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## Revelations of Nature.

Original.

### ANCIENT AND MODERN PNEUMATOLOGY.

BY WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

NUMBER THREE.

BUT the inharmoniously developed mind of man is ever prone to extremes; and the excessive credulity of former times in respect to ghosts, devils, fairies, witches, &c., has been followed by an opposite excess of incredulity in respect to spiritual existences and their powers of manifesting themselves, under suitable circumstances, to men in the flesh. This reaction in human opinion was first provoked by the righteous disgust which reflecting minds felt on first becoming aware of the gross delusions and villanies which unquestionably, to some extent, did exist under a supernatural garb, and by the cruel persecutions to which innocent but mentally diseased and deluded wretches were subjected, especially during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, on suspicion of exercising the power of enchantment and of holding illicit communion with the infernal world. This reactionary impulse against a faith in the connection of a spiritual world with the present, has also been greatly aided by the extremely *sensuous* and hence *superficial* mode of philosophising which has become prevalent during the last two or three centuries. By these processes faith in the presence and pervading influence of a spiritual world has gradually died out, and given rise to a wide spread materialism—a materialism, which however gaudy and glittering on the outside, is destructive to all interior and holy aspirations of the soul, and tends to bring man down to the grade of a mere intellectual animal! Hence it is that the idea of spiritual manifestations in our own day is, *without a moment's investigation*, so generally scouted as an insane delusion, and its believers are placed among those who would revive the exploded superstitions of a dark age.

But aside from all prejudice let us ask, May not this utter negation of spiritual influences be at least as wide of the truth as the extreme necromantic fanaticism which was rife some two or three centuries ago? Is there nothing above and beyond man to a communion with

which he may aspire, and which is capable of exerting a manifest influence upon him while in this life? Has the testimony of the best and wisest men in nearly all ages and nations been at fault when it has dealt in the observed and experienced *facts* of spiritual intercourse? Is the skepticism on this subject which has arisen up within the last two hundred years, of so much more weight than the almost universal faith of all previous times as to render the latter unworthy of serious consideration? Must the inborn sense of the spiritual which from infancy characterizes many minds, be considered as a radical deformity of their nature? and must even the prayers and aspirations of Christians for communion with angels and with God, be all set down to the score of delusion or a hypocritical formalism whose ostensible object can not, in the nature of things, ever be attained? I think that upon an enlarged reconsideration of the whole subject, the candid and modest skeptic will be willing to so far doubt the infallibility of his own materialistic philosophy, as to admit that the truth, after all may lie somewhere between the two extremes of credulity on the one hand, and incredulity on the other; and that an invisible realm of intelligence and volition, and its interpenetration, in some sense, with the sphere of this world, may not be altogether a thing of fancy. And with these reflections upon the mind, let us proceed to inquire what ulterior support the theory of spiritual intercourse finds in a substantial philosophy,—and on the other hand, what light is thrown upon the phenomena of such alleged intercourse by such philosophy?

It was one of the prominent doctrines of that profound philosopher and professed spirit-seer, Emanuel Swedenborg, that every individualized existence, whether in the natural or spiritual world, is surrounded by its own peculiar "sphere" or atmospheric emanation, and that each sphere or emanation contains all the essences, properties, and characteristics of the particular body to which it belongs. These characteristic emanations are predicated of all forms in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, as well as of men, of spirits, and of angels—also, in a more general way, of groups or societies of forms in each of these realms of being,—and also of the natural world as a whole, and of the spiritual world as a whole.

That such emanations must proceed from all existences, will, I think, be intuitively manifest to every well constituted and deeply reflective mind; but the truth of this doctrine so far as it relates to the forms of existence in the *visible* universe, has been placed upon an indisputa-



ble scientific basis by Baron Von Reichenbach. By a course of ingenious experiments, the particulars of which I have now no room to detail, that philosopher proved that magnets, crystals, metals, vegetables, animals, human beings, the sun, moon and planets, and even the remote stars, sent forth an ethereal substance, which was conductible through wires, and which could be distinctly felt as an *aura* or breath, or, in a dark room, could be seen as a delicate flame, by persons whose senses were in a peculiar state of exaltation. Upon some of the more sensitive subject of Reichenbach's experiments, these emanations sometimes acted with painful violence, producing spasms and catalepsy, and even endangering life.\*

The existence of these ethereal emanations being thus proved, it followed as a natural inference, that all bodies must necessarily, communicate with, and act and react upon, each other, through these impalpable media; and this conclusion Reichenbach further established by direct experiments showing an intercommunication of ethereal properties between sulphur, gold, and other substances, and thus by inference between all substances. Applying these results, then, to great things as well as to small, and considering the spiritual world as an actual, objective existence, it is easy to conceive of a point of contact, and a mode of action and reaction, between the natural and spiritual worlds, by means of the emanations that proceed from the two; and the specific objects which make up these two worlds, may be supposed to intercommunicate specifically in the same way.

It was, indeed, a theory of the ancients that earth contains all things, in an earthly manner, which heaven comprehends celestially, and that there was an interpenetration and mutual sympathetic action between the occult essences and properties of both; and on this doctrine they rested those theories and practices, called "magical," by which, as the Bible itself admits, even the heathens procured commerce with "familiar spirits," and performed many wonderful works.

In view of this doctrine of the connection and interaction of all things, both natural and spiritual, through their "spheres" or ethereal emanations, the angelic intercourse enjoyed by the Jewish prophets and early Christians, and the intercourse with familiar spirits which the Bible recognizes as having existed among the heathens, becomes perfectly intelligible and philosophically consistent. But the same considerations, if valid, establish a *law* of spiritual intercourse—a law by which it must have occurred with the Jews, and Christians, and heathens of old, and according to which it may, under suitable conditions, occur in all ages and among all nations;—and no one has ever yet succeeded in showing that the Bible necessarily limits the period of its existence to the apostolic age.

Taking place, as the spiritual intercourse does, by virtue of the intercommunicating and ethereal essences of the two worlds, it may readily be conceived why this intercourse should exist more in one age or locality, or more among one people, than another, according as physical or spiritual conditions favor the contraction or expansion of these intercommunicating emanations, and their mutual sympathies with each other. This theory explains, also, why the channels of spiritual intercourse, both in ancient and modern times, should be specially associated with *particular persons as mediums*; for it may be supposed that the "spheres" or ethereal emanations of such persons are in special affinity and *rapprochement* with the "sphere" of the spiritual world.

Moreover, as the intercourse between the two worlds takes place by virtue of this interpenetration of the natural and spiritual spheres, so, in the process of spiritual communication, there is a *mutual dilution*, so to speak, of the spheres of the two worlds, and hence of the intelligence proceeding from the higher to the lower. According to this principle it is obvious that no full and adequate representations of the actual condition and intelligence of the higher spirits, can be given except through a medium whose sphere is so nearly homogeneous with theirs as to prevent theirs from being essentially changed and lowered by its intermixture with that of the medium. Low spirits, however, may, when permitted, represent their character and state with tolerable correctness, through a high medium; for it will readily be conceived that it is impossible for them, in communicating with the world, to

assume a much higher moral and intellectual grade than that which they normally occupy. Admitting the reality of the alleged spiritual phenomena of our own day, we find in these principles an explanation of the fact that so comparatively little that is important or reliable has yet been communicated, and that the intelligence which has professed to come from the unseen world, has not, in general, been above the sphere of intellect as associated with the natural organism.

These principles, also, throw additional light upon the extravagant and mischievous phenomena of the necromancy and witchcraft of the middle and subsequent ages, and which, it will be remembered, we did not *entirely* dissociate from spiritual influences; and in the same way they explain many epidemic outbursts of religious fanaticism which have claimed a spiritual origin. Their spiritual stimuli, (which, by affinities, were, in the first place naturally low, and were of a *general* rather than of a *specific* character) were so diluted by the earthly conditions and earthly spheres of the mediums as to be themselves almost exclusively of an earthly nature, with just enough of the spiritual in them to give an abnormal character to their outer manifestations. And as the main features of such spiritual manifestations have been illusive, and calculated to lead men astray to their injury, there is evidently no protection against such injurious delusions in the present spiritual unfolding, except what consists in that purity, and that high moral and religious elevation of mediums which bring their sphere into homogeneity with angelic and divine influences.

The conclusion of the whole matter then, is, that the ten thousand phenomena which are being developed at the present day, and which it is impossible to fully explain on any hypothesis of material science, may not, *a priori*, be necessarily and entirely dissociated from those spiritual causes from which they uniformly profess to proceed; nor on the other hand, may any considerable number of these be looked upon as *purely* and *unqualifiedly* spiritual, untinged by the earthly media through which they are manifested. But if these phenomena are in any degree referable to spiritual causes, then it is manifest that those causes, to say nothing of their philosophical bearings, may become the agents of the most tremendous results either good or evil, according as they are used or abused; and this consideration may be urged in favor of that impartial and thorough investigation of this whole class of developments, which may be efficient in the complete and final unfolding of their true nature, their laws, and their legitimate mode of application.

Original.

## MAY-FLOWERS.

BY FRANCES H. GREEN.

ALL true development must follow the order of a true and perfect nature; and the closer the parallel, the more exalted will be the attainment. A love of the Beautiful is one of the deepest and strongest principles of the human character; and in nothing is it so universally unfolded, as in the love of flowers. In every clime, from the regions of polar ice to the gorgeous bloom and luxuriant fruitage of the tropics, plants and flowers sustain the same relations to this predominating taste, as children and other pets do to the faculty of the Love of Offspring—they are the familiar favorites which associate the feeling with all that is dearest in home, and home-scenes. Is it not proper, then—is it not necessary—since they are the inmates of our houses, our gardens, and our favorite walks, that we should know something of their composition, structure, vital characteristics, and modes of life and growth? Surely no one could have a doubt of this. Let us then open our eyes, and open our souls—not to the dry technicalities of ponderous volumes, but to the light, the truth, the wisdom—the inspiring breath and invigorating sunshine of Nature.

And now, while the whole vegetable world has received a new impulse of life and growth, let us so enter into that life, that the development of the mind may keep pace with the unfolding of external forms; for at this genial season the vital currents flow with the utmost vigor

\* See Reichenbach's "Dynamics of magnetism," &c.



and rapidity. Let us go out into the fields, that our hearts may be quickened with sympathy, and warmed with the beauty we behold; and thus shall we be prepared to look more clearly into the mysteries of vegetable substance, growth and life.

The May flowers! What a world of loving thought opens with the utterance of those three simple words! Come out, then, and enter the blissful Eden, where no frowning angel waves the flaming sword of a too abstruse scholarship; but smiling little Loves peep out from unfolding bud and blossom, and the angels of the Flowers, clothed with bloom and fragrance, shall steal into our bosoms, that the joy and sweetness which are elements of their beautiful life, may be inhaled by ours. If we would listen with our souls, we should know that the Floral Spirits make the silence of morning musical with the breath of their sweet hymns. Let us, then, with the docility of little children, sit down at the feet of Nature; and perchance she may tell us what she is unfolding in this freshest and fairest Month of the crowned Twelve.

The grass is green in the meadows; and the burnished chalice of the Butter-cup, and the shield-like flower of the Dandelion, sprinkle the smiling verdure with drops of gold. The Lily of the Valley unfolds its spotless petals to the sun; the Tulip flaunts her gaudy robes along our garden walks, while the grateful Hyacinth rings a sweet chime of fragrance from her depending bells—for are not bloom, and music, and perfume, one in the sweet harmonies of Nature—only opening different senses to the same feeling—a perception of the sweet and beautiful?

The Horse-chestnut unfolds its fingered leaves with almost preternatural rapidity; and the pyramidal clusters will soon be in their full flower. The large buds of the Alanthus tree are already expanding into their winged leaves; and the Vine which has appeared like a network of dark, dead ropes, begins to exhibit signs of life, in the red-dish purple of its crowning buds; while many other shrubs and vines are already clothed with greenness. The Elm has shed its unpretending flower, and is now putting forth its foliage, while the long and pensive stems of the Willow are wafted in the air, as if winged into graceful motion by the light and feathery leaves.

Showers of blossoms, white and rosy, are shaken from the Cherry, Peach, and Plum trees; and the Orchards are already beginning to put on their beautiful garments of rejoicing for the present—of promise for the future. The lofty Ash wears the rich clusters of its winged flowers; while through the swamps, or along the borders of the moist old wood, the Maple hangs out the full bunches of its crimson keys. And this brings us into view of the forest.

How suddenly has its lately rigid aspect changed into a fleeciness of outline, as we now see it in the distance; and the warmer hue which has been given by the redness of the young shoots, and the swelling buds, and the unfolding flower, is inexpressibly soft and beautiful. As we come nearer we can see how much the crimson tufts of blossoms, and clusters of young leaves that cover the Oak, have had to do in producing the effect; and we find that the gnarled form of this stately tree, is invested with a robe of unwonted beauty.

But what perfume is that, so delicate it steals upon the senses like a breath from Fairy Land? Half hidden among the brown old leaves, and the gray lichens, we find a modest flower, the Trailing Arbutus—its tube-like blossoms white, or tinged with various shades of red, clustering on their short stalks, and breathing their sweet incense on the altar of Spring. Here and there, gleaming amid the unhidden ways, the Pyrus shrub is seen, in the profusion of its flower, white as a mound of newly-fallen snow; and again the early Azalea relieves the eye with its blossoms, bright as the lips of a sea-shell, looking in the distance like a heap of roses.

Here, on this bank, sloping and open to the sweet south-west, we shall find the mossy ground blue with Violets. Among the crevices of the rocks above, the Columbine gathers honey in the depths of her purple horn, while the early Saxifrage, and the Mouse-ear Everlasting, cover all the gravelly patches of the soil, with their white and woolly flowers. All the woods and fields are full of life in its fairest forms. Yes; we must learn to regard these—the Flowers as living beings—

members of the same great family—our younger sisters in the wide and beautiful life-series, which we are permitted to crown with the intelligence of the sentient soul. We have seen how lovely are their forms, how delicate their hues, how exquisite is their fragrance, and how refreshing is their greenness; and we shall yet come to know how the elements of all these enter into our moral being, with still refining influences, to be reabsorbed by higher powers, to which our life is, as yet, only rudimental, and but as the unfolding of flowers. Another time we shall seek to know something of the operations of that mysterious Life, which we are now contemplating.

Original.

### POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE FORCES.

It will be perceived by the intuitive and investigating mind, that there are two forces operating in every department of the Universe, by which the equilibrium of motion is preserved and the harmony of worlds sustained. These two forces may be termed positive and negative, the first signifying a perfect and powerful concentration of refined elements, and the other signifying a diffuse and unrefined state of some corresponding substance. Thus the Mind by which the Universe is controlled, is positive, because it contains the essences of Nature in their most sublimated state, while in relation to this all-existing matter of a lower degree is negative, because it is possessed of less positive power. So also the soul which governs and controls the human body, is positive to the body on which it acts, being a concentration of all the most refined substances that exist in the whole physical system; and so, on the other hand, the body is negative to the spirit, being composed of more gross materials and possessed of less inherent force. In each of these cases it is the presence and action of the positive principle which makes all the order and harmony of being; for without the guiding and impelling force of Deity, the physical constitution of things would be resolved into chaos, and without the vitalizing power of the human spirit, the body would crumble into dust.

The reader will readily perceive that the positive and negative forces, as exhibited in Nature, do not conflict with each other, but, occupying different spheres of influence, have uses which tend to one common end. Were there in existence two eternal positive principles opposed to each other, then there would exist constant wars and discords as an inevitable result. If there were, for instance, a good God and an evil God, both positive and both eternal, there would be war both in heaven and on earth, since the power of one, wherever exercised, would be constantly opposed by the power of the other, and so, in the conflict of the two, universal discord could be the only end attained. But it is by a necessity of being that there exists one positive and eternal principle of Good, in relation to which all forms and states of matter are essentially negative—that there is one controlling Mind to whose attractive and impressive influence all other minds are forever subject, and that there is one Fountain of infinite and unfailing Wisdom, from which the souls of men and angels derive all their strength. In this one principle, therefore, that God is positive and the Universe is negative—that the one is essentially good, and that the other, with all its undeveloped conditions, must be ultimately drawn into the sphere of that good, lies the true basis of human faith and hope; for while positive and negative relations exist between God and the Universe, the one must be made subservient to the other, and Good must triumph over Evil.

R. P. A.

THE human spirit is individualized on a principle perfectly analogous to that whereby the lower forms of animal and vegetable life attain their peculiar organization. There is one common aspiration manifested in all the processes and operations of Nature, and this aspiration has reference to the concentration and embodiment of existing elements in a perfect organism. Man, as an ultimate creation, constitutes the end toward which all lower forms aspire; but, standing as he does on the very summit of physical nature, he can behold everywhere the workings of that universal law by which his own godlike being has been developed, and can view beneath him the progress of that ascending life which is breathed at last into his own conscious soul.



## Social and Moral Ethics.

Original.

## INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF RIGHT.

BY J. K. INGALLS.

ALL Error and all Wrong are phenomenal and transitory. The terrible effects which an Alexander, or a Napoleon, may produce upon the world, are felt only for a day, and then swallowed up in some more mighty convulsion. The effects which Socrates, Fourier, Swedenborg, and all true men, produce, extend through ages of ages. Yet it would be extremely difficult to make the world comprehend this; for it can perceive only the agents of this invisible power—only the passive shows with which it is invested. They apprehend, and believe in, and worship mere phenomena, which can do nothing, good or bad, without some living force to move them. These have no power to waken the mind to life; they can but suppress its action—and even this only for a season. The mind only is immortal—is spiritual—and has force. While it can overcome all things, it can, itself, only be overcome by higher influences—by Truth, Right, and Love. The man who stands upon this may do all things. This is the only true measure of strength and might. The world does not so judge. It pays its deference to mock-power, and dead bodies; but it can not resist the influence which one earnest soul exerts. It may bring its forces to bear upon him—it may sever the relations which he sustains to earthly forms and things; but it can not sever his relation to Truth, or destroy the influence flowing out of the impetus which he gave it by faithful action. It is a most difficult thing to persuade people to see this—even those who are wielding very truthful forces. They get discouraged, because externally the results are not as satisfactory as anticipated. They do not remember that all permanent, or enduring things are slow of growth, and that the result of their labors may never come at all in the manner which they expect.

Suppose, for instance, that the Liberalists of this city do not, as they might, take hold together, and build up the cause in an external sense—that is, have a larger audience, a more commodious house to receive, and a more eloquent speaker to address them, than any of their neighbors. Misapprehending the nature and source of all true greatness, should they stand aloof and abandon it, because they have not made it, or because it is not, externally, what it might be? Will the principles here advocated have no influence with this community? Will the mind go back? Will the truth die? I apprehend not. It has power, and will work. If it exists, its own inherent vitality will make scope for itself; and then it will produce corresponding action, and accomplish corresponding results. One man of us who will *live* our sentiments truly, will do more to promote them, without preaching, than a dozen preachers can do, without living. Truth, life, and force for good, do not reside in sound, in form, or manner, but in thought, and deed. Without the latter, external forms can be of but little value.

The history of Liberalism in this country shows no proportionate increase of numbers, or display of eloquence and learning, compared with the tremendous influence it has exerted, in modifying the forms of thought, and extending the reach of human sympathy, among the dark and benighted minds of the popular religions. Would it have been a greater triumph to Liberalism, as an organization, to have attached such men as Bushnell and the younger Beecher, than to have reached them, environed as they were by superstition and bigotry, and beget its own life and action within them? Organizations, as well as individuals, must be self-sacrificing. They must not labor exclusively for their own upbuilding, but for the spread of truth. If your neighbor takes advantage of the light you shed around, seeking to monopolize it solely for the improvement of his own internal condition, do not be vexed with him. If, in his expressions, he even appropriates the cast-off garments in which you have clothed your thoughts, do not quarrel with him. He should not be so selfish and exclusive, it is true, especially when appearing in borrowed robes; but even this is better than

that he should make no change at all. By every means encourage, rather than embarrass his progress.

If in any particular place it may be observed that liberal sentiments have not exerted any beneficial influence on the sectarian institutions—if as yet they have only had time to excite hostility, remember that the instinct of self-preservation is strong; and the sense of approaching danger, which is thus made manifest, should be hailed as one of the most cheering omens of a healthier action. Wait a little while, till the acerbity of irritation shall have subsided, and time have been given for calm reflection. Wait, if need be, for the coming upon the stage of a new generation, and then you can judge, even externally, what force there is in what you now deem weakness.

I can scarcely conceive how a mind can accept, and go with that which it knows can have no reality, merely because the popular mind is turned that way. My very soul has said to Shame and Hypocrisy, Ye shall not rule me. I will no longer speak the lie, as though it were the truth, merely because the world can see no further. I will not utter unmeaning forms of words, without sense, however they may please the ear, as though they possessed thought and life. I may be in the Right, with two or three, or even alone to the world's view; but I *will* be in the Right, just as far, and as fast, as it may be given me to know it. Yet in this resolution I by no means feel alone. A still small voice whispers to the soul guided by Conscience, "Fear not; they that be with us, are more than they that be with them."

Though to the external eye the battle-field of the world appears entirely covered with hostile and sanguinary forces, yet when the spiritual vision is opened, legions of light will be seen arrayed on the side of Truth; and along with these whatever is truthful and good, even in the bosom of those very foes, themselves, is on your side. Victory is certain. It only depends on you whether you will share in it, or whether, arrayed on the side of temporal and external power, you will share its present glory, and its coming shame.

There are no real discouragements, ever, to the one who truly looks at things. The great idea of progress once received, there can be no such thing as fear. Only he who yet clings to material forms will ever experience disappointment in the result of truth, or the progress of events. He who identifies power with prescribed modes, will be doomed constantly to see them fail. Popery once swayed the temporal as well as the spiritual destinies of Europe. It can do neither now. Presbyterianism once did very much the same in this country. It can do it no longer: and yet Truth lives; and Humanity advances toward the realization of its destined state of harmony. All mere forms may, and will die; but no truth will die; no vital force will ever be lost. In one sense there is no power but that of God, and the powers that be are ordained of God. But then these powers are spiritual, not carnal; and so far are they from being connected with the outward structure, that they are often mighty engines of destruction nursed in their own bosom, for the pulling down of the strongholds of established FORM, and SEMBLANCE of Truth and Power.

It is doubtful whether the advanced minds are not destined ever to be in the minority, and to wield, comparatively, small external forces. The mind of great constructive power may choose its own field of operation. If the man be spiritual and true, he will choose the higher; if gross and selfish, he will choose the lower. He can not wait the appointed time for the development of a force. He grasps that one already embodied, perhaps expended, and possesses the fruits of power for a moment, in preference to those which endure for all time. And yet the force one wields is finite; that of the other infinite.

O that this appeal might reach every living soul—thou art a child of Immortality. Do not sell thy heavenly birthright for a meas of pottage. Do not barter thy soul for the enjoyment, or ease, or honor of a day. It may be pleasanter to go with the multitude, and seek honor for a time; but if you could look up and see the cloud of witnesses that are around you, the innumerable spirits of just men made perfect, that stand by, ready to aid you; more than all, if you could rise to the sphere of causes, and feel what Truth and Right can do, and that these are the only things that possess any enduring power, you would say, I will go with these wherever they may lead me; for all the abiding life, all the abiding strength, must be with them.



If, then, the really spiritual man can not labor for the building up of a sectarian institution, much less can he follow in the wake of one already built up—already verging to decay. The thing is impossible. Power is not evolved by submission, but by struggle. The spirit was made to control the body, not the body the spirit. Only a desecration of the one, and rapid decay of the other, can follow an inversion of this law.

The power of Truth is inherent, and invincible. She remains untouched by all the storms and earth-strife of materialism. What is done in her name, is done forever.

"The eternal years of God are hers."

The claims of Right shall stand unharmed, amid all the clashing tumult of conflicting interests; and when these have destroyed themselves, and ceased, they shall vindicate the wisdom of that soul which in darkness confided in the true power.

Original.

### THE SOCIAL WORLD.

BY R. P. AMBLER.

THE thought will be presented to the reason and intuitions of the soul, that society as it is and as it has been in the past, presents no reflection of the divine order and harmony which are visible in the beautiful and wide-spread works of Nature. There has been, it is true, in every age of the world, a tendency toward the ultimate end of human progress; there has been an attractive power which Humanity could not resist, leading ever on to the accomplishment of its exalted destiny; and still it is true that, with all the advancing movements and upward tendencies of the race, there has been the most lamentable prevalence of wrong, and violence, and crime, disturbing the beautiful relations which the soul sustains with the great Divinity, and rendering the earth a moral waste and desolation instead of the bright and fruitful garden of Paradise. Evil in a thousand varied forms has stalked abroad over the bosom of the social world; the dark floods of corruption have streamed through all its veins, and a moral disease, festering the very soul with its presence, has impeded the progress and stupefied the energies of man. Indeed so dark and repelling has seemed the aspect of Humanity as viewed in the light of its past history, that theological teachers have dared to assert that man is totally depraved—utterly devoid of all good, basing their assertion on the apparent facts in the case which seem to bear witness to the corruption and rottenness of the human heart.

But with all the evil that has ever marred and stained the face of the social world, it is a hard thing for the soul to feel that there exists no spark of divine life—no glimmer of holy light, within the sanctuary of the human spirit. It would seem that the man who could feel this, should be held as an enemy to his race, denying as he does the pure and ineffable image of God which is impressed on the inner being. To him who really loves humanity—who can look beneath its wrongs its scars and sins—who can read the God-written language of the inmost heart, as it is unveiled in the hallowed silence of interior meditation—to him there is a beauty and a sanctity even amid the darkness of social corruption, which are reflections from the ever-beaming smile of the Father. It is this inner germ of good in the soul—this indestructible image of God in the inner temple, that constitutes the hope and redemption of society; it is this which has drawn it ever onward towards the source of divine light, and which, by a continued expansion and development, shall cause it to inhale the very atmosphere of Heaven.

The social world is to be regarded as representing a certain stage in human development. Evil, inequality and crime are the natural and inevitable results of an imperfect condition. A time has been in the past when these shadows of the earth-life were deeper and darker than now; and so we find that progress in knowledge and virtue—which is an essential and divine principle—gradually disrobes the race of the many mantles of darkness which it has worn for centuries, and discloses the beauty and divinity of the immortal nature which for so long a period have been concealed. Viewed in this light, society ap-

pears far more tolerable—far more attractive indeed, that the misanthropic mind is willing to allow. If there are evils existing in the social structure, these are seen to represent only a negative condition, which must be ultimately removed beneath the influence of the positive and all-prevailing good; and if the darkness of ignorance and superstition covers the gross and undeveloped minds of the people, there is likewise revealed a light springing up from the very depths of the soul, and blending with the radiance of heaven itself, by which the darkness shall be banished from the earth and the brightness of a new day unfolded.

Ever may there be something good to hope for, as regards the condition of the social world. It is not well to look only on the shadows of this great picture. There is a Divinity, that guides the movements of the race, and it can never wander so far from the path of light and peace, or become so lost in the depths of moral gloom, as to become utterly destitute of the undying fire that lights and warms those hidden recesses of the soul, where God is worshiped in purity and truth. And ever, as the stream of time flows on, bearing with its rapid tide the prayers and aspirations that have gushed from the bleeding heart of humanity,—ever shall the condition of man become more exalted, ever shall his sorrows be lessened and his joys increased, ever shall his thoughts be purer, his actions nobler, and his life more blessed.

### POWER OF A DIVINE LIFE.

BY REV. O. W. BACON.

WHEN the Savior was pressed on either side by the thronging multitude, "virtue went out of Him, and healed them all." Wherever Christ moved, a divine influence went out from his character; his very presence moved the cold and unfeeling hearts of thousands, and brought them penitent and humbled, flocking around his standard. When he lifted up his voice in the great work of human amelioration, it found an answering echo in many souls, who hearing the word with joy, cast down the weapons of their rebellion, and worshiped at his feet. By the all-subduing power of sympathy and love, the blind received their sight—the dumb the gift of speech—the dead the hopes of a new life—the prisoner the blessings of liberty, and "the poor had the Gospel preached unto them." Thus, most strikingly in the ministry of Jesus, do we see demonstrated the Power of a Divine Life. The same may be said of the truly Christian of all ages. Wherever a good man has lived, he has breathed a moral atmosphere around him, inspiring the hearts of all with whom he came in contact, with the "kindling drops of loving kindness," causing their desires to flow together, as two drops of water mingle into one, and their souls to swell with the emotions of Universal Brotherhood. In Goodness, is seen the highest excellence of Earth, and the Divinity of Heaven; when we behold this principle embodied in a human form, beaming out in all the lineaments of its being, manifesting itself in acts of philanthropy and deeds of affection, lighting up the torch of hope in disconsolate bosoms, wiping the tear from the mourner's eye, planting a rose on the cold cheek of death, we behold an example which we ought to imitate, and from it a voice is heard, silent though it be, commanding us to "Go and do likewise."

Hence our admiration and reverence are excited in reading the history of such men as Howard, Milton, and Clarkson, all good and great men, reformers and Saviors of humanity, the brightest lights in the moral heavens, shining forth clear and beautiful, and Divine reflections of the Past. Such men as these are the men of God; no marble monuments are needed to perpetuate their memories, for they have built their own monuments—monuments of moral worth, which shall stand in undiminished splendor, when granite columns erected to transmit the glory of the physically great, shall remain only as fading emblems of a perverted public sentiment. It is from the influence of such men, that we gather up all our hopes of future progress and perfection. If this world is ever reformed, the work of its reformation must be commenced, and carried forward, by that Divine Power, which rises up from the graves of saints—which clusters around the lives of good men.



## Facts and Phenomena.

Original.

## REMARKABLE DREAMS.

BY MRS. C. R. WILLIAMS.

WHEN a child, I recollect saying that nothing remarkable ever happened to me without being warned of it in a dream. I really wish I had written down those dreams as they occurred, if for nothing but my own satisfaction. Many of the most remarkable, which were confirmed by the events that followed, have now escaped my recollection; but I will relate a few of them.

I dreamed one night of going into the church where I usually attended, and seeing the congregation all dancing. Among the dancers I recognized several persons, old, staid characters, who I knew were greatly opposed to the exercise. Unable to account for the phenomenon, I proceeded to the orchestra to inquire what we were to sing that day? "Redemption;" was the answer.

Very soon afterward a reformation commenced, and a wonderful excitement on the subject of religion, when, I should think, a hundred converts, at least, joined the communion. This was the more remarkable, because no excitement of the kind had ever before taken place in that body—the Episcopal Church of St. John, Providence, R. I.

Another singular feature of this dreaming was, that before any additions to the church I dreamed of seeing new-born infants, corresponding in number to the candidates for admission, who invariably presented themselves on the ensuing Sunday. Even now, though thirty years have passed, I can recall a vivid remembrance of those new-born babes, and how very oddly they looked.

Another dream, some years before, concerning the Pastor of this church, was perhaps quite as remarkable. I dreamed of going, as usual on the Sunday morning, into church, and seeing a furnace of live coals standing near the entrance, on the top of which was the head of our good Rector. To my surprise, it did not consume, or even seem to be scorched with the fire; while from the nostrils steadily issued a stream of clear water. The fright awoke me. The dream was fully interpreted soon after, when the pastor began to preach with renewed vigor and earnestness, and many of our old formal members took offense, saying they were addressed as though they were as great sinners as some in Old Testament times. This implied slander they so seriously resented, that from it a virulent persecution arose, many fearing that we should have to lose our preacher, who had commended himself to most of the congregation by many amiable and endearing traits of character. But the Parson stood his ground manfully, pleading his mission, and the necessity he was under of speaking the truth, until he triumphantly carried the greater part of the malcontents along with him.

On one occasion I recollect a dream, which, though different from what I had anticipated, was fulfilled in a most remarkable manner. I was standing in a particular room of a certain house, and directly opposite a west window. Every particular was impressed on my mind with the most vivid sense of reality. As I stood there, looking out toward the west, I saw the sun, in the full splendor of mid-day, suddenly go down, and set. It

sank in splendor; and I wished to myself that my sun might set as bright.

The dream gave me serious uneasiness for some weeks; for I thought it was a warning to myself. Soon after, however, one of our gay young men was taken sick in that very house—his bed was placed in that room, opposite the same window; and there his sun went down at noon, setting gloriously; for his departure was a most beautiful and triumphant entrance into the Land of Spirits.

## CLAIRVOYANCE AND SPIRITUALISM.

[The following interesting cases of Clairvoyance and Spiritualism, are taken from a volume of Tiffany's Lectures on Spiritualism. Being from a highly responsible source, and well authenticated, they clearly prove spiritual vision and ultra-mundane agency.]

THERE is another class of phenomena sometimes connected with clairvoyance which demands our attention. I refer to that called *retrovision*, by which I mean the faculty of calling up the past and revealing its hidden history. I once witnessed a very remarkable instance of this kind, which I will briefly relate. In the year 1845, while I was residing in Loraine County, a Mr. Hall, a merchant in Elyria, had his store broken and entered, and a large quantity of goods stolen and carried away. This was done about twelve o'clock on Saturday night. Early the next morning, Mr. H. discovered what had been done, and came to me for advice. The first inquiry I put to him was, "Have you informed any one of what has taken place?" He answered that he had not. I then enjoined it upon him not to mention the circumstance to any one, not even his family, and perhaps in a few days he would hear that his store had been broken; then, by tracing the report, he might get some clue to the rogues. This course of policy was agreed upon, and the subject was mentioned to no one.

The next morning, while we were together conversing upon the subject, the thought occurred to me that a young lady in town was said to be a clairvoyant, and I proposed to Mr. Hall that we visit her and test her powers. It was agreed to between us, and it was further agreed that nothing should be said to her respecting the nature of the subject to be investigated, for two reasons; first, we wished to know whether she could discover from our minds, the subject to be investigated; and second, if she could not clairvoyantly give us the information we desired, she would know nothing of the subject by which the information could be communicated to others. This young lady was an entire stranger to both of us. With this understanding we visited the house of Mr. Cook, who was the brother-in-law and mesmerizer of this young lady.

On visiting the house we informed Mr. Cook that we had come to request him to mesmerize his sister-in-law for the purpose of making certain investigations. This he very kindly consented to do, and in a few moments she was put into the mesmeric condition. Mr. Cook then turned to us and requested to be informed of the nature of the subject to be investigated. We declined telling him, desiring that the subject might be requested to find that out. He requested us to mention some place where we desired the investigation to commence. Mr. Hall immediately mentioned his store. Mr. Cook inquired of the subject if she knew where Mr. Hall's store was. She replied she did not. He then requested her mentally to accompany him to it; which she did; and soon declared herself to be there. Mr. Cook then requested her to make the



examination desired, and inform him of what she saw. She almost immediately remarked, "There has been bad work here; this store has been broken open, and a large quantity of goods stolen." Mr. Hall then inquired, "How was it broken open?" She commenced and gave a very minute and detailed description of the manner in which it was done—which was perfectly accurate in every particular. She even described their effort at lighting a lamp, after they had entered the store, and said they had lighted five matches before they had succeeded in lighting the lamp, and that the unburned portion of the matches were left upon the floor near where they left the lamp standing—which was also perfectly correct. She then proceeded to describe accurately the character, quantity and quality of the goods stolen, the different kinds and colors of the broad-cloths, etc.—all of which was correct.

After giving the above description, I remarked, "Well, if you can see to describe so accurately the transaction, can you not see to tell us who were the persons engaged in it?" She replied, "Certainly I can; there were three of them; they are strangers to me; I can not tell their names, but I can describe them so that you can find them."

With this, she commenced describing one of them by his size, personal appearance, dress, even to the peculiar cap he wore, business, place of residence, and even the business he was at that moment engaged in; said he left town that morning on his way to Cleveland with a load of pork.

From her description we had no difficulty in determining the individual she was referring to, and her description was in every respect correct. She even described the part he took in breaking the store, which subsequently proved to be correct.

She then proceeded to describe the second person concerned in the burglary, with the same accuracy she described the first; and from her description we had no difficulty in determining who she referred to. She then proceeded to describe the third person with the same particularity as she described the others; but we could not learn who he was from her description. Her description, however, subsequently proved to be correct, and the reason we did not recognize him was, he was a stranger, residing some thirty miles distant. She also told us what had been done with the goods, but those we could not find.

We were now very well satisfied that she had told us the truth, and had fixed our suspicions upon two individuals whom we had not previously suspected. But we could do nothing but watch—as clairvoyant evidence would not be deemed competent in a court of justice—and watch we did. Fortunately for our purpose, a difficulty arose between one of these burglars and his wife, and she disclosed the fact of his guilt in this case. By this means we were enabled to get legal evidence of the guilt of the other two parties, including the one we did not know, from the description of the clairvoyant; and the three were arrested. One of them turned State's evidence, and gave, under oath, a full description of the whole transaction, which, in every particular, corroborated the statement of the clairvoyant, made some four months before. The burglars were arrested and sent to the Penitentiary.

Here was a clear case of retrovision. Many other cases of a similar character might be mentioned, but one well authenticated case is as good for our purpose as a thousand.

I will mention an example of Spiritualism: Mr. Nathan Whinney, of Warren County, Ia., is a medium for these communications. His wife lost a brother about nine years of age,

in Wilmington, Clinton County, Ohio. This brother's name was David Allen Everett. This lad, previous to his death, had lost a pocket-knife which he prized very highly, and in searching for which he and others had spent much time. After David had been deceased for a year or more, his spirit purported to be present to communicate through his brother-in-law, Mr. W. Mrs. W., who was strongly inclined to doubt the genuineness of the manifestations, remarked, "David, if this is really you, you can tell us where you lost your knife, and where it can now be found." To which he replied, "Certainly; I can see it now; it is lying in the pigeon-box in such a barn, in Wilmington, Ohio, with the blade open." He then gave directions how they could get to the box, by climbing up on the scaffolding, &c, and he requested that the knife might be obtained and be kept to be presented to his little nephew, (a son of Mr. and Mrs. W.,) when he should be old enough to appreciate it, as a present from his spirit-uncle.

Mrs. Whinney wrote to her parents in Wilmington, requesting them to look for the knife, and thus test the correctness of the communication. They had removed some five miles from the place where the knife was lost, and had not sufficient confidence in the communication to go five miles to test it. Two young men being present at the time the letter was received, and being curious to test the matter, mounted their horses and went and made the search, and found the knife in the exact place described in the letter, with the blade open as described. And the knife is now being kept to be presented according to the request of the little spirit-giver. Thus I might continue giving an indefinite number of cases illustrating this point; but the above are sufficient.

These manifestations also indicate a degree of intelligence superior to that of the mediums or any other persons present; and they also indicate an origin purely intellectual in its character.

Illustrating this point, I will give the case of Prof. Miller, of Cortland County, New-York. He visited certain mediums in Auburn, N. Y., for the purpose of investigating this subject. While there, he endeavored to obtain indications of intelligence of such a character as to render it certain that the answers were in no way dictated by the mediums. He therefore selected a subject for investigation which would require a degree of intelligence not possessed by one in a hundred thousand. He called for the spirit of La Place, the celebrated astronomer and mathematician, and directly the spirit responded to his call. "Now," said Professor M., "if you are the spirit of La Place, you can demonstrate to me such a problem, in such a book of your '*Mechanica Caelestis*.'" The spirit responded by giving the desired demonstration. He took it down as given by the spirit, not being quite certain that it was the one called for; but on comparing it with the book, he found it to be correct. This demonstration was of such a character that Prof. M. knew no person present excepting himself could understand it after it was given.

Prof. Miller also applied another test. There was in his mind a mathematical problem which he had been endeavoring to solve for some time, without success. While here making these investigations, he submitted that problem to the spirits of La Place and Newton, and they solved for him the problem.

Here, certainly, was an indication of a very high degree of intelligence concerned in the production of these phenomena. I might add many other cases, but the above are sufficient for my present purpose.





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THE design of this paper as a medium for the circulation of free thought, will absolve its editors from any responsibility with regard to the opinions of individual contributors.

New-York, May 14, 1853.

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

THERE is no element in the human condition—no principle of human action—so continually and beautifully unfolded, and enforced by analogy, and by the authority of inferior conditions, as the inherent necessity of progress. Every phenomenon of Nature—every free thought, or aspiration of the mind—the whole constitution of the physical and spiritual being—teach this idea, first, last, chiefly—that progress is the great law of all life—all being. The very breath of the Almighty, in producing motion as the first condition of life, has also provided that that motion must be forward—upward—and never in a retrograde direction. And this is philosophically and mechanically necessary for the maintenance of the established order; for suppose some forces were moving forward, others backward, while others, again, were running across both tracks, by taking oblique or lateral directions—would they not continually clash together, interrupt, and disturb each other?

To illustrate more clearly the great natural necessity of progress, let us trace the development of a world—we will say our Earth—and then the development of its products.

To avoid unnecessary repetition, and at the same time prevent all misunderstanding, we will set out with the idea that the whole is under the control of the Supreme Intelligence, whom men have named God, Jehovah, Allah, the Great Spirit, and whom we like best to call the Divine Mind.

Looking far back over a space of innumerable ages, we behold—not this wondrous orb, whose more refined elements have now become productive of life and beauty, elaborated in myriads of vital, active, intelligent, and sentient forms; but various masses of matter in a semi-fluid, or exceedingly rare state, floating apparently at large, in the realms of space. But although we can not yet perceive it, the Divine Motion has been generated; for it must have been inherent in the condi-

tion of Matter itself. There are two laws gradually coming into force. One of these, the law of Central Attraction, first unites, then condenses, binds together, and concentrates the masses, and thus produces an internal axis of motion—the other, operating in precisely the opposite direction, is the great counter-attraction, which we denominate the Centrifugal Force. These two forces, as is well known, and as may be very simply demonstrated, do not annihilate, but only control and balance each other, producing at the same time, an orbicular form to the mass, which is yet in a very rare state, and a line of motion which is the result of their joint action, and therefore must be circular, or elliptical, according as one or the other of the forces may, at any given time, predominate. This ellipsis is the orbit of the planet, which, in obedience to the unerring dictates of a great and beautiful law, has thus been projected on the trackless plane of space.

Here we have the rudimental globe, which, in the process of ages more, perhaps, becomes condensed by the action of its constitutional fires, and other elementary forces, into one great mass of pure mineral substance, without any trace of organism, or any aspect of life. All is one wide expansion of gray rock, and huge, precipitating crags, embedded in a partial fluid, the yet unrefined substance from which shall come forth harder rock, and purer water. But barren and gross as it appears, the breath of God is in it, for that has given motion; and, in its turn, motion has generated an atmosphere; and from this original supply of life and nutriment, in due order shall come forth vitality, in a continually ascending series, of ever more perfect and beautiful forms.

On the sides of the bare rocks which had already emerged, first began to appear minute gray substances, which, only adhering by their lower portion or disk—for they had no roots—derived all their nourishment from the air. These lived awhile; and, in decay, deposited a kind of ashen or earthly substance. Thus, in process of time, a light thin soil was formed, where plants of a higher type might put forth roots, and grow. Thus each race, in dying, bequeathed its corporeal substance to the common parent; and so, in process of ages, the soil was formed. As its elements were originally drawn from the air, it follows, also, that the atmosphere itself was continually undergoing a process of refinement, by which it should be prepared for the nourishment of higher grades of life. So also sea-weeds of a very low type were formed in the gross compound of fluid and solid, which was the first type of water. In the denser portions these in time formed large marshes, which overspread most of the Earth; and they became filled with a rank growth of the lower tribes of Flowerless plants, gigantic lichens, mosses, liverworts, mushrooms and sea-weeds, and finally arboracious ferns.

And continually, along with this, there came to be a development of animal life. Coral formations commenced very early; and these, by depositing calcareous substances, which they had absorbed from the half-earthly fluid in which they first wrought, contributed at the same time, toward purifying the water, and elevating the land, to which they furnished the mineral basis of a softer and better soil. But most of the animal forms were of the grossest types; for only such could respire, and be nourished, by then existing conditions. Huge monsters of ugliness wallowed in the thick deep; and giant lizards, and other sauri, with reptiles and quadrupeds beyond all imagination gross and horrible, crept, or tumbled their unwieldy bulkiness through the rank vegetation on which they fed.

But the refining principle was yet in continual operation. Age by age, and cycle by cycle, the lower and grosser forms, having completed their mission in the work of Time, retired from the scene, leaving the process of development to be continued by the last and highest in the ascending order of life; each series in its death bequeathing to the world higher types, and more complicated and exquisite machinery of organism.

And so after the recession of unknown ages, the waters were withdrawn to their great beds, basins and channels, and the dry lands emerged into a finer and more vital atmosphere; and a proportional degree of progress appeared in the animal and vegetable forms. And thus, from those huge monsters, the denizens of the first marshes, by a process of gradual refinement, arose at length the more symmetrical shapes of Fish, Bird, and Quadruped.

Nor had the good mother Earth been forgetful of her eldest daughters, the Plants. The gross fabric of the vegetable body continually growing finer, evolved more delicate and beautiful forms. And as the atmosphere was cleared of the gross matter with which it was laden, the light also became clearer; and this again produced all that is lovely in tint and shade of hue—the fabric growing continually finer, and the colors more beautiful, until from the dull iron gray, or kind of muddy olive-colored robes, which made Nature look like a hard old Quakeress, came forth the beautiful greenness of the meadows, and the refreshing verdure of the forest foliage. And as the light grew more refined, by still more delicate processes, the corolla or blossom was elaborated, while the light that nourished its beauty, projected yet lovelier hues into its exquisite mesh of cell-work—until the deep blue of heaven, the golden sunshine, the carmine blush of morning, the purple glory of evening, and all the splendors of the rainbow, were reflected on its delicate petals.

So when proper food and a fit element for respiration were prepared, came forth living creatures to work and be glad, in their several conditions—to graze the quiet meadows—to leap over the wild mountain passes—to roam the desert—or with winged forms of grace and beauty, to flit from tree to tree, or cleave with unruffled pinions the serene depths of the clear air.

So has Progress been taught in all things. And, Reader, whoever, or whatever thou art, if thou hast read apprehendingly these few elementary fragments of a great idea, never shalt thou look at an unfolding Rose, but its red lips shall whisper thee something of this history of Physical Development, which has been unfolded by the law of Progress. The snowy petals of the Lily are written over with its sublime truths—invisible, indeed, to the external eye, but legible and clear to the soul. It is inscribed on all nature. It is the most ancient of all histories; for it is old as the world, and is lithographed in the very heart of the great globe itself.

THE subject of the Spiritual Philosophy has been made the object of much thought and earnest investigation,—by a class of minds, too, which have heretofore manifested the most sceptical and materialistic tendencies. In this respect, if in no other, the Philosophy has been a means of accomplishing great good; and we have reason to hope, on the ground of its past achievements, that it will be a prominent and indispensable agent in the mighty work of reformation which is going on in the earth. True it is that the theology, science, and philosophy of the world, all need to be spiritualized, before they can possess the requisite vitality to act as positive forces on the human soul.

#### THE BIBLE CONVENTION.

It is with feelings of peculiar satisfaction that we are now called to contemplate an occasion which has been but rarely witnessed, even in this land of freedom—an occasion on which “the ORIGIN, AUTHORITY, AND INFLUENCE OF THE JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN SCRIPTURES” are to be presented as subjects of free and open discussion. For several centuries has the book called the Bible been revered as the perfect and infallible revelation of the Divine Will, in which all valuable and important truth is embodied, and by which the correctness of all theological thoughts and opinions is to be tested. Indeed so closely and entirely wedded have been the minds of men to this volume, that they have seemingly possessed no power to pass beyond the limits which it prescribes, or to even imagine that there may be other truths and principles than those contained within the finite sphere of its teachings. It is not difficult to perceive the natural influence exerted by the authority of this book; and this influence, when viewed in the light of existing facts, will appear to be degrading and unrighteous in the extreme. Whatever may be the real character of the Bible as a whole—whether its teachings are in themselves true or false—the arbitrary and infallible *authority* with which it has been endowed, has unquestionably produced the most deleterious effects on the human mind; for by the force of such authority, as a natural and inevitable result, man has resigned the divine gift of reason, refused to exercise the mental liberty which is his own natural birthright, and has continued to revolve in the narrow circle of sects and creeds, instead of soaring away on the wings of unfettered thought in the wide realm of universal truth.

It should therefore be a matter of rejoicing that the time has now arrived when the assumed authority of the Bible may be safely called in question; and especially that this is soon to be done under such circumstances as shall give a free opportunity to the advocates of its divine origin, to come forward and defend their position. With this object in view, a circular-letter, addressed to the friends of free discussion, has been recently issued by a Committee selected for the purpose, in which “all who feel an interest in this question, without distinction of sex, color, sect, or party,” are invited to attend a Convention to be held at Hartford, Conn., on the 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th of June next. In the language of the Circular, “This invitation is not given to any particular class of Philosophers, Theologians, or Thinkers, but is in good faith extended to all who feel an interest in the examination of the questions above stated. There are many who believe that a supernatural Revelation has been given to man; many others who deny this, and a large number who are afflicted with perplexing doubts—trembling between the silent skepticism of their reason and the fear of absolute denial. In issuing a call for a Convention, we have in view the correction of error, by which party soever entertained, and the relief of those who stand between doubt and fear, from their embarrassing position.”

The question now arises, will those individuals whose peculiar prerogative it is to defend the supernatural origin of the Scriptures, accept this kind and fraternal invitation? Have the clergy of Hartford, or other places, sufficient courage to sustain the authority of the book on which their whole system of theology is based?—have they faith enough in the validity of the claims which they have set up for it, to come forward in the arena of free discussion? From an article which appeared recently in the New-York *Tribune*, signed “One of Them,” it



appears that the clergy in Hartford are quite earnestly engaged in seeking some plausible excuses for paying no attention to the proposed Convention. The writer of this article proceeds to give five reasons why the clergy in general may properly refrain from discussing the merits of the Bible on this occasion, in perusing which we were forcibly reminded of the individuals referred to in a certain parable, who, when invited to a great supper, began to make excuse, one saying that he had purchased a piece of ground, another that he had bought five pair of oxen, and a third that he had married a wife! If the Scriptures are the only and infallible word of God, then it is important that the fact should be settled beyond controversy, and we have a right to expect that the evidence on which this fact is based as held by theological teachers, will be willingly subjected to the ordeal of free inquiry. We await the result.

#### ABNORMAL EXCITEMENTS.

THERE exists in certain temperaments an inherent tendency to that diseased action of the faculties which exhibits many phases of condition and degree, from the first disturbance of the reasoning powers, to the ultimate of insanity, or utter madness; and this state has no necessary connection with any particular subject, but is to be referred solely to the temperamental peculiarities of the individual. All subjects of great interest, especially if they have any elements of mystery, or any manifestations of power connected with them, are peculiarly liable to induce this abnormal condition of the system, in which the reason appears weakened, or subverted, and more or less under the control of Imagination.

These thoughts have been suggested by the following melancholy record, which we cut from an exchange paper:

"At Bowling Green, Ohio, Valentine Sage, in a fit of insanity, caused by the excitement of a ten days' protracted meeting, killed one of his children and attempted to destroy his wife. He is now a raving maniac in Perrysburg Jail, but has a perfect knowledge of what he has done, and justifies the act on the ground that the child is now happy in Heaven."

And how many other facts of the kind are almost daily coming forward, to show that among all causes of this unhappy derangement of the faculties, Religion—or religious excitement—has produced the most frequent instances, and the most disastrous results. Yet who does not know that it would be quite unfair to say that Religion is an evil, and should be abrogated by legal power, because its great and beautiful system, and its divine promises, have been so imperfectly comprehended by certain minds, as to reflect false images, and become the basis of insanity, with all its mournful results! Is not this very much like voting the sun out of Heaven because some of its effects are deleterious? We know that in dry seasons, or in torrid climes, the earth is scorched by its power, and fatal diseases often accompany the unmitigated heats; and also that when individuals have been exposed to the intense action of its perpendicular rays, they have been struck with blindness, and painful, or fatal affections of the brain; but for either, or all of these reasons, should we seek to abolish the sun? Nor is this a very extravagant comparison; for we could do without Religion—without Spiritual Development and Progress—no better than without the sun itself! Is not spiritual at least as valuable as physical light? Yet we frequently hear

the Spiritual Philosophy of the present day denounced as false, demoralizing, and ungodly, because some minds have been unhappily affected, either by its real or imaginary impressions, and some evil consequences are said to have flowed forth as results. It is greatly to be lamented that there should be any cause for imputations of the kind; yet it will occur, in the present state of human development, that even the choicest gifts of Heaven are abused and the holiest ministrations of Truth perverted. But when the world comes to understand the reality that underlies all existing effects, it will discover that the misuse of any blessing does not detract from its real value, and that instances of deleterious results from this cause can never destroy the force of the living principle.

#### SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

THE initial number of the second volume of this popular paper has just been issued in an enlarged form, and greatly improved style of execution. It contains a letter addressed to Dr. Gray, of this city, giving a very interesting account of the Mineral Spring, near Carroll, Chatauque County, N. Y., from which we abstract the following points:

The existence of the spring was foreshadowed about fifteen years ago, in connection with some other circumstances which proved to be facts. About three years since the subject was again brought forward by the direct agency of spirits. A pit was dug more than forty feet deep, the last three or four feet being through a porous rock; where, on boring, the opened a spring which flows at the rate of 500 gallons per hour. All these processes were governed by minute directions from the spirits, by whose aid a salt spring was struck in the same pit, which flows at the rate of 750 gallons per hour.

The water of the mineral spring flows in a turbid state, containing a large quantity of earthy sediment, unctuous to the touch, emitting a peculiar odor, and of a strong alkaline taste. Mixed with flower the water will make very light biscuit. It has been found an excellent remedy for fevers, dyspepsia, bowel complaints, hemorrhoids, leucorrhœa, pneumonia, inflammations of the throat, erysipelas, scarlatina—and made into an ointment is a specific cure for burns, scalds, chilblains, rheumatism, felons, and many other things. The details of the cures are said to be absolutely incredible.

In the variety and excellence of its matter the *Telegraph* not only justifies its well-earned character but even makes an advance on its former spirit and power. Partridge & Brittan, New-York.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE; Littell, Son & Co., Boston. This valuable periodical is, as may be well known, made up of the choicest articles of the best British magazines, and other periodicals. The great comprehensiveness, and high moral tone of its plan and spirit, make it altogether, not only an excellent work for families, but an honorable representative of English Literature.

The four April numbers bound in one, and issued on the first of May, now lying on our table, exhibit no falling off of interest or power, though the work has now completed its thirty-sixth volume. We notice particularly a very clever sketch of the Life of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, and many other fine things.

## Polite Literature.

Original.

THE BRAZILIAN HEIRESS;  
A HISTORY OF SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

BY FANNY GREEN.

## CHAPTER VI.—THE FIRST TRIAL.

For some time after the departure of Jozef, Theodosia was sad as one with such a sweet sunny nature could be, while all around were striving to make her happy; and though externally she became gay as before, yet there was a shadow lying deep and still on that young heart; and because none saw it, and even she herself was unconscious of its presence, it was none the less there.

As one who is about to leave some bright garden of elysium, casting a woful eye on the wilderness and the desert, that stretch wild and dreary their haggard wastes over the distance, would fain turn back again to the blissful bowers, still lingering fondly on the borders, so would I fain clip the wings, were it possible, and abide forever amid the Loves and Joys that people Paradise. But alas for the vanity of such a thought! pure Happiness is an exile upon earth. She has no constant abiding place; and if, like an unknown angel, she may sometimes deign to visit us, there is no charm can secure her stay. Ere we are fully conscious that she has been ours, she spreads her irised wings in flight, and we recognize her only in her departure.

Three happy years still wearing the rainbow wings of her young and beautiful hopes, flew over the Donna Theodosia. She mourned very truly for the departure of Jozef; and for some time she had been quite disconsolate. But gradually this sentiment came to wear itself deeper. She spoke less of him than formerly, but thought more; and whoever might have looked into the shadowy depths of that young heart, would have seen that the latent devotion of the woman was already taking deep root. She was now fifteen; and her wonderful beauty began to attract much attention. But none of the young Dons, or foreign gentles and nobles, who frequented the fazenda, had particularly interested her; for in none did she find a response to the higher and holier nature, with which she, as a child of genius, was preëminently endowed; and yet she seemed to love every thing that surrounded her. She reveled amid the beauties of that glorious land, in one of the loveliest nooks of which she had been born and nurtured, like the flowers, and birds, and gems, from the light, and music, and glory, that seemed an instinct of the clime. She was a perfect child of Nature under the happiest circumstances; and never did Nature cherish a more filial spirit—a more devout worshiper. In the society of her father, her tutor, and her governess, she was perfectly contented and happy, because with them she could best enjoy the freedom, which, as yet, had never known the shadow of a restraint.

Even her studies, though she had daily tasks regularly set before her, were never irksome; for they were but the verbal lessons—the written interpretations—of the same beautiful mysteries that looked out from all she saw. But deeper, holier, dearer, than all these, were the sweet memories she cherished in the pure serene of her own virgin heart. There, were looks, and words, and expressions, and gentle touches of the hand, which had passed without exciting any emotion at the time; but each now wore its own individual character; and they had become electrical; for she never stirred them without a thrill. And there were fragments of long-withered flowers, and leaves, and shells; each one of which had its own peculiar association; and they were often wet with tears, that came, she knew not why—tears which, as yet, were ever spanned with rainbows. Thus she had secreted Love in her innocent heart; but she knew not the angel she entertained.

Letters occasionally arrived from Jozef. They spoke of happier prospects. His uncle had furnished him with the means of visiting Italy, for the purpose of studying the works of the old Masters, which the genius and heroism of the Past had long since hallowed. He con-

tinually breathed stronger hopes of attaining somewhat nearer to the artistic ideal of his youthful dreams. Could he have known how fondly these hopes were echoed—how devoutly they were prayed for, with special orisons morn and evening—how justly all his remarks and criticisms were appreciated—how fondly a corresponding taste for the art was cultivated, by one who now hardly breathed his name except in reply to the words of some other, he would not have been so far away; nor could all the glorious dreams and realities of Italy, herself, have detained him. But alas for woman! this is her fate—to love in silence; and though a word might often break the spell—to feel the night-mare of an oppressive custom, alike crushing the heart, and palsy the lips that would give it utterance!

The guardian angel of Theodosia, weeping as she did so, suddenly dropped the curtain before this first bright scene; for she must now be called to the development of a higher power, which can only come through the ministry of Trial.

Don George was seized with a malignant fever; and it soon became apparent that neither medical skill, nor the tears and prayers of his daughter, might save him. In this trying hour how bitterly did he regret the departure of the young artist! He felt an instinctive assurance that he and Theodosia were made for each other; and what a blessing it would have been to leave his treasure in the care of one, to whom his faith, and his affections, alike pointed, as a safe protector, and the fittest guardian for the happiness of his child. Among all his acquaintances he could not think of one whom he would like to trust with so precious a charge. But something must be done; and that quickly. In this extremity, his thoughts turned toward his only brother, who had become a distinguished lawyer, residing in London. Although he had never felt any great love, or even friendship, for this brother, whom he only remembered as of a cold, austere, and sullen nature; yet he was, like many others, governed by a sentiment of consanguinity; and not because he was his friend—not because he seemed to be in any respect a proper person; but because he was his brother; and, in short, because he could think of no one else, he selected him as the guardian of his child's fortune, and person.

"One of a cold and rigid temperament, like him, is more likely to be honest; and when he looks on my little Theodosia—the fatherless—the motherless—his heart will soften and melt; for who can resist her beauty and sweetness? He is of her own flesh and blood; and he will—he must love her."

Thus reasoned the fond father; and under the influence of this impression, a codicil was added to his will, in which, with a rich legacy, he made a legal transfer of his right of guardianship.

"And now," said he to a servant as the lawyer withdrew, "I have but one more struggle in life. Pray tell the Donna Theodosia that I would speak with her." He sank back on his pillow as he spoke; for he was nearly exhausted; but his ear caught an echo of the soft step that came stealing into the room; and the wondering and weeping girl knelt beside his couch, and gently embraced him.

Theodosia had not been permitted to know the danger; but now she more than suspected it; for there were many sad signs; and there was a strange air about the whole house. Every thing appeared dark and sad, and every person looked strange and unnatural. A constraint had been worn for her sake. But how mistaken is all such deception! Disease is sent, that, by its gradual action, the blow may be softened; but when it is thus disguised terrible is the abrupt recognition of the impending bolt! awful is the sudden explosion of the inevitable death-doom! Theodosia had spent the whole night in tears and prayers; for while there was a single doubt, she could not be at ease. It was her first night of real sorrow and of how many was it the dark precursor! Now she did not speak; for every word, and all her pent up tears, seemed choking her; but she nestled further into the bosom, and pressed her lips to his burning cheek. It seemed as if she had drawn hope from the very atmosphere of that familiar resting place or perhaps from the very clinging of her affectionate heart which, trusting in its own strength, felt that it could not let go its hold. Lifting her head, and looking in his face, she said imploringly, "tell me, papa! tell me if you are better!"



"Better!" he repeated, with a mournful gesture; "yes, my love, better prepared, I trust, for the higher and holier life which now awaits me."

"You do not mean, papa—you can not mean that you will not now get well!" she cried—her words passing into a shriek that really cut the air with the sharpness of its intense anguish.

"My child! my daughter! Theodosia!" he returned, "you have now attained to the age of reason. Pray exercise it. You know that all here is transitory—that Death turns not aside from his path, whether it leads to the cottage, or the palace."

"Oh, do not speak so!" she replied, placing her hands before her eyes, as if she might thus exclude the fearful reality.

"Theodosia!" continued the sick man, "sooner, or later, trials await us all. Your mother was taken from me in the very morning of our union—in the fairest blush of our young hopes. Now you must learn submission, my child. I am to be taken from you!"

"But you still had something to love! You had me, papa! But I—O! I must be left alone—alone!" she cried, with another shriek; while the very silence of those large rooms seemed to be filled with the sad echo of that dismal void, as if it were repeated by pitying angels; and again, as if in accents of fiendish exultation over the defenseless prey, came screeching back those fearful syllables—"a-lone!"

"But, Theodosia, my love, you must command yourself," said Don George, after another fierce struggle quieting himself. "Hear me, my child. From the day of your birth up to this, you have never before given me pain. You have only been a joy, and a blessing to me. Would you plant my death-pillow with thorns of the keenest anguish? Would you pour molten lead over the plumes that are already expanding for heaven? Would you hurry me off, even before the few hours allotted me shall have expired, and with all this heaviness on my soul? Then make an effort at composure; do! do, my child!"

"I will try! O, I will, papa!" she answered; and clasping her small hands together, she imploringly lifted them, while the lids were closing over the upturned eyes, as if to shut out all but heaven, she appeared silently invoking strength. And how much strength was latent in that untried heart, no one, as yet, knew; though its effects were directly manifest. She became almost instantly quiet and subdued, as if some hovering angel had breathed into her bosom a holy calm.

"I am stronger now," she said, after a moment's abstraction. "Tell me, dear papa, what you wish. I will still be worthy of you."

"God bless you, my child!" he fervently ejaculated; and again drawing her tenderly to his arms, he held her there a moment; and then motioning her to sit beside him, he said: "I have appointed your Uncle, in London, to be your guardian. Be obedient to him; and strive to love him as you have loved me. And now, my child, promise me that you will not indulge in vain grief for my loss. You have hitherto lived as a part of me. You must now learn that you have an individual character to achieve, and an individual mission and work to do in life. The world is full of beauty and truth. You have both a heart, and a mind, to love and expound its divine teaching. The elements of happiness will be still around you; for the great Soul of the Universe has infused them into all things. Wherever God lives, and breathes, and makes himself manifest by unnumbered acts of love to the obedient and conscious soul, there must be peace, and hope, and joy, passing the comprehension of the unawakened senses. Remember, my child, that to repine at the inevitable, is, at least, unwise; but to resist, or murmur at the dispensations of Divine Providence, or to suffer an unavailing sorrow to come between us and present duties, is very wicked. Promise me, child, that you will remember, and strive to obey all that I now require of you."

"I will remember, papa; and I will obey;" she repeated firmly—"all that you say now—all that you have ever said." But the thought of that beautiful Past, which was now so suddenly to terminate, again subdued her; and sinking into his arms, she was yielding to her tears, when perceiving the distress they would cause, with an effort that seemed almost superhuman, she controlled herself; and whispering, "You are tired, papa. I will go out and let you rest;" and softly kissing his cheek, she drew herself away.

"Heaven bless you, my dearest love!" he murmured, ere he let her go; and then he fell back on his pillow, quite exhausted. These were his last words. When Theodosia came back to that chamber of death, she was an orphan.

The tender sapling which has always reclined against its parent stem, when the prop is thus suddenly withdrawn, may languish and droop, long ere it can securely poise itself on its own basis, or learn to live, and grow, solely by its own strength; yet such a process is essential, or it can never become a tree. The struggle was indeed, more bitter than Theodosia had conceived; for how should she, out of the sweet harmonies of her previous existence, have truly imagined aught of bitterness? There is no process of the reason that can heal at once the lacerated fibers of a tender and loving heart. The one all-engrossing thought of loss must, while it is yet unfamiliar, barb every old association with poignant anguish. But to Theodosia the sting of death was truly taken away. There was something so sweet, so soothing, in her father's last words, that when she repeated them softly to herself, as she did, day by day, and almost hour by hour, it seemed as if some strengthening angel were breathing around her, and in her soul. Though she often in sleep stretched out her arms to clasp the dear form that was forever removed, and in waking the whole burden of its great sorrow fell upon her heart, with weight enough to crush it, yet gradually she grew calm, and cheerful, and happy. Most religiously she strove to obey her father's words, even to the very letter; and the effort she made was not unrewarded.

She cherished the illusion that the spirits of both her parents were continually hovering around her; and she was no more oppressed with loneliness. Was it illusion? Is it not an unnatural, as well as a repulsive and cruel thought, that the spirits of the departed are forever shut out from the presence of the nearest and dearest? If they have any of the attributes we are wont to associate with the idea of disembodied spirits, why should they not have power; and certainly they would have the will, to visit, and by the holy breathings of a higher sphere, to soothe, admonish, and bless, those they leave behind. Should this be considered a *super-natural* process and thus invested with nameless terrors? Is it not, on the contrary, in the highest degree pleasing and natural? The time is coming, and perhaps now is, when these questions may be answered truly, even in this world.

The effect of this faith on Theodosia was very salutary. A true spiritual light, and mental strength, were prematurely developed. Sorrow had opened the inner depths of both mind and heart; and the lessons of wisdom and love which she daily received from the good *Padré*, and *Madame Laurette*, sinking into the rich profound, took root, and were preparing to bring forth fruit against the time of her extremest need. As her mind recovered more of its natural tone, it required stronger aliment than it had ever craved before; and her whole course of reading and study, was more like that of a student preparing for a university, than that of a young girl whom fortune had seemed to mark out as a fashionable woman—one of those human brilliants, who seem externally to have imbibed the splendor of gem and flower—who flit awhile, apparently without care or thought, through the bright mazes of their sunny life, like the butterflies, which people the air of that brilliant clime with bright, but perishing forms of beauty. But such Theodosia was not destined to be. Happy are they, even amid the terrors of the darkest hour, to whom affliction, under whatever form it may come, is made a healthful discipline; for they have everything to hope, and, really, nothing to fear.

(To be continued.)

In the lower orders of being we may find monitors, not unworthy of reading to us lessons of admonition. We may see in them qualities worthy of admiration and imitation—things which may serve to remind us what we ought, or what we ought not to be. We may take to ourselves shame and confusion of face, when we consider that with all our boasted reason and higher endowments, we do not control and regulate our propensities within those due bounds, which the animals accomplish by instinct.

## HISTORY OF THE ARTS.

## THE AGRICULTURAL AGE.

BY WILFRID WHIPPLE.

MEN, in the progress of years, by their observation of Fact, began to perceive, ever more clearly, its relationship to Cause. So it happened that a small tract of ground had been quite broken in the process of digging for certain esculent roots; and as the season went by, it was seen that many seeds, and grains, which had been accidentally distributed in the soil, flourished far more vigorously than their fellow species, in the neighboring valleys; and moreover, that such roots as remained in the mellowed soil, were larger, tenderer, and of a finer flavor than those which had not been thus treated; and hence awoke in the mind of man, the first rudimental idea of Tillage.

The implements at first used were very rude and simple; for as yet the application of iron to mechanical purposes had not been discovered. Sharp stones, clumsily fastened to rough wooden handles, were applied to breaking the soil, as they had been for years employed in the digging of roots, and other mechanical purposes. Afterward a kind of wooden spade was fashioned, for opening the ground, or removing large quantities of earth. These were, at best, but slow and toilsome processes; but men in those days were strong—not merely in limb and muscle, but in energy of heart and will: and in the unwrought field of observation and experiment, where they had been placed, they went on right bravely.

The chief family of earth at this time inhabited a fertile region of central Asia. It had also been observed that there was an established relationship, as that of parent and offspring between the ultimate product, or seed, of an old plant, and the springing forth of a new one; and hence they perceived the propriety of multiplying the more useful species by artificial propagations. True to the impulse of their new discovery, they came together in full community, and prepared a large tract of soil, on which they planted different seeds. Among these were grains of rice and millet, and also several leguminous seeds, such as the pea and bean; but all of them were in a rudimental state, barely exhibiting the types of what they have since become. Numerous guards were then placed around the field, for as yet there were no fences, to keep off the sheep and cattle, women and children being stationed on those sides nearest to the clustering tents, and armed men on the further outposts, to repel the intrusion of more dangerous animals, which were frequently attracted in that direction by the neighboring flocks and herds, on which they sought to prey.

Around this simple field, with its yet unfolded stores of wealth, the most intense interest hung; and with it was wrought one of the most important events that ever signalized the history of man. When the women went forth from their tents in the early morning, before they milked their kine, or watered their patient camels, they ran to see if yet a germ had escaped the warm bosom of the soil; and the shepherds stole a few moments from their accustomed rest in the noon-day heats, to nurse in themselves the germ of hope which had already begun to spring in the bosom of the first cultivators. But when the tender blades shot forth, children ran to their mothers and proclaimed the fact in low and solemn whispers, that the Great Father had made the corn grow; and aged ones bowed their hoary heads, murmuring the sweet words of praise, and strong men prostrated themselves, and thanked the Giver of all Good for his precious promises. And thus early a sentiment of mingled reverence and gratitude was associated with the culture of the soil.

But when the young plants rose in strength and beauty; when the delicate pea-green had deepened into the full verdure; when flowers came forth, and signs of the future harvest appeared, then the young voices woke with ringing shouts of joy, deeper tones chiming not inharmoniously with the shrill chorus; and so the glad tidings flew from tent to tent; and all gathered themselves together to behold the sign; for the first blossoms in their field made another epoch of joy. And so the Sun and the Rain, and the Dew, which these simple children of Nature regarded as the sentient offspring of the Most High, wrought

their ministry of love, until at length the different species of pulse had yielded successively their fruits; and the heads of the golden grain drooped heavily, as if oppressed with their precious burden.

And so the first harvest of Earth was ripe; and the laborers prepared to gather it in. The joyful harvesters, chanting their grateful thought in glad songs, made the sweet morning air musical as they went forth to their pleasant labor. The process was wholly different from what harvesting is in these days. The stalks were first pulled from the ground; and then being carefully disposed in bundles, were spread over skins to dry in the sun. Then the grains were beaten from the heads; at first with stones, and then with sticks, which remotely shadowed forth that simple modern instrument the flail. And when the corn and the pulse were all gathered in, and duly disposed in leathern bags, which had been prepared for their reception, it was but a natural impulse to rejoice, and render thanks to the Great Unseen, whose ministry was felt in all they saw.

Then all the families gathered themselves together beneath the green colonades of the banyan, and were busy in preparing a feast.

There were gourd vessels in the form of cups, and bottles, and basins, flowing with milk, and heaped with the luscious honey-comb. Earthen vessels, too, there were, much improved in form, texture, and decoration, during the past age; and the largest and choicest of these contained the precious FIRST FRUITS, garlanded with flowers, and all disposed in the central and most honorable positions. The ever active ideal faculty had been suggestive, too, in the manufacture of baskets woven of various kinds of grass, and osiers; and the first principles of beauty and grace were already developing in many of their forms. These were filled with various fruits which grew spontaneously in the surrounding country—figs, pomegranates, and dates, crowned with the purple clusters and delicate tendrils of the vine. All these were spread in a circle around the chief stem of the tree; and there men, women, and children, sat down on the grass to the feast they had provided; and for a little while there was silence.

The sun was shining solemnly through the dim green arches above, and the stirring leaves, as they gently touched each other, whispered softly, as if they were moved by conscious spirits to an act of love; and the tall palms on the distant hill-side bowed their heads, as if they felt that the fresh wind of that blessed morning were a holy presence.

Then arose seven venerable patriarchs, and rearing an altar in the midst, they placed thereon offerings of all their fruits, which were thus consecrated to the Great Giver of All. And then with grateful hearts, and songs of praise, and low murmurs of love, they partook of his bounty. And so was kept the first HARVEST HOME—the first THANKSGIVING, among the families of Earth.

## VISIONS AND APPARITIONS.

It was evening—the evening before the dreaded day—the rain beat against the window, and the spring-tempest roared wildly. Before an open, crackling fire in Augustin's room, sat himself, Uno, and little Dr. Lund. The room looked most comfortably, and all the more so as, by the fire-light, they could see in the outer room sister Hedvig busied in the preparation of tea.

The three friends before the fire were talking confidentially. Dr. Lund's favorite topic was now the subject of discourse. And we know that he loved to place himself on the dark boundary between two worlds, and to search after the lights and the sounds which came from the unknown over to us into that which is more familiar, to that in which we move and have our every day being.

Rational people wondered at this peculiarity in the wise and deeply learned man, and that he could be so irrational, etc. Others, again—people of genius—did not wonder.

He was this evening more than usually engaged in questions regarding the connection between the spirit-world and this.

Augustin said—

“That which appears to me singular and almost melancholy is, that among the many narratives which have come to us, from all times and all countries, about spiritual appearances, and such-like revelations, so



very few are of a lofty and really spiritual character. Many of them are insignificant and trifling, or are some way connected with deeds of murder and revenge."

"Yes, I must say," exclaimed the little doctor, smiling, and pulling himself by the hair, "that many of the spirits which come again are only a sort of downy, misty spirits, just a sort of mongrel race which have their home neither in heaven nor hell. And it is certainly melancholy, as far as it is not exactly the contrary. There is perhaps a very excellent and edifying lesson which people may derive from this, namely:—that they should take care that they do not become misty or mongrel while they are here on earth, lest they should come again as such after death; and that the good and blessed spirits go into a region too high for them to feel any drawing toward the earth; and that they have a knowledge with regard to the fate of their beloved survivors which annuls the necessity of direct communication with them. Because, that they at all events work for them, and in the end operate upon them, is beyond all doubt. It is in accordance with the ordinances of spiritual nature, and therefore there exist numberless historical proofs of it. But neither are there wanting immediate meetings of higher character between people who loved one another, and became separated by death. We see that under certain circumstances such revelations have been permitted. And here sits a man"—and he nodded at Uno, while he riveted upon him his vivacious and benevolent eyes—"here sits a man who could, I am sure, if he would, relate us something very remarkable on this subject. Dear Uno! you have sometimes hinted that a revelation was the cause of the happy change which passed through your mind. Will you not now relate to us what you experienced? I have long wished to know it, and longed to ask you about it; although I refrained from doing so because I saw that you did not like the subject to be touched upon."

"And the same with myself," said Augustin.

"And now, at this moment, it would be most welcome to me to have some light thrown on the subject of the relationship between friends separated by death, and to know whether they are able to communicate with each other, under unusual circumstances, as in your case."

Uno was silent for a moment, as if considering—and at length said:

"To you, my friends, and to Hedvig, I can very well relate my experience; because with you I have not to fear that suspicion—that half-derision, with which the greater part of mankind would hear my story. It has been, and it is, the most valuable treasure of my life—and its highest delight, and no person can take it away from me; still I should feel it to be a profanation to reveal the sanctuary of my soul to an unworthy one. And therefore—but, once more, my hesitation has no reference to you."

And with a low and almost inaudible voice Uno now related as follows.\*

"You all of you know what was my state of mind after Engel's death. You know, at least, that I was as if dead to life, and to all the pleasures of earth. I can not describe my inward unhappiness. One single form and horrible thought had taken possession of my soul, and tormented it night and day, like an ill spirit! My wife had died—died, unfortunately, through my means. And now, we were separated forever. The whole world was to me a dark grave, where death had his unhappy sacrifices; and, above and around, I only saw a horrible, empty space—an infinite gulf, where brooded the eternal nothingness. But, no! I can not yet speak of that without dread. I do not understand how it was that I did not go mad! How long I sat in darkness. I know not: but this I do know, that one day it became light—light forever! All at once, I saw—*her*, she who was my continual thought, and my sorrow! Her form became clear by degrees, and came, as it were, out of darkness; her beloved, beautiful countenance smiled as she looked at me, clearly, brightly—actually it was *she*; she stood there before me—but rather above me—beaming in youth and beauty,

\* Because this relation, together with the occurrence which gave rise to it, have their foundation in actual fact, they are introduced in these pages. We see no cause to exclude, from a description of every day life, any of those phenomena which take place in it, although they may take place as exceptions.—AUTHOR.

and so affectionately, with such inexpressible grace and tenderness. Oh! if you had seen—if you could imagine it; but you can not! Yes it was she—my wife, my Engel, as in former days, only more beautiful and glorified; and I heard her say:

"Sorrow not, my beloved! sorrow not for me. I am happy. I am unspeakably happy!—But thy sorrow I could not bear; and, therefore, have I come to thee, although it has been difficult. And now, beloved, I shall not again come to thee: but thou shalt come to me, where I wait for thee, never to be separated more!—"

"After this she vanished from my sight, softly as she had come. I seemed to myself to hear the most delightful music; a bright light remained for a moment. But that felicity which sprang up in my soul, no words can now describe.

"Oh my friends! the whole world, life, had changed before my sight. They ascended before me out of the grave, and that you know. She, my wife, have I never seen again as then. But an unceasing certainty, an incessant joy, has arisen like a bright light in my breast; and I know that they will conduct me through life, through death to her, to my partner, in our Father's house!"

Not a sound was heard in the room after Uno ceased to speak. The flames of the fire were reflected in the beaming eyes, which were thankfully fixed upon them.—[*Brothers and Sisters*, F. Bremer.

Original.

## INSPIRATION.

BY R. P. AMBLER.

God reigns on high; and from his silent breath  
All worlds derive their fair and perfect mold;  
By this the rolling suns are saved from death,  
And robes of light and beauty e'er enfold  
That boundless fane within whose mighty gates  
The august Spirit for his children waits.

Unheard by mortal ear, a voice descends  
To swell the deep'ning tide of human thought,  
And to the soul's divinest purpose lends  
A holy strength which earthly dreams ne'er wrought—  
A voice that whispers from a realm afar,  
Thrilling each tiny leaf and trembling star.

Inspiring breath of God! how vast thy power  
To pour the floods of life through Nature's breast;  
To clothe with light the wings of every hour,  
And make the silence e'en a song of rest.  
How sweet the fragrance which thy visits bring  
To the lone, crush'd soul, in its sorrowing!

Humanity, 'mid gloom, and rage, and tears,  
Doth feel the breathings of its Father-Soul;  
While from the love-toned lyres of distant spheres  
Sweet streams of music through its bosom roll,  
Waking the slumbering harmonies of earth  
To blend with voices of immortal birth.

Original.

## WORDS OF CHEER.

BY J. W. STORES.

EARTH is waking! day is breaking!  
Darkness from the hills has flown!  
Pale with terror, trembling Error  
Flies forever from her throne!

Up to labor! friend and neighbor;  
Hope, and work with all thy might!  
Heaven is near thee, God will cheer thee;  
He will ne'er desert the right.

Earth is waking! day is breaking!  
Fellow-toiler, bend thine ear;  
Hear ye not the angels speaking  
Words of love, and words of cheer?

Hark! they whisper us of holy  
Mansions in the courts above,  
Where, alike, the high and lowly  
Share the Father's bounteous love.

Then, to labor! friend and neighbor;  
Though ye brave the serpent's might,—  
Never fear thee! God is near thee!  
He will ne'er desert the right.

SEYMOUR, Conn., April, 1853.

## Summary of Intelligence.

### FOREIGN.

THE Turkish difficulties do not appear as yet to be settled. Prince Menschikoff's propositions were still pending. He was reported to have threatened that if his demands were not speedily complied with he would leave Constantinople. Acting under the fear, real or exaggerated, of his presence there, measures of defense were going forward in all parts of the Turkish Empire. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the English Minister, had arrived. In presence of the Embassy he made a speech, in which he stated that the British Government had principally in view to assist the Sultan in husbanding the resources of the country, to secure its future prosperity.

Disturbances had broken out at Broussa, in which fifteen Christians were killed. A Russian steamer had left for Kemleek for the purpose of protecting the Russian subjects and other Christians.

GERMANY.—Access to the burial place of the victims of 1848, has been interdicted by the police, and the place is closed.

From the Hague we learn that an agitation similar to that which visited England two years ago in the shape of "Roman Catholic aggression," has now taken hold of the Netherlands, and led to the formation of an ultra-Protestant ministry. Concerning Germany, or rather that portion of it formerly known under the name of the Empire, nothing can be more significant of the present state of mind prevailing through the educated middle-class, than a declaration of the editor of *The Frankfort Journal*, under date of April 20. For the edification of your readers, I give you a translation of it:

"The communications we receive by every post, on the subject of table-moving, are assuming an extent to which, since the memorable 'Song on the Rhine,' by Nic. Becker, and the first days of the revolution of March, 1848, we have seen nothing equal. Satisfactory as these communications are, since they prove better than any political *raisonnement*, in what *harmless and innocent times* we again find ourselves, we regret that we can not take further notice of them, fearing that they might entirely overwhelm our readers and ourselves, and absorb, in the end, all the space of this journal."—[*Cor. N. Y. Tribune*.]

THE famous Robert Owen of Lanark, the great Industrial Philosopher, has become a believer in Spirit Rappings, and has been taking counsel with Jefferson, Franklin, and the Duke of Kent. Mr. Owen states that till within a few weeks he believed "there was no personal or conscious existence after death;" but now he believes "in a future conscious state of life existing in a refined material, or what is called a spiritual state."—[*Ithaca Chronicle*.]

A SOMEWHAT remarkable movement has recently taken place at Sierra Leone, the seat of a British colony on the coast of Africa. The natives, who have been idolaters, have voluntarily come forward and given up their idols to the magistrates and missionaries.

UNUSUAL activity is observable in the military department of Egypt. There are some who imagine that Abbas Pasha, like other parties, is resolved to take advantage of the weakness of the Porte of Turkey, by a coup of some kind to his own advantage.

ON the 18th ult a conducta left the City of Mexico for Vera Cruz, with \$2,070,000, escorted by 50 cavalry and 150 infantry, with one field-piece. This fact may be considered as indicative of the state of public safety in Mexico.

THE latest advices from China confirm the earlier reports of the insurrectionary movement, and mention that the rebellion was growing more and more formidable, and that a complete panic prevails at Peking.

THE Provincial Parliament at Quebec have recently resolved on a decimal currency of dollars and cents.

THE Turks, Papists, and Greeks, in Palestine, are persecuting the native converts to Protestantism.

A ROMANIST journal in Turin complains that 8,000 in that city have apostacised from the Catholic Church.

### DOMESTIC.

THE last few days have witnessed a succession of fatal railroad and steamboat accidents, that were astounding and terrible.

On the 25th ult., an express train from Chicago, Ill., at the crossing of that road with the Central road, ran into an emigrant train, by which nearly thirty persons were killed, and a great many seriously injured. As the trains were approaching each other, they were in sight for several miles; so that no valid excuse will exculpate the engineers of either train.

On the 23d ult., an accident occurred on the Camden and Amboy railroad, by which the engine and baggage crates ran into the Rancocas creek, on account of the draw-bridge being opened for the passage of a steamboat. A brakeman had a leg and some of his ribs broken.

But the most dreadful calamity which has occurred lately, befell the morning express train for Boston, on the New-Haven railroad, the 6th inst. At the Norwalk harbor, the draw had been raised, for the passage of the steamer Pacific, when the locomotive, baggage and two passenger cars ran off into the river beneath, a distance of some twelve feet. The speed of the train was so great that the engine leaped across the gulf and struck the abutment on the opposite side. The result of this occurrence was the death of forty-four persons, and injury of thirty-eight more. The blame is attached to the engineer, in not observing the absence of the signal of safety.

Several other accidents have recently happened on railroads in different sections of the country. The *Herald* says:—"During the brief period which has elapsed since the 1st of January no less than thirty-seven railroad accidents have occurred in this country, causing one hundred and twenty-three deaths, and inflicting serious bodily injury on two hundred and eleven persons."

WORLD'S FAIR.—The Crystal Palace will be so near completion on the 16th inst, that articles for exhibition in the American Department will be received on and after that date. This does not include machinery, agricultural implements or paintings, which are to occupy an additional building now erecting between the main building and reservoir.

The central consolidated lines of New-York Railroads will transport goods intended for the Exhibition free of charge.

CHOLERA.—The *Weldon* (N. C.) *Patriot* stated that the cholera is raging between that town and Gascon, and that eight or nine deaths had recently occurred.

The Cholera is also prevailing in Mecklenburg county, Va., and on some of the plantations of the Roanoke river.

THE steamer Ocean Wave, running between Ogdensburg and Hamilton, C. W., in connection with the Northern Railroad, was burned on the 30th of April, and twenty-eight lives lost.

THE Methodist Conference which assembled at Ipswich, Mass., May 2d, passed a resolution to so amend the discipline as to exclude all slave-holders from membership in that Church.

FORTY-TWO slaves recently passed through Coldwater, Mich., on the "under-ground rail road," bound for Canada and freedom.

FORTY-FIVE negroes left Raleigh, N. C., on the 27th ult., for the purpose of embarking to Liberia.



## PHENOMENAL.

**METEOR.**—On Saturday the 30th ult., a brilliant meteor was seen passing over Washington City, which was described by the *Intelligencer* as having been of a remarkable character. Originating near Arcturus, it passed just west of Benetnasch, (*ursa major*,) and disappeared at the same elevation above the horizon, but about ten degrees west of the polar star. The light was quite equal to that of the brightest rockets, illuminating every object almost as vividly, and seemingly, it was at no greater elevation above the city.

Its path was marked by a ruddy train of several seconds' duration through the whole *trajet*, and, what was peculiarly remarkable, the portion of the train between Arcturus and Benetnasch, after the rest had disappeared, gradually curved from the latter star toward the zenith, until it formed a right angle to the eastward. This remained visible for several minutes. There was no explosion nor any audible noise during its flight.

The same meteor was seen in Newark, and a correspondent writes *The Tribune* as follows respecting it:

On Saturday evening, about 10 35 P. M., there appeared in the west a meteor—apparently of a highly concentrated nebulous character—which presented a most beautiful appearance.

Its course commenced at about 35 degrees from the horizon and continued obliquely for perhaps 6 or 8 degrees when it disappeared.

The intensity of its light was so great that a post near us cast a morning shadow quite as strong as though made by moonlight.

The tint of the ball was slightly bluish, and the train presented a luminous appearance for some seconds after the phenomena had disappeared.

A common shooting star disappears suddenly, but this meteor was accompanied by an apparent explosion, and a discharge of luminous balls precisely resembling the bursting of a rocket.

**GENERAL HAYNAU'S CORPSE.**—A most extraordinary account has reached us in a letter from Vienna to a high personage here, and has been the talk of our *salons* for the last few days. It appears that the circumstance of the death of General Haynau presented a phenomenon of the most awful kind on record. For many days after death the warmth of life yet lingered in the right arm and left leg of the corpse, which remained limp and moist, even bleeding slightly when pricked. No delusion, notwithstanding, could be maintained as to the reality of death, for the other parts of the body were completely mortified, and interment became necessary before the two limbs above mentioned had become either stiff or cold. The writer of the letter mentioned that this strange circumstance has produced the greatest awe in the minds of those who witnessed it, and that the emperor had been so impressed with it, that his physicians had strictly forbidden the subject to be alluded to in his presence.—[Paris correspondent of the *Atlas*.]

**M. FABRE** a gardener of Ayde, France, after a series of experiments carried on for a number of years, has succeeded in perfecting a crop of wheat of excellent quality, from the herb *argilops*, which grows abundantly on the shores of the Mediterranean, but which has heretofore been regarded as worse than useless. It appears to have been the result of cultivation, merely; each succeeding crop improving in quality, until the present result was obtained.

At Vendhuise, in the department of Asine, an agriculturist, in digging his ground, has made the extraordinary discovery of teeth weighing three, four, and five pounds. There was also a gigantic tooth weighing nine pounds. These specimens of the ancient osteology have been sent to the museum of Paris.

**BLACK SNOW.**—A correspondent at Walpole, N. B., writing to the *Boston Journal*; says:—"We have had in the adjoining towns, a few days ago, what we call a remarkable occurrence, viz: a fall of black snow."

A shock of an earthquake was felt at Wheeling, Va., on the 2d inst. Several buildings were shaken.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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