

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

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

VOLUME 2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1855.

NUMBER 26.

Christian Spiritualist,
PUBLISHED BY
THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL
KNOWLEDGE,
11 No. 533 Broadway, New-York.

Published every Saturday
except on Sundays and public holidays. Two Dollars per annum
in advance. Single Copies—Five Cents.
For five subscribers, to one
address, \$2.50
For ten subscribers, to one
address, \$5.00
Communications should be addressed
to the Editor of SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE,
11 No. 533 Broadway, New-York.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]
"LEAVES OF GRASS."

represents a contemporary Reviewer,
the place of the Belles-Lettres department some-
times in this about manner: "The end having
been reached, it is that we end—Poetry having ceased
to be read, or published, or written, how can it
be expected to be reviewed? With your Lake Schools,
and Bible-Thief Schools, and Cockney and San-
itary Schools, there has been enough to do; and
now, if these Schools having burnt or smouldered
down, and left nothing but a wide-spread
cloud of ashes, dust, and embers—or perhaps
fragments, kicked to and fro under the feet of
immortal women and children in the Magazines,
it is not to be expected that they should be
blown here and there into transient
parades. What remains but to adjust our
circumstances? Urge me not," continues
the *Liberalist*, "with considerations that
regard the inward Voice of Life, must be per-
manently dead in one form to become alive in
another; that this still abundant deluge of Metre,
and there must needs be fractions of Poetry
scattered in it, ought still to be net-fished,
collected, surveyed and taken note of; The
English metre, at this epoch, perhaps
represents the human faculties; to hire out the
writing of it by estimate, at a remunerative rate
per page, would, in a few quarters, reduce the
value of any extant review to the verge of in-
significance." Such is the humorous but essentially
just picture of the condition and product of
literary faculties during the second quarter of
the present century. The great Poets, Byron,
Shelley, Wordsworth, Goethe, and Schiller, had
ended their tasks and gone to other spheres; and
what remained, with few exceptions, were weak
and feeble echoes of their dying strains, caught up
and repeated by numerous imitators and pretenders.
And so it has ever been; the visions and per-
ceptions of one man become the creed and superficial
development of other minds. Swedenborg is
worthy to be ranked among the master-minds of
the world, because he entered for himself into the
Arcana of the profoundest mysteries that can con-
cern human intelligences; his great thoughts are
revelated, quoted and represented in all "New
Church" publications, but very rarely digested and
summarized by those who claim to be his followers.
Still more true is it to find any reviewer of the "Leaves
of Grass" determined to enter for himself
into the very interior of all that Swedenborg
taught to see, not the mighty reflections that Swe-
denborg was able to give of interior realities, but
the originals, as they stand constellated in the
heavens.

For Divine Providence, leading forth the race, as
a father the tottering steps of his children, causes
downward from on which all men are prone to
fall; to be ever changing and passing away be-
hind their eyes. The seeds of death are ever found
hidden in the fairest external appearances, till
the externals become the mere correspondences
and representatives of interior realities, and then,
though coloring as the fadest garments of the
East, they are ever-varying, as those robes of
light change with each changing state. The Com-
ing Age will recognize the profoundest truths in
the inward thought of the Swedish Sage, whilst
his most tenacious adherents will be forced to
admit that, in externals, he often erred, and was
not independently derived. But the discovered error
will not only wear them from a blind and bigoted
reliance upon his name, but confirm the sincere
lovers of truth in loyalty to her standard. So, also,
the Spiritualists are being taught a severe but salutary
lesson, that if they will penetrate into the
heavenly Arcana of the Inner Life, they must do
so by purifying and elevating their own minds, and
not by "sitting in circles" or ransacking town and
country to find the most "reliable Mediums." Still
to stop in human progress and development is in
vain; even the fall of the child are essential to its
discipline. The mistakes and errors of men are
useful while in their present imperfect state.
We are to the seekers of truth what trials and
troubles are to those in the pursuit of wealth; they
but enhance the value of the prize, and confirm the
devotion of the true aspirant, as frowns rekindle the
ardor of lovers.

Moreover, as man must ever enter into the king-
dom of a new unfolding truth with the simplicity
and teachableness of little children, it is well that
the outer form of the old disappear, that the new
may stand alone in its place. It seems also to be
a law that when a change entire and universal is
to be outwrought, the means preparatory to its
introduction shall be equally wide-spread, and ulti-
mated to the lowest possible plane. Hence the
Spiritual manifestations meet the most external
minds; and allow even the unregenerate to know by
experience the fact and process of Spiritual inspi-
ration; so that skepticism becomes impossible to

the candid and living mind. The second step will
be, after such have been convinced, that the spiri-
tual intercourse is possible, that they learn that it is
worth more than useless for the purpose of attaining any
thing desirable, beyond this conviction;—except so
far as it orderly and directed, not by the will of
man, but of God. But as the old form of poetic
inspiration died out with Byron and Shelley,
Wordsworth and Goethe, and as the miscellaneous
Spirit-intercourse itself, also as quickly passes
away, there will, we apprehend, spring up forms
of mediatorial inspiration, of which there will be
two permanent types. The first and highest, as it
seems to us, will be the opening of the interiors to
direct influx to the inspiring sources of love and
wisdom. The heavens will flow down into the
hearts and lives, into the thought and speech of har-
monic natures, as the silent dews impregnate the
patient earth. Men will live in heaven, hence they
must be inspired by that breath of life that fills its
ethereal expanse. A second class of Media will be
used for the ultimate, for ends of use and in ac-
cordance with Laws of Order, of the creative
thoughts and hymns, the Epics and Lyrics, of indi-
vidual Spirits and societies of Spirits. These will
be to the former Media as the youthful artist who
copies the work of a master, to the Angelos and
Raphael, who both design and execute their plans,
though they themselves, in their deepest interiors,
are instructed and sustained from above.

But in the transition period in which we now
are, many varieties of Mediumship must be ex-
pected. There are those who stand in rapport with
the diseased mentalities of the past and present,
and pour forth as Divine Revelations the froth and
scum of a receding age; they are the sponges who
absorb the waste and impurities of humanity.
They are also like running sores that gather the
corrupt humors and drain the body of its most
noxious fluids. There are others who come in
contact with the outmost portion of the Spirit-
life. These give crude, and in themselves, false
notions of the state of man after death; yet they
prepare the way for more truthful disclosures; if
in no other way by stimulating the appetite for
more substantial nourishment. There are those
also who are lifted by genial inspirations to receive
influxes from the upper mind-sphere of the age.
They stand, as it were, on clear mountains of intel-
lectual elevation, and with keenest perception, dis-
cern the purer forms of new unfolding truths ere
they become sufficiently embodied to be manifest
to the grosser minds of the race. Of these, RALPH
WALDO EMERSON is the highest type. He sees the
future of truths as our Spirit-seers discern the
future of man; he welcomes those impalpable
forms, as Spiritualists receive with gladdened
minds the returning hosts of Spirit-friends.

There are other mediatorial natures who are in
mental and heart-sympathy with man, as he now
is, struggling to free himself from the tyranny of
the old and effete, and to grasp and retain the new
life flowing down from the heavens. And as the
kindling rays at first produce more smoke than
fire, so their lay is one of promise rather than
performance. Such we conceive to be the interior
condition of the author of "LEAVES OF GRASS."
He accepts man as he is as to his whole nature,
and all men as his own brothers. The lambent
flame of his genius encircles the world—nor does
he clearly discern between that which is to be pre-
served and that which is but as fuel for the purifi-
cation of the ore from its dross. There is a wild
strength, a Spartan simplicity about the man,
and he stalks among the dapper gentlemen of this
generation, like a drunken Hercules amid the
dainty dancers. That his song is highly mediatorial,
he himself asserts, though probably he is un-
acquainted with the Spiritual developments of
the age.

"Through me," he sings, "many long dumb voices,
Voices of the interminable generations of slaves,
Voices of the diseased and despairing,
Voices of cycles of preparation and accretion,
And of threads that connect the stars,
And of the rights of them the others are down upon.
Through me forbidden voices—voices veiled,
Voices indecent, by me clarified and transfigured."

We omit much even in this short extract, for the
book abounds in passages that cannot be quoted in
drawing-rooms, and expressions that fall upon the
tyrannymen of ears polite, with a terrible disso-
nance. His very daint, as he walks through the
world, makes dainty people nervous, and conserva-
tives regard him as a social revolution. His style is

perhaps our readers would not unwillingly hear what
the Boston philosopher has to say to this young son of
Auk. We find the following in the *New York Tribune*:
"LEAVES OF GRASS."—Some time since had occasion
to call the attention of our readers to this original and
striking collection of Poems, by Mr. Whitman, of Book-
lyn. In so doing, we could not avoid noticing certain
faults which seemed to us to be prominent in the work.
The following opinion, from a distinguished source, views
the matter from a more positive and less critical stand-
point:—
"CONCORD, Mass., July 21, 1855.
"DEAR SIR: I am not blind to the worth of the wonder-
ful gift of 'Leaves of Grass.' I find it the most extraordi-
nary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet con-
tributed. I am very happy in reading it, as great power
makes us happy. It makes the demand I am always mak-
ing of what seemed the sterile and stony nature, as it
too much handwork, or too much lymph in the tempera-
ment, were making our western wit fat and mean.
"I give you joy of your free and brave thought. I have
great joy in it. I find incomparable things said incompar-
ably well, as they must be. I find the cure of treatment
which so delights us, and which large perception only can
inspire.
"I trust you at the beginning of a great career, which
yet must have had a long foregone somewhere for such a
start. I rubbed my eyes a little to see if this sunbeam
were no illusion; but the solid sense of the book is a sober
restraint. It has the best merits, namely, of fortifying
and encouraging.
"I did not know until I last night saw the book ad-
vertised in a newspaper that I could trust the name as real and
available for a Post-office. I want to see my benefactor,
and have felt much like striking my tasks and visiting New
York, to pay you my respects.
Wait, Whitman.
R. W. EMERSON."

everywhere graphic and strong, and he sings many
things before untouched in prose or rhyme, in an
idiom that is neither prose nor rhyme, nor yet
orthodox blank verse. But it serves his purpose
well. He wears his strange garb, cut and made
by himself, as gracefully as a South-American ca-
valier his poncho. We will continue our quota-
tions:—
"A child said, What is the grass? fetching it to
me with full hands;
How could I answer the child? I do not know
it is any more than he.
I guess it is the flag of my disposition, out of hope-
ful green stuff woven.
Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,
A scented gift and remembrance designedly dropt,
Bearing the Owner's name someway in the corners,
that we may see and remark, and say, Whose?
And now it seems to me the beautiful vine-leaf of
grasses."

A Swedenborgian will easily perceive that he
does not understand the language of correspond-
ences, as unfolded by 'our Author'; nevertheless
there is often a deep insight and profound Spirit-
truth veiled in his singular allusions. But to con-
tinue:—
"I am the Poet of Woman as well as of Man,
And I say it is as great to be a Woman as to be a
Man,
And I say there is nothing greater than the Mother
"I am a free companion—I broucave by invading
watch-fires."
"My voice is the wife's voice, the screech by the
rail of the stairs;
They fetch my man's body up dripping and
I understand the large hearts of heroes,
The courage of present times and all times;
How the skipper saw the crowded and rudderless
wreck of the steamship, and death chasing it up
and down the storm;
How he knuckled tight and gave not back one
inch, and was faithful of days and faithful of
nights,
And chalked in large letters on a board, He of good
cheer, We will not desert you;
How he saved the drifting company at last,
How the link loose-gowned women looked when
boated from the side of their prepared graves,
How the silent old-faced infants, and the lifted sick,
and the sharp-lipped unshaved men;
All this I swallow and it tastes good—I like it well,
and it becomes mine,
I am the man—I suffered—I was there.
The disdain and calmness of martyrs,
The mother condemned for a witch and burnt with
dry wood, and her children gazing on;
The wounded slave that flags in the race and leans
by the fence, blowing and covered with sweat,
The twinges that sting like needles his legs and neck,
The murderous buckshot and the bullets,
All these I feel or am.

I am the hounded slave—I wince at the bite of the
dogs,
Hell and despair are upon me—crack and again
crack the marksman,
I clutch the rails of the fence—my gore dribs
thinned with the ooze of my skin,
I fall on the weeds and stones,
The riders spur their unwilling horses and haul close,
They taunt my dizzy ears—they beat me violently
over the head with their whip-stocks.
Agonies are one of my wounded persons; garments;
I do not know the name of the person how he feels—I
myself become the wounded person,
My hurt turns hid upon me as I lean on a cane
and observe.
I am the mashed fireman with breastbone broken
—tumbling walls buried me in their debris,
Heat and smoke inspired—I heard the yelling
shouts of my comrades,
I heard the distant click of their picks and shovels;
They have cleared the beams away—they ten-
derly lift me forth.
I lie in the night air in my red shirt—the pervad-
ing hush is for my sake,
Painless as all I am exhausted but not so unhappy,
White and beautiful are the faces around me—the
heads are bared of their firecaps,
The kneeling crowd fades with the light of the
torches.
Distant and dead resuscitate,
They show as the dial or more as the hands of me
—and I am the clock myself.
I am an old artilleryman, and tell of some fort's bom-
bardment—and am there again.
Again the reveille of drummers—again the attack-
ing cannon and mortars and howitzers,
Again the attacked send their cannon responsive.
I take part—I see and hear the whole,
The cries and curses and roar—the plaudits for
well aimed shots,
The ambulanza slowly passing and trailing its red
drip,
Workmen searching after damages and to make in-
dispensable repairs,
The fall of grenades through the rent roof—the
fan-shaped explosion,
The whizz of limbs, heads, stone, wood and iron
high in the air,
Again gurgles the mouth of my dying general—he
furiously waves with his hand,
He gasps through the clot—mind not me—mind—
the entrenchments.
I tell not the fall of Alamo—not one escaped to tell
the fall of Alamo,
The hundred and fifty are dumb yet at Alamo.
Hear now the tale of a jetblack sunrise,
Hear of the murder in cold blood of four hundred
and twelve young men.
Retreating they had formed in a hollow square with
their baggage for breastworks,
Nine hundred lives out of the surrounding enemy's
nine times their number was the price they took
in advance,
Their colonel was wounded and their ammunition
gone,
They treated for an honorable capitulation, received
writing and seal, gave up their arms, and marched
back prisoners of war.
They were the glory of the race of rangers,
Matchless with a horse, a rifle, a song, a supper or
a courtship,
Large, turbulent, brave, handsome, generous, proud
and affectionate,
Bearded, sunburnt, dressed in the free costume of
hunters,
Not a single one over thirty years of age.

The second Sunday morning they were brought
out in squads and massacred—it was beautiful
early summer,
The work commenced about five o'clock and was
over by eight.
None obeyed the command to kneel,
Some made a mad and helpless rush—some stood
stark and straight,
A few fell at once, shot in the temple or heart—the
living and dead lay together
The maimed and mangled dug in the dirt—the
new-comers saw them there;
Some, half killed, attempted to crawl away,
These were dispatched with bayonets or battered
with the blunts of muskets;
A youth, not seventeen years old, seized his assassin
till two more came to release him.
The three were all torn, and covered with the boy's
blood.

At eleven o'clock began the burning of the bodies;
And that is the tale of the murder of the four hun-
dred and twelve young men,
And that was a jetblack sunrise.
Did you read in the sea-books of the old-fashioned
frigate-fights the moon,
Did you learn who won by the light of the moon
and stars?
Our foe was no skulk in his ship, I tell you,
His was the English pluck, and there is no tougher
or truer, and never was, and never will be;
Along the lowered eve he came, horribly raking us.
We closed with him—the yards entangled—the
cannon touched,
My captain lashed fast with his own hands.
We had received some eighteen-pound shots under
the water,
On our lower gun-deck two large pieces had burst
at the first fire, killing all around and blowing
up overhead.
Ten o'clock at night, and the full moon shining and
the leaks on the gain, and five feet of water re-
ported,
The master-at-arms loosing the prisoners confined
in the after-hold to give them a chance for them-
selves.
The transit to and from the magazine was now
stopped by the sentinels,
They saw so many strange faces they did not know
whom to trust.

Our frigate was fire—the other asked if we de-
manded quarters? if our colors were struck and
the fighting done?
I laughed content when I heard the voice of my
little captain,
We have not struck, he composedly cried; we have
just begun our part of the fighting.
Only three guns were in use.
One was directed, by the captain himself, against
the enemy's mainmast.
Two, well-served with grape and canister, silenced
his musketry and cleared his decks.
The tops alone seconded the fire of this little bat-
tery, especially the maintop.
They all held out bravely during the whole of the
action.
Not a moment's cease;
The leaks gained fast on the pumps—the fire eat
toward the powder-magazine;
One of the pumps was shot away—it was generally
thought we were sinking.
Serene stood the little captain;
He was not hurried—his voice was neither high nor
low;
His eyes gave more light to us than our battle-lan-
terns.
Toward twelve at night, there, in the beams of the
moon, they surrendered to us.
Stretched and still lay the midnight,
Two great hulls motionless on the breast of the
darkness,
Our vessel riddled and slowly sinking—preparations
to pass to the one we had conquered,
The captain on the quarter-deck coldly giving his
orders through a countenance white as a sheet,
Near by the corpse of the child that served in the
cabin,
The dead face of an old salt, with long white hair
and carefully curled whiskers,
The flames, spite of all that could be done, flicker-
ing aloft and below,
The husky voices of the two or three officers yet
fit for duty,
Formless stacks of bodies and bodies by themselves
—dabs of flesh upon the masts and spars,
The cut of cordage and dangle of rigging—the
slight shock of the soothe of waves,
Black and impassive guns, and litter of powder
parcels, and the strong scent,
Delicate sniffs of the seabreeze—smells of sedge
grass and fields by the shore—death-messages
given in charge to survivors,
The hiss of the surgeon's knife and the gnawing
teeth of his saw,
The wheeze, the cluck, the swash of falling blood—
the short wild scream, the long dull tapering
groan,
These so—these irretreviable.

O Christ! My fit is mastering me!
What the rebel said gaily adjusting his throat to
the rope-noose,
What the savage at the stump, his eye-sockets
empty, his mouth spitting whoops and defiance,
What stills the traveller come to the vault at Mount
Vernon,
What sobers the Brooklyn boy as he looks down
the shores of the Wallabout and remembers the
prison ships,
What burnt the gums of the redcoat at Saratoga
when he surrendered his brigades,
These become mine and me every one, and they
are but little,
I become as much more as I like.
I become any presence or truth of humanity here,
And see myself in prison shaped like another man,
And feel the dull unintermitted pain.
For me the keepers of convicts shoulder their car-
bins and keep watch,
It is I let out in the morning and barred at night.
Not a mutineer walks handcuffed to the jail, but I
am handcuffed to him and walk by his side,
I am less the jolly one there, and more the silent
one with sweat on my twitching lips.
Not a youngster is taken for larceny, but I go up
too and am tried and sentenced.

Not a cholera patient lies at the last gasp, but I
also lie at the last gasp,
My face is ash-colored, my sinews gnarl—away
from me people retreat.
Askers embody themselves in me, and I am em-
bodied in them,
I project my hat and sit shamefaced and beg.
I rise extatic through all, and sweep with the true
gravitation,
The whirling and whirling is elemental within me.
Somewhat I have been stunned. Stand back!
Give me a little time beyond my cuffed head and
slumbers and dreams and gaping,
I discover myself on a verge of the usual mistake.
That I could forget the mockers and insults!
That I could forget the trickling tears and the
blows of the bludgeons and hammers!
That I could look with a separate look on my own
crucifixion and bloody crowning!"

Such are the graphic pictures which this new
world-painter flings from his easel and dashes upon
the moving panorama of life. His night-thoughts
are not less striking, as borne by the Muse, he
looks into every chamber, and hears the quiet
breathing of slumbering humanity:—
"I wander all night in my vision,
Stepping with light feet—swiftly and noiselessly
stepping and stopping,
Bending with open eyes over the shut eyes of
sleepers;
Wandering and confused—lost to myself—ill-as-
sorted—contradictory,
Pausing and gazing and bending and stopping.
How solemn they look there, stretched and still;
How quiet they breathe, the little children in their
cradles.
The blind sleep, and the deaf and dumb sleep,
The prisoner sleeps well in the prison—the run-
away son sleeps,
The murderer that is to be hung next day—how
does he sleep?
And the murdered person—how does he sleep?
The female that loves, unrequited sleeps,
And the male that loves, unrequited sleeps;
The head of the money-maker that plotted all day,
And the enraged and treacherous dispositions,
sleep."

As the volume advances towards its conclusion,
the Spirit of the Poet becomes calmer and more
serenely elevated. But everywhere his sympathy
is with man, and not with conventionalisms:—
"A red squaw came one breakfasttime to the old
homestead,
On her back she carried a bundle of rushes for
rubbustomming chairs;
Her hair straight shiny coarse black and profuse
half enveloped her face,
Her step was free and elastic—her voice sounded
exquisitely as she spoke.
My mother looked in delight and amazement at the
stranger,
She looked at the beauty of her tallborne face and
full and pliant limbs,
The more she looked upon her she loved her,
Never before had she seen such wonderful beauty
and purity;
She made her sit on a bench by the jamb of the
fire-place—she cooked food for her,
She had no work to give her but she gave her re-
membrance and fondness.
The red squaw staid all the forenoon, and toward
the middle of the afternoon she went away;
O my mother was loth to have her go away,
All the week she thought of her—she watched for
her many a month, [summer,
She remembered her many a winter, and many a
But the red squaw never came nor was heard of
there again."
The following also may be taken as a counter-
part of the beautiful womanhood of the forest:—
"I knew a man—he was a common farmer—he
was the father of five sons—and in them were
the fathers of sons—and in them were the fa-
thers of sons.

This man was of wonderful vigor and calmness
and beauty of person;
The shape of his head, the richness and breadth of
his manners, the pale yellow and white of his
hair and beard, the immeasurable meaning of his
black eyes, [wise also,
These, I used to go and visit him to see him,
He was six feet tall—he was over eighty years old
—his nose were massive clean bearded tan-faced and
handsome,
They and his daughters loved him—all who saw
him loved him—they did not love him by allow-
ance—they loved him with personal love;
He drank water only—the blood showed like scar-
let through the clear brown skin of his face;
He was a frequent gunner and fisher—he sailed
his boat himself—he had a fine one presented to
him by a shipowner—he had fowling-pieces, pre-
sented to him by men that loved him;
When he went with his five sons and many grand-
sons to hunt or fish you would pick him out as
the most beautiful and vigorous of the gang.
You would wish long and long to be with him—
you would wish to sit by him in the boat that
you and he might touch each other.
I have perceived that to be with those I like is
enough, [enough,
To stop in company with the rest at evening is
To be surrounded by beautiful curious breathing
laughing flesh is enough,
To pass among them—to touch any one—to rest
my arm ever so lightly round his or her neck for
a moment—what is this then?
I do not ask any more delight—I swim in it as in
a sea."

And now with a paragraph from the Preface—
which is not less unique and original than the
Poem itself—we will close our lengthened ex-
tracts:—
"A great poem is for ages and ages in common
and for all degrees and complexions and all depart-
ments and sects and for a woman as much as a
man and a man as much as a woman. A great
poem is no finish to a man or woman but rather a
beginning. Has any one fancied he could sit at
last under some due authority and rest satisfied
with explanations and realize and be content and
full? To no such terminus does the greatest poet

bring . . . he brings neither cessation or sheltered
fatness and ease. The touch of him tells in action.
Whom he takes he takes with firm sure grasp into
live regions previously unattained . . . thencefor-
ward is no rest . . . they see the space and ineff-
able sheen that turn the old spots and lights into
dead vacuums. The companion of him beholds
the birth and progress of stars and learns one of
the meanings. Now there shall be no cohered
out of tumult and chaos . . . the elder encourages
the younger and shows him how . . . they two
shall launch off fearlessly together till the new world
fits an orbit for itself and looks unabashed on the
lesser orbits of the stars and sweeps through the
ceaseless rings and shall never be quiet again."
"The poems distilled from other poems will
probably pass away. The coward will surely pass
away. The expectation of the vital and great can
only be satisfied by the demeanor of the vital and
great. The swarms of the polished and deprecating
the reflectors and the polite, float off and leave no
remembrance. America prepares with composure
and good-will for the visitors that have sent word.
It is not intellect that is to be their warrant and
welcome. The talented, the artist, the ingenious,
the editor, the statesman, the erudite . . . they are
not unappreciated . . . they fall in their place and
do their work. The soul of the nation also does its
work. No disguise can pass on it . . . no disguise
can conceal from it. It rejects none, it permits all.
Only towards as good as itself and toward the like
of itself will it advance half way. An individual is
as superb as a nation when he has the qualities
which make a superb nation. The soul of the lar-
gest and wealthiest and proudest nation may well
go half way to meet that of its poets. The signs
are eloquent. There is no fear of mistake. If the
one is true the other is true. The proof of a poet
is that his country absorbs him as affectionately as
he has absorbed it."

But we cannot take leave of this remarkable vo-
lume without advising our friends, who are not too
delicately nerved, to study the work as a sign of
the times; written, as we perceive, under powerful
influxes; a prophecy and promise of much that
awaits all who are entering with us into the open-
ing doors of a new Era. A portion of that thought,
which broods over the American nation, is here
seized and bodied forth by a son of the people,
rudely, wildly, and with some perversions, yet
strongly and genuinely, according to the percep-
tion of this bold writer. He is the young Her-
cules who has seized the serpents that would make
him and us their prey; but instead of strangling,
he would change them to winged and beautiful
forms, who shall become the servants of mankind.
HESPERUS.

For the Christian Spiritualist.
TO THE LOVERS OF TRUTH AND
FREEDOM.

The Truth shall make you Free.
[Given through Mrs. R. M. Henderson, Medium.]
The way of life is before you—a way that leads
to Truth and Liberty; you can escape from the
horrible pit, and the miry clay of educated super-
stition, and of a dark and mysterious theology. The
world needs a new system of faith, of law, of cus-
tom, and Truth must, and surely will, work out the
great reformation. The hand of the Great Ruler
of the Universe is guiding the helm, and who can
stay the power that bears the mighty ship onward!

Have you been groping your way in darkness
and doubt, (not knowing whither your steps were
tending,) borne onward by an irresistible current,
until you seemed ready to plunge into the fearful
abyss of despair and uncertainty? with no hand to
guide, no arm to save, nothing but the slender
thread of human friendship and of a popular theo-
logy to cling to! Have you seen your frail sup-
port torn rudely from you by a self-h, unfeeling
bigotry? Have you felt the galling chains of the
creeds of men, saying, "thus far shall thou go,
and no further," stalling thy aspiring mind in its
onward course, until from the depths of your in-
most soul you cry, "Lord, save, or I perish;" and
a power invisible, intelligent, and immortal, came
to your rescue, set your feet on firm ground, gave
you the Lamp of Life to guide your way, and
pointed you to wisdom's path, where is pleasant-
ness and peace, and bear your company in your
journey onward, cheering you by love, and truth,
and an unselfish friendship? Have you felt all
this, and would you pause in your course? would
you go back into bondage and darkness? No! The
Truth has made you free in a measure, and
will you not rather seek for more freedom, more
light, and more wisdom? Turn then from the
world to seek for pleasure more lasting and en-
during. "Lay up your treasures in Heaven;"
"Seek first the Kingdom of Heaven and its right-
eousness." Listen to the whisperings of your guardian
Spirits, who continually hover around you to
assist and comfort you in your life journey, and
lead you from danger and from sin, to soften to
your your trials and afflictions, and turn them to
your advantage, by showing you that all things
earthly are but vanity and vexation, and that there
is One able and strong to save, who will never leave
or forsake you. Oh! Child of Earth, there is hap-
piness in seeking for the things of the Spirit—for
its development and progression; there is freedom
in a faith which is not of earth, in the institution of
Nature, of which man is not the ruler, but which
was formed by God; whose laws govern it, and
whose mighty power protects those who embrace
it from a tyrannical despotism, which the customs
of society and the laws of man exercise; and the
time is fast approaching, when the laws and cus-
toms of those who dwell on the earth's sphere will
be done away with, and a more harmonious devel-
opment of mind will take its place, and Truth will
reign triumphant over Error. For as Truth ad-
vances, Error retreats; and as Truth advances,
Freedom advances also—"For the Truth shall
make you free;" and as the light and wisdom
which emanated from it, spreads itself over the
world, man, in embracing its principles, shall re-
ceive new strength, and new courage, to come out

LEAVES OF GRASS: Brooklyn, N. Y., 1855. [Quarto,
with Portrait. Price \$1. Sold by Fowlers & Wells, 203
Broadway.]

DEAR FRIEND TOOEY: I am satisfied that this is a considerable amount of an old world; I became so some time ago, when on a visit to the Falls of Niagara. Previous to the visit I had read the opinion of an eminent Geologist, that this mighty torrent, during the lapse of ages, worn its way through solid rock for a distance of seven miles or thereabouts, and that so slowly had the process gone, that no single generation could perceive the slightest change in the aspect either of the adjacent hills or the Falls themselves; consequently that millions of years have rolled away since they first began their terrible backward journey. The ideas then, born, have received additional growth since I left my native land, and I am perfectly satisfied that this world has not stood from all eternity, yet that it comes mighty near to it. Any man who takes the trouble to use his eyes properly, must arrive at similar conclusions. Let any person take a good look at the cliffs between Newhaven and Brighton, on the one side of the English Channel, and from Calais to Dieppe on the other, and he must unavoidably conclude from the resemblance between them, that once in the night of ages past, these two countries, now separated by a belt of sea varying from twenty to one hundred miles in width, were one and the same. It must have been a tremendous revolution in nature that thus could cut a continent in twain; or else the slowly progressive incursions of the ocean must have taken incalculable centuries to effect so stupendous a divorce.

On first landing in Dieppe, I, together with my fellow-voyagers, were ushered into what they facetiously term the Custom House, in which very bad customs prevail withal. "Donner moi votre passe-port, Monsieur!" said a fiercely moustached individual to me, whereupon I handed over a certain piece of paper with which I had been previously furnished by one Wm. L. Marcy, Esq., which paper was adorned with a big splash of red sealing-wax, three or four spread eagles, a star-spangled banner, and which paper contained a description of a person, whom a clairvoyant medium then on his travels in search of "Common Sense." The ceremony of comparing the person of your correspondent with the description therein contained, having resulted satisfactorily to all parties, and the trunks of all having been duly explored, and nothing contraband of the nephew of his uncle being found therein, we were permitted to go on our way—your humble servant loudly rejoicing that he was clear, for a time at least, of the horrible extortion practiced by every son and daughter of "la Patrie Albion" on every stranger who sets foot upon her soil. And here let me remark, that a man can travel, eat, drink, sleep, and if sick be doctored, anywhere in France, or indeed Europe, for so-called the money he can in Britain. In a few minutes we reached our lodgings at the "Hotel de la reine Anglaise," and had a delightful twelve o'clock supper, after which we all sallied forth to enjoy a moonlight ramble over the ancient city. On our way to the hills on the left of the harbor, we encountered a party of bacchanals, full to the brim with patriotism and bad brandy. They insisted on doing the agreeable—for of all people the French are the politest—and forthwith regaled us with a song, which I am unable to translate, but the burden of which was the infinite superiority of everything French over everything else, and the refines, equally untranslatable, informed us that they, the singers, had, after the most profound and mature deliberation, come to the resolution to not go home till morning, which I presume they persisted in, while our party pursued our way to the castle on the hill. We were not permitted to enter that hour, and consequently had to be content with a glorious view of the ocean, which to me was worth far more, seen from the brow of the hill, than viewed from the battlements of a fort, because the ideas associated therewith were never pleasant. I preferred to gaze on God, from Nature, than from the warlike walls of bloody-minded, cruel men. Brother, it is good to gaze out upon the silver mirror ocean at the midnight hour; it is full of inspiration. The soul drinks it in, and the nerves tingle and vibrate with delicious joy. My comrades chose to leave me star-gazing, as they called it, while they returned to the inn. Foolish men! I was not star-gazing. Far from it. I was talking with an holy Spirit—with the Ancient of Days—with the everlasting Spirit of Peace. Far on the brightly dancing waves, which laved the pebbly shore at my feet, I saw a bright troop of Spirits, who had never worn the human form. And O, my soul was glad, my brother, for they were holy, sweet and pure. These Spirits—these Ocean-ides mounted the air, and in troops entered, one by one, my body, but my soul. They took unto themselves form, and behold, my brother, I was filled with the Holy Ghost, and the forms they took were thoughts, ideas, living realities, and behold one of these Spirits I have given a body to, I herewith clothe thee, my brother, and through thee to all: "Fidelity bidding, and go forth at thy will; I am the ocean-babe—my name is Purity—and leaving thee better than I found thee, proclaim that without me ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of the Ever Pure." Children of the Ocean of Life, my sisters, Chastity, Health, Beauty and Humility are of the train who bathe the souls of all who, born of selfishness, feel the hope of better things within them, and go down to the dark river of Sorrow, cross it, and stand at the gates of the House of Peace, cannot enter in, until the defilements are by us removed, new garments worn and placed upon them, and the watchword given which admits the seeking soul into the entrance hall of that house of mansions, which hall openeth into the vestibule of a vaster realm of peacefulness, such as whereof true conception hath yet entered into the mind of Man. All ye need is our aid to enter in; we can ye without.

We are born of the Waters, for the Waters are Truth-life, and we are the elements which enter into man's true life. "Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty." Eternal purity is the price of Peace. Man's happiness depends upon the force with which he can pronounce the two words "YES" and "NO," and act up to either. Will you, my sister, exercise upon these two words? Look behind thee; see the zig-zag paths thou hast made on the journey of existence—for it is not life thou hast up to this day lived, for life is all joyful, peaceful, happy; but existence is but a lower form of being on the earth! Henceforth call us the Sweet Sisters of the Sea to thee, and we will bathe thee in the healing waters of Purity—

"From a fountain brighter glowing,
From eternal sources flowing,
Where the Tree of Life is growing evermore."
Reader—let you and I and all take profit—mean to, even if the jaws of Hell open to prevent me.
P. B. RANDOLPH.

me, to even if the jaws of Hell open to prevent me. X. Y. C.

THE RETURN OF DR. KANE.

Since the return of this gentleman, the secular and theological press have become "wondrous wise," and said all manner of smart things about the absurdities, &c., of Spiritualism, to the glory of public opinion and vulgar prejudice. Read the following from the Tribune of October 18th:—

"A correspondent calls our attention to a statement in the New England Spiritualist, dated June 30 last, according to which Dr. Kane had been seen in the Spiritual world in company with Sir John Franklin, while his mortal remains were seen lying upon the polar ice among the relics of his expedition—his vessel having been crushed to pieces, and most, if not all, of his men destroyed. Our correspondent seems to think that the falsehood of all these particulars affords a new evidence against the credibility of the so-called Spiritual communications; but we do not see that in this respect the revelation in question differs much from the mass of those pretending to come from the world of ghosts and rappers. There is no other class of liars to be compared with those who play upon their dupes from behind the veil which hides trans-mundane existence from the sight of men."

This is characteristic, very, and is every way worthy of the head and heart of the writer, if we are to judge by past "manifestations" from the same source.

In nearly the same spirit the Editor of the Frankfort Herald, (Phila.) Oct. 20, after quoting a communication from the July number of the Scientific American, which purported to give the whereabouts of Sir John Franklin, and the progress of Kane's Arctic Expedition, makes himself merry to nearly the extent of a column, by saying all kinds of funny things of Spiritualism, which he seems to think warranted on the following profession of faith and no faith. He says:—

"We have always looked upon Spiritualism, so-called, as a dangerous delusion, and fraught with incalculable mischief to civilized community. It is so, because it tends to sap the moral foundation of society, and instead of elevating human character, only carries it back to the days of superstition and darkness, when witchcraft and demonology held unbounded sway over the minds of men, and consigned helpless old women and inoffensive children to the gibbet and the stake. It is paving the way for, and has already introduced some of the most ridiculous doctrines, the immoral tendency of which is almost without a parallel. Many have turned aside from the humble paths of christianity to worship at this mysterious shrine, and have become bigots, and in some instances blasphemous, sceptics. It is strange that such nonsense still finds so many advocates, after the many wholesome rebukes which have from time to time been administered to it."

As these extracts contain all that can be urged against Spiritualism, because Dr. Kane did not sink, drown or lose himself in his efforts to find Sir John, we shall take this occasion to ask the sagacious and profound Editors of the Tribune and Herald a few questions.

Why did not some of the press contradict the statement copied from the N. E. Spiritualist, before the return of Dr. Kane? Simply because no one seemed, at that time, "fully persuaded in his own mind" that there was any "lie" in the premise, and could not therefore afford to make himself ridiculous by denying what "after all might be true."

When did Spiritualists offer the communications in question, or any others, as reliable? Never! And this, both these gentlemen should have known, had they any desire to know the truth of the matter.

No intelligent Spiritualist will insist on the reliability of any communication, until he can prove either the infallibility of Spirits, or so identify the Spirit communicating, as to make imposition impossible. Either of these, however, in the present state of Spiritualism, is not to be expected in a positive and absolute sense.

And this has not only wisdom in it, but follows the entire range of analogy in every department of intellectual, social and Spiritual intercourse.

The wisdom of this is manifest, since these failures admonish the mind of caution, and inspire it with a spirit of discrimination, for it is acknowledged that Spirits in or out of the body should not be permitted to absorb the confidence of any individual, as such exclusive manifestations of faith retard rather than aid the true education and development of the mind.

As to the morality of Spiritualism and its contributions to the motive power, that fashions life and purifies the soul, it is probable the editor of the Frankfort Herald is expressing a very natural ignorance, when he talks of Spiritualism as such "nonsense," and wonders if "still finds so many advocates;" since in his, as in other cases, ignorance appears to be not only the mother of dogmatism, but the nurse of uncharitable denunciation, popular fanaticism, and Spiritual scepticism.

This judgment, although it may seem severe, is the only one we can form of men who pass over every department of experience and knowledge in order to find fault with an unpopular because a misrepresented truth. Spiritualists, doubtless, have many things to learn before they can speak with much confidence of the predictions made, and the philosophy taught, of a future life by Spirits; but this can be no good reason why any sane and honest mind would wish to magnify these difficulties and discourage the candid and truth-loving investigator. On the contrary; if the philosophy of most of our divines is good for any thing, the very fact that honest and disinterested men and women bear testimony for Spiritualism, notwithstanding its errors of logic, its false communications, &c., should inspire the critic with respect and tolerance—since this is the popular argument with most historic and creed-confirmed Christians, whenever it is necessary to appeal to the character of the disciples of Jesus, for moral and presumptive proof of the genuineness of the gospel narrative.

All this, however, is suddenly and entirely lost sight of when parallel facts are to be testified to and the witnesses examined, simply because "the disciples of modern, as well those of ancient Spiritualism, sometimes "see through a glass darkly." There is a lesson of caution, however, to be learned by all from this failure, which should not be permitted to pass away without making such corrections as may best tend to the true development of the medium, and the harmonization of the man.

For the Christian Spiritualist.
SPIRITUAL WEALTH:
ITS CHARACTERISTICS AND CONSOLATIONS.
A FRIENDLY COMMUNICATION.
My friend, the position which I occupy, although both pleasant and interesting, is one of no very trifling or unimportant nature. I feel most deeply the lofty grandeur—the holy sublimity—the inconceivable majesty of my mission. Standing thus as an ambassador from this sphere, I can but be impressed with the dignity of my calling! Far be it from me to assume any superior merit or capacity on this account, not unto me, but to circumstance, accident, or Providence, be all the honor ascribed.

If I might I read thy spirit's lettered pages—if I catch the true tone—the perfect utterance of that Spirit's voice—thine is a nature, fitly formed and fashioned, for the investigation of a science so pure and deep, abstruse and high, as this.

desire to make the manifestations obnoxious to public sense.

We have made that protest, and it has had the proper effect, and our opponents have made the necessary correction. The editor of the Daily Times, in his issue of Oct. 25, says:—

"We have been favored with an article from the 'Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge' on the subject of 'Passional Attraction.' It protests against the philosophical error with which the Free Love-ites have fallen, and believes that it would be better—far better for the Community, that their assemblies were at the houses of the harlots;—that they did not seek to hide their criminalities and abominations beneath the hypocritical covering of any prophet's mantle they may catch in its descent, or pilfer from its lawful owner! Though we do not agree with the Spiritualists in any of the exclusive doctrines they uphold before the world, we do admit that, in their denunciation of the sensuous system of legalized prostitution which the disciples of Free Love now seek to establish, they have taken a correct view of the subject. A right-thinking community will coincide with them when they say that the deplorable effects of this new and blasphemous creed upon family relationships and attributes, the annihilation of that sweetest, holiest, and deepest of all earthly affections, a mother's unflinching love and devotion, and its consequences on childhood, should awaken all the nations, and inspire them with one determined purpose, and a voice of execration and disgust should arise from the people as from one soul—a voice, whose trumpet tones should reverberate in startling echoes through the hearts and consciences of this class of reformers, (as they are called,) until they should find no rest to their souls, or peace in their hearts, till they departed from the evil of their ways, or ceased to bring a reproach upon the sanctuary of the Lord's house by the assumption of the name and attributes of his true prophets."

The "Times," for some weeks back, has been active in burlesquing, and in various ways misrepresenting the philosophy of Spiritualism, insisting that it tended to—if its members did not accept—the Free Love doctrine, and, as a consequence, it must be considered an alien force to the harmony and social order of society. The above confession and correction ends this phase of the controversy with the Daily Times.

The Tribune too has confessed, and we hope, on this point, it will henceforth forsake its besetting sin of misrepresentation and abuse of Spiritualism. In its issue of Oct. 26, we find the following:—

"The Christian Spiritualist contains a leading article addressed by 'the Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge, to all Christian Spiritualists and true Progressionists,' not only disclaiming in the most positive manner all connection with the doctrines of individual sovereignty and Free Love taught by Mr. S. P. Andrews and his associates, but denouncing those doctrines and setting forth various reasons why they are false and pernicious. The Spiritualist Telegraph, the organ of another division of 'Spiritualists,' takes similar ground."

It is to be hoped that other papers—secular and theological—will do Spiritualism and Spiritualists justice by making a similar correction.

THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS.

As a matter of course, the Literature of Spiritualism, like the manifestations and other proofs of Spirit intercourse and guardianship, must pass through the purgatory of public opinion before it will get a fair and candid examination, so powerful is the influence of education and mental habits. What the verdict of that examination will be, we are not at a loss to determine, since occasionally we are permitted to read the conclusions of those who, having examined the subject in the spirit of calm, conscientious thoughtfulness, send forth words of soberness and truth. These testify of the merits of Spiritualism, as a gospel of harmonic culture, and acknowledge its literature as the first fruits of the ministry of angels.

In illustration of this, we select the following, because it is the latest notice we have seen of the work, whose title heads this article, and reminds us that "justice and judgment" are ever superior to the prejudices of the times.

The Editor of the East Boston Ledger, in his issue of October 20, in a notice of the Healing of the Nations, says:—

"The introduction of Mr. Talmadge, occupying some 70 pages, will be conceded to be an able exposition and defence of Spiritualism, and to do honor to the author, whatever may be thought of the soundness of his belief. A man who, like Gov. Talmadge is willing to peril a high reputation for what he conceives to be truth, must possess qualities of rare excellence.

"The production which gives title to the volume, though bearing the name of Charles Linton, is alleged to be from a Spiritual source. It seems to us a remarkable one, superior in every respect to most Spiritual productions. We have found time to look into it only here and there; but have every where found it instructive; nor have we met with a passage unworthy of a high Spiritual origin. Let the authorship be what it may, it is due to our convictions to say that, so far as we have read, it contains pure morality, specious, if not sound, philosophy, and refined Spirituality. As a literary production, also, it is meritorious—clear, ornate, and sometimes striking, both in thought and expression. We commend it to all who feel interested in the subject.

"The Society, under whose auspices it is published, seek free rooms, and furnish Mediums free to all who wish to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism, at 553 Broadway, New York."

THE ODIC FORCE.

The controversies, which of late have sprung into being by virtue or defects of the various expositions which Spiritualism has received from its reviewers, and the frequent reference made to Baron C. Von Reichenbach's researches and discoveries in Magnetism, Electricity, &c. &c., has made the phrase odic or dylic force a speciality in its controversial language; to meet which we have commenced the republication of an elaborate review of the Baron's great work, in this issue, (see 4th page) which we think, if read with attention, will give the reader a clear, though general, idea of the Baron's method, and enable each one to say how far, and in what degree, the facts of Spiritualism and the manifestations of the odic force, have a common origin.

BORN INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD.

On the 20th day of August, 1855, Miss Caroline B., daughter of Abel J. and Hannah Stilson, of Newtown, Ct., at the age of 14 and a half years, exchanged the mortal and earth life for the immortal and Spirit life, having passed from the earth sphere. Consumption, that fell, mortal destroyer, thus early in life nipped the flower, and it withered; but the unseen flower still lives, and beautifully blooms in a more congenial clime. Caroline was a firm believer in the truth of Spirit intercourse, and lived here but to live forever. She lived, beloved by all who knew her, "and was not, for God took her." A. C. S.

DR. J. MAYHEW.—This Brother wishes us to say he will be in Willamantic on the 4th, and in Norwich on the 11th of November; to which places his friends are requested to direct their letters.

REMOVAL.—LORIN L. PLATT has removed to No. 104 Canal street. Mr. P. occupies the rooms formerly used by Mr. Conklin, Mr. C. having moved into other rooms in the same building.

to awaken the Spiritual element in men, rather than slavishly have them follow memorized forms and external rituals. This belief continues with us, and is so sacredly a part of our religion, that we never wish to interfere with the order and method of any soul's education and unfolding, and regret any such officiousness, be it ever so well intentioned, so long as the soul recognizes order and seeks for harmony. This philosophy comprehends the development of variety in unity, and seeks to make individualized intelligences rather than uniform believers.

Hence, if a contributor or correspondent writes us Universalism, Unitarianism, or any other ism—that professedly, and in fact, honors God and inspires respect and love for his children—it is accepted of us, and placed to the best advantage in our columns, that it may speak because of its authority, and heal according to the virtue in it.

2d. All this, however, is expressive of our faith and philosophy, rather than explanatory of the causes that make Universalism an element of the paper's teaching. The following, therefore, will outline the reasons why, and the causes that make the Christian Spiritualist what it is.

The Christian world is divided on the question of Bible theology; as each sect appeals to, and quotes from, its venerable pages, in favor of the particular belief fashionable with its followers. Each of these sects, in turn, assumes not only the right of private judgment, but of public censure—as they generally condemn, either in whole or in part, the belief and theology of their neighbors, which keeps them in antagonistic controversies, making each wise in their own conceit, rather than converting the spirit from the error of its ways. All this the members and officers of the "Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge" wished to avoid, as their common belief was that the world had enough of creeds and isms, controversies and antagonisms, dogmatism and denunciation. And in starting the Christian Spiritualist, and in organizing the Society, in public and in private expressed the determination to have both FREE; trusting that the Providence of God, through the ministry of his angels, would from time to time give us such light as would tend to explain these issues that separate man from his fellow.

Among these vexed questions, is the one of future punishment, which it is hoped will be explained by the Spirits, who, in their capacity as mediators among men, will so explain the order and method of nature, that the Gospel of Jesus and the Providence of God may be known and read of all men, as one and the same.

If, therefore, the communications from men and Spirits thus far published in this paper, are in favor of Universalism, they must be taken as the testimony of those contributing, and in favor of the belief "that God being no respecter of persons," "will have all men to be saved and come into a knowledge of the truth." We have, however, published the various modifications of this issue, from the startling facts and gloomy revelations of Dr. Gurney, to the more hopeful views of the ideologist who shrinks from the associations of hell, Calvinistic and Swedenborgian, with repugnance and horror. This we shall continue to do, leaving it for the Providence of God to declare which is right and which is wrong as to the extent and character of future punishment, since we have the testimony of experience and the assertion of the Spirits in favor of Progress here and hereafter.

Is this explanation satisfactory, Bro. Gay?

"SOUL MARRIAGE."

The article published under this heading some weeks since, does not seem to have pleased the editor of The Circular, because it advocated Spiritual marriage—in opposition to "free love." Those unacquainted with the philosophy set forth in The Circular—and the past life of its editor, (Mr. J. H. Noyes,)—may think this a queer kind of an objection to come from a Christian par excellence, in the middle of the nineteenth century. All such should know, however, that Mr. Noyes is the author of a theological system, which culminates in Socialism, and ignores every phase of familism—as all things are held in common, wives and children included.

This will account for the following criticism, and explain why a profound theologian should attempt to vulgarize "Soul Marriage," by calling it "Spiritual Wilfery." We quote from The Circular, of Oct. 11th. Mr. N. says:—

"The Christian Spiritualist disclaims the doctrine of Free Love, but teaches the doctrine of Soul Marriage, or to speak less politely, of spiritual Wilfery. Every soul has its twin, is its doctrine. There is quite an ingenious article on this subject in a late number, of which we are inclined to give a sketch."

"Now everybody knows that unhappy marriages have followed courtships as exquisite as what is here described. Furthermore, it is pretty well known the same soul may have this transcendental sympathy with more than one other soul—if not with two at the same time, with one after another. Then, at the best, can we approve of such love as is here made the test of marriage fitness? Does it not strike one as idolatrous and selfish? And this whole hankering for a special mate, is it not a desire for an idol, or a desire to be an idol, which is not a natural desire of our original being, but is a corruption of Satan's? We did not intend, however, to discuss this subject—our purpose was to show the position of the Spiritualists. We do not know but there is a shadow of truth in this doctrine of twins; this we know, that you may search the world over for a perfect match, you will not find one till you have found two hearts free from selfishness; and when you have found two such hearts, you will find their partnership is not very exclusive—their love will take in more."

"We are afraid the Spiritualist's disclaimer in respect to free love will not be much respected, while it advocates the doctrine of soul marriage. Souls will be seeking their twins, and this will involve a transition state of free love, for aught we can see."

We have quoted this criticism nearly entire, that the reader may know what has been said against the philosophy of "Soul Marriage," as we think it comprehends nearly, if not quite, all that can be urged against it. We have no controversial issue to make, however, with the author of these strictures, nor on the system he advocates; for it too often happens in most controversies that favoritism, partyism, and individual prejudice has more to do with the issue, than any very deep and honest reformation for truth. While, therefore, we regret the intellectual errors and fallacies of those whose efforts thus far have tended only to vulgarize and materialize not only the institution, but the relations of marriage—and while we sincerely deplore the consequences that have already, and must continue to spring from a system that ignores morals, and converts religion into the sentimentalisms of passion—we can not, however, stop to hold a controversy on the subject; for, the world's experience on this, as on other subjects, authorizes us to us the conclusion that marriage is a finality in nature, and will not be argued out of existence even by philosophers. Duty, however, and self-respect, requires of us both to define our position and to bear protest against what we consider to be an error in reasoning and a sin in practice, since both the secular and theological press have associated Spiritualism with the corruptions of free love, in their eager

to awaken the Spiritual element in men, rather than slavishly have them follow memorized forms and external rituals. This belief continues with us, and is so sacredly a part of our religion, that we never wish to interfere with the order and method of any soul's education and unfolding, and regret any such officiousness, be it ever so well intentioned, so long as the soul recognizes order and seeks for harmony. This philosophy comprehends the development of variety in unity, and seeks to make individualized intelligences rather than uniform believers.

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Each of these sects, in turn, assumes not only the right of private judgment, but of public censure—as they generally condemn, either in whole or in part, the belief and theology of their neighbors, which keeps them in antagonistic controversies, making each wise in their own conceit, rather than converting the spirit from the error of its ways. All this the members and officers of the "Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge" wished to avoid, as their common belief was that the world had enough of creeds and isms, controversies and antagonisms, dogmatism and denunciation. And in starting the Christian Spiritualist, and in organizing the Society, in public and in private expressed the determination to have both FREE; trusting that the Providence of God, through the ministry of his angels, would from time to time give us such light as would tend to explain these issues that separate man from his fellow. Among these vexed questions, is the one of future punishment, which it is hoped will be explained by the Spirits, who, in their capacity as mediators among men, will so explain the order and method of nature, that the Gospel of Jesus and the Providence of God may be known and read of all men, as one and the same. If, therefore, the communications from men and Spirits thus far published in this paper, are in favor of Universalism, they must be taken as the testimony of those contributing, and in favor of the belief "that God being no respecter of persons," "will have all men to be saved and come into a knowledge of the truth." We have, however, published the various modifications of this issue, from the startling facts and gloomy revelations of Dr. Gurney, to the more hopeful views of the ideologist who shrinks from the associations of hell, Calvinistic and Swedenborgian, with repugnance and horror. This we shall continue to do, leaving it for the Providence of God to declare which is right and which is wrong as to the extent and character of future punishment, since we have the testimony of experience and the assertion of the Spirits in favor of Progress here and hereafter. Is this explanation satisfactory, Bro. Gay? "SOUL MARRIAGE." The article published under this heading some weeks since, does not seem to have pleased the editor of The Circular, because it advocated Spiritual marriage—in opposition to "free love." Those unacquainted with the philosophy set forth in The Circular—and the past life of its editor, (Mr. J. H. Noyes,)—may think this a queer kind of an objection to come from a Christian par excellence, in the middle of the nineteenth century. All such should know, however, that Mr. Noyes is the author of a theological system, which culminates in Socialism, and ignores every phase of familism—as all things are held in common, wives and children included. This will account for the following criticism, and explain why a profound theologian should attempt to vulgarize "Soul Marriage," by calling it "Spiritual Wilfery." We quote from The Circular, of Oct. 11th. Mr. N. says:—"The Christian Spiritualist disclaims the doctrine of Free Love, but teaches the doctrine of Soul Marriage, or to speak less politely, of spiritual Wilfery. Every soul has its twin, is its doctrine. There is quite an ingenious article on this subject in a late number, of which we are inclined to give a sketch." "Now everybody knows that unhappy marriages have followed courtships as exquisite as what is here described. Furthermore, it is pretty well known the same soul may have this transcendental sympathy with more than one other soul—if not with two at the same time, with one after another. Then, at the best, can we approve of such love as is here made the test of marriage fitness? Does it not strike one as idolatrous and selfish? And this whole hankering for a special mate, is it not a desire for an idol, or a desire to be an idol, which is not a natural desire of our original being, but is a corruption of Satan's? We did not intend, however, to discuss this subject—our purpose was to show the position of the Spiritualists. We do not know but there is a shadow of truth in this doctrine of twins; this we know, that you may search the world over for a perfect match, you will not find one till you have found two hearts free from selfishness; and when you have found two such hearts, you will find their partnership is not very exclusive—their love will take in more." "We are afraid the Spiritualist's disclaimer in respect to free love will not be much respected, while it advocates the doctrine of soul marriage. Souls will be seeking their twins, and this will involve a transition state of free love, for aught we can see." We have quoted this criticism nearly entire, that the reader may know what has been said against the philosophy of "Soul Marriage," as we think it comprehends nearly, if not quite, all that can be urged against it. We have no controversial issue to make, however, with the author of these strictures, nor on the system he advocates; for it too often happens in most controversies that favoritism, partyism, and individual prejudice has more to do with the issue, than any very deep and honest reformation for truth. 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from the world, and make manifest that which he has received to a people yet in darkness; and they, even though covering their minds by a cloak of prejudice, will be led to acknowledge that what we have been taught of God. We know that there are minds that are striving with all their power to force the Truth from them, and to stay its course by a strong combative influence which they exercise over society; and we know that there are many more that cling to the ruins of an old, worn-out theology; or if not governed by that, they care not for truth in any form, and therefore would remain in a state of ignorance rather than trouble themselves to inquire, "if these things are so." In view, then, of the opposition that Reformers must expect to encounter; in view of the persecution that they will be forced to meet; where shall they look for guidance and direction, but unto a power that is strong to deliver, and which will, by natural laws and means, point out a way of escape. Remember, you who labor to free yourselves and humanity around you from the chains that have long kept you in bondage, that God is all-powerful, and that whatever emanates from his Spirit, will, in spite of the contending forces of evil, work its way wherever he designs. If you are laboring in the cause of Truth, be assured that opposition cannot hinder its progress only for the time being, but will stimulate to new life, new action, and for a momentary halt, it will advance the more strongly and surely. There is a better day coming for those who bitterly felt the bondage of other minds—the tyranny that the strong exercise over the weak, a day when it will be considered a duty to escape from mental bondage, when the immortal soul will leap upwards, rejoicing in its freedom, and striving with all the power of love to place the sweet morsel to the life of others, that they too may taste the joys of Freedom; that their souls may be illuminated by the light of the Gospel of Truth. To those that are weary of the cold forms and ceremonies of the day—to those who have spent their earth-lives, thus far in seeking for happiness, for present and future enjoyments, and still seek in vain—to those whose aspiring minds are not satisfied with the doctrines that have been taught them, but long for a new faith, a new love, a change of Spiritual food—to those we come, and we would bid them listen to our words. We seek to benefit mankind; we labor for your good, and not our own, because we see that humanity is suffering; we see that many are bound down to the sensual, grovelling things of earth, knowing not a way to escape; because they are subject to the prejudice of other minds rather than their own reasoning powers; because they are controlled by minds which tyrannize over them for selfish purposes. To you, one and all, we say, Break asunder those chains which bind you; remember that you are a being made in the image of the Almighty, that on you is bestowed a portion of the Divine Mind; that you are endowed with a reason and an intelligence, which, unperverted, is capable of guiding your immortal Spirit to righteousness and peace. You all have, in a greater or less degree, an interior faculty of perception, which will open to your vision, and make plain the mysterious laws of your being, the laws of nature, the laws of God. We know, and many who dwell in the flesh know also, that a new Dispensation is dawning upon the earth; they know that the working of the Spirits cannot be overcome by the cry of delusion, humbug, &c., neither can their teachings of Truth and Love be ascribed to the Prince of Darkness, because they are too much in contrast with his nature, as man in his foolish imagination has created him. From whence then cometh this mighty power. Search, oh man, and know! "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good," "for if it be of man, it will come to naught, but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest ye be found to fight against God."

Newtown, Conn., Oct. 22, 1855.

Christian Spiritualist.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 3, 1855.

SPIRITUALISM AND UNIVERSALISM.

This association of isms—although not often absent from our mind—was made prominent not long since by reading the following remarks of Brother Gay, in his last issue of the Star of the East. Bro. G., after a general notice of this paper, says:—

"The 'Christian Spiritualist' has chosen that beautiful and significant Spiritual communication, that God gave some eighteen centuries ago, through Jesus, (one of the best and most reliable TEST MEDIUMS the world has ever had. 'Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up.' Upon this significant platform we hail the 'Christian Spiritualist' as the harbinger of great good in the fields of Spiritualism."

"For no sane mind can doubt for a moment that there are plants within the curtain of Spiritualism, which are casting forth upon the community, their poisonous malaria, and cankering the tender fibres of pure Spirit life."

"With the above standing motto, we are at a loss to comprehend how the plant called UNIVERSALISM can be so nurtured by most of its writers. Will they please to explain? We do not wish to be too fault-finding; but we have one maxim which we desire to see adopted. 'TELL ME OF MY FACTS THAT I MAY KNOW AND SHUN THEM; MY VICES, IF I HAVE ANY, WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.' We admire the generous courtesy of this paper much; all Spiritualists will find this sheet the most reliable and interesting of any."

We are obliged to Brother Gay for this practical use of his "maxim," as we are reminded of one which underlies much of our own life, and is of so near a kin to the above that we wish them henceforth an eternal union.

It is as follows:—"He is my friend, who, seeing my faults, tells me of them; for, while they may attract the notice of the critic, and stimulate the tongue of the slanderer, he only can be called my friend, who, seeing all they see, adds to their observation the calm dignity of manhood, and, in the spirit of tender solicitude and Christian charity, makes me conscious of their presence and deformity, that henceforth they may be avoided." In this spirit we accept the above and other friendly notices, which Brother Gay has felt moved to make of the paper.

As to the item complained of, however, we have at present but two remarks to make, and both must be brief:—

1st. As our estimate of Christ and the mission of Christianity is predicated on the belief, that the life of the former and the teachings of the latter was, and are, eminently friendly to the largest freedom, and tends to make men law-givers, rather than mere makers, we have never wished to urge a dogma, be it ever so venerable and time-honored,—the urging of which would seem to imply our preference for a belief instead of a life. Our watchword in the battle of life has been, and is, thirty-nine virtues, instead of the thirty-nine articles; deeds for creeds, and doing rather than believing. This being cardinal to, and fundamental of our philosophy, we have ever wished to inspire men with the liberal and generous conviction, that Jesus sought

to awaken the Spiritual element in men, rather than slavishly have them follow memorized forms and external rituals. This belief continues with us, and is so sacredly a part of our religion, that we never wish to interfere with the order and method of any soul's education and unfolding, and regret any such officiousness, be it ever so well intentioned, so long as the soul recognizes order and seeks for harmony. This philosophy comprehends the development of variety in unity, and seeks to make individualized intelligences rather than uniform believers.

Hence, if a contributor or correspondent writes us Universalism, Unitarianism, or any other ism—that professedly, and in fact, honors God and inspires respect and love for his children—it is accepted of us, and placed to the best advantage in our columns, that it may speak because of its authority, and heal according to the virtue in it. 2d. All this, however, is expressive of our faith and philosophy, rather than explanatory of the causes that make Universalism an element of the paper's teaching. The following, therefore, will outline the reasons why, and the causes that make the Christian Spiritualist what it is. The Christian world is divided on the question of Bible theology; as each sect appeals to, and quotes from, its venerable pages, in favor of the particular belief fashionable with its followers. Each of these sects, in turn, assumes not only the right of private judgment, but of public censure—as they generally condemn, either in whole or in part, the belief and theology of their neighbors, which keeps them in antagonistic controversies, making each wise in their own conceit, rather than converting the spirit from the error of its ways. All this the members

THE SONG OF INDRA.
[From the "Lyric of the Golden Age," the new and forth-coming Poem of T. L. Harris.]
We were divided by the deep of death;
I saw her stand on Heaven's receding shore;
Then came an interval of sobbing breath,
And I beheld her form of love no more.
But ever more there grew and multiplied
Veiled agonies within my peopled breast;
Joy perished in me when that angel died,
My heart grew like the swallow's empty nest.
Sometimes in dreams methought her radiant face
Through veils of golden ether shone afar;
And reaching out to clasp in sweet embrace
Her perfect form, the dream broke with a jar.
Of painful dissonance. Unlensed to me
Were wild birds filling air with life and song;
Locked in the casket of eternity
My life of love was buried, and a throng
Of wild regrets and passionate desires
Fed on my sad existence. By degrees
Hope faded as the sunset's golden fires,
That sink below the verge of lonely seas.
One night a mighty longing overcame
My unrepining spirit, and a breath
Of cold keen anguish numbed my outer frame.
I sank into the consciousness of death.
They laid my spirit, like a new-born child,
A tender, helpless, guileless, fluttering thing
Within a flower whose white blooms undefiled
Pavilioned its repose. With dreamy wing
Sleep hovered o'er my eyelids; with a kiss
Of gentlest peace he lulled me to repose;
And, sinking into dreams of honeyed bliss,
I felt my soul by slow degrees inclose,
Folding the leaves of memory and pain,
And vain regret and disappointment keen,
Into their old unconsciousness again.
The life of earth melted into my dream.
And with it passed away. Glad morning broke
On the imprisoned faculties; I felt
Something like hoar-frost pass away, and drift,
And, as clear streams appear when snow-drifts melt,
From my dissolving outer life a new
Bright-flowing river of existence ran.
Above me bent a sky whose tranquil blue
Many a bright rainbow did enwrap and span.
The rainbows, with the skies evolved as one,
Cast seven-fold brightness round me, and a calm
Pervading lustre from an inward sun
Bathed me resting in the flowerer's balms.
Melted before the soft increasing light,
The white leaves of the blossom passed away,
And, calmly beautiful, before my sight
The heaven of flowers 'round all the vision lay.

With this Song, descriptive of his own earth-shaking and peaceful transition to the spheres of Heavenly repose, an Indian Poet, from the soft Orient clime, wakes the Spirit of Rousseau in the Sweet Paradise which is now their abiding home.
From the California Pioneer.
THE ODD FORCE.
BY C. T. HOPKINS.

Whatever eminence we Americans have attained in the mechanical arts and in the departments of legal and political science, it cannot be denied that our German brethren have always occupied a higher position than ours in those branches of physical and metaphysical research where careful analysis, long-continued investigation and profound reflection are the requisites to success. We are the more active of the two nations, and our discoveries, therefore, cover a large field; but that passive patience, which
"Leans to labor and to wait,"
gives a character of certainty and solidity to the fruits of German industry to which American talent is comparatively a stranger. We run, while Germans walk; we skim over the top—they dive to the bottom. To use a California simile, we may exhaust in a brief period the surface diggings over a vast extent of the domain of science; the German is satisfied with a smaller claim, but will not relinquish it till he has thoroughly explored the bed rock. Consequently upon these national characteristics, we have established a new religion, founded on what we claim to be physical manifestations of Spiritual power as displayed in thousands of instances to tens of thousands of investigators. Our highest legal and literary talent has been brought to bear on this exciting subject, and the result of what we call candid inquiry and patient research, occupying perhaps a month, or at most a year, on the part of each individual, has been the formation of an army of believers in every section of our country. The slow German, on the other hand, is incredulous. He stops at the threshold; weighs, examines, experiments with each phenomenon as it presents itself, and, finally, after perhaps a life-time of patient toil, shows us the result in the shape of some imperishable monument of patient industry. The Baron Von Reichenbach, of Austria, is a striking instance of German superiority in these respects. Twelve or fifteen years ago, the world was convulsed by the startling announcement that "Animal Magnetism" had been discovered. English, French, and especially Americans, were all agog with the new and wonderful facts that were everywhere developed under the hands of lecturing operators. Some denounced it as the work of the Devil, who had revived the old-fashioned mode of possession; some tried to explain it on natural principles; many were content to witness the facts in a sturdy spirit of disbelief, charging them to the long accounts of human collusion and fraud. But the vast majority have passed it by, in the confusion of this eventful age, without forming any opinion as to its merits; while new phenomena have, in turn, claimed their attention, which, though following in the train of Mesmerism, have thrown it long since entirely into the background. Not so with the German philosopher. Determined from the first to sift to the bottom the ideas propounded by the Magnetizers, he has seized the subject in the iron grip of his vigorous intellect. He has subjected it to the fiery ordeal of rigid scientific scrutiny, and long after we have forgotten the excitement it once occasioned, he comes forth from his laboratory with an explanation of it; so thorough, so complete, so entirely convincing, that to gainsay or misunderstand it, is to acknowledge one's self far below the ordinary standard of candor or common sense.
We propose to give a sketch of the work before us, from which the reader may derive some idea of what is meant by the Odd Force, and of the manner in which its discovery was followed up by the master-mind of our author.
The first experiments instituted by the Baron were on the nervous excitabilities of cataleptic patients, as affected by the magnet. It is a fact well known to physicians and nurses, that in many nervous diseases the sufferers are found to experience an extraordinary exaltation of the nervous perceptions. Thus, such persons smell and taste with uncommon acuteness and delicacy. They bear what is spoken three or four rooms off. They cannot bear the light of the sun, or of a fire; while they are able, in great darkness, not only to perceive the outlines of objects, but to distinguish

colours clearly, when the healthy eye can discern nothing. It occurred to the Baron, in view of the assertion by the discoverers of Animal Magnetism, that a new sense was thereby conferred on somnambulists and sleep-walkers; that to persons nervously diseased, or "sick sensitive," certain magnetic phenomena could be made manifest, which were unperceived by the senses of the healthy, and which might throw much light on the connection between magnetic and vital forces. His first experiment in determining this hypothesis is thus described, viz:—
"Through the kindness of a surgeon practicing in Vienna, I was introduced in March, 1844, to one of his patients, the daughter of the tax collector, Nowotny, a young woman of twenty-five years of age, who had suffered for eight years from increasing pains in the head, and from these had fallen into cataleptic attacks with alternate tonic and clonic spasms. In her all the exalted intensity of the senses had appeared, so that she could not bear sun or candle-light, saw her chamber as in a twilight in the darkness of night, when she clearly distinguished the colors of all the furniture and clothes in it. On this patient the magnet acted with extraordinary violence in several ways. * * * Recalling to mind that the Northern Light (Aurora Borealis) appeared to be nothing else but an electrical phenomenon, produced through the terrestrial magnetism, the intimate nature of which is inexplicable, inasmuch as no direct emanation of light from the magnet is known in physics, I came to the idea of making a trial, whether a power of vision, so exalted as that of Miss Nowotny, might not perhaps perceive some phenomena of light on the magnet in perfect darkness. I devoted the following night to this, and selected for it the period when the patient had just awakened from a cataleptic fit, and, consequently, was most excited. The windows were covered with a superabundance of curtains, and the lighted candles removed from the room, long before the termination of the spasms. The magnet was placed upon a table about ten yards from the patient, with both poles directed towards the ceiling, and then freed from its armature. No one present could see in the least; but the patient held up her luminous eyes, one at the extremity of each pole of the magnet. When this was closed by the application of the armature, they disappeared, and she saw nothing more: when it was re-opened, the lights re-appeared. They seemed to be somewhat stronger at the moment of lifting the armature, then to acquire a permanent condition, which was weaker. Close upon the steel, from which the light streamed, it appeared to form a fiery vapor, and this was surrounded by a kind of glory of rays. But the rays were not at rest; they became longer and shorter without intermission, and exhibited a kind of darting appearance and active scintillation, which the observer assured us was uncommonly beautiful. The whole appearance was more delicate than that of common fire; the light was far purer, all most white, sometimes mingled with iridescent colors, the whole resembling the light of the sun more than that of a fire. I showed her a little electric spark, which she had never seen before, and had no conception of; she found it much more blue than the magnetic light."—(pp. 23, 24.)
These experiments were tried repeatedly with this patient, in the presence of different witnesses, and with magnets of differing powers. The result was the same, the intensity of the light varying with the power of the magnet, until her returning health destroyed her power of magnetic vision.
"Miss Angelica Sturmman, 19 years of age, was suffering from a violent affection of the lungs, and long subject to somnambulism in its lighter stages, with attacks of tetanus and cataleptic fits. The influence of the magnet displayed itself so powerfully in her, after a few experiments, that she surpassed Miss Nowotny in sensitiveness. When I stood in the darkened room, holding a magnet capable of supporting a weight of 90 lbs., at the distance of six paces from the feet of the patient, while she was perfectly conscious of what was going on around her, the patient ceased to answer, she fell into tetanic spasms and complete unconsciousness from the action of the magnet, the moment I had pulled off the armature. After a while, she came to herself again, and said that at the moment I had removed the armature from the magnet, she had seen a flame flash over it about the length of a small hand, and of a white color, mingled with red and blue."—(p. 26.)
"Miss Maria Maix was undergoing treatment for a paralytic affection of the lower extremities, with occasional attacks of spasms. When a large magnet was opened before her in the night, she was often done, she always beheld a luminous ray resting over it, resting on the poles, about a hand's breadth in height. But when laboring under spasms, the phenomena increased most extraordinarily to her eyes. She then saw the magnetic light, which now appeared greatly increased in size, not merely at the poles, but flowing also from all over the steel, although weaker than at the poles, but spread universally over the whole horseshoe, and left a dazzling brightness before her eyes, which would not disappear for a long time."
Subsequent experiments upon some sixty to seventy persons, some of them in vigorous health, but all of them of a nervous temperament, placed the discovery of the magnetic light beyond controversy. The light, as described by these persons, varied—first, with the nervous condition of the observer—second, with the degree of darkness in the room—third, with the power of the magnet. In all cases the appearance and colors of the flames were identified with those of the Aurora Borealis, the motion also being exactly similar. Sometimes the light was seen of a length equal to twice that of the magnet; and its strength and intensity were always greatest at the poles, and at the corners of the steel in layered magnets, where the magnetic power was most highly concentrated. At other times but a single fiery thread was visible, emanating from the centre of each pole. To some observers, the column of light from a ninety pound magnet appeared six feet high. To all, the light presented the appearance of constant motion; shooting, waving, sparkling and flickering, exactly as in the case of the Northern Light. This light was submitted by the Baron to the test of the Daguerreotype, and was proved capable of producing a picture on the usual iodized plate. The light on the two poles of the horseshoe varied with the latitude; the southern pole emitting the strongest light in a northern latitude. This light emits no heat. An electro-magnet exhibits the same luminosity as the steel magnet. The positive and negative flames display no tendency to unite, while both of them may be deflected in various directions, just like the flame of a fire by blowing, or other mechanical means.
The first idea deduced from these observations is, that the Aurora Borealis is caused by the earth's magnetism; and we cannot but acknowledge that this theory seems in every respect more satisfactory to reason than any other that has yet been broached. The second discovery is that magnetism is a powerful agent upon the vital force; and this will become more apparent from the following experiments, viz:—
"When the sick Miss Nowotny lay unconscious and motionless in a cataleptic condition, but free from spasms, and a horseshoe magnet, capable of sustaining some twenty-two pounds, was brought near her hand, this induced it in such a manner that when the magnet was moved in any direction, the hand remained constantly attached to it, as if it had been a piece of iron cleaving to it. The patient remained perfectly unconscious all the while; but the attraction was so strong that when the magnet was drawn down in the direction of the feet, beyond the reach of the patient's arm, she not only did not leave it, but in an unconscious state rose up in the bed and followed the magnet with her hand as long as it was within her reach. Finally, when the magnet was removed beyond its distance of attraction, she was indeed compelled to

leave it, but then remained unalterable and immovable, in the position in which she had been placed, according to the well-known manner of cataleptic patients." Miss Nowotny described the sensation induced by the magnet as an irresistible attraction, which she felt compelled to follow unconsciously and involuntarily, and which she was obliged to obey even against her will. It was an agreeable sensation, as if connected with a cool, gentle wind issuing from the magnet to the hand, which seemed to be attached to it by a thousand fine threads, and to be drawn along by it."—(p. 44.)
"When, instead of a middle-sized magnet of some twenty pounds capacity, we took a strong one capable of bearing ninety pounds, and placed this on the flat hand of Miss Nowotny, she grasped, both in the conscious and unconscious state, the presented ends of the horseshoe so firmly that it could not be taken away from her without great effort. She herself was unable to loosen her hold. The whole hand was clenched spasmodically, and cramp knitted the fingers around the magnet, and contracted the whole hand so violently that all voluntary power of motion ceased."—(p. 50.)
"This attraction of the human system by the magnet was found by experiment not to be reciprocal. The magnet being suspended, with the poles downwards, at a balance, and its weight counterpoised at the other scale, the hand of the patient was held down upon the table under the magnet. The attraction of the hand ensued, with all the symptoms as above detailed, but the index of the balance remained unmoved."—(p. 47.)
This power of the magnet was found to act through all substances; stone walls, folds of paper, deal boards, metallic surfaces being all perfectly permeable to the influence. Sensitive subjects felt its power within the sphere of attraction, notwithstanding intervening objects of whatever nature. Magnetized water, and other bodies, were at once distinguished by the patients from similar ones in a natural condition. The Baron, in the course of his experiments on the communicability of this influence to other bodies by contact, was led to compare their power thus acquired with their natural capabilities in the same direction, and this led him to the third important step in the discovery of the new force.
Having communicated this peculiar power to various substances, (as he supposed from their effects after contact,) by rubbing them a few minutes with a strong magnet, they all produced the same results upon the patients as the magnet itself, but in very different degrees. This led the Baron to bring the several bodies into contact with the patients in their natural condition. To his surprise, he found all crystallized substances to possess magnetic power upon the human system. Thousands of experiments, varied in every possible manner, led him to classify these bodies in relation to their odic powers, as follows, viz:—
First. All amorphous and confusedly crystallized bodies are inactive.
Second. All single or free crystals were more or less active.
Third. The larger and more perfect the crystal, the more powerful was the force exerted by it.
Further experiments with crystals proved that this force does not reside equally in all portions of their surfaces, but that its direction is always parallel to the primary axis of the crystal, and its manifestations greatest at the poles. Furthermore, it was discovered that the opposite poles of crystals display the force in an opposite manner; the one producing a warm sensation, the other a cool feeling; whence the quality of the odic principle was first deduced, and afterwards proved to be co-extensive with the principle itself, wherever it is found. The peculiar attraction of the magnet for iron is not shared by the crystal; not the slightest particle of iron or steel dust can in any manner be attracted by it, whence the distinction between the two forces becomes evident. The crystalline force is conductible by metals in a mode precisely analogous to that of electricity. The odic light is as powerful at the poles of large crystals as at those of the magnet; and in both, the same effects upon the nerves of feeling and of vision are capable of multiplication by the same means as are used in galvanic apparatus. By these means, a beautiful jet of flame was produced by both at the end of a conducting wire, many yards in length. The crystalline force may be charged and transferred upon other bodies by mere contact, but only for a limited time, a few moments being generally sufficient to dissipate every trace of it.
We come now to the fourth step of the Baron's progress in these interesting researches; and this is the identity of the force here described with that exerted by the hands of the mesmeric operator, in putting his subjects into what is called the sleeping condition. He says: "When I passed a magnet down twice from head to foot over the patient, Miss Sturmman, she lost consciousness, and fell into convulsions, mostly with rigid spasms. When I did the same with my large rock crystal, (eight inches in diameter,) the same result followed. But I could produce the same effect when, instead of either of these, I used merely my empty hand. Therefore, the crystalline force of the magnet and the crystal must reside in my hand."—(p. 105.) The phenomena of animal magnetism are here at once brought to the mind of the reader, who may now begin to perceive something of the vast importance of the discovery of our author, in proving the existence of a link, hitherto unsuspected, between animal life and the inorganic forces of nature. Want of space precludes our dilating upon the various experiments instituted to determine the identity of this force with that of the magnet and the crystal. Suffice it to say that the discovery of the existence of this force in the human system not only suggested the name of "Od" to the investigator, but it stimulated him to endeavor to ascertain whence are derived its sources in vital organization. How does it happen that a living organism displays the properties of an inorganic crystal? Where are we to look for the common original source of a power which charges alike the ends of our fingers and the poles of the globe we inhabit?
(To be continued.)

SWEDENBORG AND HIS WRITINGS.
Whenever there is marked extremes of opinion as to the merits of a man and his writing, we are pleased to see efforts made to correct these conflicting notions, and from this stand point, welcome the late biography of Swedenborg, by Edwin P. Hood, London. This gentleman is already known to our readers, as the author of "Ghost Land and Dream Land," which was republished in this paper, and we doubt not, will be pleased to peruse the following candid extracts, as they testify of the intellectual, moral, and spiritual worth of Swedenborg, and vindicates his life, mission, and writings, as necessary and providential to the education of the race. We quote from the New Jerusalem Magazine.—Ed. Ch. Spt.
"But you do not believe that God raises up men thus; you do not see why a man should be made the exponent of the divine will and meaning. Men are not raised up and sent from God now, are they? That is the old woman's story, the exploded tale of another age; is it not? We are far too wise now to believe that any man has any special gift from the Highest, or any special commission to speak to the world. As to such persons as St. Bernard and Luther, and Baxter, and Penn, and Wesley, they

were just accidents too; they appeared in the ordinary course of the development of ages; their minds were opened by no especial influence; they were hurried out of their circle by strong impulses; and were what they were in virtue of the circumstances operating around them. The age of apostles and prophets, and captains of ideas, and leaders and commanders of the people, is gone by. God has given to us Christianity as a leaven in the world; and having given that, he has left us, and takes now but little interest in our world. God is a long way from us; we cannot conceive that he trains men, and brings them to pilot the way of the great world-vessel to new heavens and brighter climates. There are no men sent from God; all things go on in the natural order of development.
"Do they? Will you put your belief on this matter so? Is it the kind of language you would use? We believe this is a very good translation of many opinions; but then opinion is one thing, and utterance another. You would not like, I should think, to utter that; the world could not hear the heresy, even if it believed it. No, no; the insane and irreligious world, when it thinks upon such matters, would not like to have to hear and believe that God had abandoned the world. And you, if you sat down to so dreadful an idea—you would start with horror at this worse than atheistic and absolute orphanhood.
"Why, you bless God every Sabbath for raising for you faithful ministers; you pray to God every week to send down on bishops, priests, and deacons, the healthful Spirit of his grace; you believe that certain minds may be more largely opened to know his will, and may be gifted with power of greater dimensions to utter it; you believe that illustrious men have been raised up in every age, teachers sent from God, with a will all fire, and a soul all light, and that they have changed their life by their power, or the power dwelling in them.—Was not God in St. Augustine? Was not God in Francis Xavier, in St. Francis of Sales, in Bernard Gilpin, in Whitefield, in Calvin? Is not God, in degree, in every earnest village preacher and worker who has, by patient continuance in well-doing, so raised himself to be a boon and a blessing to his neighborhood and his church, and therefore to his world?
"Or, perhaps, what you mean to say is, that, when God raises up a teacher, he raises up one whose mind is entirely in harmony with our perception of truth; who utters what we know to be; and impresses us, not by enlightening us, but by amusing us; a teacher who does not tell us that our prejudice is wrong, but gently insinuates himself into our prejudice, and captures it, conquering it by interpenetrating it with a new power. The new teacher must not tell you what you do not well know; he must not contradict you; his deeper experience must only go to confirm your opinion of your own wisdom and righteousness; there must be nothing to learn, especially there must be nothing to unlearn; there must be no attempt to lead us to a life above nature. The religious teacher of the new school must show and confirm the fitness of the present order of thought and things and opinions; and thus we shall know that he is a teacher sent from God."
"Forgive the satire. Might we not think that this was the demand of men? Yet what is the fact? Every great reformer has had to run his truth forward in the very teeth of opinion. We talk of public opinion. Public opinion indeed!—the most cowardly and servile slave beneath the sun. And what is public opinion? . . . No reformer can do a brave, or high-minded, or necessary thing until he conquers the diseased regard for public opinion. The triumph of public opinion should be translated, the homage of public opinion to individual power it could not resist. Publish the new truth, they will stone you. Never mind; to-morrow they will pick up the stones, gather them together, and elevate your chair of state and inauguration upon them.
"I do not praise promiscuously. . . . This man, I say, has opposed all the world's notions and habits of thinking. There are his writings; these are the books, the opinions he condemned. Has he any credentials? What has he unveiled here? Has he rolled the darkness away from any difficulty? Has he reconciled any mental combatants? And I must decide this, if I would know; the masses of men are unfit to decide, for they will form an opinion from pre-judgment. His followers speak of him as one raised up by God; then in what degree does he reflect the divine character God has given of himself? What new light has he brought to the world?
"We see nothing unnatural in the idea that God should raise up, from time to time, men specially gifted, by strong insight and by lofty affections, to be the instructors and teachers of their fellows. And the question at present is, to what degree Swedenborg is entitled to be regarded as such a teacher. It is a question that will be better answered when the reader has passed through the present volume, especially if he be wholly unacquainted with the writings which have given importance and fame to our author. We enter not here into the examination of the writings; but in this chapter desire to prepare the mind of the reader, by noting the man, his attitude, his life in the study, the mode by which he prepared himself to speak to us. It is most important in such a case that we look at the writings first, without examining them at all, from the stand-point of personal character; the manner and spirit of the man may guarantee to us his mission."
"In what way are we to regard this wonderful man? Look at him long. Look at him most cautiously; and still he remains the wonderful. No man whose name biography has treasured demands a more careful study than he. For do but consider him; his learning was boundless; in science, his knowledge was imperial on almost every subject; in mathematics, he was able to take the highest post, both in the practical and theoretical worlds; in languages, he was erudite. Who can deny to him a reach and stretch of thought capable of measuring all subjects, and amplifying and illustrating all? Is not his fancy amazing in its play? His poems—for by this title you must style his "Memorable Relations," if you cannot call them visions—do they not kindle with the true light of genius, and flash with image and description? This is a cyclopedic man; his shoulders are Atlantean. Does he not even dwarf giants by his side?
"And yet you say he is a fanatic, an impostor, a mystic, a fool. Since his death, all terms of ignominy and contempt have been heaped upon him; all sects have agreed to unite to despise him. Few, few, indeed, have read him; but how far fewer have studied him? Alas! in most instances we denounce the religion or the religious teacher taxing our energies, our thoughts, our affections, too much. Religion is, according to some teachers, to be for ever and ever a perpetually reiterated and reiterating alphabet. Not so to him who attempts to pass on to the grammar of religion, still more to him who dares

to attempt to solve the deeper problems of religious history—who attempts to sound some of the heights and depths and lengths and breadths of religious emotion and experience, of religious knowledge and doctrine. A thousand times we have been compelled to ask, What then? Is no more religious experience possible? Will the Infinite Light reveal no new relations, no new illustrations?"
"Far, far are we from committing ourselves to every shade of Swedenborg's doctrine and teaching; but he has surely met with infinitely less than justice. For ourselves, we have long given up disputing at all with any person on the merits of these writings, unless they have both read them, and thought upon them; and, if the truth must be told, we do not remember ever to have met with a person disposed much to dispute, who had read.—This is both intellectual and moral fairness.
"The books of Swedenborg are surely words from the Comforter which the world cannot receive."
From the "Poetry and Mystery of Dreams."
THE DREAM ANGEL.
Those instances, I believe, are neither few nor far between, in which dreams have given to the afflicted positive comfort and encouragement during their waking hours. The features of the loved who have long been parted from us either by accident or death, are thus renewed or revived far more sympathetically than can be done by the most accurate portrait, while to the lover despairing of his lady's favor, a pleasant dream often holds forth hopes not less stimulating than her smiles. All, it is true, are not gifted with such vivid imaginations as to frequently experience these sweet delusions, but they have in every age existed to such a degree that the world has never wanted races who held with religious faith that
"Departed Spirits at their will
Could from the Land of Souls pass to and fro,
Coming to us in sleep when all is still."
To those who can feel a poetic sympathy with this belief, the following sketch, which owes its existence to a hint from Jean Paul's "Voice of the Heart," may not prove unsuccessful as an attempt to embody, in a legendary form this mysterious Spirit of Dreams.
Once the bright Angel whose duty it is to watch over the happiness of man, even the Guardian Angel of the world, drew near the throne of the Heavenly Father, and prayed: "Give me, oh, Father! a way by which I may teach Man how to avoid a part, at least, of the many sins and temptations which the Fall hath entailed upon him! For Man is not always bad; at times he feels my better influence; at times his heart is ready to receive the good which a light external aid might fix upon him!"
Then the Father spoke to the Angel, and said: "Give him the Dream!"
The sweet Guardian flew over the world with his sister the Dream. Far and wide they spread their gentle influence, and the hearts of life-worn mortals were rejoiced. But the soft breathings of the Dream Angel fell not alike on all. To the good and gentle who had sunk to rest amid the blessings of their loved ones, and whose slumber was deepened by the toil of the good deeds which they had done, there came soft and silent glimpses of the far land of light. Forgetting the narrow prison of this world, their souls rose up and spread broad and wide over the land of vision, gazing with eagle eyes upon its golden glories. But as the night waned, their dream grew dim, and the outer influences of life gently closed about them, and drew them back to the world and to the body, even as the corolla of the night flower closes about it, and shuts from its gaze its best loved starry heaven.
To the toil-worn, sunburnt husbandman who had fallen asleep in despair, and who ever feared lest some grim accident might destroy the fruit of his labor, the sweet Dream came like a soft summer shower upon the parched and dusty fields; and as he dreamed, he saw the green corn rising in gaily ranks, and gazed with joy upon the soft small ears, which, at first, no larger than flower-buds, seemed as he beheld them, to expand to full maturity.
There are certain dream fantasies and strange sleep-changes which are to be found only in the deep unbroken slumber resulting from bodily fatigue, or in the light irregular rest of fever; even as the grotesque blue dragon fly, and the strange water-fitter are found only on the surface of the deep silent pool, or over the shallow, dancing brook; and as the husbandman slept on, the fantastic sprites who attend the dream, flitted about him, and spread a gay confusion over the happy vision. For as he gazed upon the golden ears, a purple and scarlet cloud seemed to overshadow him, while round about he heard the pealing of bells, the merry singing of familiar voices, and the lowing of cattle; and in the intervals there came shouts as of glad friends at the harvest home. Then the purple cloud gathered about him, but the dream spirits with their long shadowy arms drew him through it, and he now stood before a well filled granary; and as tears of joy ran down his cheeks, his wife and loved ones gathered about him, and their blessings and praises sunk into his heart, and mingled with the even-hymn which rose like a golden cloud from the ocean of his soul. And he awoke from the sweet dream, and blessed it for the hope, with which it had inspired him.
But the Dream flew on, and it came to a guilty prisoner who had fallen asleep, cursing his judges, his doom, and the damp black fetters which clung like cold adders to his limbs. And as he dreamed, the prison was opened, the cold chains fell away, and remorse and rage no longer fixed their poisonous fangs upon his heart. A bright light shone upon him, and blessed thoughts of mercy, repentance, and reconciliation flitted through his mind like golden-winged butterflies through a summer garden; and he awoke trusting in release, with his heart filled with love and kindness. Did the cold, damp fetters fall from his limbs? Were the prison doors opened? The fetters fell not away; the doors remained fast; and, worn down by famine and sickness, he perished in the narrow dungeon. But the blessed hope which the gentle Dream had left in his heart, gladdened his last hour, and as he died exclaiming, "Not my will, but thine, oh Father!" behold there was joy in Heaven.
It hath been said that Hope alone is left to mortals; but with her abideth her sister the Dream, who maketh her known to us. For by the Dream, men are led to Hope.

BYRON AND MARY CHATWORTH.
Grace Greenwood, in her late visit to England, paid a visit to Newstead Abbey, the well known residence of Lord Byron. In speaking of the event she touchingly and beautifully alludes to the love of the poet for Mary Chatworth, thus:
"Strangely sorrowful, almost agonizingly regretful, were the thoughts which swept away over my mind, wave after wave, and shook my heart like a tempest as I stood in the place where the young poet passed many hours of silent thought, it may be of lonely wretchedness. I never before so deep-

ly felt how passing mournful was the story of Byron's first and only love. That Mary Chatworth returned the passion of her young poet lover, I have not a doubt; but like the Montagues and Capulets, the houses of Chatworth and Byron were at feud. Mary had not the strength and truth of far more piteous for her, and more fatal to him than death, amid the full summer brightness of happy love. This, not Shakespeare's, was the true soul of wayward and erring nature by the divinity of a pure love and a steadfast faith? But it was not a little better can be said than that he ranked among the most eminent sportsmen of the day," lived, it is said, to weep wild tears over the words which have linked her name in sorrowful immortality with her lover's and died in broken-heartedness at last, while he, grown reckless and defiant, the very core of his heart turned to bitter ashes, forgetting his God, and distrustful and despising his brother, swept on in his glorious, shameful, sorrowful and stormy career, till the shadows deepened, and the young night closed in."
The painful romance here alluded to is well remembered by all who are familiar with Byron's life. That it preyed upon a mind by nature sensitive and morbid, driving him to fits of excess of gloom and bitterness, in which tenderness is mixed with disappointment, and every worthy ambition cast down by agonizing recollections—that indeed it was the undying source to him of sorrow, none can doubt who have his writings. Who has forgotten his own description of his love for Mary Chatworth, his marriage, and its consequences, that poem which Moore characterizes as the "most mournful, as well as picturesque story of a wretched life, that ever came from the pen and heart of man?"
"A change came o'er the spirit of my dreams—
The wanderer was returned—
Before an altar with a gentle bride,
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The starlight of his boyhood—
Even at that moment, to that hour and hour,
The selfsame aspect and the quivering shock,
That in the antique oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude—and then—
As if that hour a moment of his face
The tablet of unalterable fate—
Was traced—and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
And all things seemed to that hour and hour,
Not that which was, nor that which would have been,
But the old mansion and the accustomed hall,
And the remembered chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,
All things pertaining to that hour and hour,
And her who was his destiny, came back,
An thrust themselves between him and the light."
"This touching picture," says Moore, "is given closely, in many of its circumstances, with Lord Byron's own prose account of the wedding, in the memoranda, in which he describes himself as waking on the morning of his marriage with the most melancholy reflections on seeing the wedding spread before him. In the same mood he wandered about the grounds alone; till he was summoned for the ceremony, and found, for the first time that day, his bride and her family. He knew that he repeated the words after the clergyman, but mist was before his eyes—his thoughts were elsewhere; and he was but awakened by the exclamations of the bystanders to find that he was married."
PERFECTION OF THE MIND.
Mental perfection should be the great aim of life. To this end should all our labors, struggles, prayers, tend. In youth, in manhood, in age, should seek to render more perfect our power of mind. We are never too old, but a few weeks young, for mental improvement. To perfect our minds, we must contemplate perfect objects, both in the material and Spiritual universe. We dwell much upon these objects. We must appropriate their perfections to our own mental cherish, admire, love them. We must look beautiful things, that images of beauty may fill our minds. We must cultivate amiable feelings that harmony of soul may enrich the inward life with the music of its numbers. We must strive and strive for perfection of action, that in our walk the halo of angel life may surround us; conformity will not make us more perfect. Virtue not help us in our work. The artist never staid deformity to augment his treasure of beauty. A musician never makes discords and harshness of them, thereby to cultivate the sense of harmony and beauty in his soul. So in life, we should surround ourselves with the best objects, and feelings, pleasant words, and good offices. Let help to perfect our minds—our thoughts—the chisels which carve the statuary of our souls. To do it well or ill as they are right or wrong, but thoughts are enemies worse than all others.
Dr. Channing says: "The perfection of mind to have a propensity to seek agreeable and interesting objects, to have attention turn spontaneously to beauties of nature, excellences of character—God's perfections. A mind thus is always improving, always happy, always which turns to disagreeable things, party-tions, future uncertainties, etc., must be kept. All objects may be viewed as expressions of goodness."—Phren. Journ.
OTHER PEOPLES' EYES.
Strange as it may sound, certain it is, that regard we universally pay to other people's eyes puts us to more trouble and expense than to anything else. What sums of money are expended, whether they can be afforded or not, what trouble, what toil, what fuss, what vexation are submitted to, for no better reason than because our neighbors possess the power of looking at us. As if other people's eyes did not already tax us sufficiently in the way of what is called "keeping appearances." Many even double or triple tax in order to exaggerate appearance, and to make themselves to the world in an extensive trade, till, perhaps, they end by becoming poor, merely through the pains they take to the imputation of being thought so; or through the misplaced ambition of being considered far wealthier than they really are. The best appearance is laudable enough; but the doing so is not understood by every one. The art of regulating appearances according to the which they can consistently and uniformly do, to a great many persons set out in life by appearances far beyond what they can afford to keep beyond what they can "keep up" at all—not without constant effort, pain and apprehension. Society abounds with such tip-toe people—as they may well enough be described, since they see the uneasy attitude of walking up on tip-toes, though it may do for travelling across a soft carpet or hearth-rug, is ill-suited for journeying through life, on a road which, though rugged, is nevertheless apt to be found rugged, and to be trodden firmly, if we would keep our feet flat on people but resolution to be, not absolutely different to, nor cynically regard many of the solicitous about, with others many think of concerns, of what a load of trouble might they once relieve themselves; for one half of the anxieties, and the fatigues of life, is occasioned by the struggling to cut a figure in that great busy, the eye of the world.—Ed.