition easily threw him into all the horrors of fright and aberration. The tricky performers availed themselves of this momentary disorder, and asked prayers for the dead who; voices they imitated as closely as possible, and their sibilant was naturally filled on the following day by those poor people, too happy to buy at such a price, rest for their nights. There is not even a shepherd in our remotest country fields, who did not pretend to possess secrets by which he could evoke the souls of the dead. From a pail of water to the most complicated cabalistic mirrors, every means were used to attract and fascinate the eye of the consulting person. When by chance these actions were made upon a seer, he at once accused the apparition, and the performer's success and ability were loudly proclaimed. But in these visions, nothing but faint images of the persons desired are really seen. Between such apparitions and those produced by the witch of Endor, or Cagliostro, there was an immense distance. The latter, especially, is said to have produced a priori, this art.

I shall not here give you an historical view of this arcane; what we now do by means of mesmerism, renders this analysis useless and uninteresting. In the arts and sciences, a new improvement destroys the value of everything that was done previously to it. What would now be the use of going to a particular temple and making there a particular sacrifice to obtain a result that a child can produce more easily and without trouble? I cannot but dislike the ancient ceremonies whose object was only to conceal science under the sham appearance of mysteries, and stilled the human mind under their absurd superstitions. I wish the sun for everybody. Some distinguished magnetizers have said before me, that their clairvoyants saw in this mesmeric sleep, the ghosts of their deceased parents. It was in consequence of such assertions that I experienced the desire of studying myself these ques-

tions, and verifying what truth they might contain. The results I obtained so much exceeded my most sanguine expectations, that I published my "Celestial Telegraph." This book is the first regular treatise on necromancy. Opposed and ridiculed at first, it soon found its way into England, Germany and America. In this last country, especially, it was soon put to practice, and appearing at the same time with table-moving, it did not contribute a little to produce those Spiritual manifestations that now so intensely occupy the whole of Europe. Hence a religion and a philosophy that will soon become universal. What did the ancients really with their treble-doored temples for the propagation of Spiritualism? Some mysterious books without any useful result, . . . no; . . . but having, for a consequence, the misery of the whole human race for a thousand years. From the maledictions of Brahma, to the tortures of the Inquisition, the human mind was thrown into the most profound ignorance about the nature and goodness of the Almighty power. I think I am useful to my brothers in opening to them the Spiritual world, and despising the trite language of a ridiculous mysticism. A clear and simple teaching of a few lives, will prove more useful than all the sermons of the Catholic Dosssets and Bourdaloues.

Let every one work out his own conviction by following the precepts I give here. It will be the surest way of understanding and praying God according to one's own heart; this is the abstract of all religion, all morality, all brotherhood.

I flatter myself that my words on the subject have very much simplified the art of necromancy. To those who have studied the science of animal magnetism, I might say, "Pray your clairvoyants to pronounce the proper and Christian name of the deceased with whom you desire to enter into communication, and then question this Spirit, and study for yourself." But to those who are not acquainted with mesmerism I should say, "Put your hand upon the forehead of any person who may wish to submit to the experiment, keep it there for about a quarter of an hour. If the person closes his eyes, and seems to fall asleep, ask him how he is, . . . if he sees, and what he sees.—Should he declare that he perceives as well as with his eyes open, ask him if he can see at a distance, or pray him to tell you what you are thinking of. If he sees exactly the object at a distance, or reads correctly your secret thoughts, you possess the magic instrument which shall become your guide in the Spiritual world. Pray then to God that he may please to permit you to make use of this clairvoyant, to discover the laws of the other world. You will soon find yourself in the sanctuary of all magic, cabal, and mysticism. You then will know whatever you may wish to know, provided you limit your curiosity to what belongs to the state of your soul, or your future happiness. Should you wish for any other knowledge, you would find nothing but the trouble and disorder which necessarily accompanies any criminal gratification of one's passions and foul interests."

When you have prayed the lucid to call the deceased by name with whom you desire to be in communication, you must call him also mentally. Then should the clairvoyant tell you that he sees the Spirit, pray him to describe it as closely as possible, and ask many particulars about his age, taste, character, disposition, &c. According to the exactness of these informations, do not exact too much about his terrestrial existence; for you can never know but what the deceased can wish and say himself. Do not argue too much about the possibility or impossibility of these data, it would be a cause of failure in your further investigations. Examine with good faith, belief, and purity of intention, keep a record of everything that may be said to you. What at first appears the most improbable, may afterwards be proved by other revelations, or further study of books that treat on this subject. I advise you, especially, to read the "Celestial Telegraph," and the works of Emanuel Swedenborg.

[To be continued.]

From the United States Magazine.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ASTRONOMY.

BY SAMUEL ELLIOTT COATES.

"For I can never think of handing over to the stars the offices of Duty to produce effects and to preserve order."—Ker. 12.

It is remarkable that there never has been but one attempted explanation of the cause of the orderly motion of the heavenly bodies, though this one idea in the succession of ages has been variously modified. The ancient astronomers, well persuaded in their minds that there could exist no mechanism which moved the spheres, as one wheel by its gearing into another communicates its motion; that there were no tracks walled in and made permanent to serve as rolling planes for the stars; and that the movements of the planets, though free in space, were regulated with perfect wisdom, considered the spheres as living beings, possessing the power of locomotion, and being endowed with intelligence, far surpassing human intelligence, to direct their flight in their ceaseless rounds.

Aristotle believed that the planets were animated. He taught that every star had an immortal intelligence by which it governed its own movement. This idea can be traced farther back than the time of Aristotle; and fifteen hundred years after that date the snubble Doctor Scott wrote: *Si astri non sunt animati, id est creditum esse potius quam demonstratum*—in English, it may be believed, but it cannot be proved that the stars are not living beings.

Kepler's opinion on the subject has been much ridiculed, as if he stood alone a believer in this idea. He boldly taught the long prevailing hypothesis that the worlds were living beings; but he considered them as living beings devoid of intelligence and subject to certain mechanical laws.—A distinguished naturalist of the present day (Oken) says, "the world itself is alive, and continues only because of its life." So Professor Nichol: "It is said by some that matter is dead; what, then, is life?" Again: "Look, then," continues Professor Nichol, "at that remote Uranus bending with life-like obedience towards the sun, and read there the truth that in the sun's essence there is an energy to draw the planets towards home as an ever active and not a *scintilla* less intelligible than any other conceivable exercise of will."—*Contemplations of the solar System*, pp. 62.

It is true that few modern astronomers present the idea so plainly and distinctly as Professor Nichol does in this preceding extract from his verbose treatise. It is not generally said that the sun, for instance, as a whole, as one sphere, is an intelligent animal. The moderns give to each atom of the sphere a living, active, and discerning power.—"They give animation and knowledge to every particle of star dust, so that the smallest division of a world knows of the presence of its kindred atom, and each atom, in mysterious instinct, with wonderful power, draws near to other atoms. Intelli-

gence and power which anciently were the attributes of spheres have been taken from them as integral beings to vivify and empower each particle of the dust of which they are composed. Nay, further: The life of each separate atom makes up a general life for the sphere. Associated atoms composing a world have given to them a sort of common life; the aggregate particles operating by means of a centre as the heart of the animated being, which, as a whole, knows and attracts "as if all the matter was condensed in a central point."—(Herschel.)

The sun, ninety-five millions of miles away, without any medium of communication, knows of the existence and directs the motion of this earth. Further still, the life, power, activity and influence of the central luminary extends, according to La Place, some tens of millions of miles.

So alive, so intelligent, and so powerful is matter that by its own attributes it forms itself into spheres.

"LaPlace and some advocates of the life of matter do not admit any necessity for a God: but by others it is supposed that the acknowledgment of a power to originate matter is necessary, but matter, having been created and endowed with its life (laws), matter itself will create a universe by its own action, so that God may give Himself up to undisturbed repose."—*Hillock's Geology*.

Newton stands almost on a higher philosophy of the movements of the heavenly bodies. He most distinctly and implicitly disclaims the atheistical philosophy.

"It is incredible," says he in a letter to Dr. Bentley, "that *inanimate* brute matter should operate upon an effect other matter, which it must do if gravitation in the sense of Epicurus be essential and inherent in it; and this is the reason why I desire you would not ascribe it to me."

What was this sense in which the Epicureans regarded matter that Newton disclaimed in such emphatic words? The Epicurian philosophy was material and atheistical. According to their philosophy the occult properties, (virtues,) or, in other words, the life of matter, gave the fashion of this universe.

"This sect," says Dr. Keil, "explain motion by the elementary virtues and occult properties of matter, such as sympathies, attractions, repulsions, and the like."

"These atheists," writes Dr. Cudworth, "assigned no cause for motion, and to avoid a God they ventured to attribute perfect understanding, will, appetite, and self-moving power to senseless matter."

The Epicurian atheism which Newton disclaimed has been fastened to the "Newtonian Philosophy" by the successors of the great astronomer. La Laude says:—

"For myself I think with M. de Maupertuis, (the first continental convert to the theory of gravitation,) and with the greater part of English philosophers, that attraction depends on an essential property, (properly *intrinsigue*) of matter."

Newton asked himself some serious questions:—"How can a property of the matter of the earth have its field of activity in the moon? How can a body exert a power where it is not?" Most inconclusive is the answer of Mr. Stewart to this skepticism of Newton:—

"We can," says Stewart, "as readily conceive of matter acting on matter at a distance, as of matter acting on other matter in contact with it."

This is most true. But the argument does not touch the point at issue. Newton did not believe that matter afar off or close at hand could influence other matter. He taught that every particle moved because of "the Spiritual," because of present power emanating from God. Newton saw the tendency of the theory that matter wielded a power, and he told his friend Pemberton that when this speculation became the settled theory of philosophy all opening for the advance of the human mind would be closed.—*Pemberton's Account of the Newtonian Philosophy*.

Plato taught the true philosophy of motion. He considered the translation of a body in space (that is, motion) as *passive*. He recognized the Spiritual an ever active power, above, beyond, and over the matter which is moved. He believed that the universe shows the power of God continually impressing on the worlds their motion.

On the Platonic idea the true philosophy of the solar system will rest. There is no life, power, will, or intelligence in brute matter. One sphere is not in its place because dragged thither by another sphere. A stone does not approach the centre of the earth because the live body of the earth has power over it. The cause of motion is not a property of matter. Power does not reside in the materials of the universe.

What, then, is this power? It lies—

"Beneath the veil of obdurate woof, Whose dim and dusky perpetually do stir, But never rise."

Tell me, when you will raise your hand, by that power the limb is lifted up? We know only that power is, that it comes from the human will, and not from the hand which is raised up.

We know a planet moves through space. We know also that it is moved by a power not residing in the world—that it is moved by a power which is not the attribute of senseless matter. It is from the volition of God.

Names in themselves are nothing. The power which determines the position of worlds may be gravitation, and the nature of the power remain unchanged. But, the word "gravitation" has very close associations with the philosophy of Epicurus; it is suggestive, too often, only of the life and power of matter.

We are gratified here in recording the opinion of an eminent mathematician of Massachusetts:—

"Neither myself nor any intelligent astronomer of my acquaintance believes that the sun attracts the earth. We use the word 'attraction' as a convenient statement of the direction of the force. Force is Spiritual. Consciousness thus decides this question at once."

Why do not astronomers, then, see that this, the true Newtonian philosophy, is distinctly stated in the text-books of the sciences? Astronomy should ascend one step nearer to the Supreme Being, by teaching that power is not an essential attribute of matter; that there is a cause for the motion of worlds not residing in the dust of which they are composed; that the sphere which rolls through space has no controlling influence on the motion of other worlds. Cause and effect should be separated, should be thrown as wide apart in philosophy as they are in practical life. The human body and the life of the body, matter and that which moves matter, the planets, are no more one and the same thing than is God, the creator, and man, the created, one and the same!

M. Bailly, said: "La joie de l'homme a toujours de vouloir penetrer les premieres raisons de la nature, qui sont toujours inconnues." It is the wisdom of man, however, to hold with firm and constant grasp those things which he clearly knows. He should not permit astronomical science to confound the distinction, which common sense acknowledges, between a world which is moved and the power by which the world is translated through the realms of space.

Place, which, it has been recently asserted, is favored by American astronomers.

A mere description of this theory shows it to be a branch of the Epicurean atheism. We will take the description from a believer in the hypothesis:—

"The assemblage of stars that form our present solar system was at first one of those mysterious nebulae which we see floating in space. But the development begins. A principle of concentration counterbalances the unlimited expansion, and brings the particles nearer together, and grasps them in a spherical mass. * * * The gaseous spheroid then resolves itself into local agglomerations, which separate from each other into distinct spheres, either by the successive separation of separate layers of the sun's atmosphere, or in virtue of some other property of matter." * * *

Does not this resemble the philosophy of Epicurus? Does it not clothe matter with power, with attractions and repulsions, which, in the place of a God, form, fashion, and maintain the universe? We do not impute atheism to the supporters of the nebular hypothesis. Far from it. There are men who incline to the hypothesis (and we speak from personal knowledge) who reverence and adore the Supreme Being. We have alluded to the origin and tendency of the speculation because its origin is from rank atheism; because its tendency is to produce the philosophy given to the world in that notorious book, "The Vestiges of Creation;" because it conceals, under the philosophic terms of the Epicureans, ("sympathies, antipathies, attractions, repulsions," and the like,) the actual being and constant presence of Him of whom alone the stars should declare the glory.

[From the Newcastle Courier.]

FAITH AND PRAYER.

Suppose there was a man named Joseph, who was afflicted, himself and family all lame and helpless, and suffering for want of food and raiment; and he had two neighbors, John a Samaritan, and James a Jew. Both knew the suffering condition Joseph was in, and both had plenty and to spare; and John of his own free will and accord, furnished him with food and clothing, without Joseph even asking him for it; but James stood aloof until Joseph asked and persuaded (prayed) him for help, and then he furnished him with food and clothing. Now which of the two was the most noble philanthropist? Me seems I hear you answer, John the Samaritan was the best. True. Then why not view God as John the good Samaritan, and not as stolid James the Jew? Now, if we view God as John the best philanthropist, why insult him by asking, pleading, and praying him to help us, seeing He at all times knows all our wants, and has plenty in store, and is ready to help, without being persuaded to do it, like John the best philanthropist did?

Hence the most intelligent and effectual prayer is a strong desire to know truth and wisdom.—what is right and what is wrong, and to do right and refuse the evil, without addressing God personally. And if our desire is stronger for the right, to be pure in mind and body, than our desire or temptation is for evil, we are safe; for the law of God and Nature in His providence is, that the stronger shall ultimately prevail over the weaker. But besides this desire (which is prayer) we must have faith that is, we must believe that we can, with the aid of God's unasked for free gift, prevail over the evil. Such faith and strong desire will naturally prompt us to act with energy, to learn wisdom, to know what is right and what is wrong, and to do right and refuse the evil, without addressing God personally. 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