

THE PRINCIPLE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY LANING & CONKLIN, }
NEW YORK & BALTIMORE

Fidelity to immutable principles of Justice, Truth and Right!
Infidelity to all forms of mutable wrong and error.

{ FIFTY CENTS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

VOLUME II.

NEW YORK & BALTIMORE, JUNE, 1858,

NUMBER 7.

THE OFFICES OF THE PRINCIPLE ARE AT NEW YORK AND BALTIMORE.

All Subscriptions should be directed to LANING & CONKLIN, 469 Broadway, New York City. Particular care should be taken to give the name of the Post Office, County and State, as well as the name of the subscriber, in a clear legible hand.

The circulation of THE PRINCIPLE is now sufficiently extensive to render it an excellent medium for advertisers. We will, therefore, insert a few advertisements on the following favorable terms:

Five cents per line for the first insertion.

Three cents per line for successive insertions of the same advertisement.

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

EXISTENCE.

In considering existence, it will be proper and necessary for us to classify it, so as to conform to what it appears to us to be. The limitation of our organs and faculties prevent us from knowing it as continuous; or even of conceiving it as an ultimate unity.

There seems, first, to be a Duality of existence, viz. the unconditioned and the conditioned: the former is not susceptible of definition or qualification; but in order to consider it at all we must subject it to conditions.

We thus class it as first, and say it is two, viz. the Absolute and the Infinite. With regard to the conditioned we can be more free. It is composed of the unlimited or Indefinite, and the Limited or Finite. The conditioned may be represented by numbers and degrees. Thus admitting that we have an actual unit or thing, or the idea of such, we can add or divide indefinitely, (not infinitely) to whatever extent we go in this process, that is the limit of the Finite; we have a beginning and an end. The unlimited is the unending possibility of proceeding, a beginning but not an ending. The conditioned is susceptible of what we suppose to be definite and also of indefinite variations. The unconditioned, Duration and Space are not (to us) susceptible of either. This is a broad and evident distinction. It is evident that Sir Wm. Hamilton understood this distinction between the indefinite and the infinite, (see page 470, note, third edition, yet I think he did not always have it in mind.

It is evident that the limited and the unlimited are mutually dependent on each other. The limited must be in and constitute, (while so considered,) an indefinite part of the unlimited; while the latter cannot be conceived without a relative beginning. The finite is definitely bounded; the indefinite must begin, but to our apprehension cannot end.

The division between them is a sort of sliding scale, that is, it is relative and not absolute, and as regards unity or the finite, we cannot conceive it as simple or ultimate, but in thought and in all things a divisible compound.

Hamilton, in his philosophy of the conditioned, page 478, shows that cause cannot be absolute, nor effect infinite. But whatever the ultimate may be, it must be conceived as made of parts and divisible; therefore not infinite or absolute. But Hamilton (at page 335, foot note) confounds, or makes them equivalent. Each individual finds the ultimate as the limit of his capacity of conceiving or apprehending. In all philosophical works, the terms "absolute nature, absolute life, incompressibility, exhaustion," and all other mere modes of being, frequently occur. The term ultimate would not be so objectionable; I think the word positive would be better.

The direct or positive definition of the unconditioned is impossible. The less cannot comprehend the greater, and more than that, we can trace no connection or relation with it.

We cannot affirm anything, or quality, or attribute of it. We cannot deny it as existence, and in this perhaps lies all our power to prove it as being. It is not one, or all, or whole; neither can it be first cause, source or fountain, since all these can be predicated only of divisible unity, or something made of parts or conditions.

We cannot affirm that we are in Space. Our conception of being in is to form a part of. We cannot imagine any being out of it; therefore, no difference can emerge, that is, no being can be subtracted from it. It is (to us) neither active nor passive; it will neither act nor react. It is not a party in any conceivable phenomenon. It cannot be thought as variable. It is not power, life, intelligence or truth, we cannot consider it either subjective or objective; these are more or less positive and dependent on conditions, and even on matter, body or substance; and that is always neither more nor less than its conditions or parts make it. Yet none of the attributes or functions mentioned, or any mode of being, can be without it. It is not bounded, nor does it constitute the boundary of anything. We cannot say that it is either spiritual or material, since they must be classed with the conditioned, as modes of being; while Duration and Space do not exist in any mode. The words by which we designate them must be negative. We can conceive any or all modes of being as having a relative beginning or ending, or rather changing; but the most vigorous imagination cannot think them as not being or changing.

I believe that in every instance where Hamilton alludes to Time and Space, he considers them as having a relative or conditioned existence; as at page 347 and 354, he makes extension and space synonymous; the passage is rather curious: He says "Space or extension is a necessary form of thought. We cannot

think it as non-existent; we cannot but think it existent. But we are not so necessitated to imagine the reality of aught occupying Space; for while unable to conceive as null the Space in which the material universe exists, the material universe itself we can without difficulty annihilate in thought."

This may be very proper as regards infinite Space. Now, "if we cannot think extension non-existent, and cannot but think it existent, how can we annihilate the material universe in thought; since we cannot know, or even think at all, without both extensive and protensive plurality and difference, and matter cannot be without extension and outline. Although the law of things (a word not well defined) is different from the law of thought, the difference is only in degree; and no difference can be Absolute. I think all will admit that body is not conceivable without extension, and thought depends on the progressive change of ideas. If we can think matter as not being, extension must follow the same rule, since it is dependent on body; now if extension and Space be identical we can also think Space non-existent. The truth is, we can conceive of unlimited change in all things, but as an ultimate nothing, or annihilation is not attainable, since numbers or degree cannot represent the infinite.

This incongruous result arises from the attempt to consider as the same, that between which we can trace no relation or mutual dependence: the conditioned and the unconditioned.

On page 355 it is said "we are only able to conceive Body as that which occupies Space, and is contained in Space." It is true that we cannot conceive of Body as out of Space, or not contained in it; yet what do we understand by being in, or contained? Can anything be in or contained in another without a change, or the idea of difference by its removal. If anything is in Space, it is there unconditionally as regards Space: we can imagine the change of relative position, and qualities or functions of body, while it cannot be thought out of Space, or Space in any way affected by the mobility of matter.

If Space be indeed conditioned, or only unlimited expanse, then we could imagine the indefinite increase of body, and the gradual diminution of Space forever, as a sequence of cause and effect, until ultimately, or possibly, Space would be annihilated. There is, however, this difference between extension and Space: the former can be appreciable to some of our senses. In connection with body (and that is the only way we can know any quality) we can see and feel it. But the latter we cannot see, feel, touch or hear; and it is independent of Body.

Again, at page 357, he says "Space being conceived as infinite, [or rather being inconceivable as not infinite,] and the space occupied by body as finite, body in general, and of course body in particular, is conceived capable of either remaining in the place it now holds, or of being translated from that to any then unoccupied part of Space." This, while acknowledging Space as infinite, is virtually claiming that infinite to be divisible by body as having a place in a "part" of Space; besides we cannot suppose "rest" or any condition absolute. Everything is in more or less of motion or change: all matter has relative density or power. If we remove its relative point of support, we find that power. This idea of Hamilton's as to things in Space, is, I suppose, built on the latent impression that Space, like air, is removed while body is supposed to occupy a place.

It is evident to me that body or place can have [to us] no relation to space. Locality is always determined by some material body, and such body is its own only boundary, increase or diminution or change of the body effects only itself and its relations to other conditioned beings. If we suppose Space divested of all body, or rather that matter were not cognizable to our senses, what becomes of locality and extension? and does not Space remain intact.

We may also see, at page 415, that Space, the infinite, is considered as a quality of matter; and Time also in the same light as "continuous late and latest," therefore divisible. Now if we turn to his admirable reply to M. Cousin, at page 453, he says: "Now it is manifest that the whole doctrine of M. Cousin is involved in the proposition that the unconditioned, the Absolute, the Infinite, [remember he has called Space infinite] is immediately known in consciousness, and this by difference, plurality and relation." It seems to me that what he so successfully combats in Cousin, he directly admits by acknowledging Space unconditioned, or infinite, while he treats it as a condition of matter as above stated. All properties, qualities, attributes, essences, functions, &c., are only conditions or modes of being, and must be supposed susceptible of change by added or diminished conditions, they may be more so or less so; nor can matter be conceived without them.

The term ultimate is often improperly used, it can be to us no more than a rational possibility—never actual: it is like supposing that we can find the greatest possible number, or the smallest possible fraction of any unit. Here as a truth we have a conditional beginning; the error lies in supposing we can find an absolute or ultimate end.

The exact sciences are mostly based on the more primary properties of matter, viz.: extension, form or outline, and solidity or cubic volume; yet what we call mathematical certainty is conditional, not ultimate nor absolute. Admitting that we have an actual thing or unit, our power of subdivision is soon exhausted; but in thought we can go indefinitely further; yet whatever the numbers may represent it is so compound or divisible that thought is exhausted, while the unlimited or ultimate is as yet not attainable to conception. It is always a progress, never a consummation. In this light what becomes of Dalton's Theory of ultimate

atoms? There can be no simple or inorganic matter; it must have cubic volume, or length, breadth, and thickness, and no phenomenon is possible without it. The term disembodied spirit cannot be supposed to be some quality not conjoined in and with body.

To be Continued.

AFFINITIES UNCHANGABLE.

The primary elements which compose the physical Universe are, so far as human knowledge extends, "without variableness" or change. What they were in the ages past they are now; and what they are now they ever will be. No change in their combinations or their relative proportions, affects their nature either to increase or to diminish their power. They are refinement existing in infinite indivisibility. There can be nothing more refined or incapable of analyzation than they are.

The chemist enumerates fifty-six different elements in the composition of this material world. He satisfies himself, after laborious investigation and severe analysis, that such is the fact; and that hence all the material combinations of our planet are made up of these primary elements. Now, whether or not there are more or less, is a question beyond my present inquiry. Suffice it to say, there are elements in nature which have not yet submitted themselves to the tests of their imperfect analysis. And, whatever has been the progress of the scientific world in this department of useful knowledge, future investigations, under more favorable conditions, will doubtless reveal the fact that most, if not all, of those primary elements which they have detected and reckoned as forming the base of all material science, are essentially combinations of more subtle essences, which their machinery has been wholly incompetent to apprehend or grasp.

Magnetism, and other still more subtle substances, have not yet subjected themselves to the clumsy tests of a mechanical philosophy, nor have the boasted discoveries of the scientific world yet produced an apparatus sufficiently delicate to test its property or its power in relation to other elements in nature. Hence, the existence of a single element, connected with the economy of physical being, that successfully eludes the ken of detective analysis, shows the imperfection of material science, and leaves room for doubt as to the simple or compound nature of such elements as have already been assigned as the primary parts of all matter.

It must be admitted that material science is very exact and severe in its investigations and solutions, and we apprehend that when this severity is pushed to a still greater extreme the imperfect mechanism, now employed as detectives of simples will demand and receive such improvement, as will recognise a compound in all the hitherto designated elements of nature. And possibly it will be found that these essences all harmoniously interblend, when equitably balanced and equally distributed in the magnificent structure of the physical world.

The properties of matter consist in simples, compounded in such proportions as make them tangible to sight, or some one or more of the

senses. No simple in itself can be seen or felt through the external senses. It is intangible to everything else but its like. And its affinity can never be perfect for any other element, differing from itself. Nor can it exercise a power to repel any part of itself diffused throughout the material universe.

The organs of the human senses are formed of compound materials, and hence nothing can be tangible to such conditions unless in correspondence therewith. The composition which forms the organ of sight qualifies it to appreciate or become the medium of appreciation of elements compounded in other forms, yet corresponding in the same elementary properties.

It has been supposed by some that man, as an organized being, possesses all the elements of nature in himself. If by this be meant that he possesses all the recognized and defined elements discovered by naturalists, it will be seen that such a proposition embraces only a part of the truth; for he not only possesses all these compounded gases and essences, but others yet unrecognized by the senses through such instruments as have hitherto been employed.

Tangibility necessarily supposes correspondence, or a relation subsisting in virtue of affinities. To a man, if such could be found, who was wholly, in his selfhood, destitute of any simple element in nature, it would be utterly impossible to make him know or understand its existence; and, for this reason, because there could not be an affinity, or the slightest correspondence between himself and the thing existing unlike himself. True, if the thing were united with other things or simples whereof the person was a possessor, then by virtue of the correspondence or affinity, it would be, or might be, apprehended to that extent, and no more. The simple not in himself would not, and could not be identified. Hence, the preponderance of any simple in man will necessarily soonest lead to its discovery.

Deprive a man, therefore, if it were possible, of any of the elementary simples which form the material world,—and such person, while dispossessed, would be utterly incapacitated to test or investigate those elements with which he had no affinity or base on which to rest their reality.

It is no miraculous effort of nature that men discover mysteries long concealed from their vision. These mysteries, or obscured realities, are not readily perceived by all alike, nor by any, until a condition is acquired favorable to such development. Each one perceives as conditions vary; and each sees and apprehends as correspondences or affinities rule. The law is never changed, but the conditions of persons are unlike. Some partake more of one element than others. And hence, where this preponderance exists the person, will the more readily see and understand the correspondence or affinity which is presented; and this, too, because he has a preponderating capacity in that direction, although he may have less knowledge on other correspondences, in affinity with other persons, than what they have. All this perfection or imperfection arises from the correspondence or non-correspondence of the essential elements which are in eternal affinity with each other, and are only apprehended and appreciated in the degree of their relation to each

other. It is the most perfectly preponderative element that sees its own like the clearest and best.

Upon the law of affinities rests the cohesion of all compounds in material science. Atom to atom unite by a law of inherent necessity, and consequently the solidity of all substances is ever proportionate to its density, as its density is to the unmixed nature of the materials attracted together. Each simple, however diffused, is one thing only, and the combination of two or more simples diminishes the density of the body, because to the extent that they are unlike they will repel or negative cohesion.

This law applies not only to what is termed gross matter, or, as we affirm, compounded elements, which, in their simple unity, are indivisible atoms, but to that essence which is the centre and controlling, because preponderating, power, otherwise called God, or Spirit. To spirit, spirit is attracted and united, and the cohesion is precisely in the ratio or degree of the likes coming in contact. The pure unmixed unities interblend in one by an inherent law of necessity. And when man shall be divested of contaminating or negative elements with which his spirit is associated, a harmonious union and affinity will be realized between him and the ultimate of all Love and Wisdom. The distance, or difference more correctly expressed, between the Centre Spirit, or the Life of all nature and man, consists not in the essence of the two, but in the subjective condition of the finite to negative influences, originating in diverse elements of matter acting upon him, as well as the incapacity of such finite being to disengage itself from the contact, while the Infinite is Supreme over all other essences and combinations in the universe.

It is this affinity or oneness in element, that links atom to atom, and more inseparably man to God. It is this law of correspondence, existing between man and the Infinite in virtue of their likeness, and this unchangeable elementary essence, that will forever hold that relation immortal. But man is surrounded by other elements which act negatively upon the independent exercise of his limited powers. These throw obstructions in the path of development, and clog the avenue of support which would otherwise flow uninterruptedly from the corresponding element of the divine Mind. Still, the negations, being weaker than the element of man or God, must yield to the Supreme Power.

In the common humanity of all the races of the earth, there is and ever will be one and the same divine essence, yet this essence varies in quantity or power, and also in quality, if you associate with it the other negative elements that compose the physical organization. It is because of these inequalities in man, which consist in degrees or measures, that make the sum total of human differences. He who has much of the divine nature will be more pure, elevated, and progressive than he who has less, because he will be attracted in the precise degree of his affinity to the centre of all Love and Wisdom. The accelerated impulse of his being will be proportionate to the momentum of correspondence toward God.

THE PROGRESSIVE PILGRIMS OF WILLIAMSBURGH L. I.

Professor TIMOTHY RASP, President.

We sometimes drop into the Assembly Rooms of this intelligent body of Spiritualists and listen to the agitation of such subjects as come before them. On the present occasion we were rather late. A young man; with a bright scarlet neck tie, was letting forth on the subject of Revivals; considering it a fit one for ridicule and satire. Having divested himself of various species of pleasantries he sat down.

A gentleman somewhat of middle age, of nervous, energetic action, Brother Daniel Stonebraker, looking around him with a fixed earnestness of manner, rose to his feet, and fixing his keen blue eye upon the last speaker, at the same time directing his forefinger in a line with his nose, remarked:—

"Young man you were talking with seeming levity of Religious Revivals. Let me remark, Sir, we little know what means are sometimes used, under divine influence, to bring man to a state of thoughtfulness. To whatever point of exaltation our conceptions of God may yet arrive, of course we cannot tell, but certain it is, every one must be awakened—if awakened at all, to a consideration of His greatness through the medium of his moral perceptions, whatever those may be. That various means are sometimes employed to bring us to a state of reflection by our spirit friends—sometimes, I grant, seemingly absurd—we cannot doubt. Let me tell you the effect of one of these awakenings on myself, and then if you can see fit to laugh why—you can laugh."

Finding himself courteously listened to, Brother Stonebraker took a determined attitude, and getting an approving nod from Professor Rasp, commenced:

"It must be understood, brothers, I was what was called a wild, thoughtless boy—pious folks went further; they added wicked. The latter term, I suspected, was started by old Grant Thorburn, based on my shinning up the lightning-rod of the Old South Dutch Church steeple now the "Post-Office," and deranging the hands of the clock, thereby getting Johnny Grisco's scholars punished for late attendance. Of my disturbance of Methodist prayer meetings I need not speak; this, I take it, is common pastime with young men about my age. I became of course the subject of earnest prayerful solicitude among my pious friends—but seemingly to no purpose.

To say I had not at times some misgivings of my own waywardness—would not be correct—but they were of short duration. I seemed to have been given over, when one night I had a dream! an awful, horrid dream! Though many, many years have rolled by, it has not lost its strong impression.

Well, I thought I was dead; that I had been killed in a fireman's row; that I had passed into the land of spirits, and the day of Judgment was at hand—in fact had come!! and among the rest of mankind I was summoned before the great Judgment Seat. To describe the vastness and solemnity of the immense Court Room, with its innumerable assemblage of quivering, trembling spirits, would be impossible, nor is it necessary, further than to state it was somewhat—if not altogether—in strict keeping with orthodox ideas and teachings.

There was God robed in raiment of the purest whiteness, seated on a golden throne, inlaid with every species of valuable stones, each emitting rays of light of every inconceivable hue and brilliancy. There was the Son and the "four-and-twenty Elders," with their golden harps, surrounding the throne, singing hozanna, hozanna, hallelujah, and the Apostles and the Elders bowing down and doing obeisance to God and the Lamb, who seemed to be highly gratified, and smiled graciously."

"One word," said Alderman Brick, interrupting him. "Did we understand you to say the Lamb smiled graciously?"

"Pray don't interrupt me, Alderman," said Brother Stonebraker; "allow me to speak in my own way; if *you* don't understand me—why—why its your misfortune, that's all."

"At length," he resumed, "the Angel Gabriel sounded his trumpet, and all was still; music, and praising, and psalmody, had ceased. An oppressive paralyzing stillness prevailed! What were the feelings of the vast multitude I did not attempt to imagine; I could only realize my own. I was wrapped in the importance of my own eternal doom. The great book was opened by God; the Lamb's Book of Life, in which were recorded the names of the chosen. Oh, if my name should have *not* been recorded! Minutes seemed eternities, and eternities minutes of anxiety. The names were being called over by St. Peter, I believe, but of this no matter. My mind, with bewildered anxiety, listened to the call of every name, hoping, wishing, and gasping with impatience to hear my own. Engrossed with one solitary selfish thought of personal salvation, father, mother, brother, and every dear friend, were all forgotten. As one by one the redeemed withdrew from around me, oh, what beams of delight lit up their happy faces! Still my own name was uncalled. Onward, onward went the work of eternal registration, and fast disappearing from my side to join the heavenly choristers were many individuals I thought of rather doubtful worldly character—very! At this I wondered—the more so as I beheld Horace Greeley, Dickey Riker, the Harpers, Webb, and some members of the Great Northwestern Zephyr Association, responsive to their names glide forward to mingle their happy voices with the elect. I now had hope—in fact, I felt sure.

One moment I stopped to reason and reflect, but oh horror! the last leaf of the great Ledger was being gone over fast—was almost finished! And as the Apostles finger ran down the final column, around me moans, groans and agonizing mutterings, and contortions of despair, struck my sight and ear, in which I involuntarily joined. An idiotic stare began to pervade the countenances of all around me, and with mouths distended and eye-balls beaming forth despairing looks gazed at the inflexible Judge. At length to me the final crisis came, and with an overwhelming crashing sound slam went shut the cover of the awful volume.

I remember little more for the time other than that I gave such a prolonged, piteous, despairing howl, that even that immense concave echoed, and re-echoed the dismal tone; peal upon peal, reverberating a deafening roar of distracting sounds for many minutes throughout that vast eternity of space!

The "four-and-twenty Elders" dropped their harps and looked aghast, and after silence was somewhat restored, a general whispering and peering round took place to discover the offender, and all attention become fixed on me. A consultation ensued; the Ledger was again slowly opened by St. Peter; the page ran down—a pause. The same inflexibility of expression pervaded the face of God, almost annihilating hope. "*Sabbath-breaker, church lightning rod, rowdy fireman, scoffer,*" &c. Such broken sentences struck upon my ear with appalling truth. Another short consultation ensued; a benign smile suddenly lit up the face of God, and turning to the four-and-twenty Elders ranged on either side, he winked three times—three intelligent winks, and St. Peter, acting as in prompt response, placing his apostolic finger on the last column, called out in a clear loud voice, DANIEL STONEBREAKER, and closed the dreadful record forever.

The joyous sound was too overpowering—I fainted. When I awoke to consciousness, I beheld old Grant Thorburn standing by my side. Yes, there was the blessed old saint standing by me, fanning my prostrate form with a pious tract in one hand and a New-YORK OBSERVER in the other. All remembrance of the past seemed to have been forgotten, as he congratulated me on my narrow escape, and pointed expressively to hell's crackling flames in the distance.

"Young man," said Brother Stonebreaker, raising his forefinger if possible in a more direct line with his nose, and at the same time taking a firmer position; "now perhaps *you* would call this dream absurd, and the description childish—well, let it seem so for the present. But let me tell you, Sir, it had the effect to bring my mind into a state of mental subjection, and its frequent and persistent repetition at Methodist and other places of Revivals, has doubtless saved many a soul from desperate moral abandonment."

"But the winking, Brother Stonebreaker; the idea of God winking!" said Professor Rasp, shaking his head dubiously as he saw the brother preparing to sit down. "I do wish you had left that out in your description; I perceive our own Reporter is not here—and—if some *attachee* of the Sunday Dispatch—"

"Bless me, Brother Rasp, and brothers generally, I wish to be correctly understood. It was but the dream of a thoughtless Methodist boy, whose ideas of heaven and a future state were based upon the common Psalm-singing orthodox conceptions of a future existence, be they ever so grotesque or absurd. And as for winking, we have Scripture authority that in times past God *did* wink at certain weaknesses of man—that is, was disposed to overlook them."

"And, young man," he continued, directing his attention to the young gentleman with the scarlet neck tie, "you must not be surprised at the sudden changes manifested at these Religious Revivals. When you are more conversant with the nature of Psychological influences, that is to say, mind influencing mind, you will have more charity for poor human nature; and will cease to wonder at the startling inconsistencies, shown at times, in the conduct of our wisest men. In Religion, these Psychological

picturings, as in my case, always represent objects to the mind in the plane of religious development of the party so operated upon. And in this point of view, every member of the human family is entitled to our sympathy, and these revival meetings should cease to be objects of satire and ridicule." B.

HUMBUG EXTRAORDINARY!

The origin of the word that serves as a caption of the present article, is involved in no small degree of obscurity. But whatever it sprung from, or why it was ever called into existence, at this late day, concerns us not. Suffice it then that the word exists, and that it stands as the accepted synonym of falsity and deceit. But let it be eternally remembered, it follows not that because any man, principle, thing, doctrine or idea is, in making its *debut* before the world, called "Humbug," that those who apply the epithet speak the truth. Recently the following conversation was overheard between a sceptic to the Spiritual Philosophy and a gentleman formerly an active laborer in the Spiritual field, and a staunch, free, and outspoken Spiritualist. Said the sceptic: "Mr. R., you're a regular fool to swallow the Spiritualism of the day as you do; you know very well its all a humbug!" "Perhaps," responded the Spiritualist, as his keen dark eye flashed with unwonted fire, "perhaps Spiritualism is a humbug; as such I took it ten years ago. I'll tell you how it was. One night I heard a buzzing noise in my bedroom, just out of my barber shop. I rose to find out what it was, but could not, and went to bed again. Scarcely had I done so when "buzz" went that same confounded thing again. I could not stand it. I got up and hunted for the cause once more. "Bah," said my room mate, "its all humbug! and so it was, it hummed well, but it was not a bug after all, for I found that sound and light went together in the shape of a small bright spark. I followed it all over the room, yet it constantly eluded my grasp, but kept humming all the time. At length I gave up in despair, and concluded to let it hum as much as it might choose to. I still heard the noise, and never for one instant did I lose sight of the bright luminescent spark that went with it. Presently the spark—the humbug—settled itself at the foot of my bed, and to my utter astonishment, and that of my room mate, began to grow larger, until at length the whole room was flooded with an opalescent light, in the midst of which, as under an arch of fluid sunbeams, I saw the figure of a woman. The woman was my sister—dead ten years before—and near her was an apparent scroll of fire, on which I read these words:—

"Follow this Truth, so shall ye grow Wise."

Gradually I lost sight of the figure, the light spark began to hum again, until it finally disappeared. Well, Sir, I followed that humbug from that hour. When sick, it hummed health to my body—angry, it buzzed peace. At death's door it hummed me a hymn of immortal life. Through America, England, France, the Orient, wherever I went, I found that self same humbug buzzing away; and as it buzzed its light went with it, and the spark grew before me until it became a lamp that not only illumined my earthly path, but cast its rays be-

yond the grave, through the dark valley of the Shadow, and only lost its effulgence when the sunshine of the eternal God dimmed it by its mere ineffable intensity, and awake or asleep I hear it still humming a tune, which is being played in full choir by the sons of God in the grand Music Hall of Paradise!

The Sceptic said no more about "Humbug." Do you think he ought?

COWARDICE.

The majority of people are cowards, and unite in their efforts to degrade the souls of brave men to their own level of meanness. They do not this boldly and openly, but by whispered defamation and the insidious execution of their designs. If an individual seeks to become free from the restraints imposed upon him by an unfortunately organized society the meanest and most cowardly members of such society secretly conspire to create a disposition in the public mind to ostracise the brave aspirant for freedom; and the current of public opinion once turned against him, he must indeed be brave and strong to withstand it, tending as it does to induce in him the same degree of cowardice and consequent meanness that characterizes those who oppose him.

With but few exceptions, the greatest criminals are the greatest cowards, not brave enough to wield truth as a weapon to enforce an observance of their rights; so they become regardless of the rights of all, striving to be meanest of the mean—to become proficient in the tactics of the very ones whom they victimize.

A frank man, determined to be ever "above-board" in all his operations, and speaking never falsely nor *living* a lie, is seldom met in society; where, in fact, his presence is really embarrassing, those coming in contact with him being fearful he will perceive the falsities in their thoughts and deeds; his very mien being a rebuke to them.

Whom Fear enthral cannot deal justly with his fellow men. Fear will suggest to him a hundred ways in which he may covertly gratify his desires, and escape probable and merited reproof from some one or more of his associates.

The coward would invest his soul with something impervious to the gaze of men and angels; yet often sallying forth to commit depredations in the spheres of others. They would not have their sphere invaded; but they will, under cover of an expressed desire to do good, yet for the most lawless purposes, enter the very sanctuary of others' spheres.

We wish to see *earnest* men, who will live their highest thought; whose characters are not of a milk-and-water consistency, but forcible in the direction pointed out by the highest truths they can receive. Such people will never "put on airs," but ever appear in a natural light without being ashamed of themselves.

A very rich lady in Boston had in her employment a young man from the country. On certain occasions he was instructed to inform any company who might ring at the door, that Mrs. — was not at home. One day John made this reply to an intimate friend of the lady, who shortly went away, leaving a card and a promise to call again. As the card was handed to Mrs. —, she said: "John, what did you say to the lady?" "I told her you were not at home." Well John, did you laugh?" "Oh no ma'am, I never laugh when I tell a lie."

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

With a whirl of thought oppressed
I sunk from reverie to rest;
A horrid vision seized my head—
I saw the graves give up their dead;
Jove, armed with terror burst the skies,
And thunders roar and lightning flies.
Amazed, confused, its fate unknown,
The world stands trembling at his throne—
While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens and said:
“Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, learning blind:
You who through frailty stepped aside;
And you who never fell through pride:
You who in different sects were shammed,
And came to see each other damned;
As some folks told you, but they knew
No more of Jove’s designs than you.
The World’s mad business now is o’er,
And I resent those pranks no more,
I at such blockheads set my wit,
I damn such fools—go, go, you’re bit!

THE PRINCIPLE.

NEW YORK AND BALTIMORE, JUNE, 1858.

True Spiritual Manhood deals with Principles and avoids
Personalities.

TO OUR READERS.

We have continued to send THE PRINCIPLE to all of our subscribers, who hailed us with a God speed and 50 cents during our first year’s voyage over the ruffled waters of free thought and free speech, until the present time, trusting that they would, ere this, have given us the tangible evidence that they desire to keep with us during the present year. We feel now that those who have not remitted to us the *needful*, no longer desired to sail in the same conveyance with us, and as we do not wish to urge any to read that which their minds feels repulsed at we drop them, with our best wishes for their present and future happiness, and a gratuitous gift of their half year’s subscription.

MISFORTUNES.

Mankind are an ill-used race; as may be gathered from the language and bearing usually exhibited in time of trouble. Some declare themselves the victims of a mysterious power called, indifferently, Fortune, Luck, or Chance, while others are sufferers under an “inscrutable Providence,” which is the orthodox phrase for the same thing—that is, for an irregular, fitful causation, operating in ways untraceable, and with a suddenness which defies precaution. It is not forgotten that a great many people profess to believe that all things are ordered in accordance with justice and wisdom; but the subject under consideration is not the faith which is expressed in creeds, but the faith which is expressed in conduct. By whatever name the controlling power under which suffering is experienced, is referred to, there is apparently a concurrence in believing that our social, domestic, and personal afflictions are, for the most part, unavoidable evils, incidental to the lot of man; and for which we ourselves are not all, or only in a remote or mysterious sense, responsible. Of course, so long as views so irrational, and yet so agreeable to self-love, prevail,—the lessons of experience will fail to produce their true effect; and people will con-

tinue to pass through intermediate states of childish impatience, anger or grief, to reach a “resignation,” which is perhaps as much due to exhaustion of the mind in its fruitless passion, as to any calm and wholesome reflection.

In the childhood of the human mind, the phenomena of existence appear to be disconnected and unsystematic in their manifestations. As mental culture progresses, hidden causes are brought to light, connected with known effects in space and time,—and straightway blind conjecture yields place to clear-sighted knowledge. In the various departments of science, the cultivated mind has learned to base its calculations, and shape its aims, in accordance with certain laws which have been found to involve the conditions of success. In those sciences with which a man is familiar, he has no difficulty in acknowledging the rein of order; and to him, the curious phenomena, which when produced by himself, or exhibited in the grand laboratory of Nature, seem to the ignorant mind the miraculous products of diabolic or divine interposition—are but the necessary effects of causes, the power of which he has tested, and the results of which he has foreseen. It would be useless to talk to such a man of blind chance or an inscrutable Providence, as immediately operative in producing such a phenomena; because he perceives the originating causes, and is acquainted with the conditions under which the consequences become manifest. The latent power being given and the proper conditions provided, he knows that certain results will ensue; otherwise, he is equally certain that they will *not* ensue.

Now as the recognition of a Divine order governing all the affairs of human Life, as absolutely as the phenomena in the lower departments of Nature, passes from a lip-phrase into living faith—men will cease to talk childishly of good and bad luck, of misfortunes, of inscrutable dispensations—and the like. They will no longer regard success and failure, happiness and misery, as prizes and blanks in a great lottery,—but will see that the issues of their lives are determined by the knowledge they possess of the laws of life, and the wisdom with which they apply such knowledge. Foolish desires, extravagant hopes, and the rashness of action which they induce, will measurably disappear; and with them the greater part of the “misfortunes” under which so many groan. Above all, the mental soil will become more favorable for the development of that strong, steady, masculine piety which, passing by a rational induction from things seen to things unseen, grasps the promises of the future; and when all else fails, can still repose with calm unwavering faith, in the love and wisdom of God.

THE PROGRESSIVE PILGRIMS.

(Continued from page 52)

“Hang me,” said Brother Timberhead, who had listened with great uneasiness to the various startling reports of some of the members on the phenomena of SPIRITUALISM, addressing the “Razor-strap man,” but loud enough to be heard by all in that thoughtful conclave, “hang me, but I was afraid it would come to this!”

Here President Rasp, startled from his reverie, closed the New Testament, still holding his finger on the last chapter of Mark, 17th verse, he had been conning over, and the other members stared.

“This is indeed a mortifying, a very mortifying sight,” resumed Brother Timberhead, at the same time striking the green baize table in petulant fierceness with the book he held in his hand.

“Mortifying;” said Professor Rasp, somewhat recovering his composure.

“Yes,” and I may add, said Timberhead, with some bitterness, “very humiliating.”

“Explain,” said the Professor, “explain.”

Here Brother Timberhead rose to his feet, and glancing a look of disgust around upon the assembled Pilgrims, continued:

“Mr. President and brothers: Here have I, Hector Enobarbus Timberhead, been sitting for the last two hours with all the innocent composure of a lamb, and the humility and meekness of a sucking babe, listening to what? Why, to the rehearsal of the most preposterous dreamings, and incomprehensible balderdash nonsense, about table-tippings, rappings, trance speaking and spirit-writing!! Bah!”

Timberhead paused, with his mouth open and eyes distended, looked round upon the astonished Pilgrims to notice if any entered into his sympathies.

“Well,” said Professor Rasp, with composure.

“Well,” repeated Timberhead. “Is it well, I would ask, to witness such humiliation? to behold science, dignified, awe-inspiring, venerated science, paying homage to ignorance, superstition and delusion!!!”

“This is strange language, Brother Timberhead,” said the Professor; “do you wish us to infer we have been deceived in the statement of facts here presented to-night?—that it is all —”

“Humbug—sheer humbug!!” said Timberhead, with asperity—“that’s the word—that’s it—humbug!!”

“You surely don’t wish to say that Brothers Brick, Baker, Phantom, and Deacon Davis, have practiced on our credulity; that they would deliberately tell a —”

“No, no, no, not lie; not a bit of it, although I shall never forget that joke about the ‘odescope;’ but what I mean to say, Mr. President, is simply this: they are all deceived—self deceived! They honestly think they have seen what they have set forth.”

“How can this be,” said Alderman Brick, with an owly stare.

“Through a total ignorance of the laws of mesmeric influences; of mental sympathy; of mind acting on mind,” said Timberhead, with firmness.

“Oh, I see, I see,” said the Alderman, “I didn’t think of that; you mean Psychological influences!”

Brother Timberhead bowed, and then assuming a determined attitude and tone, continued:

“Friends and Brother Pilgrims: I wish you to stand by me and give me your co-operation in my endeavors, through the agency of science, to *explode* this growing absurdity, and share with me the glory of the triumph. It is, I as-

sure you, a labor well worthy the attention of the *'Progressive Pilgrims of Williamsburgh, Long Island.'*

"But, Brother Timberhead," said the Alderman, with a smile and a dubious shake of the head, "it has already been *exploded*, as you call it, so many times by the Burr's the FARADAY's and a hundred others, that 'the dogs'—I want to know the nature of this 'new bomb,' and strength of the powder, before I attempt to touch off the fuse."

"Ah, *exploded*," said Timberhead, pettishly, "but not scientifically, not by one who understood, in their fullest extent, the electrical laws of the universe; 'no toe-snapping now, Alderman. We see where Mattison has got himself, and poor Paige and Faraday! who would have thought—'"

"True, true," said Professor Rasp, with a sigh, and wiping his moistening eyes. "Then we are to understand, he continued, that *you* intend to account for all these apparent phenomena on mesmeric principles?"

"And odie," said Brother Timberhead, bowing gracefully. "Brothers," he continued, holding up a book, "do you see this," at the same turning it around to meet the eyes of the Pilgrims.

"Three wise men of Gotham," suggested the "Razor-strap man," "going to sea in a bowl?"

Timberhead looked severe at the "Razor-strap man," but resumed: "This, this, brothers, is a volume of BARON VON REICHENBACH, on the dynamics of magnetism and electricity, &c., &c. This, brothers, is the grand key by which I propose to unlock and reveal to the astonished world the mystery of this shamefully ignorant delusion, before whose illuminating blaze this so-called spiritual phenomena, with all its startling wonders; its table-tipping, rapping, spirit-writing, trance-speaking, and spirit-seeing, and spirit-communicating, will vanish like the shadowy dreams of night before the rays of the morning sun." [Hear, hear.]

"Won't you rather be proving *too much*?" said Domanie Doublex, "won't you at one fell swoop be sweeping away all scriptural evidence, brother Timberhead?"

"If scripture evidence, Domanie, rests upon no better basis than the 'say so' of a parcel of demented dreamers and pretended miracles, why let them slide with the rest; it is time that science, in its inherent dignity, should step in and save the world from every species of folly and superstition."

The good Domanie looked at Brother Timberhead with surprise, and many of the brothers who had previously stated their experience and facts—with a smile.

"Brother Timberhead," said Domanie Doublex, the reformed preacher, "I, like yourself, I have a great respect for science, and am prepared to submit every popular mystery to its safe-keeping; conceiving all truths to have a scientific basis. Still, we should have a decent respect for the opinions of others, and their observations and conclusions. Supposing that you will be able to account scientifically for much, if not all of those wonders, we have heard stated to-night, I would ask, how you would account for Brother SANDAL, while under what is called spiritual control, convers-

ing freely in Italian with an Italian, and French with a Frenchman—languages with which he is totally unacquainted—now how is this?"

"My dear sir," said Timberhead, with great complacency, "Science unfolds many wonders. I would ask in turn if you know all Brother Sandal's antecedents?—the incidents of his boyhood?—for science is very retrospective in its researches. Doubtless he may have had, at some early period, an Italian, or some Frenchman, for a bed-fellow; the brain, Domanie, the brain, is a powerful absorbent in sleep."

"Brother Timberhead," said the good Domanie, gravely, "I am astonished you should jest on so serious a subject!"

"Pardon me, Domanie, I never jest; I said a powerful absorbent—in which case," said Timberhead, "he may have imbibed these languages by somnambulic induction, do you see?"—The Domanie shook his head.

"Oh, ah, I take the idea," said the "Razor-strap man," "you mean on the principle of contracting diseases; the small-pox or itch, for instance, or other cutaneous complaints! chicken pox!"

Brother Timberhead withdrew his eyes slowly and dubiously from those of the "Razor-strap man," and was going to resume, when Brother Stonebreaker, holding up his finger, struck his nose with the emphasis of one who felt he had received a sudden illumination, inquired: "How long, Brother Timberhead, would one need, on this principle, to sleep with a volume of Shakspeare under his pillow to become a poet; of Newton to become an astronomer, or the Bible to become a perfect christian?"

"Or carry a brick in one's hat to become an architect?" joined in the "Razor-strap man," smiling mischievously at Brother Timberhead.

"Order, order," said President Rasp, "these are strange deductions—very, on the subject of mental absorption!"

"Brother Timberhead having assured the meeting that he intended no jest, let forth an eloquent appeal in behalf of the claims of science; the danger of forming opinions without the sanction of the learned; the authority of the schools; science, its dignity and venerable supremacy and closed by asking the Board of Directory to allow him, by galvanic, magnetic, and other scientific instruments, in their presence, to divest the subject of Spiritualism, of all its mystery and pretended importance, by actual demonstration.

Here the ever attentive and accurate Secretary, Brother Von Router, pushing his writing implements over to the care of Brother Davis, suddenly rose to his feet. Brother Von Router is a kind-hearted man as need be, but his earnestness of manner gives an impression of great ferocity, which is at total variance with his real character. He remarked:

"Mr. President and Brother Pilgrims: I am a progressive, and I hope we are all progressives. In the early part of the evening you, sir, spoke of being humbled and admonished: this is well—a proper feeling; would to God some of the same sensitiveness could be brought to act on the mass of mankind; that man could keep before him the injustice which he has ever inflicted upon all progressives, in their introduction of all new

principles and new ideas, tending to the comfort and elevation of himself. That man could steadily keep before him the injustice which has ever been done to the world's greatest benefactors, and they would almost be impelled I fear to dig from their mouldering coffins their slumbering skeletons [hear, hear] of the offenders, yes, and suspend them in gibbets as examples to the world of meanness, cruelty and cowardice! [Hear, hear.]

Our brother has spoken of our schools of learning, of our universities! God be merciful to all such wretches when their time of reckoning arrives!"

Here the brother threw up both hands in the expression of his horror. He continued:

"I would I could have the same respect for learned authority as Brother Timberhead. We know too well what they profess, and we know what they are! They have become the mere centralization of the ideas of martyred progressives who have toiled and starved in past ages. They affect an aristocracy; but it is an aristocracy of fogysm. Looking to, and expecting support from worldly power and influence, they substitute mere pedantry for knowledge, and from the very nature of their assumptions must be non-progressive. They yearly let loose from their cribs upon the world their crowds of inflated pedantic harpies to prey upon its exposed vitals, under the so-called learned professions of Law, Physic, and Divinity. Every new idea, every illuminating truth struck out by the fearless hand and observing brain of some thoughtful progressive opening a new species of philosophy, alarms them; their lazy apathy is disturbed; they whining fly for succor to the arms of their old dotard guardians, 'the Fathers:' they prose over their musty parchments; they entrench themselves behind their dignity, or timidly skulk from behind their 'authorities,' to fight the champions of progress in the stolen armor of some former half-starved, murdered, or crucified victim. [Hear, hear.]

"'Aint you giving it to us a little too strong?" said Domanie Doublex, the "reformed parson"—"a little too; that is, I would merely suggest —"

"Moderation?" inquired Brother Von Router, smiling, as he wiped his brow with his red bandanna. "Well, well, pardon me, Domanie and Brother Grubb, I did not see you or intend to be personal or vindictive; it was of the general principle of substituting the opinions of others, learned or unlearned, for a reliance on our own judgment and our own common sense observation." Waving his hand blandly towards the reformed parson and Brother Grubb "Brothers," he resumed, with all due difference to the opinions of others, permit me to say that these emanations from our universities, our colleges, as a general matter, are men living merely in the senuous plane of existence, with educational tendencies to make them bigoted, proud and ungenerous. It is true, they are ever ready to point with proud enthusiasm to the discoveries and unfoldings of human research and observation; and it is equally true they are the *first* to appropriate to themselves the profits and glory of the fruits of the tree of knowledge, while in *principle* they are ever foremost to denounce its planters and cultiva-

tors. [Hear, hear.] Such men will brag the loudest of patriotism, toleration and liberty, and boast of their descent from the Pilgrim Fathers, who in *principle* and action, denounce every idea as infidel that does not conform to their conceptions of orthodoxy. Such men will talk learnedly of Astronomical developments, who in the blind observance of the *principle* of dogmatism and authority, would have roasted Galileo for heresy. [Hear, hear.] Such men occupy the first-class state-rooms in our splendid steamers who in *principle* would have denounced Fitch as a crazy enthusiast. Such men have the most approved kind of lightning conductors around their luxuriant mansions, who in *principle* would have denounced Franklin as an impious fool to attempt to muzzle the voice and paralyze the arm of God.

"Such men, looking to our learned institutions for authority, are to be found by thousands in Wall-street, and elsewhere, awaiting telegraphic intelligences, who in daily *principle* of thought and action would have derided MADAM GALVANI as a simple granny; a strong minded woman, for pausing to notice the first accidental indications of the present electric medium of thought first witnessed by her in the simple *twitching of a frog's leg*. Hear, hear.]

"Brothers, I say the world must be taught to think, to observe, to consider nothing beneath the dignity of research: to observe the day of 'small things!' Man must be taught to rest upon his own independent resources, to be his own redeemer, [hear, hear,] to rebel, I say rebel, against dogmatism and authority, quoted merely for its venerable verdure of antiquity; must give the human soul freedom; freedom from bondage of every kind, physical, mental and spiritual; and only till then will there ever be an approximation to any condition like 'Peace and good will upon earth.'" [Hear, hear.]

The hour of adjournment 10 o'clock having arrived—a rule the Pilgrims were never known to violate, which was duly announced by the shrill tones of the old Cookoo time piece standing in the corner, and Professor Rasp, reaching from the peg behind him for his soft felt Golgotha, brother Hector Enobarbus Timberhead, raising his mystic volume and casting a look of mingled pity and disgust around upon the receding brothers muttered, "I will by Jupiter.—Yes—the HERALD—TRIBUNE, by heavens! the world shall know of such cool insolence—good—one thousand dollars will bust the d—n concern," and bringing his hand down with tremendous emphasis on his "soft felt," crushed it over his eyes in frightful couragement—stalked with desperate resolution out of the Hall.

(To be Continued.)

VOICES FROM THE INNER LIFE. Given through J. B. Conklin.

Minds are attracted together by affinity. There is an internal and external attraction—a physical, and mental relation—an outward, and an inward affection. That which is of the natural or physical kind, is transitory, and cannot be relied upon. That which is spiritual or internal, is lasting, and can be with safety relied upon. The physical nature of man requires—yes, demands a physical supply, that the body may be kept healthy, and the spirit thereby mold and develop itself.

Nature, the provider and supplier of man's wants, foresaw this, and a divine governing power so arranged that all that is in unison with the divine mind.

The human world, like the spiritual, is classified into States, or conditions; each mind filling its own peculiar sphere—gradually unfolding, and rising upward and onward. Conditions exist, and always will, adapted to the peculiar nature of humanity, and no newly-unfolded truth ever yet has been countenanced and brought into extensive use, without first having inwrought itself, individually, into the minds of the people.

By a reference to the pages of past history, facts may be found connected with the developments of science, which afford conclusive proof that that which is of the greatest benefit to mankind at large, was opposed by Church and State, and only could take its place among the acknowledged truths of science as minds became more free and expanded. So, in the progress of human development, a new truth has dawned upon the world, despite the efforts of Church and State to retard its onward march; and men and women of enlarged minds have grasped it, and, like true truth-externalizing minds, have used their every effort, by their willingness to receive and incorporate it within, to make it, as it is designed to be, universally acknowledged.

Not only have the windows of Heaven been lifted, and light therefrom dawned upon the minds of Earth, illumining their pathway to the transition scene, causing shadows of the past and misgivings of the future to pass away, but also there has been revealed to man the divine fact that all his happiness or misery flow from his harmonious or inharmonious conjugal relations:—that, *that* is the centre of existence, and that when minds in the body are prepared to receive and recognize the divine reality of minds attracted together by affinity, those in the spirit-state indicate their relation and guardian care over such as they discover to be their conjugality.

Ancient prophets, seers and priests, retain their individuality, and unfold by the same laws by which unfold modern prophets, seers and priests; and as actively engaged in promulgating to the world of human organisms their unfolded truths, as those who have entered upon the second state at a more recent date.

From your earliest investigations, you have been attended by one who recognized her nearness to you, and who has communicated with you, and influences you constantly. Of her earthly existence you had some brief account, and the apparent confusions or misrepresentations which you have been called to pass through, were designedly brought about by those who had you in charge, and who passed you through this process of Spiritualization.

Your mind is receptive to the direct influx of inspiration, and your actions are to a great extent governed and controlled by invisible powers. The slight physical movement which you feel exerted upon your system, when the brain receives impressions, is caused by your spirit friends; and if you desire to be controlled mechanically to write, you should record the impressions you receive when you set with pen in hand.

The following lines, given to one of our earliest co-laborers, on the birth of a child, by a circle of spirits, after they had christened it by the laying on of hands, are very beautiful:

FLORA CHRISTABEL.

When the earth was sad and dreary,
And the skies were weeping rain,
And we all were bowed and weary,
Watching through a night of pain—
As the dusky night departed
From the mountain and the dell,
Came to bless us—weary hearted—
Little Flora Christabel.
Fresh she came from God, a token
Of His purest, holiest love,
Brought by him whose tongue hath spoken
Sweetly of our home above;
This is why we call our dear one
By the name we love so well;
Beauteous flower of Christ*—the near one—
Lovely Flora Christabel.
God will keep her—God doth bless her
From the moment of her birth,
And His holy ones caress her
As she travels o'er the earth.
All her ways shall be of beauty,
And the poor shall love her well—
As an angel sent on duty—
Gentle Flora Christabel.

*Our brother supposed Christ was present on the occasion.

At the developing circle held at Mr. Conklin's, on the evening of April 19, in addition to various communications of personal interest, only, the following, of a general value, were given:

Question—(by Dr. Grey.) Do all spirits desire the welfare of men on earth?

Answer—The object of the present influx of spiritual light is, for the unity of the various beliefs of the present age, and to hasten the period of a "good time coming," when brethren shall dwell together in unity. There is no undeveloped angel disembodied who would, *willingly*, deceive or injure a man or woman embodied.

A gentleman present remarked upon the above denial of all intentional misstatements or deception by disembodied spirits, that he had a positive prediction made to him by a spirit claiming to be Franklin, [given through Mr. Conklin, in the trance, three or four years since, in a style and language admirably calculated to convince,] to the effect that within six years from that time *men in the body* [not all men, but many] would be able to transport themselves, not in spirit merely, but physically through the air for long distances, with almost instantaneous velocity, by no other force than the spiritual one of *volition*, and such potencies as volition can directly control. The spirit who volunteered this strange prediction evidently understood the full force of every word he uttered, and clearly meant to be believed. Do the spirits here present think it possible that an intelligent spirit could be sincere in the promulgation of such an idea? The questioner was answered by raps as follows:

You have sixty-four discovered properties of nature. A more refined analysis will disclose the motive power by which man can travel with greater velocity through space, and with less difficulty than he now travels upon the earth. Modern savans, set your wits to work!

B. FRANKLIN.

The physical manifestations at this sitting were very vigorous, the table being several times wholly raised from the floor, and was at

least, was lifted not less than fifteen inches.

A few days afterwards our friend propounded the following questions to Franklin, and received the answers attached, both he and the medium being inclined to different views than those of the spirit.

Question—Are there no insane minds in your sphere?—none who pay more regard to their passions than they do to truth and right?

Answer—No. (An unqualified negative.)

Q.—Do you mean to say that because the insane cannot help acting and speaking according to their state, therefore the evil they do is not done willingly or from rational design?

A.—We do.

Q.—Men, in the body, do not injure or deceive their fellow men from a love of wrong doing in the abstract, but only as a means of soothing wounded pride, or of gratifying vanity and selfish greed the easiest way. Do spirits who have acquired such evil habits in the body, lose them wholly the instant they quit the body?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Is every spirit who gives an untrustworthy communication to be regarded as honest, but self-deceived?

A.—Some spirits do, at times, communicate that which is apparently absurd to those who look superficially at the substance given.

TIME AND SPACE CURIE?

To the Editors of *The Principle*:

If, according to your correspondence on the Infinite and 'Absolute'—these are identical with 'Time' and 'Space,' and they are 'unconditioned and 'absolute,' (assertions which I concede)—how can we, without contradiction, admit that Time must condition 'Space' or some process analogous thereto; (the words of your correspondent): for the unconditioned (also uncondition-able) is the irrelative, uncaused, and non-causal? Yet, further, your correspondent has said "Since of two causes one must be susceptible of change as respects the other," how can he legitimately appropriate the word "cause" to express "Time" or "Space," conceded by him to be "unconditioned," therefore in-susceptible of change, and incompetent to produce results or effects. Again, what results or effects are, traceable to 'Time' and 'Space?' If they are unconditioned they are irrelative, as much as regards each other as regards other being. I put these queries in a spirit of the most unfeigned interest in the doctrine of your correspondent; believing that he has propounded a doctrine which is a positive advance on the metaphysic of Hamilton and his compeers—but in doing so has he not (without intending it) fallen into inconsistency? If he has drawn the error my queries touch—it does not. I perceive affect the truth of his doctrine—but if his doctrine be true, the remarks I have quoted cannot be so.

In the text of your correspondent preceding the sentences above quoted, I find, these two beings [Time and Space] are unconditioned and not (to us) divisible." They are not subject to any condition. And again, "to divide is to condition," and is as adequate cause producing determinate effects and change, but we cannot perceive that "Time" and 'Space' can

be a party in any conceivable phenomena."

How then, lastly, can we logically affirm, that we must logically admit that Space (being unconditioned) must be conditioned to time.

Again, though these two are unconditioned, does it follow that one or both of them are unlimited. As a matter-of-fact, if we cannot in thought divide them—neither can we conceive either of them un-divided; for if we suppose ourselves in pure void, we cannot in one thought embrace the concept of the void expanse on both sides of us, but only that on either side of us. Is this [not] division? If time be "absolute necessity," what is its necessity? Might not the sceptic ask, what evidence is there that 'Time' or 'Space' really exist? and is it not else a pure assumption to say they exist? Are they anything but the mere modality of our thought? [Kant's hypothesis.] The Theistic devotee, in considering unconditioned the Infinite being of God, says "that being is not timed, nor itself time; neither spaced, nor itself Space;" but is this not equally true of all or any being? is there any being in which Time is involved as a condition or element? We read from the same source that other being is subjected to the essential conditions of time." Now what in the name of clear thought are these "essential conditions of time?"

I earnestly trust he will pursue with caution, in the direction of his thought, and assure him of one careful and sympathetic reader. Is not the Absolute, the (that which is) present, not in portions, but utterly; and is either 'Time' or 'Space' appropriately distinguished by this definition?

"THE AGE OF BEASON."

The first and second numbers of this new Spiritualist Journal have been received. Its leading editorials evince depth of thought and are ably written. The "Age" is published monthly by JOHN SCOTT & Co., number 6 Beach street New York, at 50 cents per annum.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

A weekly, first-class Spiritual Journal, published in Boston, at \$2 per year—edited by A. E. Newton and S. B. Brittan, the former editors of the New-England Spiritualist and the N. Y. Spiritual Age, which have been merged in the Superior Paper bearing the title heading this notice. These veterans are assisted also by S. B. Monroe, whose invaluable aid they have secured, thus forming a trinity of power which cannot fail to strike terror into the ranks of old error. The acknowledged talent of the gentlemen assuming the editorial charge of this sheet, will be a sure guarantee that each successive issue will be in every respect equal, if not superior to its predecessor.

J. B. CONKLIN, TEST MEDIUM.

PUBLIC CIRCLE HOURS.

Every day from 10 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M. Evening Public Circles from 7 to 10—469 Broadway.

AGENTS FOR THE PRINCIPLE.

NEW YORK—S. T. Munson 5 Great Jones street.
BOSTON—Bela Marsh, 14 Broomfield Street.
PHILADELPHIA—Barry & Henk, 830 Race street.
CINCINNATI—S. W. Pease, 28 West Sixth street.
MADISON, TEXAS—C. L. Anderson.
CLEVELAND—Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.
UTICA—L. L. Curtis.
SYRACUSE—Daniel Woolsey.
BALTIMORE—Henry Taylor, Sun Iron Building.
PALMYRA, WISCONSIN—A. B. Severance.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.—O. P. Osborn.
TRAVELING AGENT—Joel Watson.

\$200,000 WORTH OF CARPETS

At a great sacrifice at HIRAM ANDERSON'S, No. 99 Bowery, N. Y., the largest Carpet Establishment in the United States. Orders executed promptly.

CASH PRICES.

English Velvet Carpets, \$1 12 1-2, \$1 25, \$1 50 per yard.
English Brussels " 75 c., 87 1-2c., \$1 do.
Three Ply " 87 1-2 and \$1 do.
Ingrain " 43c., 50c., 75c., do.
Floor Oil cloths, 31 1-2c., 37 1-2c., and 50c. do.
White and Checked Matting, 25c. to 37 1-2c. do.
Rugs, Druggets, Window Shades, Mats, etc. Please send your orders with diagram of the room. n7tf

SMITH'S HOMOEOPATHIC PHARMACY.

484 Broadway and 105 Fourth-avenue, N. Y.

JOHN T. SMITH & SON have a general assortment of Homoeopathic Triturations, Tinctures, Dilutions, and Pellets, including the higher attenuations, both imported and of his own preparation.

Cases for Physicians' and Family use of various sizes and prices.

Pure Sugar of Milk, Alcohol, Distilled Water and Unmedicated Pellets, constantly on hand.

Smith's Homoeopathic Arnica Plaster, a substitute for the ordinary Court Plaster.

ALKETHREPTA.—This article of diet for all is prepared from the pure Chocolate Bean, the highly nutritious natural oil of which is so neutralized without being abstracted, as not to derange the stomach of the most delicate invalid. n7tf

JUST PUBLISHED.—FIFTH EDITION

OF THE "MAGIC STAFF."

An Autobiography of Andrew Jackson Davis.

This volume gives an accurate and rational account of the social, psychological, and Literary Career of the author, beginning with his first memories and ascending step by step through every subsequent year to the present period.

Of those strange events which have marked the Author's most private and interior experiences, the descriptions are marvelously beautiful, and the whole is distinguished by a style at once simple and pathetic, romantic and familiar, original and entertaining. In one volume, 552 pages, 12mo., illustrated. Price \$1 25.

Single copies sent by mail postage free.

Orders will be promptly filled by the Publishers.

J. S. BROWN & CO., 274 Canal-st., N. Y.

REFORM IN THE HEALING ART.

ELECTRICITY.

Reader, if you are troubled with Rheumatic Pains, or Neuralgia, or are you Nervous, deprived of sleep, resort to this treatment, which is fast superseding all others. In the cure of all Nervous Diseases, and Paralysis, Dyspepsia, Deafness, Blindness, Cold Feet and Hands, and many others of a like nature, the Electro Magnetic Applications performs wonders. The undersigned is the successor to Dr. Benton, the celebrated Electrician, of No. 483 Broadway, where he is prepared to receive patients and treat them with care, and almost certain success.

The Electro Medicated and Sulphur Vapor Baths form a prominent feature in his system, the virtues of which are too well known to need comment. These are administered together with the Electro Chemical Extractor, for eradicating mineral substances and poison from the system, under his direct supervision.

To Ladies who are troubled with Weakness, Debility, and all other ills the sex are heir to, he would most earnestly say come and be relieved—for relief is certain, and health is happiness. Thousands, before low spirited and miserable, have been relieved, and now rendered joyful and happy, can testify to the efficacy of Electricity.

Mrs. FLINT is in constant attendance, and will treat the Ladies if they desire.

The Galvanic Battery and all other Apparatus for Sale.

Respectfully yours,

RUFUS FLINT, Electrical Physician.

Office, 483 Broadway, Room No. 3. Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sundays and Evenings by appointment. n7tf

The following books are for sale at the office of THE PRINCIPLE, and will be sent by mail to any person remitting us the price of the book, postage free, viz.:

"The Magic Staff," an Autobiography of A. J. Davis, \$1 25
A Philosophical History of the Origin and Development of Vegetable and Animal Life, and of the Human Mind. By Y. A. Carr, M. D. Price 25 cents in paper; and 38 cents in cloth.
The Public Circle, a record of facts in Spiritual intercourse, 192 pages, paper, 75
The Public Circle, with a copy of The Principle for one year, will be sent for \$1 00
Peoples' Lectures on the Philosophy of Existence By E. W. Rogers, 12
The Present Age and Inner Life, 1 00
The great Harmonia, 4 vols., 1 00

CLAIRVOYANT AND PSYCHOMETRIST.

Thousands in the United States and the Canadas are sick. Thousands would give half their fortunes to be well. Come then, or send to Dr. TYLER, who, by his superior clairvoyant powers can see what others guess at,—can see all your disease—see all its extent and progress, and see the infallible means of cure. All persons wishing to be cured may address Dr. TYLER, at No. 47 West Thirteenth-street, New-York, enclosing a lock of their hair, (with statement of sex, age and symptoms,) accompanied with the necessary fee. Terms—Examination, \$2. Prescription, \$3. Psychometrical definition of character, written in full, \$3. n6m2

THE SICK ARE CURED!

W. C. HUSSEY HEALING MEDIUM BY THE LAYING ON OF HANDS. ROOMS at 274 CANAL STREET N. Y. Office hours daily from 8 to 12 M. and 1 to 5 P. M. The conductors of this paper vouch for the genuineness and efficacy of the healing powers of Mr Hussey. n6tf