Vol.

Rev. G. H. Clark
Boston Mass

THE

SHEKINAH;

A Quarterly Review.

DEVOTED TO

The Emancipation of Mind; the Elucidation of Vital, Mental, and Spiritual Phenomena, and the Progress of Man.

CONDUCTED BY S. B. BRITTAN.

'I HEARD A GREAT VOICE FROM HEAVEN, SAYING, COME UP HITHER.'

VOL. I. NO. 4. JULY, 1852.

CONTENTS, ORIGINAL.

New York:

PUBLISHED BY S. B. BRITTAN.

No. 3 CORTLAND STREET.

Stringer & Townsend, New York. — Frederick Bailey, Cincinnati.
Bela Marsh, Boston. — John Chapman, London.

THE SHEKINAH.

VOLUME II.

This Magazine is devoted chiefly to an inquiry into the Laws of the Spiritual Universe, and a discussion of those momentous questions which are deemed auxiliary to the Progress of Man. It will treat especially of the philosophy of Vital, Mental, and Spiritual Phenomena, and present, as far as possible, a Classification of the various Psychical Conditions and Manifestations, now attracting attention in Europe and America. The following will indicate distinctively the prominent features of the work:

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S. B. BRITTAN,

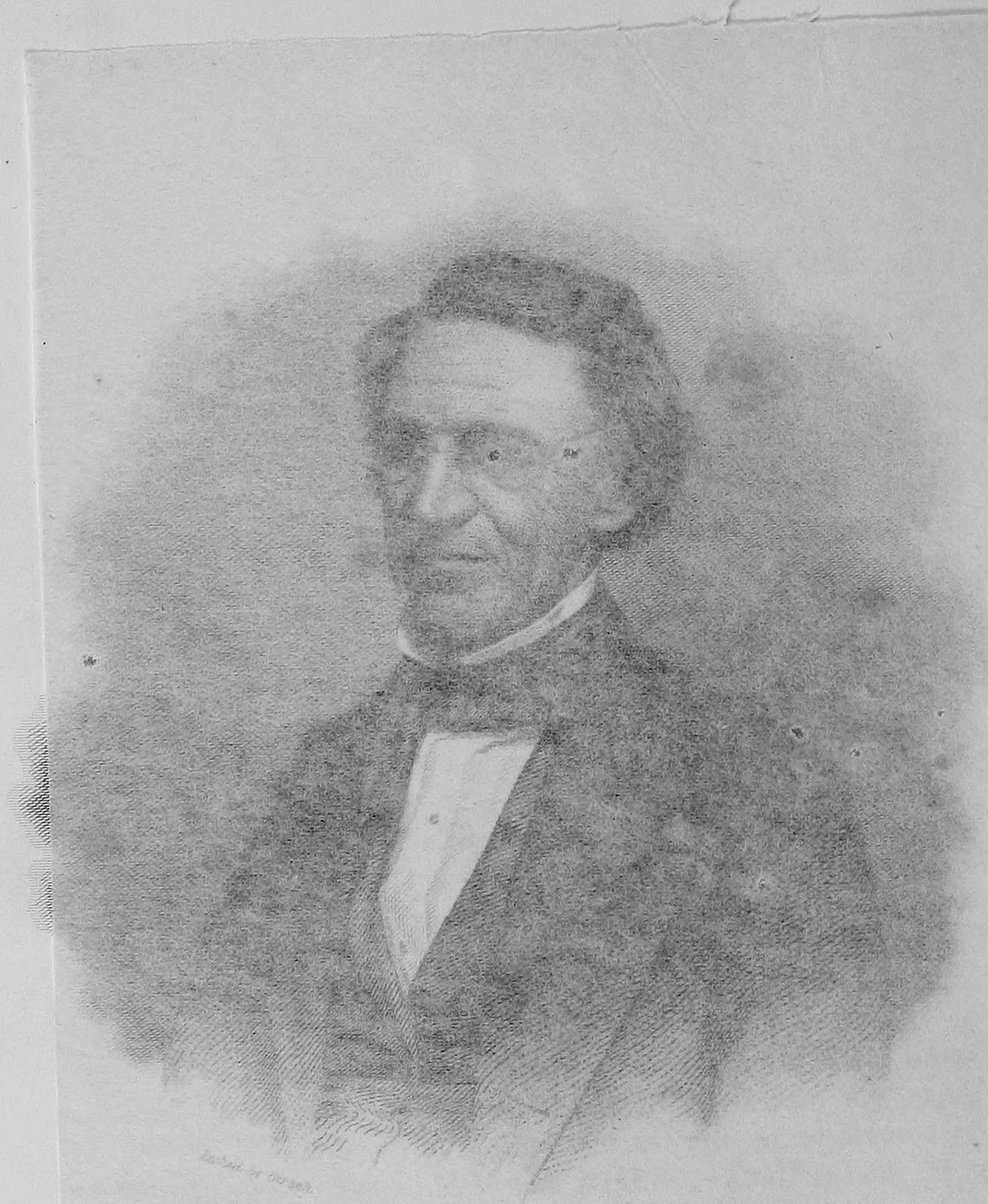
NEW YORK CITY, and BRIDGEPORT, Ct.

Etched by Girsch

J. W. Edmonds

Engd. for the United States Monthly Law Magazine

Printed by Neale & Fate



J. W. Edmonds

HON. JOHN WORTH EDMONDS.

The father of this distinguished jurist was born in the city of New-York, at what is now the corner of William and Liberty streets, on the 27th of August, 1760. When the war of the Revolution broke out, he was a student at college, in Rhode Island. He, however, immediately left his studies, and enlisted in the army as a private soldier. In various capacities he served during the whole war, having risen from the ranks to an ensigncy, and, finally, to an assistant commissary. He was at the battles of Monmouth, Yorktown, etc. On the establishment of peace, at the age of twenty-three, he started to seek his fortune, having nothing but a horse, saddle, bridle, two blankets, and a little continental money. In 1784, during his wanderings, he arrived at the site of what is now the city of Hudson, then called Claverack Landing. There, as one of the first settlers, he opened a small store, in which business he was found by the emigrants from Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, who purchased the land, and laid the foundation of the city. He was at one time a member of the assembly and high sheriff of the county; and he continued in trade until the war of 1812, when he again entered the service of his country. He was soon appointed paymaster-general of the militia, in which office he continued for several years after the termination of the war.

He died at Hudson, in 1826, and within a few years a beautiful monument has arisen in its graveyard, erected to his memory by his son. His wife, the mother of the Judge, was Lydia Worth, daughter of Thomas Worth, one of the first settlers of Hudson. She was a descendant of William Worth, who emigrated from Devonshire, England, in 1640, and settled in Nantucket. From this common stock have descended Major-General Worth, of the United States army; G. A. Worth, Esq., president of the New-York City Bank; and the Olcott and Edmonds families.

After the death of General Edmonds, his widow resided chiefly with her son, the Judge, until she died, on the 20th of November, 1841. She was a member of the Society of Friends, and instilled into her children many of the tenets of that respected sect, which have evidently influenced their conduct through life.

Judge Edmonds was born in the city of Hudson, on the 13th of March, 1799. His early education was at private schools, and at the academy at Hudson, where he prepared for college. In October, 1814, he entered the sophomore class of Williams College, Massachusetts, in company with John Birdsall, afterward circuit judge of the eighth circuit, and attorney-general of Texas. In 1815, he solicited his dismissal from the college, and entered Union College, at Schenectady, where he graduated in July, 1816. On leaving college, he began the study of the law, at Cooperstown, with George Morrell, Esq., afterward chief-justice of Michigan. After remaining at that place about six months, he returned to Hudson, where he studied two years, in the office of Monell & Van Buren.

In the fall of 1819, he entered the office of Martin Van Buren, in Albany. He continued with the ex-president, residing in his family, until May, 1820, when he returned to Hudson, and entered upon the practice of the law. He continued at Hudson until his removal to New York, in November, 1837.

Inheriting the military disposition of his father, we find the Judge, at the age of nineteen, a lieutenant in the militia. He held various commissions in the service for about fifteen years, when he obtained the command of his regiment. This office he resigned in 1828, on being appointed, by De Witt Clinton, recorder of Hudson. To this day, throughout the old county of Columbia, the Judge is addressed as colonel, military honors appearing invariably to take precedence of all others.

At an early age, he took an active part in politics, ranking himself as a Democrat; and the first vote he ever gave was for Daniel D. Tompkins, when he ran for governor against De Witt Clinton.

In 1830, the Judge was elected by the Democrats of Columbia to the Assembly, in which body he soon became a leading and influential member.

In the fall of 1831, he was elected to the State Senate, receiving, in his district, an unprecedented majority of over 7,500 votes.

In the Legislature, he was remarked for the industry and energy which have been displayed since—insomuch that, in a "portrait" drawn of him by a political opponent, during the first year of his service in that body, it was said of him: "His legal acquirements are good, and, from the industry which he exhibits in the business of legislation, it may be safely judged, that when more advanced in years, he will be eminent in his profession. He speaks with fluency and correctness, and there is a clearness in his language and a candor in his statements, which cause him to be listened to with attention." "He was formerly the editor of a newspaper in Hudson, and a violent and determined politician. But, from his present course, it would be supposed he had tempered his strong feelings, and as the heyday of his youth passes away, his judgment will, no doubt, prevail entirely over his feelings. If this should be the case, and he do not lose his praiseworthy industry, he must hereafter stand high among our distinguished men."

The newspaper in which this sketch appeared has long since ceased to exist—its editor has been dead some time; twenty years have elapsed since it was written, and the prophecy has been fulfilled.

So great was this industry during that session, it has been computed that the reports written by him would fill a printed volume of 600 octavo pages. The principal portion of this labor was bestowed in the appropriate duties of his position, as chairman of the committee on canals. Yet he found time to devote to other topics. He was one of the select committee, who reported in favor of abolishing imprisonment for debt. He voted against the bill on that subject, which finally passed the legislature; which he condemned as too complicated and artificial, and as calculated to preserve imprisonment, in cases of debt, too much; and he advocated a system, substantially the same as that which now prevails in this State, under the Code of Procedure. In the meantime, and after twenty years' experience, the law which he opposed, though not repealed in terms, has fallen

into disuse, and given place to a more simple and more just system.

There was, however, no part of his career in the Assembly which attracted so much the attention of the public, as his course in regard to the Bank of the United States. General Jackson had not then commenced his war on that institution, which resulted, finally, in its overthrow, and agitated the nation in all its parts. Colonel Benton had, indeed, in the United States Senate, made an assault upon the bank, but there were very many, in the then dominant party, who considered that assault as very great heresy. It was under these circumstances, with a very decided Democratic majority in the Assembly, of at least five to one, and when a motion to postpone the whole subject indefinitely had been defeated by barely a tie vote, that Judge Edmonds threw himself into the front rank of the battle, and, with characteristic energy, carried it to a successful issue.

The ensuing year he was elected to the Senate of the State; and in that body, though a new member, was placed at the head of the canal committee, and on the judiciary committee. In the former position he remained only one year, being then transferred to the head of the bank committee, where he remained until the end of his term, and served on the judiciary committee the whole of his senatorial term, which was then four years. In the Senate the same industry and determination of character were displayed.

It was shortly prior to the monetary revolution of 1837, and the whole population seemed to be mad in its race for banks and canals. Projects for building canals, involving a public debt of many millions of dollars, and applications for one or two hundred new banks at a time, and a consequent ruinous inflation of the paper currency of the State, were some of the measures on which he took a decided stand; and it was often remarked, that he was never defeated in any position he took on those subjects. The number of new banks that were created was very limited, not more than five or six at each of the three first years of his term, and none whatever in the last year. And in that year he introduced, matured, and successfully carried, a measure for infusing a greater amount of coin into common cir-

culation. This was effected by the law prohibiting the issuing of bank notes under the denomination of five dollars. The measure was violently resisted by the banks throughout the State, and when the suspension of specie payments occurred in 1837, they had influence enough with the Legislature, aided by the distresses of the people, arising from other causes, to procure its repeal. Yet even here the Judge's sagacity was displayed. His plan was to have the measure go into operation very slowly, and not fully, short of a period of six years. But, against his wishes, the Legislature altered the time to eighteen months, and thus the law was made to operate with its greatest severity, in the very midst of all the distress and embarrassment caused by the suspension of specie payments. There were not wanting men who were ready to take advantage of this state of things; and thus, a measure, which has prevailed in England, with great benefits, for fifty years, has been denied to our people.

Another measure, connected with the monetary affairs of the State, occurred about the same time. The war between General Jackson and his party on the one side, and the United States Bank and the opponents of the administration on the other, was raging at this time with great vehemence. It was believed by many of the leading politicians, and among them Judge Edmonds, that the bank was assaulting the business and prosperity of the State, in order to drive it from its position of hostility to it—a position which had gone a great way in sustaining General Jackson in his policy on this subject. To arrest it, he introduced into the Legislature a project for interposing the credit of the State, to sustain its interests in the contest.

Some of the most eminent capitalists of the city of New-York visited the Legislature, and proposed the creation of a mammoth local bank, as an antagonist to the United States Bank. This was opposed and defeated by Judge Edmonds and his associates, and instead of it he proposed to borrow $6,000,000 on the credit of the State—and loan $2,000,000 to the State banks, and the residue to the farming interests, through local loan officers.

A report, recommending that measure, and a bill to carry it into effect, drawn by him, were introduced into the Assembly, and such a law was passed.

It was always said by Mr. Edmonds, among the friends of the measure, that it would never be necessary to execute the law—and that its mere passage would have the effect to put an end to the war on the monetary affairs of the State. This anticipation was fully and very speedily realized, and the law never went into effect. It was the subject, however, of very violent attack from political opponents, and was defended by him, in the course of the ensuing summer, in a speech, characterized by great simplicity, directness, and research, and which was very widely circulated and read.

There was another topic of general interest, which arose during the Judge's legislative career, and on which, characteristically, he took a decided stand. That was nullification and secession, growing out of South Carolina's opposition to the tariff laws. This State was very resolute in standing by General Jackson on that occasion, and a report, said to have been from the pen of Mr. Van Buren, then vice-president elect, was introduced into the Senate, sustaining the policy of the administration, and denouncing the doctrines of nullification and secession as destructive of the Union. This report, when it came up for consideration, was very vehemently assailed by five or six of the strongest men in the Senate, and was defended by Mr. Edmonds alone. The contest lasted nearly a week, resulted in the triumphant adoption of the report, and placed New-York on high ground, on the side of the Union and its integrity.

In the last year of his term Mr. Edmonds was unanimously elected president of the Senate; and then, at the close of his term, his health being very much impaired, he retired from the Senate, declining a reëlection, which was tendered him, in a district where his party were greatly predominant.

The most of the ensuing two years he spent in traveling, to recruit his health. He accepted a commission, from General Jackson, to visit the Indian tribes on the borders of Lakes Huron and Superior, and was at one time in the interesting position of being encamped with over six thousand of the natives of the forest. His letters to his family, written during this sojourn, are very graphic and interesting, and give a very vivid picture of that Indian life, which is so rapidly passing away from among us.

In the fall of 1837, he resigned his station, and removed from Hudson to New-York, where he resumed the practice of law. He almost immediately found himself in an extensive and profitable business, among the merchant princes of the commercial emporium.

In April, 1843, without any solicitation on his part, the Judge was appointed, by Governor Bouck, an inspector of the State Prison at Sing Sing. It was with much hesitation that he accepted this unthankful task. The labor was indeed herculean. Scarcely any discipline was maintained in the prison, and the *female prisoners had the entire control of the officers*, hundreds of the males were entirely idle, and the earnings fell short of the expenses by over $40,000. But within eighteen months a great change was effected; the female portion of the prison was brought into complete subjection; strict discipline was introduced and maintained among the males, and the annual deficiency in the revenue was reduced to less than a tenth of the former sum.

This task, however, was easy in comparison with a reform of a different character which he sought to introduce. He found that, for more than fifteen years, the system of government which had prevailed in our State prisons was one purely of force; and where no sentiment was sought to be awakened in the breast of the prisoner but that of fear, and no duty exacted from him but that of implicit obedience. No instrument of punishment was used but the whip, which had the effect of arousing only the worst passions of both convicts and officers—a practice of abominable cruelty, long engrafted upon our penitentiary system—revolting to humanity, and destructive to all hope of reforming the prisoner. So thoroughly had it become engrafted, that the most experienced officers insisted that there was no other mode by which order could be kept. Besides, they found it was then so very easy to govern in that way.

Passion, prejudice, and selfishness, all combined to place obstacles in the way of this proposed reform, and its progress was very slow. Yet it steadily advanced, and when, in 1845, the Judge resigned the office of inspector, his system was in the full tide of experiment. It has been continued by his successors to the present time. It has also been introduced into the State prisons

of Auburn and Clinton, and is now the governing principle in all our State penitentiaries. With a view of carrying out his plan, in December, 1844, he instituted a "Prison Discipline Society," the object of which is the reform of prison government, and the aiding of prisoners on their discharge to lead honest lives. This society is in very successful operation, and enjoys a large share of public confidence. How great an amount of good can be accomplished by a single philanthropic individual! and for this one movement of the Judge, how many poor wretches will rise up and call him blessed! For this the tear of gratitude shall fall upon his grave, while angels proclaim, that "he who turneth one sinner from the error of his way, shall shine as the stars forever." "Man dies, but not one of his acts ever dies. Each, perpetuated and prolonged by interminable results, affects some beings in every age to come."

In the winter of 1845, Mr. Edmonds was appointed Circuit Judge of the First Judicial District. He was selected by Governor Wright, in preference to several able competitors for the office, one of whom has since been elected to a high judicial station. In 1847, under the organization of the Judiciary, according to the provisions of the Constitution of 1846, he was elected a Judge of the Supreme Court; and in the appointed routine of official duties of his office, he has been successively associate Judge and presiding Judge of the most important judicial district of the State—perhaps of the Union—and has finally taken his seat, for the current year, in the Court of Appeals. This succession of offices has brought before him the widest and most varied range of judicial duties. As Circuit Judge, he was plunged at once into a multitudinous sea of jury trials, from which his predecessor had retired with shattered health, presenting every variety of *nisi prius* trial, offering for his examination the most complicated and minute facts of mercantile contracts, the subtlest combinations of fraud and evasive ingenuity, and the dreariest and most appalling mysteries of crime. As a Judge, under the new legal system, if he was partially relieved from jury trials, he was called to even heavier labors. A new code of procedure presented for daily decision important questions of practice, in which no assistance could be

obtained from precedents, and no solution sought in the experience of lawyers or judges. The Supreme Court, previous to 1846, had been literally overwhelmed with cases involving purely common-law questions; but the abolition of the Court of Chancery by the new Constitution, and the addition to the existing Supreme Court of Equity powers, imposed upon Judge Edmonds and his associates a vast mass of Equity suits, which the Chancellor and his suite of Equity Judges—able, learned, and indefatigable men, as they unquestionably were—had been entirely unable to prevent from largely accumulating. Of the cases which occupy the time, and are now almost hopelessly obstructing the progress of our highest State Courts, the city of New-York furnishes much more than a moiety. It is a remarkable instance of the carelessness or blindness of the members of the Convention of 1846, that, while they were so plainly increasing immensely the business of the Supreme Court for the District, including the metropolis, and combining within its jurisdiction all the powers and duties of the Circuit Court, of the Supreme Court, and of the Court of Chancery, they actually diminished the number of the judges. The Convention found the Circuit Judge, the two Vice-Chancellors, the Chancellor, and the three Supreme Court Judges inadequate to dispatch the law business of the city of New-York. It was called upon to provide tribunals to remedy this defect, and to meet the future exigencies of the hourly increasing population and swelling commerce of a city, which is the business centre of the Western hemisphere, and whose destiny will not stop there, and the result of its statesmanship was *to diminish the number of judges to four!* That the gentlemen who have filled these offices have not been entirely overwhelmed by the submerging tide of legal litigation is creditable to their energy and talents. That Mr. Edmonds has discharged his share of those duties with learning, talent and fidelity, is creditable to the governor who appointed him to a judicial post, and confirms the justice of the popular election.

In proceeding to more detail of the judicial life of Judge Edmonds, we would inform our readers of the laity, that a judge of the Supreme Court presents himself to the public in three aspects—first, he holds a *motion court* alone; next, he sits with

his associates *in bench*, as the lawyers call it, to hear and decide calendar causes; and, again, he holds courts for the trial of cases before a jury. There are other duties, such as those at *chambers;* and they are irksome, protracted, and laborious. There are solitary and silent labors—in the late hours of the night over the library desk. There are other numberless and vexatious calls on his time, his comfort, and his nerves. But the world sees the judge only in the three forms which we have indicated.

Should a stranger desire to become acquainted with the subject of these remarks, and to pass an hour—not without either profit or amusement—let him go to the Supreme Court about ten o'clock of a Saturday morning. He will find himself in a crowd, looking something like a mob. There is, however, no need of alarm. In that elbowing mass, he is in the midst of honorable men, and, keen and acute-looking as they are, his pockets are safe, except, indeed, against taxed costs and special allowances. This is the Motion Court. Here Mr. Justice Edmonds, we think, loves to appear; and certainly his quick perception, piercing investigation, and ready decision, appear to great advantage. The questions that come before him are diversified as the affairs of men. A wife wants alimony from her husband; a partner wants a receiver for his firm; a mother wants her child; a prisoner wants his liberty; a suitor wants his money from the court, and a lawyer wants his costs from the suitor: these, and a thousand other questions, are presented in masses of affidavits and counter-statements in writing, which to the uninitiated would seem to require years of toil in their investigation, but which are evolved and rapidly discussed by the trained intellects engaged, with an ease and clearness that excite surprise and admiration. In comparatively few of the cases are regular and elaborate arguments made. The discussion frequently assumes the form of a dialogue; the judge becomes one of the *dramatis personæ*, and frequently the principal one, and, as a necessary consequence, he must take as well as give, and bear the carte and tierce—the reply and repartee of excited and colloquial argument. The stranger, whom we have placed in this court-room during "*special term*," will retire from it, we are persuaded, admiring the singular rapidity with which

business is dispatched, and the calendar run through; the perspicuity which reaches, as if by intuition, the pith of the cases presented, and the ready ingenuity which dissolves a sophistry, or, by a question, anticipates a result. In this court, the gravity and restrained decorum which mark the arguments of counsel before the three judges, is not, and probably can not, be very rigidly observed. The discussions, as we have remarked, are colloquial and easy, and the ludicrous will often irrepressibly appear. We are not disposed to censure severely what has often amused us, and enlivened the dry details of a day in the special term; yet a calm observer will perhaps disapprove of displays of wit from the bench. It is dangerous, as it inevitably leads to retort, and trenches on the respect for the court, which, in this country more than any other, is required to enforce its authority. The greater the wit and readiness of the judge, the greater is the danger. The following portrait—caricature we should, perhaps, rather say—of a recent English chancellor, has no resemblance, we sincerely say, to the magistrate of whom we are writing; but we present it as a lesson to judges, to show how dangerous is familiar colloquialism from the bench, and how unfavorably a man of undeniable genius may be made to appear by a malignant satirist, when unrestrained facility in discourse furnishes the elements of truth that give point to the sarcasm: "Every thing he does is forcible, every thing he says is clever, but somehow all is ludicrous. In argument is he great? 'Oh, he is so amusing.' On the bench is he awful? 'Bless your heart, he is droller than Liston.' Declaiming—jesting—judging against time—an encyclopædia interleaved with Joe Miller—the object of abundant wonder, but scanty respect—and a combination of qualities, high and low, which make him the most entertaining chancellor that ever rattled the seals, or straddled on the woolsack." In the more serious labors of the regular term, Mr. Justice Edmonds has produced manifold and enduring evidence of his able and assiduous discharge of his judicial duties. In turning over *Barbour's Reports*, the reader will be surprised at the number and extent of his decisions. An easy and flowing style, and great facility in writing, have enabled him to furnish a number of opinions,

surprising when the demands on his time are considered, and honorable proofs of his legal researches and judicial talents.

But it is as a *nisi prius* judge, and especially as a judge in the Courts of Criminal Law, that the public best know Mr. Justice Edmonds; and he deserves their respect and gratitude for the firmness with which, particularly in trials for offenses against life, he has administered criminal law. At the time of his advent to the bench, a feeling was pervading the community with respect to the legal punishment of murder, which threatened to abrogate in effect the statutes of the land, and to produce a result, by a practical violation of the law, which the Legislature has repeatedly refused to allow. We are not going to enter into a discussion on the justice or expediency of capital punishments. Mr. Justice Edmonds, it is said, himself is adverse to them, though, if we are rightly informed, not on religious grounds, but as a question of state policy. He felt, as most men do feel, that judges and jurors are bound to administer the law of the land as it exists, and that, called, as they are, simply to express their belief whether a certain fact has been proved or not, they are not responsible for the consequences which the Legislature has attached to the answer.

We have looked over the returns of our criminal courts, and find that, since February, 1845, there have been in the city of New-York forty-nine trials for homicide and the first degree of arson. Of those tried, fourteen have been convicted of murder, and two of arson in the first degree. A number have been convicted of manslaughter. There have been many trials before Judge Edmonds for other high crimes, less, however, than murder. It is a subject of melancholy reflection that crimes of this desperate character should abound among us; but we are happy to know that, in our modern judicatures, the conviction of an innocent person for a capital offense can scarcely occur. The laws of evidence excluding every thing but direct testimony, the maxims of jurisprudence formed by the humanity of judges to protect prisoners, and, let us add, the philanthropy of the age, have rendered the *execution* of an innocent man almost an impossibility.

It is the just praise of Judge Edmonds to say, that he has

known how to awaken the consciences of jurors, and to bring the laws of the land, in the most critical cases, into free execution.

In the discharge of his duties as circuit judge, he was always fearless and independent, reminding us of the famous Matthew Hale. A most extraordinary instance of this was exhibited at the anti-rent trials at Columbia County, in September, 1845. The counsel employed in those trials, had been engaged in the same cases at the circuit in March preceding, and had then manifested no little combativeness. They displayed the same warmth before Judge Edmonds, and carried it so far as to come to blows in open court. The offenders were gentlemen of high standing, and personal friends of the Judge, and both at once apologized for their contempt of court. But the Judge, with great promptness, committed them both to prison, and adjourned his court, with the remark, that it was not his fault that the course of public justice was thus interrupted. Perhaps none regretted this momentary outbreak more than the parties themselves, whose manners in private life are courteous in the extreme.

This event attracted a great deal of attention throughout the Union, and was noticed by European papers as "evidence of advancing civilization in America." The most gratifying feature of the case was, that it did not disturb the personal good feeling which had previously existed between the parties engaged in it.

His election as a Justice of the Supreme Court, by a very large majority, was gratifying, not only to him, but to the public, inasmuch as during his judgeship he had made several decisions that warred upon popular prejudice; and immediately before his election he had, with others of the Democratic party, protested against the admission of Texas into the Union, as eminently calculated to lead to a war with Mexico, and to perpetuate the extension of slavery. Subsequent events have justified the sagacity which marked that act, while the act itself has subjected the gentlemen engaged in it to much obloquy and censure from their political associates. This proceeding was, however, rebuked in his triumphant election by the public, who honored him for his independence of character.

The complaint which was made of the celebrated author of the

History of the Common Law, that he did not decide with sufficient quickness, can not be uttered against the subject of this sketch. With him there is no delay, no hesitation; indeed, it is remarked by all, that he transacts a greater amount of business in a given time, than any jurist who has ever been on the bench in the city of New-York. But, though his decisions are delivered with the greatest promptness, they are masterly specimens, exhibiting all the elegance and perspicuity of the most elaborated legal judgments.

With the younger members of the bar Judge Edmonds is an especial favorite. He always receives them with words of kindness and encouragement, and hears them with patience. By the rising generation of lawyers—those who must, in a score of years hence, be the masters of the field now occupied by their seniors, he will be long and affectionately remembered, and by some of their number, who will wield abler pens than ours, proper tributes will be paid to his superior virtues and abilities. What was said of Sir Matthew Hale is no less true of the Judge: His conversation is affable and entertaining; his eloquence easy and persuasive; his temper warm, open, and generous; he is affectionate to his family and sincere to his friends.

The Judge has one brother, Francis W., cashier of the Mechanics' Bank in New-York, and distinguished as an artist. He has also three sisters, two of whom reside in the State of New-York, and the third, the wife of Colonel Webb, of the United States Army, is living in Illinois. The family of the Judge consists of three daughters, two of whom are married.

For most of the foregoing sketch, as well as for the portrait, we are indebted to the United States Monthly Law Magazine. A distinguished legal friend to whom we applied has furnished us with the remarks on Judge Edmonds' judicial career. Though personally attached to the Judge, the writer of these remarks is the last person who would flatter, and has felt himself, on the contrary, restrained from writing as warmly as simple justice required. The concluding portion of this sketch is our own.

The experience of Judge Edmonds as a seer is of recent origin,

dating no further back than the early part of 1851. Up to that time, he had no idea that there was, or could be, any such thing as intercourse with the spirits of the departed. Indeed, he had doubts whether there was any existence after the life on earth, and if there was, he had no very definite or well-settled notions of the nature and mode of that existence. From the teachings that he had heard in the pulpit, and read in theological works, his notions of the nature of the future existence were vague, shadowy, and uncertain. Of the true state of things, as it has since been revealed to him, he had no conception whatever, and he was as ready as any one to scoff at the spiritual intercourse which is now so manifest to many, and may yet be proved to the satisfaction of all.

His first experience of the kind was some time in the month of December, 1850. In the early part of November his wife had died. He was warmly attached to her, and they had lived together for more than thirty years. Her death affected him very much. He was living at the time at a small place in the country, a short distance from the city of New-York. His married daughters returned to town, to the care of their families, and his youngest to her boarding-school, and for a month or two he occupied his house alone, having no one about him but his servants, so that when he returned daily from his duties in town, he was alone, until he again, the next day, resumed his duties in court. He slept very little during the time, it frequently occurring that he would not retire to bed at all during the night.

During this time his mind was very much occupied with the inquiries concerning the nature of death, and the condition after death. He read and reflected a great deal on the subject. He was in the habit of throwing himself on his bed, or of reclining on a sofa, and continuing his reading. On one such occasion, after the family had all retired, and about midnight, as he lay reading, he distinctly heard the voice of his wife, speaking a sentence to him. As he has himself described the incident to us, he started as if he had been shot. He sat up, and looked around him. His lamp was still lighted, and the fire burning cheerfully in the grate, and he could see nothing

unusual. He lay down again, persuading himself that it was a delusion of his imagination, produced by his grief and sleeplessness. But reason upon it as he would, the impression on his mind that it had been a reality continued and grew in strength daily. He, however, sturdily resisted that impression, and for many days studied and analyzed the operations of his own mind, to ascertain, if he could, why it was that this impression of reality continued so vigorously against the oft-repeated conclusions of his reason that it was a mere delusion.

In the latter part of December, he took up his residence in the city for the winter, and he endeavored, by change of scene and occupation, to dispel this impression.

In the month of January ensuing, a lady who had been a warm friend of his wife, invited him to come to her house, to witness the Spiritual Manifestations. That lady said she had been impressed for several days to do so, and during that time had felt the continued presence of Mrs. Edmonds in a remarkable manner—whatever she might be doing, the idea of her departed friend being ever uppermost in her thoughts.

The Judge, to while away a tedious hour, and having scarcely any curiosity, and certainly no interest in the subject, accepted the invitation.

At the appointed time he attended, and no one was present but that lady, her daughter, and a rapping medium. The interview was a brief one, but several things occurred which at once riveted his attention. He ascertained, from his examinations, that the sounds which he heard were not, and could not be, produced by the persons present. He saw there was intelligence in them. His questions were answered with good sense, and entire sentences spelled out, expressing sentiments characteristic of the spirit who professed to speak, and his thoughts were read and spoken to, and mental questions answered, when the persons present could not even know that he asked a question, much less know what it was. He made a memorandum of what occurred, and he was told to correct an error he had made in his writing—an error which those present did not know any thing about, but which seemed to be known to the intelligence that was distinguishing the sounds.

These things attracted his attention and excited his curiosity, and he resolved to investigate the subject, and detect the imposture, if it was one.

From that time, for three or four months, he gave to the matter all the leisure time he had, seeing different mediums at different places, and in the company of different persons, and guarding, as far as his ingenuity could suggest, against the possibility of deception. During the ensuing summer, living in the country, where there was no medium, he was able to witness the phenomena only once a week.

He was very slow to yield his belief, and it was not until June following, after having investigated the matter for six months, and having had nearly one hundred interviews—no two of which were alike—did he finally abandon his unbelief, and admit that it must be spiritual.

He kept very full and careful records of all he witnessed, and perused them, once and again, to compare the proceedings of one day with others, that he might detect inconsistencies or contradictions. He sought for different mediums, thus precluding the possibility of concert of action. He associated with different circles, for the same purpose, and finally yielded his belief when no sane mind could withhold it any longer.

We have frequently heard him remark that, although he had witnessed many very remarkable and unaccountable physical manifestations, the moral evidences, as he termed them, which had been accorded to him, had had much the greatest influence upon his judgment. Those moral evidences consisted in his most secret thoughts being made known and exposed—thoughts which had been treasured in his bosom for years, and never uttered to human being; others more recently formed, and yet never uttered by him; and mental questions and inquiries answered, the very existence of which was unknown to any one but himself. These things were quite frequent with him, much more so than physical manifestations, which were accorded to others much more freely than they were to him.

They demonstrated to him, beyond the possibility of doubt, several important truths: one, that our most secret thoughts were known to a superior intelligence that was ever around us;

another, that man does live and forever, after his existence on this earth ceases; and another still, that his conduct here elaborates his destiny hereafter.

It must not be understood that his investigations were confined to rapping mediums. Every form of mediums that came within his reach—rapping, impressible, clairvoyant, writing, speaking, seeing—all were examined by him, and their revelations compared with each other, by means of the careful records which he kept, and which, it is to be hoped, will yet be given to the world.

During these investigations, "he found in his mind," as he expressed it, the impression of a scene in the spiritual world. The scene, the actors, the incidents, were all as vividly pictured in his mind as if all had been perceived by the outward senses; but, not imagining that he was himself ever to become a medium, he did not observe when or how he obtained the impression. But on one occasion, during the summer of 1851, when a small circle, of which he was a member, had assembled to converse through a rapping medium, it was announced to him that he was to become a medium for receiving communications direct from the Spirit-world, and that, under circumstances which would enable him to know and record them and give them to the world. That evening he was partly developed, and a few evenings afterward more fully, and he now began to receive those visions or allegorical pictures, some of which have been given in the SHEKINAH, and the residue of which we shall yet give to our readers. We have been allowed to peruse many of them, and we have been struck with their beauty—their sublimity at times—and the uniformly elevated tone of the morals which they teach. They are eminently practical in their character, and not a sentiment is to be found in any of them that would be unacceptable to the most pure and humble Christian. The lessons which they teach are those of love and kindness, and are addressed to the calm, deliberate reason of man, asking from him no blind faith, but a careful inquiry and a deliberate judgment.

Those visions are generally given to the Judge when he is alone, though sometimes they have appeared when others were present, and he has described them as they came and passed

away. They come as well by day as at night, and only require that external objects be shut out by closing the eyes.

The Judge, however, entertains the idea that he is, as yet, only partly developed as a medium, that he is now in a state of progress, and that his vision is yet to be opened, so as to enable him to see yet more the realities of the Spirit-world.

The change which all this has, in the mean time, worked in his character is quite perceptible to his intimate acquaintances. From being irascible and excitable at times, he has become calm and moderate; from being, occasionally, stern and unyielding, he has become kind and gentle; from being a doubter as to the future, he has become well grounded in the belief of man's immortality, and his redemption through the mercy of God; and he has found in spiritual intercourse, not merely matter to gratify an idle curiosity, or responses to vain and frivolous inquiries, but wisdom most profound, knowledge most interesting, and morality most pure and elevating, as all may find who will seek with a single desire for truth and with minds open to its reception.

Those who fail of eminence in this life may, at least, console themselves with the reflection that they escape the seductive influences that throng the avenues to the temple of fame. The man who occupies some humble walk of life is less exposed to danger, since his position is made to depend on personal industry rather than popular applause. If destitute of influence, he may have little to gain by an adhesion to prevailing errors, and still less to lose from a conscientious devotion to principles which wait the sanction of the future. The obligations of men increase in proportion to their personal influence, and the measure of their power to mold human conditions and to shape the destiny of the world. The man who rises to the highest position in the State is not always the most fortunate; for, without a just sense of the relation between human capacities and responsibilities, every success must be deemed a misfortune. The loftiest position among men may witness the soul's most fearful ordeal. The mountain is still the scene of the temptation; and seldom, indeed, does the man of the world descend from his proud eminence to entertain the truth that is born in the manger. Few

among earth's nobility received Christ in the day of his humiliation. Not many of his devout followers were called from the world's high places. The possession of temporal power; the pursuit of wealth and fame; the pride and splendor of earthly circumstance, and the superficial attainments and possessions of material and sensuous existence, have a power of fascination that is irresistible to the millions who yield to their potent spell. They alone exhibit a divine nobility who, with these hindrances, yet break from the gilded chain and assert their freedom.

A single consideration will conclude our sketch. The man who esteems it a privilege to respect his conscience at the hazard of whatever of personal influence he may have acquired in half a century; who calmly follows—and with no vain regrets—his deepest convictions of duty, and, moreover, with a certain consciousness of all he has at stake, justly claims the respect and admiration of men. For this, more than for all else, is Judge Edmonds deserving of honor; nor is there aught in the settled purpose of his mind to indicate that his course is determined by caprice or a momentary excitement. Those who know him familiarly observe a growing self-possession apparent in his manner, and in the normal exercise of his mental powers. His recent legal opinions exhibit the method of his mind; they are clear, concise, and vigorous in statement, and denote a healthy action of the faculties most essential to the honorable discharge of his official duties. It is an agreeable reflection, that the Judge has never lost sight of his earthly responsibilities, in making the discovery that he has intimate, endearing, and immortal relations to another life. No one can truly say that the obligations of the hour have been neglected or forgotten by him; or that his spiritual experience has rendered him less efficient in the administration of justice. While we write, he is calmly adjudicating in the Court of Appeals, at Albany; and neither his imperfect physical health, his love of retirement, nor the brightest images which angel-hands have sculptured to his vision in the pantheon of the opening Heavens, have been able to win him from earthly halls of judgment when his presence was demanded. Thus may he continue to pursue the even tenor of his way, humbly but firmly, trusting in every trial to the Supreme Judge of the world

THE CELESTIAL LIFE ON EARTH.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.

The Divine Love or Goodness is the only essential substance; and all things having proceeded from it are necessarily at bottom good, though *appearing* otherwise to the eye of finite intelligence. It can not be tenably denied that all that now is, or ever will be, was included or contained in the First Cause, and can be clearly traced to it by a chain of invulnerable links. This is true not only of all substance, but of all activity, life, intelligence, power, etc. The Divine Will is the only *real* will, and the Divine Intelligence the only real intelligence. All else is only *apparently* real, each thing in its degree. All theology, however, up to this date, has assumed, contrary to the clearest rational deductions, that man's will is independent of God's, and can and does withstand, contradict, and defeat His will, the consequences of which stretch throughout eternity, frustrating the Divine End in the creation; whereas, in all the wide and deep economy of the Divine Universe, the *real* truth is, that not a single fiber jars, or hair obstructs! But, I am satisfied that, if the dismal consequences of this virtual denial of God's omnipotence could be distinctly seen through the mists of prejudice that conceal them, its advocates would abandon it in terror, and forthwith acknowledge the all-sufficiency of the Divine Wisdom to effectuate the ends of Divine Love. It surely denies God, and is in its last analysis, pure and unrelieved Atheism. But as *real* good underlies, or is, as it were, the chemical base of all apparent evil, so this God-disparaging and God-denying doctrine served a *good* purpose in its day and generation. It was the legitimate product of a certain *state* in the history of the race's development, and the fatal consequences it involved only became obvious to the deeper analysis and vaster comprehension of later times. The deeper we descend into the constitution

and nature of things, and the wider we extend our views of the Divine Love, the more brilliant and soul-stirring the harmonies and beauties of the creation become. May I not, indeed, say that there is a potent solvent latent in the interior economy of things, that will yet resolve the horrors and deformities of the hells themselves, as means of the Divine End, into God's ravishing harmonies and beauties?

But if the Divine End or purpose in the whole creation was, and is *really* good, so must it undoubtedly be in every part and particle of the creation. "All is very good." Every atom, action, thought, and affection is indelibly stamped with the Divine End, and can not swerve a hair's breadth from its destiny, but, pointed with the Divine purpose, goes unerringly forward, ministering its proper use throughout all eternity! But we must come to the subject. It has been said that the Divine Love or Goodness, which is what Swedenborg means by the "Lord Jehovah," is the only *real* substance—the only real vitality, self-existent and self-subsistent—the fundamental Being. All else is derivative, and only apparently self-existent and self-subsistent. Any other doctrine is infidel, atheistic and absurd. Creation, spiritual and natural, is an *outbirth* of the Divine Love, and is distinctly discreted in its various degrees from it. Thus the first proximate proceeding, or discrete degree of the creation from the Lord, are the celestial, highest, or inmost heavens, wherein the love of the Lord is the supreme delight, or "ruling love," and corresponds to the emotional or affectional nature of man. The next discrete degree are the spiritual heavens, wherein the love of the neighbor is the ruling love, and corresponds to the intelligent nature of man. The last discrete degree is the natural sphere, wherein the love of self is the governing principle. "The Lord properly dwells in the midst of the celestial heavens"—is not outside of or above the creation, but "in the midst," and dwells correspondently or representatively in each outer degree of it—more distantly and imperfectly in the outermost, and more nearly and perfectly in the inner. This being the case, it is obvious that the creation, and all things of it, have not *of themselves substantial* being, but are phenomenal, dependent, conditional and imperfect—

shadows of the great Reality. Now, as it is thus with the All of things, exactly so is it with man, the type or microcosm. His *substantial* being *is* the Lord, who dwells properly in the midst of the celestial degree or heavens of his mind, and representatively in all the lower or outer degrees of it. It is this *representative* God that *is* the man. This appearance, this image and likeness, is *all that there is of us.* We have an apparent *self*-existence, an apparent *self*-will, *self*-intelligence and action, which discretes us from God, and individualizes us, yet at bottom or base, all is a unity—the one alone substance. But as it is man's destiny to become more and more an image of the Divine Love, and more and more a likeness of the Divine Wisdom, he passes successively through all those degrees, from the lower or outermost to the higher or innermost, opening and living in order the natural, spiritual, and celestial degrees or planes of his mind. But what finite intelligence can reckon the means, or comprehend the times and places, states and changes of this all-lasting development! Nevertheless, we must render this philosophy practicable, and bring it home to the hearts and heads of men here now. We first live a natural life, by which term I not only mean the material life, but also the natural passions and appetites, thoughts and affections. "All men," as Swedenborg says, "are first born into proprium, that they may thence become spiritual and celestial." The love of self is the prime or ruling love during this era. It centers all delight, enjoyment, etc., in the gratification of the selfish loves. Being essentially aggregative and conservative, it is a most powerful individualizing instrumentality. Self is the prompter of every thought, the mainspring of every action. The selfish life is a life of sharp discord and pointed antagonism. It is like the rough block of marble before it is sculptured into symmetry. Considered in itself as an end, there is no glory or beauty in it; but as a means to a higher life, it is instinct with harmony and holiness. It is the chrysalis form, that is plenary with the hues and glories of the Divine Life—the barbed and bitter hull that contains the sweet kernel which afterward expands itself, and discloses its beauties and glories in the genial sunshine of a purer and higher atmosphere!

Moreover, as the history of the individual is in general the history of the mass, all social, civil, religious, and theological institutions of this period of man's history, are marked by this ruling love, and testify it as unequivocally as the gallows testify crime; for the institutions of an age are but the outbirths of the *then* state of man's development, and, after all, are truly *subjective*. Man, like God, stamps his image and likeness on all around him. Is not the world yet ruled by selfishness? Are not all our social, civil, and political institutions deep laid in it? Does it not dictate in the municipality, and preside in the legislative hall? It isolates families and classes, and sets each man a spy upon every other man. It monopolizes the land, the air, the water, and human life. It systematically robs, plunders, and murders; makes slaves of our twin-brothers, and raises, like the Ishmaelites, every man's hand against his neighbor, making each man a defendant in a capital suit where all the others are plaintiffs against him! There are few departments of ultimate natural life that are not under the complete dominion of some one or other of the selfish loves or natural passions—cupidity, avarice, pride, ambition, or sensuality.

This state of life dominates and tyrannizes the love of the neighbor and the love of God, which have to be *compelled*, the former by criminal codes, jails, and penitentiaries, and the latter by the omnipotent vengeance, fire and brimstone, and eternal hell of a selfish God. None of us are strangers to the crudities and deformities of this early era in the long history of man. Self-love is the only original sin.

Next comes the moral life, in which the love of the neighbor (the moral element) is the dominating or supreme love. It is founded upon *conscience*, which is *formed*, as Swedenborg says, by doctrine, conscience always being according to our *belief* of what is right and what is wrong. But that belief varies in each age and nation, in each class and sect, and almost in each individual. The Spartan had a conscience to steal, while we have a conscience *not* to steal. The Catholic worships the Virgin Mary with as pure and bright a conscience as the Protestant, to whom it is profanity, worships Christ. The priest or clergyman generally forms the conscience of his followers, and each theologian

or moralist has a conscience according to his system. Though our perceptions and belief of what is right and wrong are indefinitely varied, yet conscience in each, being the *love* of what we *believe* to be right, has the *same* source in all, just as the Rhine flows north, and the Rhone south, yet both have their source in the *same* mountains.

This life, when contrasted with the selfish life, is full of beauty and excellence, but when contrasted with the celestial life, is full of imperfections and deformities. To explain this paradox, let us analyze it briefly. It implies and requires evil and error as one ground of its being. It requires a knowledge of evil in order that there may be choice between it and good, and thus merit or blame; and who can have a knowledge of what does not exist? Moreover, that evil must *continue* to exist along with the good, that the prerogative of choice may continue, and the moral constitution be preserved, for when and where evil dies out and ceases, our moral being is at an end. It is conditioned upon the existence of evil as well as good. There is no merit where there *could* have been no blame; and I say, too, that every moral being must have *done* the evil—must have partaken of the forbidden fruit—in order to *know* the good and the true, just as the blind man, in order to have an idea of color, must see it with his *own* eye. The moral virtues sicken and die when and where their correlative vices live not. Would there be any sympathy or pity where there were no sorrows or griefs to be soothed? Would there be any forbearance, forgiveness, or mercy, where there was no fault? Would there be any pity and commiseration, benefaction and condolence, where there was no misfortune or calamity? And where would be the majesty of mercy and pardon, if there was no crime? Yes; and to appreciate all those virtues, we must have *tasted* of every human ill; and to know and feel penitence and remorse, we must have been tainted with iniquity and crime. To do and be better, we must have been and done worse. To be redeemed, we must have fallen. In the moral life there was and is no *faultless* man except God, and even He, as a merely moral Man, abstracted from His divine character, is a doer of iniquity and vice.

Now, look for a moment at the practical operation of this life

in man. It has, of necessity, two sides—a good and an evil side. It is founded upon and arises out of the antagonism of good and evil, which antagonism, in order that this life may be all-inclusive, is diffused and ramified throughout all the institutions of the moral era. Every individual in all its empire must have his good and his bad side—must be "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," that he may be a man of sympathy, pity, benevolence, and love. It makes invidious distinctions between man and man—the one better and the other worse—the one honored and approbated, and the other condemned. The moral grandeur of the greatest and best is but established upon the comparative moral ruin of all those around them. For every one that is invested with honor and glory, others must be covered with shame. And this distinction descends from the pinnacled heights of moral worth, in church and state, to the obscurities of the kitchen and workshop. It is wholly and fundamentally incompatible with entire and absolute fellowship. It has a tariff of crimes and penalties, of honors and rewards, and an executive that imperiously enforces it. It despotically rules the man and his actions, by motives, by threats, and frights and fears, and by promises, hopes and rewards. It teaches man responsibility; and with a flattering smile, promises him reward, or with a threat, points him to penalty. It is a battle-ground where the Divine Life, vital in the inmost, comes down and struggles with the selfish life—a period of encounter between the powers of Darkness and Light; the morning twilight of a mighty day; a day of enfranchisement and final glory for the human family; an alternating time; a transition state.

As all institutions are but outbirths or external embodiments of man's *state* of life, the necessary imperfections and deformities of the moral era beget a correspondingly imperfect and deformed theology and religion. The undeniable necessity of evil in the moral life and constitution, is the secret cause of all the religious enormities and theological monstrosities in repute among Christians at this day. They *fear* and worship God only as a Moral Being, ascribing to Him all the moral virtues which are inseparable from their antagonist vices: hence, without seeming to be aware of it, they, of necessity, ascribe to him the attributes

of another famous character found in their theology. He is wrathful, vindictive and exemplary, condemning and approving, "electing and reprobating." It places Him under the absolute dominion of Motive, and thus implies a power superior and external to His omnipotence, and which binds Him by consequences. Hell is the result of His moral disapprobation, and heaven of His beneficence and love, and are true correspondents of the necessary antagonism of good and evil in His moral character—the indispensable *conditions* of His moral being, just as the knowledge and experience of evil are necessary ingredients in the moral constitution of man. Thus it divides the universe, and makes it a stupendous antagonism, held in twain by eternally opposing forces! Such are the momentous results, briefly stated, of regarding the moral dispensation as final and supreme! But it, in fact, is only phenomenal, provisionary, and temporary, and like the selfish life, is inevitably doomed to an utter death. It is not an *End* of the Divine Love, but only a grand and efficient means.

The celestial life is above and beyond (interior to) this life. It is the proximate receptacle of the Divine Love itself—the direct and immediate efflux of the Holiest of Holies that "dwells in the midst"—that life that comes down from God, in the center of the human soul, and occupies the spiritual and natural planes, when the celestial degree of the mind is opened. While man lives his selfish and moral life in long succession, it is in abeyance—waiting to be revealed, when the time of its advent shall arrive. It is the garden *eastward* in Eden, with the tree of life, with the Lord himself "in the midst," and from which man was driven, when he lost the celestial life, and became a moral man by the knowledge of good and evil, since which time its gates,

"With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms,"

have been closed to his selfish and moral posterity. But when the gates of this paradise, or the celestial degree of the mind, are again thrown open, the Divine Life flows down into the lower or outer degrees of the mind, cleanses the leprous spots of the moral man, and expels the blotches, and blurs, and carbuncles

of the external selfish man, and completely renovates and purifies him from all stain. It must be remembered that I am not now treating of the various degrees of life as they are in their essence in the heavens, and in the heaven of heavens, but as they are now, or will surely hereafter be, correspondently on earth; for all the degrees of the mind can be opened and lived while here on earth, and ultimated in actual life: as Swedenborg teaches, the ruling love here conjoins the man with its corresponding heaven, and when he dies he comes into that heaven. In the celestial life, all the imperfections, short-comings, sanctions, constraints, and penalties, of all former dispensations, are merged in the unutterable and measureless love of God. The subject of it knows no guilt, imperfection, or evil—knows no consequence or accountability, is dominated by no outward circumstance or power superior to himself, but the highest and last *appearance* is that he is wholly redeemed and free—*a law unto himself*. Here he is intrinsically pure, and all his sins remitted, expunged, lost, gone in the deep and mighty ocean of the Divine Love! Here he has no longer a conscience of sin against God, which, in the moral dispensation, makes him so unhappy, miserable, wretched, blind, and naked, but life, and action identified, is its own unspeakable delight! Here his action passes not beyond his own subjectivity, his very being is action or use, and his action or use, his glory and happiness. Being is doing, and doing delight. This is what Swedenborg means, when he says, "The celestials are in the delight of their life."

In the selfish life, the action of the subject always relates to consequences—is brought forth by them. It is done or performed, in *order* that some selfish interest or object may be attained. There is no delight in the action itself; it is even irksome and undelightful: but the happiness is in the *results* of it, as ministering to some cupidity, concupiscence, or lust. So, likewise, in the moral life, action regards consequences, and is determined by them. It has no delight *sui generis*, but is constrained by a sense of duty, by reward and penalty; the happiness of the actor, in both cases, arising *after* the action is performed. And this is true not only of the selfish and moral life on earth, but also of the spiritual-natural and spiritual life

in their corresponding heavens. But in the celestial life it is wholly otherwise. The action itself is its own exceeding great delight. Action, good and true, is here the essential felicity and glory of the subject. In the fullness of its own beatitude, it ignores all outward, selfish, and moral ends. Flowing proximately from the Lord himself, in the inmost, it is, in the very highest apparent sense, unconstrained, spontaneous, and free, dominated by no hopes and promises, threats and fears. For instance, the end of the shoemaker in the selfish life is to produce the shoe with as little action or cost to himself as possible, and get as much for it from his neighbor as possible. His delight consists in thus appropriating the substance of his neighbor to himself; his action being only a *means* to this end. In the moral life, his motive is to produce as good a shoe for his neighbor as he would for himself, and at a like cost and price, that his neighbor may thereby be benefited, and himself have peace of mind and self-satisfaction; his action, too, being only a means to this end. But the delight of earth's celestial shoemaker is in the very *activity* of his use—is in the very *exercise* of his God-given genius and ingenuity in the production of the very best article he can. His action is not constrained by any reference to consequence, end, reward, or penalty. He knows them not. But the action itself is its own great and inestimable reward. Thus his life is action, and his action delight. I might instance thus in all the departments of human use or industry here on earth; the hatter, the tailor, the jeweler, architect, husbandman, etc., whose happiness in the celestial life will be not in the selfish and moral results of these various functions, but in the very performance of them—in God's direct inspiration of a special use into his soul—in the copious inflow of the Divine Life or activity, taking distinct form in each. The labored productions of the artist, who measures his genius by silver and gold, honor and profit, far removed from God, never can be so instinct and alive with the Divine beauty, as those of the celestial genius, whose birthright and delight it is to shadow glowingly forth, by an immediate influx, the beauties and glories of heaven and of God, unbought and unsold!

The Divine Life, or activity, flowing proximately into the

celestial subject, with a special faculty of use in each, sharply individualizes each one from every other one, and endows him with a license to perform it, derived from the King of kings, and as substantial as his own being. The felicity of the subject being in the *discharge* of his special use, it is wholly and completely subjective, ignoring all outward conditions and authority. Unaffected by results or consequences, it is not the subject of monopoly, competition, envy, or jealousy, but unlimited, self-sufficient, spontaneous, and free.

The selfish life makes me war with my species, and detest the man who has more sugar-plums than I have got. The moral life makes me bow down to and reverence the man who has more virtues than I have, and makes me shrink from the contaminating touch of the man who has less. But the celestial life vouchsafes me a heritage of felicity in my asthetic use—in the rapturous performance of my God-decreed function.

The selfish life sickens me with avarice, ambition, jealousy, and envy, and makes me in heart a thief and robber, and, in fact, a wine-bibber and a glutton—serving a bacchanalian God. The moral life wearies me with perpetual vigilance, makes me join in the "hue and cry" to reprobate and condemn my defiled and guilty brother, and laud the *upright* judge who condemns him, and the *exemplary* executioner who strangles him—gives me a conscience of sin against God, who says my soul, *per se*, is as black as Erebus, and overwhelms me with despair. But the celestial life endows me with essential beatitude and glory, absolves me from all reproach and blemish, and makes my life its own delight.

In the selfish life the gratification of my selfish passions and propensities but adds to their strength, sharpens their voracious craving, and augments their tyranny. In the moral life, the demands of argus-eyed duty are never satisfied; they accumulate upon me in a compound ratio. No sooner do I answer them than she has a thousand more drafts upon me to be met and discharged at the peril of my soul—bedeviling me with temptations, humbling me with contrition, and galling and fretting me into recklessness and despondency, with disappointment and mortification. But the celestial life insures me a sacred peace and

happiness in my asthetic action—making the very substance of my being felicity itself—the true poetry of life!

Now, all truth is practicable, and intended by God to be so. There is no tenable ground for the distinction between theory and practice. It is a fallacy. If the theory *is* true, then it is preëminently practicable, for all truth regards human life and happiness; and the social system, creed, philosophy and *theology* that is not practicable in human life and action *is false.* You will say, perhaps, that history does not bear me out in this allegation; that the feudal system of olden times, for instance, was a mammoth falsity, and yet it was strikingly practicable, etc., etc. But understand me. *Truth is subjective*, and its perception and practice depend upon the *state* of development of the subject. The feudal system, in its day, was the highest truth the age or nation was then receptive of. But in the progressive march of the race it was outstripped, and became obsolete, and no longer practicable, as all the higher truths of the moral era will become, when the celestial age shall dawn. Progression, development, or regeneration, is nothing but the more and more abundant efflux of the Divine love into the race of man, raising him successively out of the selfish into the moral, and out of the moral into the celestial life; and truths *are* truths in each era, according to the state of the percipient subject.

The Divine love is Infinite Action, and its action Infinite Happiness; and man becomes more and more an image of it as he progresses or regenerates. Use is the very essence of the Divine Being, and God and the universe is a magnificent utilitarianism! And shall man's use not also become his delight? Shall it not be "his meat and his drink to do the will of the Father?" Shall he not become a law unto himself? Shall not his final beatitude and glory consist in the performance of his special use for its own sake? Shall it not be the only attraction and delight, domieated by no outward selfish ends or sense of duty, as the Divine love is dominated by no motive or selfishness? *It* is essentially esthetic. His being is doing; His doing, supreme delight. Man in his innermost life, or the celestial heavens, or degree of his mind, is esthetic; and his (apparently) unconstrained and spontaneous action, the immediate inflow of the Divine action. Who

eats his dinner because he *fears* if he don't he will starve? Who begets his species from a sense of duty? Are not the performance of those uses purely esthetic—their own reward? So also will it be of all the multitudinous offices, functions, trades, occupations, etc., in the wide economy of human use on earth, when the celestial era shall dawn. It will make every workshop radiant with genius, and every field redolent with flower and fruit, and all the earth alive with the bursting glories and ravishing harmonies of the Divine action in man?

The *theology* of this life redeems the Divine Being from all the defilements, imperfections, and disparaging attributes of all former dispensations. It teaches a God of pure love, who sees from the inmost all things as they *really* are, and not according to appearance; and before whom all men are as white as the light and as spotless as infancy. A God who is infinite action, and, therefore, infinite delight. The *Esthetic Absolute*, whose Deific genius is ever gloriously displayed in His great use or action of the universe! Not a Being enthroned in the dismal solitude of immensity, delighted only with the praise of unimaginable millions, who, at immense distances, bow before Him in slothful adoration and coward fear, but a God plenary in every good action and thought of man. Not millions of leagues and ages removed from me, but nearer to me than my own brother; dwelling in the center of my soul, and whose love or life, when the celestial degree of my mind is opened, flows down and vitalizes my outward action here on earth, thus uniting the divinity within with the humanity without, (*vide* Revelations, 3d chap. and 20th and 21st verses); and perpetually glorifying Himself in us all; who makes it our highest bliss to show forever forth His love, beauty and holiness, in the spontaneous performance of our special use—a God who is praised in action, and rapturously adored on earth, as in the heavens, by the esthetic industry of man.

THE SPHERE OF COMMUNION.

A PROSE POEM.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

The Human Soul, in the varied processes of life, traverses three great Spheres of existence, and stands in three different attitudes of spiritual consciousness. First, it passes outwardly to the observation of the visible Universe. It gazes on the vision of Nature, as it is unfolded in the realms of universal space: this is the attitude of Perception. Second, it withdraws itself from the outward world, and directs its vision to the world within. It penetrates the mystery of mind, and heart and will; it renews the Past in the pictures of memory, and projects the Future from its inward hope; it arranges the treasures of knowledge; analyzes the results of experience; traces out the plan of action, and determines the objects and methods of life: this is the attitude of Reflection. Third, it withdraws from the sphere of meditation, as it has from that of perception; it directs its spiritual aspiration to the Infinite Soul, the source of its and Nature's life; it enters into incommunicable relations with the Divine existence; it receives its elements, and feels them mingle with its own: and this is the attitude of Communion.

In perception we look outwardly; in meditation we look inwardly; in communion we look upwardly. In perception we penetrate the realm of form; in meditation the realm of law; in communion the realm of essential and original life. In perception the senses are active; in meditation the understanding is active; in communion the Soul itself is active in realms above the grasp of understanding, or the sight of sense. Communion is that ultimate fact of consciousness which the devout of all times have sought to attain through prayer. It is the Spirit's upward look; its entranced and silent adoration; its ascent into

the realms where space merges in infinitude, and the successions of time melt in the circle of the one eternity. It is our return to the bosom of the Father—our absorption in the silent bliss and repose of the Absolute and Essential Life.

The senses are windows looking outward on the world of form, of color, of material life, of visible harmony, of Divine Art symbolized in creation. The Spirit stands behind the eye, as behind transparent glass, and perceives the shifting forms of Nature, their magic transmutations, their mystic loveliness; or, rather, the senses are a living and translucent atmosphere that surrounds the Soul, and on its undulations flows in from every form of being, its music, its fragrance, and its light. The ample dome of the firmament; the ancient sculpture of the mountains; the living landscape, with its hues of green and gold; the streamlets, that scatter light, and melt in music as they run; the ocean, whose billows are like the keys of a mighty organ, woke to music by that weird harmonist, the blast; birds, that like the poet's thought, fly on their resounding wings from zone to zone; the living shapes of the animal kingdom, and man himself, with his erect form and imperial brow;—all these are revealed to the Spirit only when it leans from the window of the senses, and stands in the attitude to perceive.

The Intellect is dome-like, bending with shining arch above the soul. Rays from the Infinite Reason converge within it, and thus comes Revelation. Beams from the spiritual world shine on it, and these are thoughts of immortality. Upon its cloudy curtains, as upon the visible firmament, when penciled by the rising or setting sun, is pictured the dawning glory of the Future, and the fading effulgence of the Past. The light that fills it, reveals the Universe. Each emotion of terror or of love that the heart created; each deed of good or ill that the will embodied; each imagination that rose rainbow-like, and spanned the soul; each idea that came and stood all radiantly before us like some fixed star to direct the track of life—all these have form, and voice, and being, within the firmamental dome of Intellect, and in reflection we enter the precincts of this personal and individual world; we gaze upon its magnificent amplitude; we introduce order amid its strange creations;

we ponder over its mystery, we cast hopes and actions into the future of its fate.

But the Spirit—the looker through the windows of sense, the unfolder of the pictures of memory, and the visions of hope—is not confined to these pictures of Divine Beauty which are scattered through the universe, is not limited to these meditations of Divine Wisdom which are reflected upon the intellect. Above sense, above thought, is Communion; the soul's interchange of emotion with its Divine Original; its baptism in the divine Love; its illumination with the heavenly Wisdom; its reception of celestial Life; its translation to the real and abiding existence; its calm and tranquil rest upon the Father's bosom.

There is a unison of heart with heart, when friend meets with friend, and the quickened pulse and the brightening countenance reveal how beautiful it is; there is an influx of pure bliss, when the soul in tranquil mood is filled with the universal life of Nature, and feels a sense of mystic oneness with the hills and rivers, with the lily whose breath is fragrance, and the star whose life is light; there is a time of sacred joy for Lovers, the one in heart, when passion dies, and affection grows Angel-pure, and the intense emotions of the soul need no more the halting interpretation of the tongue; there is the communion of the mother with her child, when her holy love, falling like summer dew, descends to hallow and to purify the breast; there is the communion of the Poet with the infinite harmony of the Universe, when his soul becomes an æolian lyre, which every breath of heaven awakes to melody, when for him the soul and history grew vocal, and the stars sing as well as shine; there is the communion of the Artist with ideal and supernatural Beauty, when the vail of Nature grows transparent, when he penetrates the open secret, and sees Creation as a picture of Divine Art, mirrored upon Infinitude; there is the communion of the rapt Idealist with the Angel-world, when shapes of glory move about him, and earth fades like a shadow, and Heaven dawns through radiant vistas, as if its gateway opened in the sun. But all these but poorly and faintly symbolize the soul's communion with its God, for then the limitations of humanity seem merged in the Infinite Completeness; then we are rapt away from the world

of sense and time in beatific vision; then one day is richer than a thousand years, and a thousand years pass quickly as a day; then all that man ever sought is found, and aspiration itself is satisfied, and heaven is won; then holiness, and harmony, and blessedness, and joy, too deep for truth or tears, are all our own. Then within us is God's love, and around us is his perfect beauty, and all that beauty and that love is freely given. Then the great prayer of Jesus has met with its fulfillment, and we are one with God through him.

This state—the highest condition of Humanity—embodies in it prayer and its fulfillment, desire and answer, infinite aspiration, infinite fullness of beautiful life and rest. Then our will is one with God's will, and our life is found in his life. Then our desire is to be complete in love, and our desire is answered till our nature is filled, and its limits overflowed. Our will is strong, for God's will is our power; our affections are purified and made genial and active, for God's love flows through the soul. Holy emotions waft their odors about us like breath from Paradise, and we hear in spirit the voices of innumerable angels, chanting, glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to men.

Wakening to outward consciousness, to physical activity, from this beatific rest, our hearts glow as did the face of Moses, when he descended from the mount. Each moral nerve is once more elastic; each spiritual pulse is throbbing with the circulations of a more real and eternal life. We see a purer beauty in the outward world, to which we are introduced by the sensuous medium. We discern the introduction of order and life into meditative thought. We are calmer to overlook and overcome life's petty annoyances. We are stronger to meet life's serious labors and difficulties, ordering and subduing them with manly and energetic will. We are stronger to do our Father's will and work, since we have rested on his bosom in the beauty of his holiness and the infinitude of his love

THE STARS.

BY C. D. STUART.

Now the moon is up, with tender,
  Pale, and melancholy light,
And a million star-eyes render
  Homage to the Queen of Night.
Let us watch, through cloudy bars,
For the beauteous moon and stars!

Trailing, in the far-off heaven
  With a soft and fitful tread,
Hooded from their light, till even
  Bids them sparkle overhead;
Still they lure me, still they woo me—
Had I wings they would undo me!

Maiden-eyes, so full and lavish,
  Are not brighter than those eyes
That, with silver glances, ravish
  All my dreaming to the skies:
Child, I saw, and could but love them,
Wondering what there was above them.

Now, with holier light they glisten,
  Since one taught my beating heart—
Willing for such lore to listen—
  How that friends, who walk apart
Through the mist of death, and leave us,
Are the stars—which should not grieve us!

That the night is death, and dying
  Only bears us up afar,
Where, like those I'm fondly eyeing,
  Each is made a shining star—
Linked with all the beauteous olden,
In their God-home, ever golden.

Pleiad lost, and Orion hidden
  From his eyes by piteous tears,
Blind and wandering, as unbidden
  Tracks he onward through the years;
Old and grey-beard stars, I render
Heart-felt homage to your splendor.

And, ye young and newer, shining
  As for eldest Jove ye shone,
Ere the golden age declining,
  Left him shorn and stark alone;
Upward gazing, ye restore me
All the beauteous gone before me!

Happy is that river's bosom,
  Where your softened image lies;
Happy is the meadow blossom,
  Gleaming with its dewy eyes—
In your glance a moment gleaming,
Like a heart that joys when dreaming!

Fade not ever—ever sparkle
  Through the deep and solemn night;
Hopes are frail, and pleasures darkle—
  O for some unfading light!
Be ye still that light above me
Imaging the true that love me.

MAXIMUM AND MINIMUM OF MATTER.

BY WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

Much has been casually said of the infinity of space, the infinity of magnitude, the infinity of size as a minimum; but, we hardly form exact ideas of these qualities, though very flippantly represented by modes of expression; and upon examination we wonder at their indefiniteness, and discover that we have never had a perfect impression even of the limits of the finite, nor have ever been able to reduce them to certainty.

Let us, for instance, glance a moment at the apparent partition walls of our prodigious hollow sphere, called the universe, and imagine the number of stars whose rays may be made to greet the eye. In a section of the Milky Way, only 15 degrees long and 2 degrees broad, Dr. Herschel saw 50,000, and suspected there were twice as many more, which, for want of sufficient light in his telescope, he saw only now and then. In the whole Milky Way there are eighteen million telescopic stars uninterrupted by any nebulæ. Nearly one hundred million are computed to be visible through our best instruments in all parts of the heavens accessible to our view. And since over 3,000 nebulæ, most of them resolvable to a great degree, have been discovered, if each contains as many stars as the Milky Way, which is not improbable, fifty thousand million must exist within our sphere of vision. Vast as this number is, we could count yet more, (and mathematics would carry us even beyond the comprehension of imagination), and as we apply more perfect instruments, we have good reasons to believe our telescopic neighbors, in the aggregate, to be but a speck to what is still beyond our visual reach; we are almost certain greater improvements and wider fields are in store for us, subject to our own future developments. Then, to all this, add the idea that, around each of this immense host, a busy retinue of primary and secondary planets and comets, numerous

as those of our system, are constantly revolving, and we find the finite very much enlarged in our estimation, while our first idea of it was very obscure and diminutive.

A word upon astronomical VELOCITY will not disparage this astounding view. Beginning with the planet Mercury in its orbit, at 109,800 miles an hour, equal to 1,830 miles a minute, or 30½ miles in a second, and its speed of nearly 100,000 miles daily additional on its way with the solar system through space toward the constellation Hercules, our imagination is staggered at the first blow. Conscious personal experience steps aside, acknowledging utter ignorance on that point. Surpassing this, Halley's comet flew more than 880,000, some say a million, miles an hour. And yet beyond, far beyond, dart forth streamers 2½ degrees long from the comet's tail of 1807, within a single second; which is equal to over four and a half million miles, that is, twenty-three times as quick as light flashes. Race-horses, greyhounds, carrier-pigeons, cannon-balls, lightning, would be but tortoises or snails in their comparative motions. Still all is measurable, and expressible in human language, without perceiving any traces of the infinite.

Baffling as are these facts to mental comprehension, a consideration of DISTANCE will hold its rank among them. At the onset, by the expression *billion*, we mean a million of millions, or a million multiplied by a million. Sirius, the brightest fixed star, is over twenty billion miles distant. The double star sixty-one Cygni is over sixty-two billion miles from us, and its light consumes nine years to reach the earth. Orion's great nebula is sixteen times the distance of Sirius. Dr. Maedler, the Russian astronomer, estimates the distance of Alcyone, one of the Pleiades, to require 537 years for its light to travel to us, at twelve million miles a minute. Herschel's telescope developed stars, whose light would be 3,541 years in getting to the earth, as they are nearly twenty-three thousand billion miles distant. By guaging the heavens, he computed the Milky Way's profundity to be such that 1,000 stars in a line, at the same distance from each other as sixty-one Cygni is from us, requiring over 10,000 years for light to traverse it from end to end, would be but a fair measure of its vast extent, while some of the milky nebulæ, not

resolvable into stars, are at thrice that remoteness. Some of the celestial objects, so remote that their light barely stains the blue sky, would consume 100,000 years in visiting this planet's range of vision. Finally, "the elder Herschel was of opinion that light required almost two million years to pass to the earth from the remotest luminous vapor reached by his forty feet reflector; and, consequently, says he, so many years ago, this object must already have had an existence in the sidereal heaven, in order to send out those rays by which we now perceive it." Lord Rosse's star-gathering mammoth penetrates even much deeper than that; and which, after all, is but the radius of a circle, and must be doubled to obtain the diameter, as the telescope sees just as far in the opposite direction; but none have ever yet penetrated far enough to graze the edge of Infinity. A singular revolution of the solar system around its central sun, Alcyone, is performed in no less than eighteen million years, so vast is its orbit.

Nor will the SIZE of celestial objects be found wanting in the comparison. If we commence with the sun, whose diameter exceeds 880,000 miles, we have a body capable of containing the earth and the moon, allowing the latter to revolve around the former as it now does, and leaving a space or margin of 200,000 miles between the moon and the sun's inner surface. Herschel estimated the comet's tail of 1811 to be 100 million of miles long, and nearly fifteen millions broad. The nebula of Orion subtends an angle of nearly ten minutes diameter, and is consequently more than two trillion times the size of our sun; yet, this immense object is scarcely visible to the unassisted eye. The stars visible to the naked eye at night, would, in the aggregate, form a mass of matter equal to 1,320 million globes like our earth. Melt all the telescopic objects into one vast mold, and you have a sphere more than fifty million times larger than the preceding aggregate. Then, what almost immeasurable space has each for its orbit! How overpowering to human comprehension are our glimpses of the finite! They furnish ample materials for contemplation, wonder, admiration.

What, then, must be the infinite in space and magnitude? Incomprehensible! None can seriously ponder on these and other adducible facts, without feeling what microscopic beings we are,

and yet how fathomless are the capacities packed away in such a minute compass. Our capabilities to trace out the numbers, distances, velocities, dimensions, and phenomena of that portion of the universe within reach of the scientific mind, demonstrate this mind to be in the same plane of action with the great Original, who presides over us, and to be, as it were, in these respects, homogeneous with Him. Gratitude can not but be the natural result of a consciousness that we possess such faculties, and of what their possession leads us to infer as to the probability of their continued existence after we shall seem to be extinct to the mortal eye.

Let us now consider the divisibility of matter, or the infinite MINIMUM. We will not begin with the universe, and gradually descend by galaxies, clusters, groups, and nebulæ; nor with the earth as a whole, to pulverize it by a long succession of divisions and subdivisions, from a hemisphere to a grain of sand; but simply with a minute particle of dust, which even the buoyancy of the air sustains above the earth's surface, in defiance of the law of gravitation. Begin where, in truth, formerly would have been deemed a good place to end, or with what might have been considered a positive terminus. Regard this as the maximum, as we have above regarded the sun as the minimum, in our survey of increasing size. To this floating mote apply a magnifying glass. Arrest its course, and secure it firmly to the dissecting board. With a fine sharp instrument cut it in two. Take one of its halves, and bisect that. If needful, apply a more powerful lens, a keener knife, and a steadier hand. Proceed until either hand or knife, or both, fail to dissever its minute segments, and you reach the limits of *mechanical* division. The fragment eludes the unassisted eye altogether.

Pursue the same impalpable relic of an atom by another method; for your microscope demonstrates its presence, its form, its color. Try its solvent—a fluid. Let the gigantic power of this menstruum force its tiny dimensions asunder, absorb its parts into the close interstices, and disseminate them through every portion of the liquid. Withdraw part of a drop from the whole quantity, and let evaporation deposit or leave the infinitesimal point upon the little glass slide for your inspection. Push

this to the remotest boundary of *chemical* solution or analysis and microscopic vision, and you have not attained the highest possible degree of divisibility. The minimum has not yet been reached. Its goal is far, very far beyond.

Passing from the inanimate, let us gently enter upon the domain of the animate minutiæ of nature. Put this drop of water under the lens; it teems with darting thousands, from the size of a needle's point to a moving speck, just perceptible to the assisted eye. Attach a higher magnifying power; that speck appears large as the needle's point, and another comes to view, of the same apparent size as the former, in its place. Pile glass upon glass, increase your magnifying power to thirty or forty millions, and your eye beholds them yet continuing to roll into sight from out their previously concealed visibility; the instrument rends the vail which hid them; and "the cry is still they come." Yes, they burst upon the astounded sight from the minutest nooks; they rally from the profoundest depths of obscurity into the area of human vision, not single and alone, but in schools or shoals, by thousands. Through this immense magnifier, strain your eye to its utmost tension; and yonder, in dim, hazy, shadowy outlines, motion and life are perceptible in the still minuter animalcules. That faint, indistinct speck appears thirty or forty million times larger than it really is at that immense distance from the natural eye; and yet, snugly, exquisitely packed away within its interior, are the elements of life. Legs or fins, perhaps a polished and porous shell, it obviously possesses. Organization and respiration also belong to it. To what a degree of refinement has matter been reduced for this wonderful purpose! But we must not pause here, except to admire. It is now capable of division into parts; for of parts it is made. Even imagination is outgeneraled, and our campaign is not quite finished!

Reflect that this mite has an eye, perfect in form, action, and capacity. This eye is a microscope, as far removed from the practicability of imitation by the keenest human ingenuity, as the remotest telescopic objects are from the reach of our hands. And it is doubtless an achromatic microscope, too, which will penetrate into the insect visibility of matter, crude and organ-

ized, as much farther below the minimum size our artificial lenses reveal to us, as these do beyond the scope of our naked vision. It is as much more powerful as it is smaller, more perfect, and better adapted to its location, than we can possibly construct one. It would magnify what we term nothing into a measurable, distinct, living something. Now, think of dividing these living, organized somethings, or the yet minuter objects within their range of vision, into their constituent parts, and you are not without the purlieus of material divisibility. And yet this great globe, dense and palpable as it is, is composed of such millionfold invisible mites or atoms of matter as its elementary parts—individually transparent as crystal; *en masse*, opaque as darkness. Compression and aggregation make them visible, tangible, sizable, bulky, massive, huge.

Who can fathom the skillful mechanism of the Great Artificer?—of Him who makes the boundaries between something and nothing as difficult to our discriminating faculties as are the boundaries between organized and gross matter, or between vegetable and animal life? Who makes the superficies of a grain of sand a day's journey for His living creatures, and presents it to their lustrous eyes a prodigious mountain, full of precipices, hills, vales, and even founts of water! Who has endowed us with abilities almost adequate to pursue our researches to the very walls of nonentity! Surely does it seem that neither minuteness nor vastness can be exaggerated, nor the finite compassed by man; how, then, can the infinite?

Now, without disturbing the Materialist's equanimity in the least, without compromising the Spiritualist's active faith, or trespassing upon the bounds of improbability, the transition becomes easy from the preceding considerations to that of a spiritual body. And we will here introduce, as an appropriate conclusion, the beautiful language of the celebrated Dr. Dick: "In our present state of corporeal organization it is impossible to wing our flight even to the nearest celestial orb in that system of which we form a part, much less to the distant starry regions. How pure spirits, disconnected with material vehicles, may transport themselves from one region of creation to another, it is impossible for us, in the present state, to form a conception. But

it is possible to conceive of a system of organization far more refined than the present, and susceptible of a power of motion far surpassing what we have an opportunity of witnessing in this terrestial sphere—a locomotive power which might enable an intelligent agent to keep pace with the rapid motions of the celestial orbs. We have only to suppose organical vehicles constructed with matter far more subtle and refined than hydrogen gas, or the ethereal fluid, and approximating to the tenacity of light itself. As we find animalculæ many thousands of times less than the least visible point, their bodies must be constructed of materials extremely subtle and refined; and hence we may infer that the same all-wise Intelligence, who formed such minute and refined structures, can with equal ease construct a material organization for the residence of a rational soul out of the finest materials which creation can supply, and endow it with a capacity of rapid motion superior to that of some of the celestial globes which roll around us. It is not improbable that angelic beings are connected with such a system of material organization, which enables them to move with rapidity from one part of creation to another; and it is possible that man, in a future world, may be invested with such vehicles and such powers of rapid motion."

We know that the force of our will is qualified by the materials of our bodies; obstructed, impeded in its action by the resistance wielded by these gross materials. How often our haste to reach a certain scene or spot seems to press the will into a struggle of release, to get there before the body, and frets to outstrip its comparatively slow motions. Endow this will with a more attenuated structure, more unresisting, and less affected by the trammel of gravitation, and its operation will be easier, more effective; the speed will increase almost *ad infinitum;* its fretting and chafing will subside. It is universally clear that we instantaneously throw our thoughts around the globe, and as far as our knowledge has pioneered the way, even to the stars; and just as clear that, when we will to do, we will instantaneously to do it, and then urge our energies and limbs to coöperate with us in its immediate accomplishment. Remove the cumbersome obstacle of flesh, that representative menagerie of creation, slip

on the ethereal habiliment, and your act, your velocity, equals your will in its flight.

Such is the analogical and inferential ladder, which conducts us from gross, visible matter up to refined and invisible; from torpidity and shackles to flashing speed and unbounded freedom. The self-same principles are involved; the steps are gradual, uniform, regular. These principles are as universally applicable in this department of the universe, as are those of Newton's great law of attraction, if not identical with them. His *vis inertiæ* seems to be the anchor which impedes our motions. This is to be sloughed off; and as we farther advance, the stamp of Progress from the Almighty's eloquent signet will be developed more and more distinctly, will brighten with greater effulgence, until its blazing illumination is brilliantly visible to every human intelligence, and its sublime characters are instantly legible and glittering with the halo of their own infallible innate interpretation.

Night.—We all know something of that lassitude which is induced by continued physical or mental action. After protracted toil and incessant activity we become weary, and a season of rest is required to restore the exhausted energies of nature. Then the discordant sounds of day give place to a hallowed stillness, and the busy world quietly slumbers through the silent watches, till the light appears, and man comes forth with new vigor, and the earth is clothed with a more vivid beauty.

Indifference.—Many a bright flower, in the garden of beauty, has been doomed to wither and die when the frosts of disappointment and the clouds of adversity have chilled the atmosphere, and shut out the sunshine of love. The more beautiful the flower, the more tenderly it has been nurtured beneath the enlivening rays of friendship, the more fatal will be the transition to the cold sphere of indifference and neglect. S. B. B.

ROBIN GREY.

BY MRS. S. S. SMITH.

I REMEMBER the cot by the wimpling burn,
It has long since passed away—
Where grew the sweet-brier and feathery fern,
Round the home of poor Robin Grey.
With mickle labor he strove to keep
Grim want from his humble door;
And he dreamed a dream one night, in sleep,
Which left him not, evermore!

He dreamed that the angel Gabriel came
And stood by his cottage door,
And a wondrous light from his raiment fell,
And shone on the sanded floor:
His shining wings were o'erfleck'd with gold,
And dazzling as light could be,
But the radiant face he could scarce behold,
For its glorious majesty.

As gazing he stood, his thought grew calm,
'Neath the angel's suffusing glow,
And he felt the light, like a holy balm,
Through his fever'd pulses flow.
And lifting him up, like a wingéd thought,
To its region of light and love,
He knew that his wearied soul had caught
A glimpse of the life above.

And hence, lest the vision might fade away,
He toiled when his task was done—
Dreaming by night of his toil by day,
His angel to shape in stone.
His hopes were plumed like the shining wings
That had fanned his heart and brain,
As brighter each day the unsealed springs
Gleamed down from the heavenly plain.

Life's fleeting moments sped on apace,
And Robin grew thin and grey,
But the spirit-radiance stamp'd on his face,
Shone brighter each passing day.
Yet little they thought, who saw him bend,
With the weight of his toil o'erworn,
That soon he should pass to his angel friend,
On the pinions of death upborne.

But few were the visits he now could pay
To his angel by stealth at night;
But the angel within his breast each day,
More luminous grew, and bright!
One morn he was found in his little cell,
Asleep on the cold, hard floor;
His soul had ascended in Heaven to dwell,
With the angel for evermore!

And the stone that witnessed life's parting strife,
Enclasped in his fainting fall,
Where a human heart had carved out its life,
Was broken to mend the wall!
Though he failed to accomplish the one idea,
Enstamped on his heart and brain,
In the clearer light of eternity,
Who will say that he toiled in vain?

THE EXODUS OF LABOR.

BY J. K. INGALLS.

Through long, long ages has labor sighed and toiled under a worse than Egyptian bondage. Its utmost stretch of memory can scarce recall its pastoral days, when it frolicked and gamboled with the herd upon the plain or mountain side. Enslaved by the gold of civilization, which itself has mined and coined, it is no less oppressed in the middle of the Nineteenth Century, than it was in the days of ancient barbarism, or more recent feudalism. Nor has it scarce other hope than the oppressed Hebrew felt, when his demand for freedom was answered by an increase of task, while at the same time he was compelled to furnish his own material.

But it is not our intention to dwell on the fearful picture, where a background of darkness is only relieved by the gaunt forms of human beings, yoked to ceaseless and unrequited toil; our object is to inquire whether these bondmen and bondwomen have another and more hopeful prospect in the future; whether, indeed, an Exodus be possible, and what must be its character and direction.

And first of all, it would seem necessary to settle this important question: Do the existing relations which labor sustains to its own production, wealth, admit of any possible emancipation of the laborer from his present acknowledged wrongs? The point at issue has nothing to do with the question whether certain persons, favorably endowed or situated, may not *work* themselves out of the oppressed condition; because under every system of tyranny, individuals have risen from the lowest to superior estates. In doing so, however, they have not changed the condition of the classes to which they formerly belonged, and may indeed have been instrumental in heaping new burdens upon

the already overtasked slave. The simple fact that under existing conditions, the power of increase in wealth is "as the *squares* of the periods," while labor is only awarded in proportion to the "*addition* of periods"—and that at such rates as fail to furnish suitable sustenance and means of advancement—demonstrates that under such a system labor has no hope, that while *it* lives and rules, labor must starve and die.

However shocking this declaration may be to the conservative rich or poor, to the worshiper of gold, on the throne or in the ditch, it must be made; for, until this truth is proclaimed and received by prince and peasant, the millionaire and the common laborer, there is no hope of reconciliation for mankind, no redemption of humanity from bondage, no reign of justice, and no adequate reward for the industry of the toiling. To vary and amend that system, will avail nothing; the inhuman falsehood which underlies our financial and commercial systems, which places money before man, and enables the former to assert dominion over his personal liberty, his right to home, to the earth, to the products of his own industry, however modified and disguised, will work out its own ungodly and terrible results. To express in a concise manner what is meant, it is enough to say, that for the slave to be free, it is necessary that slavery should die; for the people to enjoy liberty, that absolutism be extinguished; and for labor to enjoy its own productions, that the claims and exactions of capital be utterly abrogated and annulled.

But as the writer's views on these subjects are already before the public, let us address ourselves to the method of transition which must ensue, unless the race have already progressed to the culminating point, and their future history is to be but a backward march through the ages from which they have slowly and painfully emerged. Two measures, earth-wide from each other, have principally been insisted on. First, revolution; embracing the death of tyrants, and the destruction of wealth. The second, mediation, conciliation and compromise between the oppressed and the tyrant, between labor and wealth, between God and Mammon. Whether either of these can effect any salutary result, it is not difficult to decide. The records of blood

give no reliable testimony to the efficacy of revolt. A tyrant, no longer endurable, or too weak to maintain his reign of injustice, is made to give place to one more moderate or cunning, but no less dangerous. Destruction of caste and rank can do little to secure any people against tyranny; for the same elements of ignorance, selfishness, and worse than childish reverence for name, the outward show and display of power, will soon create a new order of nobility, and establish an empire from the relics of the monarchy. We use these terms in their widest sense, allowing the absolutist principle, signified by tyranny, to comprehend all domination of the *thing* over the *man*, whether it be a rule of legitimacy or usurpation, of a monarchy, hierarchy, aristocracy, or democracy. That which exalts form, rank, or wealth above the human soul, and claims that man was made for these, and not these for man, is equally dangerous to all freedom, especially freedom of labor, whether in despotic or republican systems. As it was a questionable expedient which demolished the pagan idols, idolatry being thereby ingrafted on Christianity, so to destroy the world's despots, who are only upheld by a strange semi-superstition of the people, would only be to give that feeling a different object of exercise. It is questionable, indeed, whether it be not more legitimate to acknowledge and reverence the rule of a man than the dominion of gold. The servile or ambitious mind, actuated by blind selfishness, will have some emblem of power to worship; if it be not a monarch by right divine, it will be the dollar of divine might. And never, until a higher position is assumed, and the thoughts and affections of men become more expanded—so that fraternal love shall have control where self-love predominates, and the human spirit be reverenced in every human form—will any radical change be even so much as possible.

While men will seek isolated and conflicting interests, by competition and hazardous speculation, the results consequent on such procedure will inevitably be experienced. Plethoric wealth, idleness, extravagance, extortion, oppression and dissipation, will develop themselves at one extreme, and squalid poverty, vagrancy, dependence, servility and disorder, at the other. Nor is help for this result any where to be found, but in

striking at the foundation of the evil. No political measure, yet proposed by any party, can so much as delay the terrible catastrophe, which is already casting its dark shadow over us. The fragmentary efforts at association, based upon the same false ground that money may share the awards of human toil, have thus far proved only able to benefit a few, at the expense of many, as the competition of the world must necessarily affect all organizations, in proportion as they acknowledge the principle of man's subserviency to wealth.

Nor does it seem possible to effect any permanent good by organizations for building or for manufacturing. The result is to build up, more and more, the populous places, and thus concentrate the evils of monopoly and speculation which exhibit themselves in the cities and larger towns of our country. For though it may increase the proportion of those who have homes and wealth, it can not change the dependence nor lessen the toil of those who have not. To succeed truly, a movement toward social and industrial regeneration must begin with the cultivation of the earth; not, however, to the exclusion of any useful trade or art. It should produce as far as possible every thing needed for consumption. Thus it would be enabled to avoid subjection to the exactions of the business system without, and yet be enabled, by its position, to exert a favorable influence abroad, as it could dictate terms to such as needed its surplus productions.

In the place of violent revolution, or a half and half compromise with tyranny, by joint-stock association or otherwise, I would then recommend emigration to the victims of oppression, both in the old and in the new world, of whatever nation, race, or color. A great portion of this continent and of Africa is open to colonization. If the despotism of courts or of coffers will not raise its yoke from the neck of labor, why then let labor slip from under the yoke; for this alternative it always has. Tyranny and wealth think labor can not get on without them. Let us see, then, how they will get on without labor. Is the desolation of those ancient seats of despotism and of riches a lesson which can only be learned by constant repetition?

There is no truth in history more clear than that the most

important changes to nations or races have been intimately connected with emigration. The Exodus of the Hebrews but typifies what has been the experience of all the historic or prominent races. Had not the prophet-voice of Moses aroused that people to action, and infused into them a desire to go up and "possess the land which the Lord their God had given them," they never would have attained any higher condition than that of a servile and dependent race. Our forefathers would have failed to become the free and independent people they were had they remained in oppressed and corrupted Europe. The impetus to all modern civilization and refinement was given to each European nation itself by emigration, so that scarce a relic remains of ancient European nationalities or institutions as they existed in the times of the Cæsars.

In all systems based on partial and unequal principles, corruption and oppression develop more and more with the duration and stability of institutions. Whether there is good enough in our Anglo-American institutions to combat effectually the evil we have ingrafted on our system from the European stock, or otherwise, it is evident that a comprehensive movement looking toward the possession of the land, yet unappropriated, would do much to strengthen the bands of justice and of right in the Atlantic States, and greatly weaken the power of wealth which now exacts the moiety of all labor's productions.

Developments at the seat of government seem to indicate that a systematic effort to people the public lands would not be opposed, if it was not encouraged in that quarter. And it might be well, if, while the *savans* there are *discussing* this proposition, the people would decide it for them by actual occupation, and rely upon the best and only true claim—that they need the land, and use it.

There are various reasons why any comprehensive and successful experiment must look to the occupation and cultivation of the soil; the principal of which is, that by so doing, all competition and conflict of labor with itself will be avoided. The soil is the source of all sustenance and of all needful wealth. Its monopoly severs labor from its most natural province, and compels it to seek servile employment, and to underbid itself in

the mart where merchandise of limbs and bodies, and of heads and hearts, is made. Moreover, agriculture is the basis of all other trades and forms of business whatever, and where that is first well established, or being established, all other useful occupations can be securely followed. The great obstacle to be encountered in all this movement is the antagonism of jealousy, envy, and lack of harmony and good will among the industrious classes themselves. And no employment can be so well carried on by people individually as the cultivation of the earth. There is the least in it to excite feelings of prejudice or antagonism, and the most to develop the elements of mutual assistance and coöperation.

I do not look for any sudden change and combination in the social elements. Happy, indeed, if, after forty years wandering in the wilderness, we arrive at a true condition. Unless the experience of the last four hundred years, not to say eighteen, have no lesson, the design of Providence is to develop now the self-reliance, self-control, and real identity of the individual. Submission, then, to communal authority, arbitrarily imposed, is no more a part of the Divine plan than the authority of Cæsar or of Mammon. Man must be MAN; not a slave, not a wheel or lever, in some nicely constructed machine. He is the offspring of Deity, and his birthright must be maintained and respected. Nothing to my mind is so calculated to infuse self-respect and to give an elevated tone to labor, as the consciousness of being dependent only on the coöperation of Nature, and of toiling with her for the supply of those wants which only indicate her bounteous provision.

If there is a portion of the laboring class which more especially need an Exodus, for them I see no other hope than that connected with emigration and independent municipal arrangements. Emancipation, in the place, and under the influence of existing prejudices and institutions, would scarcely be regarded as an individual benefit; and not the slavery, but only the kind would be changed. The chattel would, and, as a general thing, must become the hireling. While if he emigrates, especially to a country where such prejudices do not exist, or, still better, to the land of his forefathers, and is enabled to get possession of

the soil he at once becomes an independent and self-relying freeman, in the truest and best sense. The subject of colonization has long been opposed by those who have claimed exclusive friendship for the colored man. A hopeful sign of the times is, that both they and he are coming to think more favorably of it, and to act for its promotion. The exercise of a due degree of wisdom will make that movement one of momentous import to the race and to the world.

It has been denounced as a scheme of singular turpitude, intended to increase rather than lessen the evils of slavery; but even if such had been the aim of its first founders, and of many now engaged in it, it should not prevent those from giving it encouragement who see clearly its potency to develop and elevate the race to which it more especially refers. It should certainly not prevent colored persons from taking advantage of its facilities, who are qualified and ready to take upon themselves the responsibilities as well as the privileges of independence.

It is also a promising indication, that attempts are already making to organize the emigration which is so rapidly filling the Western States. Associations have recently been formed, for the purpose of settling in towns and villages, where the ruggedness and isolation of frontier life is superseded at once by the enjoyments and advantages of society, schools, churches, stores, and markets; and by having the different trades represented, so as to furnish the agriculturist with the manufactures he requires, and an opportunity to dispose of his surplus products near home. These efforts must not only prove of great benefit to those directly interested, but are sure to be followed by comprehensive movements for the realization of a more true and beautiful life, while they will make more easy the transition from competitory to coöperative labor.

This transition must, in the very nature of things, be gradual. Prejudice, personal pride and selfishness, and habits of life which stand in the way of progress, must slowly wear away, and give place to love of humanity, and a spiritual reverence for the rights and possessions of all. The reform must be both spiritual and practical. Mere spiritual development, as the history of all sects bears witness, will end in asceticism or

fanatical partisanship, while mere temporal improvement will only beget penuriousness, and worldly pride and ostentation. In each of these directions the experience already attained ought to be sufficient. A movement, then, both deeply religious and thoroughly practical, is required, that oppressed and imbruted labor may arise to its natural position, and assume its divine prerogatives. Nothing short of this can save. Patent systems of divinity or politics are all futile now, and worse than useless. The devotion of the patriarchs; the patience and heroism of the martyrs; the untiring industry of the miser, with the diffusive spirit of unbounded charity; the stern determination of the Puritans to put down all wrong; with the deep reverence which love and religion inspire toward every being in human form; and the union of love, wisdom, and practical executive force;—these are the requisites to form an organization, and to give shape and direction to this anarchy of transition, which, with terror, is overwhelming alike earth's tyrants and earth's slaves, by its clamor for solution, and the establishment of true order.

In the spread of more exalted sentiments, the development of fraternal and universal love, combined with untiring effort to make practical the great idea of Republican Christianity, I see the future of labor to be hopeful beyond the utmost stretch of its present conceptions, divine, indeed, as it once was in the Type of enfranchised humanity, whose motives were disclosed in these words: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Labor, unconscious of its divinity, its godlike and creative force, shall soon awake—is even now awaking—to a sense of its own power, its duties, and its rights, and emancipation is sure. Its imperative demand for the land which God hath given, and which the powers of tyranny and wrong scarce dare longer deny, indicates that its progress will be at last in the right direction, and that its prospects and destiny will be no longer uncertain. It needs no prophet's vision, no poet's imagination, to portray the promised land to which it tends, "flowing with milk and honey." For what has not labor done, even when shackled with chains, pinched with cold and want, with every hope crushed, and every noble aspiration withered? What will it not do, when accorded its divine rights, and moved by an enlightened and world-

embracing love? Nor has earth a power to stay for a moment its enfranchisement. Only its own blindness, and servility, and antagonism can retard the Exodus; and even these will be conquered, yet not, it may be feared, until they shall have so far favored tyranny, that only through a *Red Sea* a passage will be found possible, and weary days of wandering be made to precede the advent of Universal Peace, and Right, and Brotherhood, the dawning light proclaims to be very, very near.

HIDDEN WORTH.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

I.

A SIMPLE plant in lonely place,
  Pushed upward from the mold,
Yet 'neath the nightshades rank and dark,
  It slept in shadows cold;
And never, from its pale green leaves
  A floweret might unfold.

II.

And prisoned darkly there, the germs
  Of wondrous beauty lay,
Yet never to their eyelids came,
  The warm bright touch of day.
Though oft those pale leaves turning sought,
  Some faint awakening ray.

III.

It heard the troops of busy bees
  Mid flower-beds murmuring,
The streamlet bubbling o'er its bed,
  The wild bird's carol ring;
And dreamed how beautiful the light
  Must fall o'er wave and wing.

IV.

But once when down the glowing west,
The setting sun was rolled,
A kindly hand removed the boughs
That made its prison cold.
And o'er the frail thing dazzling fell,
The sunset's rays of gold.

V.

And when the moon shone out in heaven,
Its leaves were bathed in light,
And ne'er the plant its eyelids drooped,
Through all the hours of night;
But weeping dewy tears, it watched
The moon fade from its sight.

VI.

Yet all its glittering tears went up
In incense to the sun,
For soon the wondrous world around,
Waked as the day begun.
And lo! the flowers, the glancing wings,
The waves that glistening run!

VII.

And now amid them all there gleams
No fairer, brighter thing,
Than the sweet buds and radiant flowers
That from this lone plant spring.
So gently modest worth unfolds,
Thro' fond love's cherishing.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY JUDGE EDMONDS.

The true art of life is to fill up the hours
With works for the good of mankind;
Here is a labor, worthy the powers
Of the loftiest or lowliest mind.
Tho' slight is the task, yet immense the reward
Of him who thus labors to imitate God.

"My Dear Brittan:

"You ask me for some more of that allegorical or symbolical teaching of which you have already had a specimen.

"I comply with pleasure with your request, if thereby I can afford consolation or do good to one single person only; and I shall be happy to continue giving you extracts from my papers, so long as such a result can be produced.

"What I now give you are not continuous pictures of any one occasion, but selections, on kindred topics, from several teachings. Yours, etc.,

"J. W. Edmonds."

THE FORM OF TRUTH.

February 10, 1852

What I first saw, on this occasion, was the naked hand and arm of a female, amid an atmosphere of intense blackness. It was round, healthy, and very distinctly depicted; was extended toward me, and held in its hand something shaped like a ferule, and dark in color, though not of the intense blackness that enveloped the arm.

The next I saw was the partially naked breast of a female. I was not allowed to see the face nor the body of the one to whom it belonged. The breast was partly concealed by an oil-silk shirt, which enveloped the body, and was somewhat open in

front. It was not round, and full and healthy, as the arm was in the previous picture, but shrunk up and withered, as of a female in infirm health and of advanced years.

I did not distinctly understand, at the time, what these two pictures meant to teach. The next day, however, it was disclosed to me, and it was said that it was perceived I did not understand the allegories, and that was because my interior perceptions were not sufficiently opened—that these were the beginning of a series of pictures that would be given me, and as I advanced I would become more capable of understanding them.

It was then said that the first picture represented the arm of Truth thrust through the blackness of Error, and seen distinctly amidst it; no shade from the error even coloring or obscuring the clear brightness of the truth. It held in its hand a Mystery, dark-colored, to be sure, but differing in hue from the blackness of error. That Mystery was yet to be explained to me; and when it should be, I must cherish and preserve it until the world was ready to receive it, and then give it to the world.

The arm alone appearing, without the body to which it was attached, was intended to signify that to us only a small portion of Truth—one only of its members—had as yet penetrated the blackness of Error which surrounds mankind in their present condition. At both ends of the arm there was yet room for investigation: at one end to solve the mystery contained in the hand, and at the other to develop to view the whole form and body of Truth, in its beauty and its brightness.

The second picture was intended to represent Truth deformed and obscured by sectarianism. Here, also, a part only of the body of Truth was disclosed, and even that appeared withered, diseased, sickly, and was strikingly in contrast with the full, round, healthy appearance of the arm of Truth in the first picture. It was of that part of the female form most attractive, yet here had lost its attraction, and was almost repulsive. It had lost its beauty. There was reality left, but it could be alluring only to the diseased imagination, to the mind warped by passion or indurated by habit. The oil-silk garment showed the miserable remedies resorted to, to cure that drying-up and

withering of the beauties of Truth, and not only still more distorted its form, but helped to conceal from view the ravages which the disease of sectarianism had made in the bosom of Truth.

This explanation of the picture recalled to my mind a portion of it which I did not record, because I deemed it of no moment, but now I see its force.

I was not, as I mentioned, permitted to see the form or face of this sectarian Truth, but I was permitted to have a transient and fleeting glance at the lower part of the face—the mouth and chin. It was repulsive and offensive; at once sensuous and idiotic.

The next scene was a female presenting herself to me: first as simply a head and face, as of a person about thirty years old; the face was oval and very beautiful, with red cheeks and black eyes and eyebrows. It was first close to my face, and the expression was cold and chaste. In a short time it receded a little distance from me, and then the whole form appeared. The red cheeks had faded, and though the face was not pale, it had no bright color in it. The form was clothed with white and flowing garments, and seemed to be standing in a bank of clouds, arising about to her knees. The expression of the face was, at one instant, and only for a moment, that of ardent hope and enthusiasm, but for the rest of the time it was calm, rather cold and severe, indicative of intellectual beauty, as if she would tend rather to elevate the mind than the feelings, develop the brain rather than the heart.

She was the very ideal of purity and brightness—where the mind predominated over the emotions, though it was evident there was feeling there, but controlled and well regulated by the reason.

I dwelt some time upon the picture, to take in all its details and to imbibe its lesson. There was in it nothing to allure the sensuous mind, but much to reverence and respect; nothing indicating the companion merely of the moment, but much the companion of time; the friend, the guardian spirit, the elevating guide.

I was several times impressed who it was. I saw nothing in

the features resembling those on earth, nor did I see, except for an instant, any of that strong affection which I am taught to believe still lives. Yet the impression who it was, was repeated upon me again and again, as if to teach me that it was the affinity of mind, and not of emotion, that was to be cultivated, and to show me how far one under the dominion of the mind and the reason is superior to me, while under the dominion of emotion chiefly.

The scene at length began to fade away, as if a mist-like cloud rose between me and it, and hid it from my view. As it was fading, there was something that caused me to wish to look yet a little longer at it. What it was I do not remember; I only recollect having a strong wish to look farther upon the scene, and instantly the mist rolled away, and there again stood before me, in full and distinct view, that chaste, cold, pure and bright form, with its countenance of intellect and some sadness. Then again it faded away, and was lost to my view.

The scene that followed was in striking contrast with the former.

It was of two persons, a man and woman, both dressed in dark garments. He was standing erect, grasping her right wrist, and pulling her toward him, with an expression of passion—of anger, as I thought, at her dallying, as well as of desire. She was partly seated on the ground, and was half yielding to, half resisting him. She had a black vail thrown over her head, which concealed her face from him; but it was exposed to my view, and she once turned her face toward me, that I might see the expression. It was a coquettish leer that I saw, that told of her intention to yield, yet of the pleasure she took in tantalizing him and goading his passions to fury. The countenance, attitude, action, all were alluring to the mere sensuous man; and the two pictures represented a striking contrast between physical and intellectual beauty. And I was impressed that one was the beauty that was to be found only in this sphere; the other, that which is to be found in the next.

In reference to these two allegories also, the explanation was given the next day.

The first was intended to represent the pure, bright, calm,

and grave expression that would mark the human face when all the passions were lulled to rest, and the reason made to predominate. The transient flash of emotion which I had witnessed, and which had been so speedily followed by serenity and gravity, was intended to show the complete domination of the mind over the heart—of the reason over the passions.

And the picture's returning to me at my wish, after it had begun to fade away, was intended to say to us, that Truth, with all its purity and brightness, will ever visit us when we earnestly desire its presence.

The last picture, that of the male and female in dark garbs, I was told, was intended to represent mankind in their present physical condition, beset by temptation, and the slave of conflicting passions. That which I had seen in the face of the man, and had deemed to be Anger, was, in fact, Remorse. In his heart Remorse had already sat down by the side of the Lust that was ruling him. Hereafter that heart would be fully opened to my view, that I might see what its condition was when thus tenanted.

The black vail of the female was intended to represent Hypocrisy. I had called it Coquettry, and so it was in the particular case. But while she was struggling against the man, and apparently resisting him with all her might, the black vail hid from him the countenance in which I had read in unmistakable characters, her willingness, nay, even her desire to yield to him, and her joy at thus being able to deceive and torment him.

November 18, 1851.

I was in a part of the City of New York that was unknown to me. I was aware, from the general appearances about me, and from the streets through which I was borne, what city I was in, but this particular spot I had never been in before.

On the corner of two streets that crossed at right angles, I saw an enormous distillery. It was a building whose erection and completion had cost large sums of money. I was close to it, and heard the sound of its machinery. It was full of life, and bustle, and animation, and the work of making what the poor Indian justly calls "fire water," went bravely on. Large quan-

tities must have been manufactured, for I saw many men rolling it by the hogshead full in the adjoining streets, and into the warehouses. The establishment must have been profitable to its proprietor, for every thing in it indicated wealth and abundance.

After remaining there long enough to note these things, I was borne along, as by some invisible power, backward, so that as I receded, the scene was still in view, and I saw that this massive pile, displaying, as it did, the wealth of its owner, was surrounded by numerous low and wretched cabins, in which his workmen resided with their families. I was borne along close by their doors and windows, and squalid poverty and beastly intoxication showed themselves every where to sight and hearing: parents degraded by want and intemperance, and children growing up in ignorance and depravity.

Directly, my attention was drawn to a commotion near the distillery. I saw the workmen hurry out of the building, in their shirt-sleeves, as if suddenly leaving their work: the laborers rolling the hogsheads left their work also, and all, by the immediate command of their wealthy employer, joined in the hot and furious pursuit of something that fled from them along the street. The crowd tore madly along till they caught the object of their pursuit. He was a poor wretch, who, to gratify his insane appetite, had stolen a little rum from that abundant store, and being caught in the act, methought that rich proprietor intended to punish him severely, in order to warn others against depredating upon this precious source of his wealth.

I was then borne to another part of the town, where I saw a large factory for the manufacture of cloth. I did not approach the building very near, but in the distance, I saw displayed at the windows, rich and gorgeous fabrics, which I took to be Brussels and tapestry carpets. I noticed the same large and massive building as in the last picture, and the same appearances of wealth in the proprietor. And I saw that it also was surrounded by the same kind of lowly hovels, tenanted by the operatives—the producers of this wealth—and displaying here, as there, the privations and wretchedness of poverty.

And it seemed to me that the manner in which labor was

managed and compensated, was producing the same effect in debasing and rendering unhappy the laborer in both cases, and that unrequited toil was almost as blighting in its consequences as habitual intoxication.

DECEMBER 7, 1851.

I was in a new village, which was just springing up in some of the unsettled parts of our country. A few buildings had been erected, and some were occupied. Others were building, and the materials for them lay scattered about, awaiting the workman's call. I perceived a store erected and in use, some workshops, and several dwellings. The streets on which they were erected, were broad, airy, and spacious. The dwellings were of two stories, and erected in clusters of three or four together, thus forming little neighborhoods or communities, and with quite an open space between one cluster and the next. They had their courtyards in front, and their gardens in the rear, and I particularly noticed that they had carefully avoided the vandalism, so common in our new settlements, of cutting down all the trees. They had left the fine forest-trees growing in front of their houses and along the sides of the streets, so that a pleasant shade was cast upon the houses and yards.

The most important building in the place was the school-house. It was evident that to that had been given the greatest attention, and that had been considered of the first moment. The building was spacious, and of a neat, but not showy order of architecture, and I was impressed that the building was not for the purpose of instructing children only, but also grown people.

I was allowed for some time to contemplate the picture, and it seemed to me that it was a settlement of mechanics, who had retired from the great cities, and intended erecting for themselves a residence which should be comfortable for themselves and their families, where they could improve their own minds, and have free scope to progress themselves, and advance their children in knowledge and virtue, and consequently in happiness.

The whole prospect, not only of the present, but of the future, was very pleasant.

The scene remained until I had carefully viewed it all, and learned the lesson it was intended to teach, and then it faded from my view, but not until I had been impressed that the inhabitants had calculated that they would save enough in health and cost of living, to meet all the additional expense to which they might be subjected, of transportation to and from the market of their products.

I next found myself viewing a scene which I learned was the manhood of the infancy which I had just contemplated.

Before me was a beautiful wide street, nearly a mile in length, and quite level. On each side of it were the close, compact buildings of a populous town. The houses were of various hights and orders of architecture, as if the convenience and taste of the proprietors had been freely consulted and well cultivated. It had footways as our streets have, on the sides next the houses, and a broad carriage-way in the middle. But I was struck with the fact that on each side of the carriage-way, and near the curb-stone of the sidewalks, there was a strip the whole length of the street paved with flat stones, and that no horses were visible, and no horse-vehicle of any kind.

I saw great numbers of people passing up and down, and across the streets, not in such numbers as to create an inconvenient crowd, but enough to give the whole place a lively, animated appearance. The people were not hurrying to and fro, as if driven to death with an overwhelming pressure of business, nor were any of them seen to lay sluggishly by the wayside, as if they were listless and indifferent, and had nothing to do. But all seemed to be moderately and reasonably occupied, and to be comfortable and happy.

I saw no beggars, no rags, no signs of poverty or intemperance, nor did I see any evidence of great wealth. Some of the private buildings were, it is true, larger than others, but not so as to evince any great disparity in the circumstances of the people. All, indeed, seemed to be about on a level, with very slight differences in condition.

While I was gazing on the scene, I saw a locomotive, or some sort of steam-engine, with passengers and goods, coming along the street, on the paved strip in the carriage-way; not running

on a rail, as in our present mode, but on the flat stones. It stopped at various places on the way to receive and deposit goods and passengers, and it was evident that that was the common mode of transportation from one part of the town to the other.

Seeing all this, I inquired, "This, then, is the age whose advent is spoken of, when animals shall cease to exist on the earth?" But as if to correct that error, and also to teach me another lesson, drays appeared in the street, with and without horses, and a one-horse carriage, as if a physician's, came along the street toward me, and turned the corner near me, so that I could see the driver, and the form and fashion of his apparel, and of his vehicle. They were very much like ours of this day, as were the surrounding buildings, showing that much time had not elapsed—certainly not enough to cause much departure from the manners and customs which prevailed at the first founding of that pleasant place.

There was a cheerful, clear light resting on the scene, and the temperature was moderate; some of the inhabitants wore overcoats, and some did not.

While I was gazing, some of the people approached me. Two men, one about thirty, and the other about forty years of age, stopped very near me, and engaged in conversation. They seemed to be very happy, the eldest in particular, who shook his sides in subdued laughter, and rubbed his hands in great glee. Several of the inhabitants spoke to me. They were grave and decorous in their deportment—no frivolity was seen anywhere, but cheerfulness and quiet earnestness. I saw marked differences in their outward physical conformation, about the same that we witness every day around us—showing very plainly that they were not all from one not remote ancestor. But in their condition in life, their degree of refinement and intelligence, they were very much on a level.

And I was told, "such is the result, even in the second generation, of labor properly directed."

MUSINGS.

BY MRS. LUCY A. MILLINGTON.

Gold and crimson weave my bower,
In a woodland lonely,
Where is neither bud nor flower—
Autumn's glories only;
Softened sunshine rippling o'er
Brook and mossy bed,
While the south wind gently stirs
'Mid the boughs o'erhead.

Here my soul is full of hope,
Strong for every duty,
Yearning from life's glooms to win
Scenes of tranquil beauty;
Here, before hope's dawning day,
Glad with peace and pleasure,
Boding shadows fade away
Into brightening azure.

Here is neither stir nor sound
Of the world's commotion,
But a lulling unto peace
And a still devotion.
Spirits of the dead are here,
And their thrilling token
Tell me of their presence dear,
And their love unbroken.

Death's no more a dreamless sleep
With a frightful waking,
But a sunny sea, whose waves
O'er life's shores are breaking;
Each receding billow bears,
From our mortal vision,
Those whom God hath called to dwell
In the fields Elysian.

THE SPIRIT-BORN.

We are assured that the following poem was dictated by Robert Southey, from his home in the Spheres, Thomas L. Harris being the medium. How far the process of infusion, in this case, was different from the ordinary inspirations of genius, we may not infallibly know. We deem it possible that all living thoughts are born in the soul from its direct contact with the Angel-world. The insanity which darkened the last years of Southey's mortal life, and his introduction to Paradise, are indicated with great delicacy and poetic effect.—Ed. Shekinah.

Night overtook me ere my race was run,
And Mind, which is the chariot of the Soul
Whose wheels revolve in radiance like the sun,
And utter glorious music, as they roll
To the eternal goal,
With sudden shock stood still. I heard the boom
Of thunders; many cataracts seemed to pour
From the invisible mountains; through the gloom
Flowed the great waters; then I knew no more
But this, that Thought was o'er.

As one who, drowning, feels his anguish cease,
And clasps his doom, a pale but gentle bride,
And gives his soul to slumber and sweet peace,
Yet thrills when living shapes the waves divide,
And moveth with the tide.

So sinking deep beneath the unknown sea
Of intellectual sleep, I rested there:
I knew I was not dead, though soon to be,
But still alive to love, to loving care,
To sunshine and to prayer.

And Life, and Death and Immortality,
Each of my being held a separate part;
Life there as sap within an o'erblown tree;
Death there as frost, with intermitting smart;
But in the secret heart
The sense of immortality, the breath
Of being indestructible, the trust,
In Christ, of final triumph over death,
And spiritual blossoming from dust,
And Heaven with all the just.

The Soul, like some sweet flower-bud yet unblown,
Lay tranced in beauty in its silent cell;
The Spirit slept, but dreamed of worlds unknown,
As dreams the crysalis within its shell,
Ere Summer breathes its spell.
But slumber grew more deep till Morning broke,
The Sabbath morning of the holy skies,
An Angel touched my eyelids and I woke,
A voice of tenderest love said, "Spirit, rise"—
I lifted up mine eyes.

And lo! I was in Paradise. The beams
Of morning shone o'er landscapes green and gold,
O'er trees with star-like clusters, o'er the streams
Of crystal, and o'er many a tented fold.
A Patriarch—as of old
Melchisedec might have approached a guest—
Drew near me, as in reverent awe I bent,
And bade me welcome to the Land of Rest,
And led me upward, wondering but content,
Into his milk-white tent.

ELEMENTS OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

CHAPTER VIII.

POWER OF ABSTRACTION.

The capacity of the soul to withdraw itself from the senses, and the mental and physical effects known to accompany the exercise of that power, will constitute the subject of the present chapter. All persons accustomed to reflection are conscious of being able to separate the mind, in some degree at least, from the sphere of outward sensation and action. The measure of this power varies as the peculiarities of original constitution are more or less favorable to its exercise, and is inert or operative according to the temperament, disposition, habits and general pursuits of the individual. Of the nature of this power, and the magnitude of its consequences, very few entertain an adequate conception.

To be greatly distinguished in any department of thought, it becomes necessary that the theme should engross all the faculties of the mind; and this involves the necessity of their separation from other objects, and, in a degree, from the whole sphere of sensuous impressions. We may judge of the extent of the mind's abstraction from the body by the increasing insensibility to outward objects and circumstances. In proportion as the soul is engaged by internal realities, we lose the consciousness of external objects, and become insensible to impressions on the physical organs. The statesman is lost in the midst of his profound design; when oppressd with the nation's care, he heeds not the beauty that crowds the gilded avenues of fashionable life. The philosopher loses his own individuality in the deeper

consciousness of all that is around and above him. Awed by the sublime presence of Nature, standing unvailed before her august ministers, and questioning her living oracles, he heeds no more the petty strifes of common men. The poet is charmed in his reveries. Far away from earth and its grossness, he feels the pulses of a life more spiritual and divine. An angelic magnetism separates him from the world, and he is borne away to other spheres, and worlds invisible are disclosed to the entranced soul.

It is only when man is thus separated from the earth-life, that the soul gives birth to its noblest creations, and realizes the divine in its ideal. The highest truths are only born in the heavens. It is only when the soul retires to the inmost, and receives its impregnation from the forces of angelic life and thought, that its conceptions are truly spiritual and divine. When the mental energies are divided and dissipated among a variety of outward objects, the mind makes no conquests. Mist and darkness gather around the highest subjects of human thought. Minds thus constituted and exercised cause a divergence of the light that shines through them, while others possess a mighty lensic power, under which all subjects become luminous; the light of the mental world finds a focal concentration, and the soul burns up the very grossness and darkness which obstructed its vision. In all things the intensity of action is dependent on the accumulation of forces. The various agents in Nature are rendered potent by the processes necessary to concentrate their virtues. Archimedes, the great geometrician of antiquity, destroyed a Roman fleet, more than two thousand years ago, setting it on fire by the glasses with which he concentrated the sun's rays. When the electric medium is everywhere equally diffused, its power is neutralized and we are insensible of its presence; but when powerfully concentrated, it often rends the darkest cloud, and reveals to us the glory of the heavens beyond. Thus, when the mental forces converge, we become aware of the mind's power; the clouds that vailed the deepest problems of nature, break and pass away, and amid the illuminated mysteries we follow the kindling soul by its track of fire!

Those who are profoundly abstracted, are magnetized by the

angels. Not merely as an agreeable fancy, but rather as a solemn and beautiful reality, do we entertain and express the thought. Some higher intelligence wins the rapt soul away from earth, and it dwells with, and becomes a part of, the Infinite. In the charmed hours when we are able to retire from the dull sphere of grosser life, we think most deeply and truly. Only when earthly sounds are hushed, when earthly scenes grow dim and then invisible, do we ascend to the highest heaven of thought. Communion with external nature; the investigation of her interior laws; the consciousness of the still higher spiritual realities that surround us, and the soul's true worship, are the subjects and exercises best adapted to induce this state of mind. When wholly absorbed with the material objects and events of time, the mind is fettered in its thought. Chained down to earth by a material magnetism, it is difficult to rise above the cramped plane of artificial life. For this reason the mind's noblest monuments have ever been wrought out from invisible worlds, where, vailed forever, are the sources of its highest inspiration.

Certain pursuits require great concentration of mind; but it is readily granted that others are most successfully prosecuted by those who are capable of exercising a kind of *mental diffusion*. The greatest intensity and power are exhibited when the mental energies concenter. I would not speak disrespectfully of any class of minds, nor designedly undervalue the feeblest effort, if well intended; but among the so-called practical men—the men who know how to make money, and to keep it?—there is an unbecoming disposition to ridicule, as mere dreamers, all who entertain an ideal that transcends the dusty walks of vulgar life. It is conceded that those who pursue some miscellaneous business—the man who sells goods and the writer of short items for the newspaper—would accomplish comparatively little, if given to profound mental abstraction, since the successful discharge of their respective duties is made to depend on the facility with which the mind passes from one object to another. But however indispensable this faculty may be to the man of the world, it is seldom associated with the creative energy of acknowledged genius, or the vast comprehensiveness of the real philosopher. The class denominated practical men, may be

men of great research and careful observation; but they are neither distinguished for an intuitive perception of truth, nor for profound and independent thought. Their philosophy, if they have any, is generally fragmentary and superficial. Seldom or never admitted into close communion with the hidden principles of Nature, they are chiefly qualified to notice her outward expressions, while it is given to other minds to receive her sublime oracles. Thus it would seem to be the peculiar province of one class to observe and record; of the other, to reveal and create.

Among the decomposing agents in Nature may be justly comprehended a certain class of minds, gifted with peculiar powers of analysis, and holding a kind of hereditary mastery over the great realm of little things. These are often *sharp critics*, but seldom, indeed, has one been a great poet, a profound philosopher, or a comprehensive historian. To this class of minds the Universe is not ONE, but a disorderly aggregation of separate forms and distinct entities, sustaining no very intimate relations. Another, and as we conceive, a far higher power is necessary in grouping the disorganized elements, so as to form them into new and living creations. It requires but an ordinary medical student and a scalpel to dissect a body that only God could create.

Many of our practical men appear to be materialists, whatever they may be in fact or in their own estimation. They very properly esteem the cultivation of potatoes and the growth of cotton as matters of universal concern; but the production of ideas and the culture of the soul are deemed to be interesting chiefly to divines, metaphysicians, and the fraternity of dreamers. These inveterate utilitarians estimate all things—not even excepting the grace of God and the ministry of the Angels—by their capacity to yield an immediate practical result—a result that may be included in the next inventory. The genuine fire of Prometheus is worthless, except it will supply the place of *fuel;* and the Muses, are they not all fools, unless Parnassus be made a *corn-field!* Such views, however prevalent, have not the power to enlist those who are greatly distinguished for independent thought and supersensual attainments. The man of

intuitive nature would rather be numbered with dreamers, than lose sight of his immortality.

Not only the noblest thoughts are evolved in seasons of great mental abstraction, but the mind is made to feel a deeper consciousness of its relations to the invisible, and is rendered more susceptible to the influence of spiritual natures. Fasting and asceticism materially aid in this retirement of the soul from the senses. The ancient Prophets and Seers were accustomed to seek the wilderness, or some lonely mountain, when they would invoke the spiritual presence. Moses withdrew from the idolatrous multitude into the Mount, where, surrounded by the sublimities of Nature and the majesty of Jehovah, he received the Law. It was when the Prophet bowed his head and covered his face with his mantle, shutting out from his senses the impressive symbols of the tempest and the fire, that the "still small voice" obtained an utterance in his soul. Christ found in the desert solitude the spiritual strength which earthly companionship could not afford. Protracted fasting, a home in the wilderness, and silent communion with the Spirit-world, served to diminish his susceptibility to mere physical suffering, and to render him strong in spirit and mighty to endure his trial. The ancients seem to have been deeply conscious of the fact, that retirement from the world was necessary to the highest functions of the spirit, and to all the noblest triumphs of mind. Hence the Patriarchs planted groves as places of worship, and preferred to perform their religious rites on the summits of lofty mountains. The Druids, who were held in the greatest veneration by the ancient Britons and Gauls, consecrated the most desolate scenes in nature to the purposes of their religion, and to the education of their youth, who were required to retire into caves and the deepest recesses of the forest, sometimes for a period of twenty years. Manifestly, all these discerned the shadow of the same great law, and sought to quicken and invigorate the soul by withdrawing it from the scenes of its earthly life.

Since the mind may govern the distribution of the forces of vital motion, it is but natural that all the fluids—and more especially that refined aura which pervades the nervous system, and is the agent of its mysterious functions—should recede from

the external surfaces of the body, whenever the mind is deeply abstracted. If, in the order of the universe, mind be superior to matter, we are authorized to presume that the latter is of necessity subject to the former. That mind is an ever active force, and that matter, separately considered, is inert and destitute of the power of motion, is illustrated by the various phenomena which spring from their most intimate relations. In proportion, therefore, as the mind is abstracted, the sensational medium must be withdrawn from the extremities of the nerves, and the natural susceptibility of the organs be temporarily suspended. But we are not necessarily confined to the argument *a priori* in the illustration of our proposition. Facts, cognizable by the senses, are disclosed to the observation of all, and these lead us to the same general conclusion. It is well known that whenever a state of mental abstraction is induced, it serves to deaden the sensibility to pain, and to diminish the consciousness of outward danger. When all the powers of the soul are engrossed with some one great object or idea, no room is left for the intrusion of thoughts or purposes of inferior moment. Then earth and time, with their gilded treasures and empty honors, are disregarded, and in our transfiguration we forget that we are mortal.

It can not be necessary to cite a great number of facts in this connection. Yet illustrations of the principle are scattered through all history. The martyrs of Liberty and Religion, whose shouts of victory and songs of triumph have risen above the discord of war or been heard amidst the crackling fagots at the stake, show how regardless mortals are of danger, how almost insensible to pain is man, when the soul is fired by a holy enthusiasm, and all its powers consecrated to a sacred cause. But not in these pursuits alone do men experience this deadening of the external senses. All persons of *studious habits* are conscious of a similar loss of physical sensibility, whenever the mind is profoundly occupied. Some men possess this power of abstraction in a very remarkable degree; and persons of this class have often been greatly distinguished for their boldness and originality of thought. Mr. A. J. Davis has long been accustomed to exercise this power. When lost in his internal meditations, he is outwardly insensible—at least apparently—

so that when addressed in the most commanding voice, he remains undisturbed. Charles W. Lawrence has such a power over the agent of sensation in his own body, that, by the mere force of his will, he is able to produce a temporary paralysis, and hence, for the time being, to render himself insensible to pain. A gentleman, known to many of our readers, has on several occasions, and while addressing an audience, experienced an abnormal quickening of the faculties of his mind, accompanied with a corresponding loss of sensation, so that all forms of persons and other objects within the range of his vision, were gradually obliterated. While under the influence of this spell, he loses all consciousness of time and place, and speaks with far more than his accustomed ease and power.

That mental abstraction diminishes physical sensibility, and renders the mind indifferent to outward objects, and even regardless of the body, is forcibly illustrated in the case of Archimedes of Syracuse, to whom we have already referred. When his native city was besieged and taken by the Romans, Metellus, their commander, desired to spare the life of this distinguished man; but, in the midst of the conflict, a soldier entered his apartment and placed a glittering sword to his throat. The great geometrician was engaged in the solution of a problem, and so deeply absorbed that he remained calm and unawed by the certain prospect of death. "Hold," said he, "but for one moment, and my demonstration will be finished!" But the soldier seeing a box, in which Archimedes kept his instruments, and thinking it contained gold, was unable to resist the temptation, and killed him on the spot.

In conclusion, I must speak briefly of the *dangers* incidental to the exercise of this power. While a just observance of the principle under discussion must impart a divine quickening to the soul, history has recorded many melancholy examples of its perversion to the most painful and fatal ends. So great is the power of mind over the body, that portions of the animal economy are sometimes paralyzed by its action. Constant exercise of mind, without the use of the senses, not only tends to withdraw the circulating medium of the nervous system from the external surfaces, but, of necessity, renders the health and life

of the body insecure. Intense thought, if long continued, may occasion an undue determination of the vital forces and fluids to the brain, and thus produce congestion or some derangement of the faculties. The conditions of mind and body, which cause a temporary suspension of sensation, may, if greatly protracted, preclude the restoration of the physical function. We have known several authors who have prematurely lost the sense of hearing, as we believe, from this cause.

But there are other dangers not less fatal to personal usefulness, and far more destructive to the interests of society. This disposition to withdraw from the world has prompted many to neglect the ordinary duties of life. Not a few have been tempted to fly from all civilized society, and have spent their lives in caves and mountains, away from the ills which they had not the manhood to meet. It is a morbid alienation of reason, with a sickly disgust of life and all temporal interests, that leads to these extremes. Neither Nature nor the spirit of Divine wisdom can be the incentive to action, when men thus disregard their relations to this world, and treat the gifts of God and the blessings of earth with pious scorn.

The asceticism that prevailed in the early church, and the corporeal inflictions that men in different ages have voluntarily suffered, witness to us how sadly the noblest powers and privileges may be perverted. Think of old Roger Bacon, the Anchoret. He lived two years in a hole under a church wall, and at last, dug his own grave with his finger-nails; and all that he might escape from the world, and show his contempt for physical suffering! And Simeon Stylites, distinguished among the Ascetics as the renowned pillar-saint, what a martyr was he!* There may be no more like these, but there are, yet in the flesh, many victims of their own melancholy whims, men whose disgust of this laboring world proceeds from a love of indolence and a

* Simeon Stylites was a native of Syria. He lived during a period of thirty-seven years on the top of a pillar, gradually increasing its hight as he became lean in body and sublimated in soul, until he obtained the elevation, corporeal and spiritual, of some *sixty feet*. Having progressed to this sublime extent, he acquired a great reputation as an oracle, and became the head of a sect, the history of which can be distinctly traced for more than 500 years.

fondness for dreaming; gifted souls whose mission is not to labor—gifted with visions in arm-chairs, visions of ease projected from their own brains—and who, if only their usefulness is to be considered, might as well follow the example of the English monk.

Let every friend of progress guard against fanaticism, and wisely exercise his faculties, that his work may be accomplished, and the world be made better for his having lived.

TRIBUNALS OF CONCILIATION.

BY D. M'MAHON, JR.

In our Republic, the legal profession possesses the power of doing good or evil to an incalculable extent. Its influence ramifies throughout the arteries of society. Our judicial and most of our executive and administrative officers, and many of our legislators, are lawyers. Much of our social happiness depends upon their education and moral character. Yet the influences surrounding the advocate at the present day tend to force him into an antagonism to the true society. His position is probably more hostile to the advancement of his fellow-men, than either of the other so-styled learned professions. These influences all tend to deter him from the office of a peace-maker, from harmonizing interests and the passions of his fellow-men, and from checking the avaricious pursuit of gain.

From which of these influences, in the main, does this arise? Is it from his natural depravity, the studies which fit him for his avocation, or from any thing that is extrinsic to the doctrines he is taught? A moment's consideration will furnish us with what we believe to be the true answer. It is because his emoluments depend upon the spirit of litigation which may exist in his particular sphere, and the extent to which that may be developed. Now if his position be altered so that his emoluments depend upon his professional services as a conciliator,

we apprehend that he will be influenced toward what we conceive to be his true sphere of action.

We may define the true functions of the advocate to be first, judicial; second, arbitrational; and third, the legislative. He would act in a judicial capacity when called upon to determine abstract principles of law, which are to regulate, not the passions of men, but the noble pursuits of the human intellect. His duty is arbitrational when he offers himself as a conciliator, general umpire, or referee, to settle differences among men. And it is legislative when he, with a spirit of prescience, forms laws and institutions for the exaltation and dignity of labor, the removal of influences to vice and crime, and for the leverage of the wheel of progress. But we do not propose, in the present article, to consider him in any other light than that of the arbitrator or conciliator.

It may be demanded, and with some force, too, how can you alter human nature? How can you prevent people of litigious temper, when they are injured, from resorting to the laws of their country for redress? How can you prevent the advocate from siding with the longest purse, and from acting for his client in a way which the stoical philosophy of Paenatius and also of Cicero has approved? We answer, by simply laying before the advocate and before the suitor some facts and reasonings developing what may be their true interests. Were I to say to a lawyer, do good; do not wrong any one; advise your client to the right; do not persecute his adversary; would I not be met with the answer, we do all that, and yet these things exist? Yes; you do what is the letter of the law, and of the stoical philosophy—you are the personation of your client, yet you would scorn to act the part of the criminal or the persecutor. But in the judgment of the great First Cause, are you in the right path? are you the peace-maker? If you are not, it is probably not so much your fault, as it is the fault of the state of society in which you live, and that exists from a vitiated state of public sentiment on the subject of legal reform.

We have around us a panoply of judges, advocates, *et id omne genus*—the formula and majesty of the law and the courts, and yet we spend ninetenths of our time on forms; that is, settling

what is the office of a pleading; what is irrelevant and redundant; what is the practice; and after litigating through the round of the tribunals, we at last, perhaps, arrive at the *right*, and then, forsooth, the suitor is not as well off in morals and in fortune, as when he commenced. We would rather have the conservatism of fifty years ago than the legal reform as at present understood. The forms and ceremonies, and the practical operations of that period, tautological and peculiar though they may have been, were understood, while our present legal reform consists of the simplification of the practice, so that every one, of "common understanding, may know what is intended;" and after the courts have spent fifty years in settling the thousand questions which the art or finesse of lawyers now moot, we will find ourselves at the starting point—will have been moving in a circle. Such reform is but novelty, mere change; it is but deepening or clearing out the channel of the human passions.

The happiness of society does not depend upon retribution, or, as your reformer would have it, justice; we have no doubt it depends upon its opposite, forbearance. Society is a compromise, wherein members of the social body do yield up portions of their natural rights, to the intent that they may the more perfectly enjoy the remainder. So ought social differences to be compromised when an indulgence in them leads to strife.

The true legal reformer conciliates; he desires to end strife, for the Divine principle of Love is the spring and ultimate of his reforms. Now if we can show it to be the interest of the advocate and of the suitor to end this strife, and to act in a forbearing and conciliating way, we think we shall establish our position. How then can we do this? Let us inquire of the suitor, suppose we settle your difference with your fellow-man in a speedy and harmonious manner, and without ordinary forms and costs of a court; would you not be willing to employ and compensate an advocate to represent your grievances, and secure an acknowledgment of your rights? Can there be a doubt as to the rational and probable answer to this question? and does not the decision guarantee to the advocate that his profession is necessary, and may be honorably pursued?

On the other hand, let us inquire of the advocate, suppose

you found that your business increased rapidly by having your client's differences determined without form or ceremony, in a week, instead of a year, would you not advise him to adopt that course, and would you not endeavor to conciliate and harmonize your client with his adversary? Would you not drop your finesse, your chicanery, and honestly strike at the pith of the controversy, and have it decided? We mistake human nature if the reply would not be in the affirmative. How, then, is all this to be accomplished? We answer, by establishing courts of conciliation. Mankind at the present have a horror of the fathomless abyss of the law; but circumstances compel them to resort to it. Yet ninetenths of the litigation which now occupies our courts, is the result of a want of sufficient discretion at the commencement. Men heated by their litigious passions, desire legal strife, and lawyers, because it is for their interest, pander to this desire. But if you can devise a court or tribunal wherein they must stand for a few moments—we speak figuratively—before they enter the dim portals of the law, it gives them time for reflection—to regain their senses—and they will generally desire to have their differences determined by that tribunal, because it will be for their interest to do so. And if such tribunals establish no other good result, they would effect much in properly directing that motive-power by which man can, if he will, move the world.

Some prescient mind, no doubt influenced by the necessity for such tribunals, in 1846, caused to be inserted in the Constitution of the State of New York, a provision that Courts of Conciliation might, from time to time, be established, the judgments of which would be binding, whenever the suitors agreed on submitting their differences to the decision of such tribunals; and in 1849 the codifiers of the practice, in their third report, presented a synopsis of such a court for legislative action. The legislature, however, was not ripe for it, and it stands as yet not enacted. As this synopsis presents the general features of a court of conciliation, we will now allude to it.

It provided that any person having a claim against another, arising from any of the causes mentioned in the Act, upon serving a citation upon his adversary, or upon going voluntarily

with him before the judge of conciliation, might state his complaint or difference to the judge, who should hear it, and their explanations, and then inform them of their relative rights and duties, and endeavor to reconcile their differences. Whereupon, if a reconciliation be had, a minute should be made, and signed by the parties, the same to be the final termination of the matter in controversy, and judgment may or may not be rendered, as the parties agree.

It may be objected to this, that the system is voluntary, and would not effect any thing, because suitors would not, in the first instance, agree to submit to the decision of the court of conciliation. That principle of volition we deem to be the necessary element of its success. People, without being compelled, now often arbitrate their differences rather than resort to the law. The Chamber of Commerce in the City of New York, settles speedily and amicably among the merchants a thousand causes of difference in a year, which otherwise would be put into the shape of a legal controversy. Man is rational and confiding; he likes to be reasoned with, and would have faith in his neighbor. Every man knows some worthy citizen to whom he would be willing to leave any of his rights for decision. Man, moreover, delights in any thing that is left to his pleasure, his will, and his honor.

We can refer, in support of the voluntary position, to the example of these courts in the State of Denmark, wherein they were established in the year 1795. In 1843, in that country, there were 31,338 cases brought before courts of conciliation, of which 21,512 were determined, and the parties submitted to the judgments. Only 299 were postponed, and 9,527 were referred to the ordinary tribunals of justice, of which but 2,817 were prosecuted.

This is a most beautiful example, and one illustrative of a state of intelligence and independence in the Danes, for which we were hardly prepared. At the present time, they are the freest people in Northern Europe.

Now, in recommending courts of conciliation, it will be perceived that we do not propose to do away entirely with the ordinary tribunals of justice. We only mean to resort to the

latter as rarely as possible. If we suppose that the laws for the collection of simple contract debts were abolished, and that all other civil causes of difference should, in the first instance, be referred to the tribunals of conciliation, we then have for the courts of justice the trial of criminal offenses, and of such cases as are sent to them by the tribunals of conciliation. This, then, leaves the courts of justice to their true vocation, that of determining abstract questions of legal right, constitutional liberty, and to the prevention of crime.

Having thus discussed this subject, let us for a moment take a prescient view of the future of a country wherein the land is distributed to the landless, where laws for the collection of civil contract debts are abolished, the hangman's office unknown, and where all administrative, executive, and legislative officers are elected by the people, and wherein free trade and tribunals of conciliation exist. Such a country would witness an exemplification of the Golden Age. Ten years under the practical operation of these reforms, would advance our nation to the highest pitch of earthly happiness yet attained by man. Every citizen would sit under his own vine and fig-tree, and clothe himself in the beautiful fabrics which an unshackled commerce would enable him to obtain. He would cultivate his own family soil; he would call for an economical administration of the government, because of the direct taxes he would have to pay; he would meet his adversary by the way, and agree with him quickly; and, in fine, drink in deep draughts from the fountain of peace; and, filled with the spirit of celestial love, he would be fitted to enjoy the manifold bounties which the great and benign First Cause has so liberally bestowed.

Such would be the fruits of these reforms, and out of the chaotic mass of progressive elements would be fashioned the beautiful temple of Truth, wherein all men would delight to worship, and receive the lessons of divine wisdom.

Arouse thyself, sordid advocate, and come forth from the slough of selfishness! Gaze on this picture, and respond to the searching inquiry—Is not all this happiness preferable to the hellish discord that reigns around thee? And tell me, is not thy brother's weal thine own?

SOUL WAKING.

To S. B. Brittan, *Editor of the Shekinah:*

Dear Sir: After relating, in presence of a company of friends, a portion of my earlier experience of Spiritual Manifestations in the form of a remarkable vision, which occurred to me some eighteen years since, you solicited a record of the same for publication. I now proceed to comply with your request; but before beginning the narrative, allow me to preface it with a few remarks on the utility of personal experiences in general.

Although the experience of no one person can be identical with that of any other person, and, therefore, can never serve as a guide for another, yet there is a grand point or principle involved in the spiritual experience of every individual, which commends even its simplest narrative to the attention of all earnest minds. That point or principle is, *the revelation of a higher life to the individual consciousness.* Each new narrative goes to swell the "cloud of witnesses" who testify of this most momentous fact in the career of human development, and adds another member to the vast communion of that higher life.

Without this personal revelation, it is impossible for any one to come forth from the darkness and dominion of mere sensuous existence into the light and liberty of true life; because sensuous existence, in whole and in part, is but an inverse reflection of the true or spiritual life. It is well known how grossly we are misled by the senses in relation to planetary motion—the merely sensuous conception being the exact reverse of the truth—as in the relative movement of our earth and the sun. So, also, in relation to all truth, the sensuous person occupies an inverted position. All his maxims, morals, and principles of action are but so many inverse reflections of truth. Tell the merely sensuous man of the blessedness to be experienced from a frank forgiveness of some offender who has done him a gross

injury, and he will treat your suggestions with incredulity, if not contempt; because he has never been a conscious recipient of the spirit of forgiveness—which is mercy, clemency, goodness—the all-pervading spirit of the universe—the spirit of God. And because he has not been conscious of the existence of such a spirit, he has not yet "entered into life," but has been tarrying in its outer courts, the senses. He finds delight in revenge rather than in forgiveness; and, in every other action, his mode of procedure is alike inverted.

But, with a revelation of spiritual existence, we may make our exodus from this worse than Egyptian bondage, and enter into the true life—not in a moment, as is imagined by a sensuous theology—but gradually, through many successive stages, marked by all the vicissitudes which lie between birth and maturity. The spiritual man must also pass through the stages of infancy, childhood, and adolescence, to complete manhood; and in his progress he must encounter the severest conflicts, for the sensual will not accept the rule of the spiritual, without rebellion and a terrible strife. Without such conflicts, the full powers of genuine manhood are not evoked, and can not be called into active exercise. Without them we can not be free. The field of these conflicts lies between the present race of professing Christians and that eternal rest, concerning which they have hitherto had but the most fantastic dreams—a field wherein they will be thoroughly purified from all aspirations after indolent ease, whether in this world or any other, as constituting the basis of heavenly joys.

Knowing, then, as I do, that the Spiritual Manifestations of our day are thus opening up the way from a false to a true life, I most cheerfully cast into the common treasury of evidence upon this subject the following relation of facts:

A VISION.

Eighteen years ago, having attained the age of thirty-two, without any definite faith in the immortality of man, I became the subject of a memorable vision, which brought the evidence of spiritual existence home to my most external senses. The vision occurred while I was thoroughly awake, and was of full

five hours duration, commencing about eleven o'clock at night, and continuing till nearly daylight the next morning.

On the night of the vision, I had just retired to bed, in ordinary health, after having performed a full day's work at my usual occupation, when I commenced reviewing my previous course of life—the frequent journeys I had performed in moving from place to place; and suggesting to myself the propriety of becoming settled somewhere, and establishing myself in a permanent home. Pursuing this train of thought, I was surprised to hear the suggestions of my mind correctly replied to in a distinct and audible voice, as if by a person standing near my bed. Without the least emotion of alarm at such a novel occurrence, I continued to make further suggestions and inquiries, to each of which I received satisfactory responses in an audible, friendly, and even affectionate tone of voice. I was convinced that the voice was a spiritual one, but it did not once occur to me to associate its tone and accent with any person, either living or dead, whom I had ever known. The apparently disinterested friendship and superior intelligence displayed in the replies, inspired me with the utmost confidence, and determined me to seek to learn something from my unseen instructor. Accordingly, after a series of questions and answers, I asked if the Christian religion is true? This question seemed to grieve my invisible friend, and cause him to withdraw his presence without deigning a reply. I reflected that I should have known that the Christian religion was true, without asking, because I could see its peaceful fruits in the lives of some of my friends, and could contrast them with the discordant results of atheism in others of my acquaintance; and I concluded within myself that the Christian religion is true. My unseen friend then returned, and my mind recurring to the various religious sects and creeds, I asked, what does the Christian religion teach? The reply was, "Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God." I recollected to have heard these words preached from, and to have read them myself, and they seemed very just and true; but now their significance had a fullness and power that I had never known. I can express their effect upon me only by saying that I was *filled full* of a sense of their omnipotent power. In this

frame of mind I remained some time in reverential awe before the contemplation of what I had heard, when at length I perceived a sensation as of Elysium, spreading over and pervading every fiber of my system, and at the same time heard other voices, as if a company of persons approached. I soon recognized the familiar tone and accent of my deceased mother and several others of my departed relatives and friends, as well as some who were still living in this world. They addressed me, one at a time, and each in a cheering and consoling manner. Among them were a brother and sister, who died in infancy; these had the prattling, pretty, lisping speech of children, and were gently striving with each other as to which should first speak to me; and while the sweet strife continued, little Mary said, "Do let me sing to him the song of Love Divine." After each one of the company had given some kind message, they retired. I seemed to be left alone, when a voice different from any of the others, inquired if I would like to have a view of heaven? I assented, and, looking forward, I beheld as it were a curtain drawn aside, and before me was a sort of amphitheater, of indefinite extent, and a multitude of people with happy, shining faces, some sitting and some standing, but all looking toward me. They seemed to have just concluded some musical performance, and were about to retire when they beheld me; and, after a moment's silent contemplation, many voices in the assembly cried out, "Keep him! keep him!" and the scene instantly closed.

While contemplating what had just passed, I heard a voice saying, "You will now behold the bottomless pit;" and suddenly I was enveloped in thickest darkness, and the bed on which I lay seemed to be sinking. At the first, I had the consciousness of being attended by a friendly guide, but as I descended I felt myself alone, and an emotion of horror seized me, such as can not be described. Hideous forms of wild beasts and reptiles appeared on the sides of the dark abyss, and I cried out in supplication for delivery. Still I descended, until below me I saw dense clouds of smoke, with their black edges illumined by a glare of livid light, and from beneath I heard voices of angry railing and vituperation, the tones and accents of which were

familiar to my ear, as belonging to unhappy persons whom I had formerly known. At this point, my horror becoming so intense, I sprang from the bed, and fell prostrate upon my face on the floor, crying aloud, in an agony of despair, "How shall I escape this torment?" In an instant there appeared before me a luminous cross, with a death-head and cross-bones at the foot of it, causing me to suddenly spring upon my feet, and to exclaim, "*Death and the Resurrection!*" which I understood as a response to my despairing cry.

At this moment, a friend occupying an adjoining room, who had listened for some time to my distress, came in with a light, and the scenes of that memorable night were ended. During the whole of the vision, I was conscious of being in my own room, and of all external objects. My outward senses were in the fullest activity. I was not startled or aroused by the approach of my friend, for his first tap at the door was as well understood as if I had been expecting his arrival.

This was the commencement of my experience in spiritual manifestations, eighteen years ago. Since that time they have been frequent and varied in aspect, so that the recent spiritual phenomena throughout the country failed to excite either alarm or incredulity in my mind, as they have done and are doing to many good people, and especially those in good standing in our churches. As to what I believe to be the significance of the vision, you have it briefly stated in the foregoing prefatory remarks. The two opposite scenes of the vision represent the two conflicting phases of life—the first, the internal or spiritual; the second, the external or sensual. And I would here add, in conclusion, that those who have experienced no conflict between these two aspects of life, have not yet entered upon the career of progress toward a state of everlasting rest; and all I have to say to such in this connection is, may the spirits rap, and write, and otherwise move them, until they awake and begin the work.

Your friend,

JOHN WHITE.

NEW-YORK, *June* 8, 1852.

IMMORTALITY.

BY J. BAKER.

That man has the germs of immortality in him, that this is written upon his physical constitution, and that his elements and powers of life will arise to a spiritual state with enlarged and far-shooting faculties when the material body falls to dust, are ideas almost universal, and are especially sacred to all Christians, though various denominations differ about this immortal creature's destiny. Still it is true that there are many vigorous, inquiring minds who doubt the truth of such doctrines, and a few who absolutely deny a future state altogether, though they would fain be convinced such ideas are true, for the mind recoils at the thought of annihilation. Men demand proof, however, of a future state, drawn from the constitution of Man, and the powers of his being; and they urge, what is evident enough, that if there be such an immortal life in humanity, its latent and dawning powers could be traced even in the present existence. The immortal being can surely carry from the body no more than was in it at the hour of dissolution. If the spirit's immortality involves a new creation, the old being will have been annihilated, and the identity changed; but if what is now within us be immortal, then a future life is the development and perfection of what is now possessed.

They next inquire, if the spiritual man arises simply as it leaves the body, how can it exist or receive ideas in this new life without the aid of material organs? Here is the strong objection against such an existence, and one which old-school metaphysicians have never met. It is founded on the well-known fact that the decay or premature destruction of the bodily organs, by which the mind receives impressions, is death to its sensations. Let, for instance, the eye become blind, which is death to one of the senses, and the mind—the immortality—can no longer see, but is shut up in a perpetual dungeon. An injury to the organs

of hearing may forever shut out all the music of Nature, cut off the nerves which carry the sensations of feeling, taste, and smelling to the brain, and these faculties seem to be annihilated. By such means, all the avenues to the spirit could be closed, and it could never have a sensation, or acquire a new idea. All these organs and nerves are left behind, cut off at once, by death. How, then, can the soul exist? or if it could, what would that existence be without the power of seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting, or smelling? The spirit, they affirm, has no such power *now;* hence, could carry no such power with it when it leaves the body, and such an existence would be a curse!

This iron objection is fully met and answered by the well-known phenomena of clairvoyance—facts so well known and generally admitted by candid observers, that particular cases need not be referred to by way of proof. The writer has often seen subjects in this state; the eyes closed and closely bandaged, the ears insensible to the loudest sounds, and the limbs cold and so dead that they may be cut or burned without sensation. External feeling is for the time being *dead.* Now the soul rises in the exercise of its nobler powers. Its latent energies are awakened, and INNER LIFE AND SENSE appear. Distant scenes are correctly described, conversations related, and the human body examined, with all the keen scrutiny of the profoundest anatomist, and powers of mind are exhibited by the sleeper far superior to what he possessed in his normal or wakeful state, with all his external organs at his own command, now so cold and dead. By these experiments, I have known the skeptic often confounded, and finally convinced of a future life.

But why is it that the great leaders of the religious sects turn from this demonstration of man's spiritual powers, and deny its truth, without inquiry, and are found on the side of the French school of philosophers, spurning at this God-given light as a delusion; or, if pressed by facts they can not shun, attributing them to the devil? Paley and Butler were ready to prove the existence of a God, and the truth of Revelation from Nature; and the constitution of man is the former's crowning argument. Their works are part of every clergyman's library. Why, then, do we find such a host condemning this sublime subject without

investigation? They readily explore all the wonders of the starry heavens, and press every astronomer into their service; they dig into the earth with the geologists, and bring its unwritten history forward to prove a creation; they seize on every discovery of the chemist, and study the nature and habits of every animal with the naturalist. But their strong-hold is in human anatomy and physiology. Here they trace the handiworks of God, and find a fit habitation for a spirit. Why, then, are they so averse to entering this temple—why hesitate to question its immortal tenant?

Perhaps some would say, it is because the answers will not confirm, but deny their creeds, the offsprings of ignorance and superstition, born in seasons of spiritual night. But I fancy a more charitable answer can be found, though perhaps this is not altogether false. Various causes may act on different minds.

All newly-discovered truths must pass the ordeal of opposition from the prejudice and self-conceit of those who mold public opinion, and are hence unwilling, from pride, so far to admit their ignorance as to be taught new ideas by others, and the bigotry of the ignorant, to whose mental darkness any new light is at first a subject of terror. We can not forget the sufferings of Galileo, nor the burning of Priestley's house and valuable library. But truth has triumphed, and will again; for it is based on facts, and is Deity's opinion, before which all finite intelligence must bow. We may confidently, then, predict that the time will soon come when the doctrine of immortality will be demonstrated in our seminaries, and its proofs be a part of scientific education. The march of mind requires this. The rapid progress of material science, while spiritualism has stood still, has left the latter far behind; but it is not so to remain. Man can not live content with such a gulf between the intellectual and the spiritual. His nature requires them to unite in harmony; hence the necessity of a religious system adapted to the wants of the age. It is coming, and a clearer light is dawning. New truths are before us, inviting attention. How beautiful is the field before the spiritual philosopher, and how glorious the work! It is the redemption of MAN from the chains of error and the darkness of skepticism.

DON'T YOU REMEMBER, MY JULIA DEAR?

BY H. CLAY PREUSS.

Adapted to the popular air of "Ben Bolt."

THESE lines were suggested by the following eloquent exclamation of an old and dear friend of mine, now burdened with the weight of seventy years: "For one thing do I thank my God for these *Spiritual Manifestations;* it is the clear, shining, life-inspiring testimony which they bear to the immortality of *human love*—how, in the might of its purity and devotion, it can still triumph over the ravages of death, and the decay of mortality!"

I.

Don't you remember, my Julia dear,
The wildwood so green where we met—
Where we lingered in bliss while the twilight crept on,
And the sunbeams were glimmering yet?
We recked not of time, though the tale-telling moon
Played its "bo-peep" through each creviced vine,
And the young heart, that pillowed so soft on my breast,
With its wealth of affection was mine!

II.

But Time's growing shadows, my Julia dear,
Have shut out the light of those days,
And e'en the green wildwood has passed from our sight,
And the birds sing no more in its sprays:
A dimness has crept o'er thy sunny blue eye,
And thy ringlets of bright golden sheen—
Ah! it saddens my heart in this twilight of years,
When I think of the times that have been.

III.

But oh, there are regions, my Julia dear,
Where the loved ones of youth meet again;
And the voices of old, which have died out on earth,
Shall be tuned to a heavenlier strain!
There our spirits shall mingle forever in love,
As streams that are blended in one—
Oh, I almost wish, when I think of that time,
That our wearisome journey was done!

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PSYCHOMETRICAL PORTRAITS.

BY MRS. J. R. METTLER.

THE letters from which Mrs. Mettler gives her psychometrical delineations are carefully sealed, before they are forwarded to her, and are subsequently returned to us with the seals unbroken, accompanied with a transcript of her impressions, in her own language. The names of the parties, thus submitted to her inspection, are first disclosed to her when the portraits are published.—ED.

ISAAC T. HOPPER.

He possesses a clear and decisive mind, and is characterized by plainness of heart and manner, accompanied by large order and neatness. He can not be otherwise than just and conscientious in his speech and dealings with men. This would be a great part of his religion. He has large benevolence, and is not biased in the least by sectarian feeling. His hand and sympathies are ever open and ready to relieve suffering humanity. He is a very noble spirit—one that it would be impossible for any one coming into his presence to dislike. He has a great deal of firmness and decision, and seems always to know how to

proceed under any circumstances. Hope is very large. He is seldom dejected, but always the same. As you see him to-day, so you see him to-morrow. He could not do a wrong deed, and should he ever err, he would be extremely unhappy until set right again.

He seems to love the advancement and progress of the age; he would delight in all humanitary proceedings; I should think his mind and energies were much engaged in those objects.

He has extreme fondness for home and domestic comfort; he loves children, and adores woman for her virtues and goodness.

He possesses very clear calculation, and is fond of accumulating, but not for selfish purposes. He has a fondness for the luxuries of life, yet would consider it wrong to live extravagantly. He would seem marked for his economy and good judgment.

He has great fondness for music, and for every thing of a refined nature that tends to elevate the soul.

He has a very extraordinary memory, and is exceedingly interesting and attractive in his conversation.

Never have I felt the delight and aspiration that I now feel on coming into contact with his sphere. He is a good spirit, and one whose example it would be well to follow, as he seems like a Father in Israel.

H. H. Tator.

The writer of the letter which I hold in my hand, is a gentleman of active mind and temperament; his perceptions are quick, and yet he is given to reflection. He can theorize, and will strive to *practice* what he professes; is fond of philosophical studies. While he can apply himself to business, he has a love for scientific and literary pursuits. He is a great admirer of poetry and oratory, and having a good memory, will be likely to quote brilliant thoughts and fine sentiments, both in writing and speaking. He is attractive in person, and would be likely to be interesting in conversation; is fond of anecdotes that excite mirth, yet loves order and decorum.

This person is manly and courageous; he is polite and winning in his manners, conciliating in his address, yet firm and decided when his principles are involved. Whatever he receives

as truth, he will conscientiously respect and defend—here he is fixed and immovable. He is sympathetic, has strong attachments for kindred natures—perhaps has a feeling of indifference rather than of resentment toward others. He has some combativeness, chiefly displayed in his mental exercises—in argument, in which he might be prompted to engage, in order to elicit information from others, and to fortify himself. He has a way peculiar to himself, and ideas that are original.

The subject of these observations has large benevolence, which is exercised with discrimination toward the needy and deserving. He has a great veneration for truth, and will receive it regardless of the channel through which it comes. His views are comprehensive, and he has large sympathies and exalted aspirations.

This person is strongly attached to home, and is kind and affectionate to his family; he loves children and every thing that is innocent, and he holds wisdom and virtue in high esteem. Morally and socially, he is a model man.

MAN.

It is important to remember, that the *present condition* of things may be very different from the *ultimate design*. I have seen the rose, when only the thorn appeared. The careless traveler was wounded as he passed that way. When I saw it again, there was a sweet flower, that loaded the passing breeze with its precious odors. I love to think it is so with man—that what is most beautiful in his nature is not, at present, discernible. It is not yet unfolded to the view; or, to use the language of an Apostle, "it doth not yet appear what we shall be." Man may now appear to be a *thorn* in the moral vineyard; yet there is, in his nature, a germ that is destined to unfold itself in a more genial clime. As the plant must necessarily pass through the successive stages of previous development, before it blossoms in the sunlight, so the interior faculties of the spirit must be progressively unfolded, until the soul blooms in the garden of God, filling the atmosphere with immortal fragrance! S. B. B.

Editorial.

THE TIME AND THE DEMAND.

The Present is signalized by an important transition in the earthly condition of the race; one which will ever be distinguished as the beginning of a new Era in the history of Man. The most illuminated minds are rapidly ascending to the exalted plain of intuition, where the soul no longer follows in a dim, earthly light the devious line of induction, but reads with a clearer vision the unwritten language of the spiritual universe. The chain that once bound the creature to the domain of physical existence is being severed, and we are now approximating the sphere of invisible causes with which we are soon to be in intimate correspondence. Those who have restricted the Divine sanction to a single Book, and have arrogated the exclusive and Apostolic authority to expound its mystic lore, are emphatically reminded, by the course of events, that there are other sources and media of spiritual instruction. While these saintly Rabbis are left to nurse their gloomy phantoms, the world will rejoice to know that the spirit of Inspiration is not dead and buried, but was only silent while men were lost in their selfish and material schemes. That spirit still broods over the earth, inspiring the loftiest thoughts, and quickening the elements of our humanity into a divine life. Inspiration is only restricted by the disposition and capacity of the soul; it is the gift of all ages, but especially of those periods which are characterized by outward simplicity and inward growth.

We have looked for the dawning light of the new Day with

an interest that has often won us from our pillow, and made the night-watch the occasion of wakefulness and meditation. That interest increases, with each succeeding hour, as Morning sheds from her purple pinions the light of her rising. But while we rejoice as the day advances, the solemn reflection comes up that in proportion to the light of the age must be the responsibility of its living actors. If ours is a high position, it should inspire a lofty purpose and a noble effort. If we are raised to heaven in the sphere of thought, and the means of spiritual culture and advancement, our modes of action should be correspondingly refined and exalted. Our IDEA is surpassingly beautiful, but it yet awaits the hour of its incarnation. Who shall embody it in the glorious forms of a new and Divine Order? Who shall rear the temple and the shrine, and make the principle itself the indwelling spirit of Institutional Reform? Our light will be measurably concealed, unless a practical result is secured. Where, then, is the builder who will silence the cavils of skepticism, and realize the hopes of Humanity, by presenting to the world in *fact*, what advanced minds have formed in *theory?* The man who will do this will perform the noblest service, for which his name and memory will be forever enshrined in the hearts of the thousands whose woes he may remove or alleviate.

It is not enough to seek spiritual instruction and direction, and then go out to follow our old ways; nor will the earnest man sit down and spend his time in merely weaving a fabric such as

"dreams are made of."

The true reformer is a *working man;* he is always moving, and would not be still even in Heaven. And yet, with his mighty resolve and ceaseless activity, the Reformer of To-day may be scarcely equal to the work assigned him. The individual may fall, if left to battle alone, though the cause may derive new strength from the blood and ashes of its martyrs. To render the efforts of the Reformer eminently successful, it becomes necessary to concentrate the means and agents at command. There are latent elements of power, which, if judiciously combined and employed, would develop the most startling and beneficial

results. But little, comparatively, can be accomplished while we disregard the laws of organic relation and dependence. Nature, in all the superior gradations of being, performs her operations by organized action. The Life functions everywhere—at least within the sphere of human observation—depend on an organization adapted to promote the ends of that existence. Until something is done in this way, only those whom fortune has blessed above their fellows—and such as are sufficiently ethereal to subsist on faith—can devote themselves exclusively to the peculiar work to which Nature and their affinities have called them. We should not fear organization because some have made it the engine of oppression. Men have played the tyrant in their individual capacity, and may do so again. We must not hesitate because the old organisms are dying, since they have answered the end of their being, and now only disappear that the creative genius of the age—sanctified by a love of the divinely beautiful—may people the earth anew.

The forms of the new creation will soon appear, and possess the earth; but passive waiting is as powerless as mere oral prayer to hasten the time. There must be *action*, or there can be no *transformation;* and the most acceptable petition ever offered before the supreme Majesty, is that in which the earnest soul embodies its aspiration in a great humanitary Work. Indolence, selfishness, and hypocrisy, may profane the cathedral worship, but when the spirit is so moved that every fiber of the heart is smitten, and each nerve of motion vibrates in one great struggle for Man, there is no room to question the sincerity of the service. There is such a marked difference between the *praying* and *acting* of our time, as to awaken the suspicion that the chief element in many prayers is the carbonic acid gas exhaled from the lungs. But the convulsed nerves, the quivering muscles, the tears, the sweat, the blood, these constitute a libation which only the devout worshiper will ever offer.

Nature, in every department, performs her work by a succession of progressive movements, often so gradual as to escape observation—and when, occasionally, an extraordinary convergence of her forces develops a sudden revolution in the forms of material existence, the results are often destructive of

property and life. The gentle dews and showers clothe the earth with a vivid beauty, but the tempest and the flood leave a record of ruin in their awful march. While Nature, by her prevailing modes, would forbid sudden or spasmodic effort, she sanctions, by unnumbered examples, a gradual transition. It appears to me that those who have labored to institute a new order of society, have violated the principles of Nature, and disregarded the lessons of experience, in attempting *too much* at a single move. To change the entire structure of society is not the work of a day; nor can the transition be accomplished without a suitable preparation of the social elements. Those who aim at the *ultimatum*, without the appropriate intermediate steps, are, as we humbly conceive, engaged in an unnatural and revolutionary movement which must be productive of confusion rather than harmony.

We can not withhold an expression of regret, that we have not some great spirit, baptized with the fire of the divine philosophy, to guide the wheels of progress. We only require a second Luther—a man adapted to the time and the movement—and a revolution would follow, which, by the divinity of its principles, and the splendor of its achievements, would darken the past, and compared with which, the glory of the Reformation would disappear, as the moonlight is lost in the effulgence of Day.

LANGUAGE.

If we stop, but for a single moment, to consider the nature and mission of Language, we shall be profoundly impressed with the consciousness of its intrinsic importance, and of its intimate relations to the noblest human enterprises. In Language, the treasures of human knowledge are chiefly preserved. The discoveries of science; the achievements of art; all human feeling, and purpose, and action; our silent emotions—the tender as well as the terrible; every thought that hath vitality in itself; every

deed that is sanctioned by the soul—all, all may be registered here; and, perchance, live on for all time. Here the elements of all human history are rendered accessible. The divine thoughts of ancient Prophets and Seers are incarnated in language; and their speech, like a perpetual inspiration, yet falls sun-like on the kindling souls of men.

Great thoughts may survive, for a time, in the individual memory, and noble deeds may live in the sculptured marble. There is a history of human thought and endeavor—eloquent and impressive indeed—in the monuments that are scattered over the surface of the earth, or concealed in its bosom. The classic traveler bows amid the ruins of Grecian and Roman temples and palaces, to invoke the spirit of Genius; but marble memorials are perishable, and the noblest of these are fast crumbling away. Yet the humble student, in some remote part of the world, yet feels, in all its freshness, the inspiration of ancient poets and orators, and rejoices that among the monuments of Greece and Rome, their Language, at least, is immortal.

OLE BULL.

It is objected by certain critics that the great Norwegian is, in some respects, deficient in Art. This is not, however, a necessary inference from his occasional neglect of what others may deem requisite to artistic precision. If the perfection of art be admitted to consist in the assemblage and harmonious distribution of such forms and qualities as embody the soul's highest ideal of beauty, there can surely be no standard above the refined taste of the most gifted artist. Ole Bull may disregard ordinary rules, not because he is unequal to the task of their critical observance, but for the reason that *he is superior to the necessity which dictates such rules.* The laws prescribed by art are of human ordination, and can not be superior to the spirit of Inspiration itself. Men of common minds may not hope to attain a higher excellence than what consists in a strict con-

formity to the accredited laws of musical composition and execution; but Ole Bull, in his inspired moments, rises superior to these, and becomes obedient to that higher law which governs the noblest efforts of creative Genius. Nor is he less an artist on this account, since it demands the most consummate art to disregard the requirements of the schools, and in so doing to achieve a more perfect mastery over the cultivated taste and enlightened judgment. A sort of mechanical accuracy is not, in our apprehension, the highest conceivable excellence. Arbitrary rules and artistic guides are important to men of ordinary gifts, but Inspiration requires no such earthly aids, and it knows no law above the Spirit that animates its immortal creations. Herein consists the true distinction between Ole Bull and the critics who complain of his want of artistic precision.

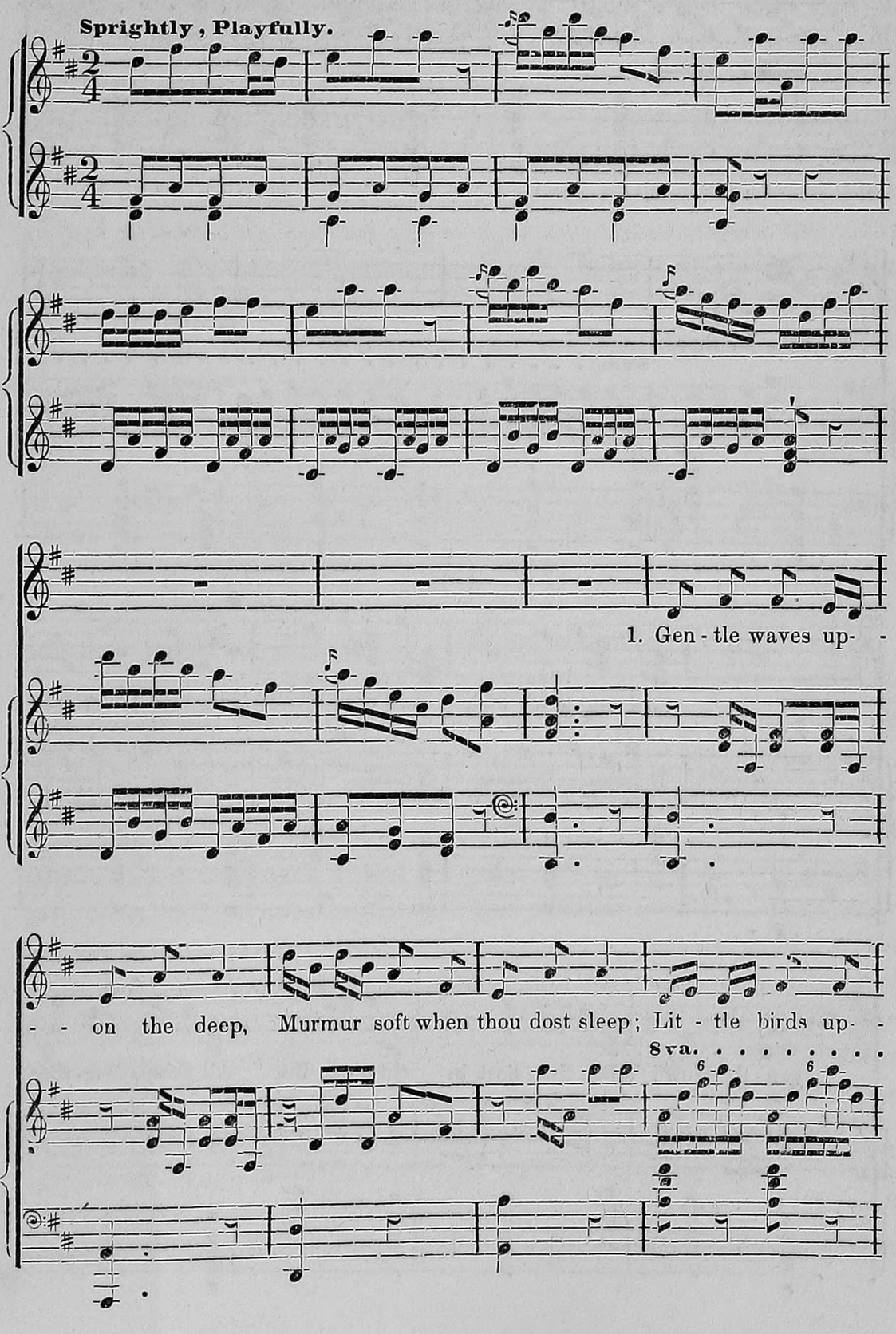
LIVES OF THE SEERS.

In selecting subjects for the series of portraits and biographical sketches, in course of publication in The Shekinah, it was never our design to exclude persons who are still living the life of the body; nor do we propose to follow the suggestions of any school in philosophy or sect in religion. Our plan is not restricted by these or any similar considerations What if the mental vision of some men be exclusively adapted to the inspection of remote objects; the distant stars are not more luminous on that account, nor yet because they are far removed from the point of observation. In gazing at the constellations in the heavens, we need not, and indeed we must not, forget the earth on which our lot is cast. Our cotemporaries justly claim a share of our regard, and among these we may make choice of several not anticipated by the reader. If we chance to offend the reason or the reverence of some people, it may be our fault—it may be theirs. Great Reformers *have* come out of Nazareth, and, if others shall come hereafter, may we have grace to acknowledge their claims.

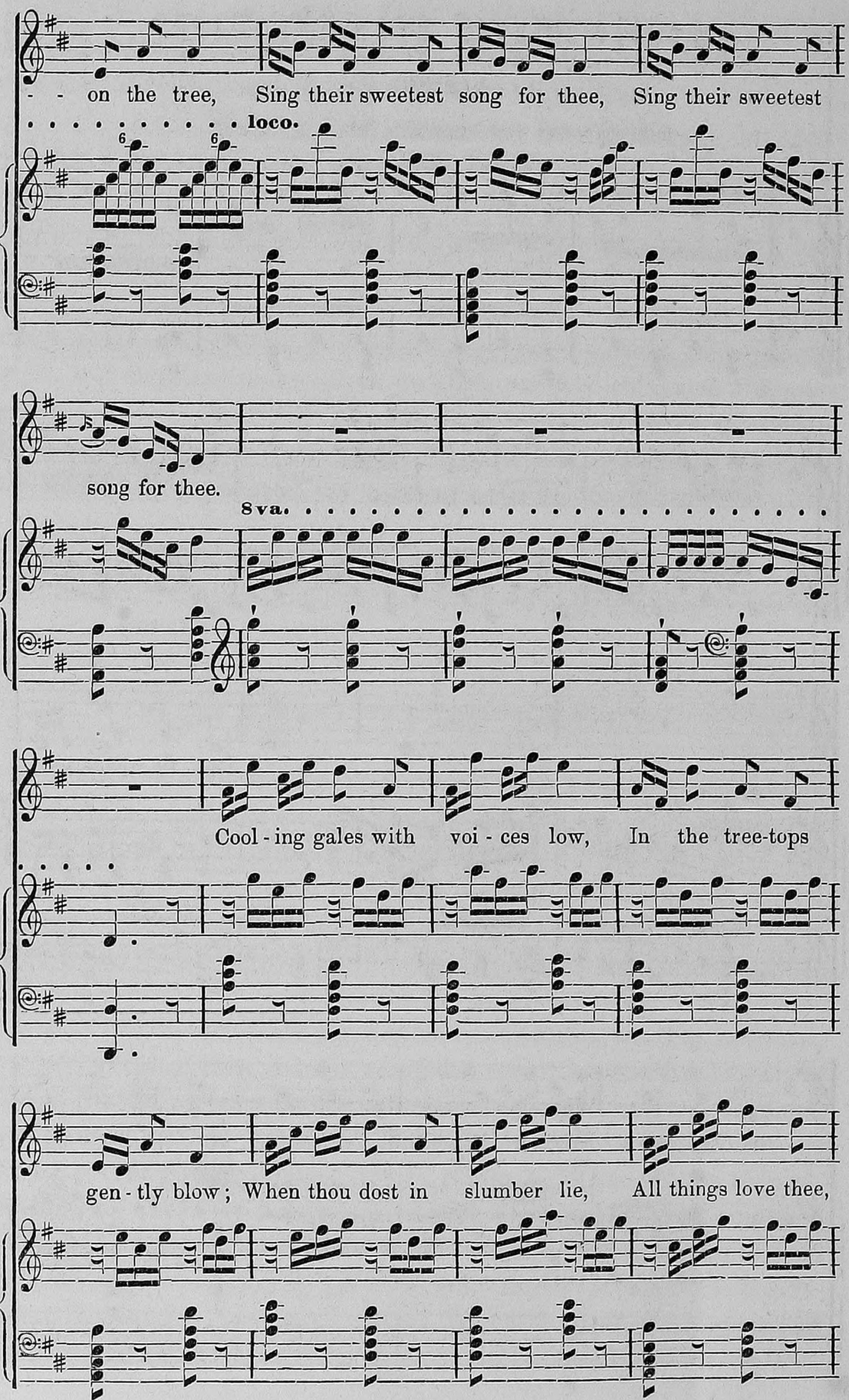
Gentle Waves upon the Deep.

A SONG.

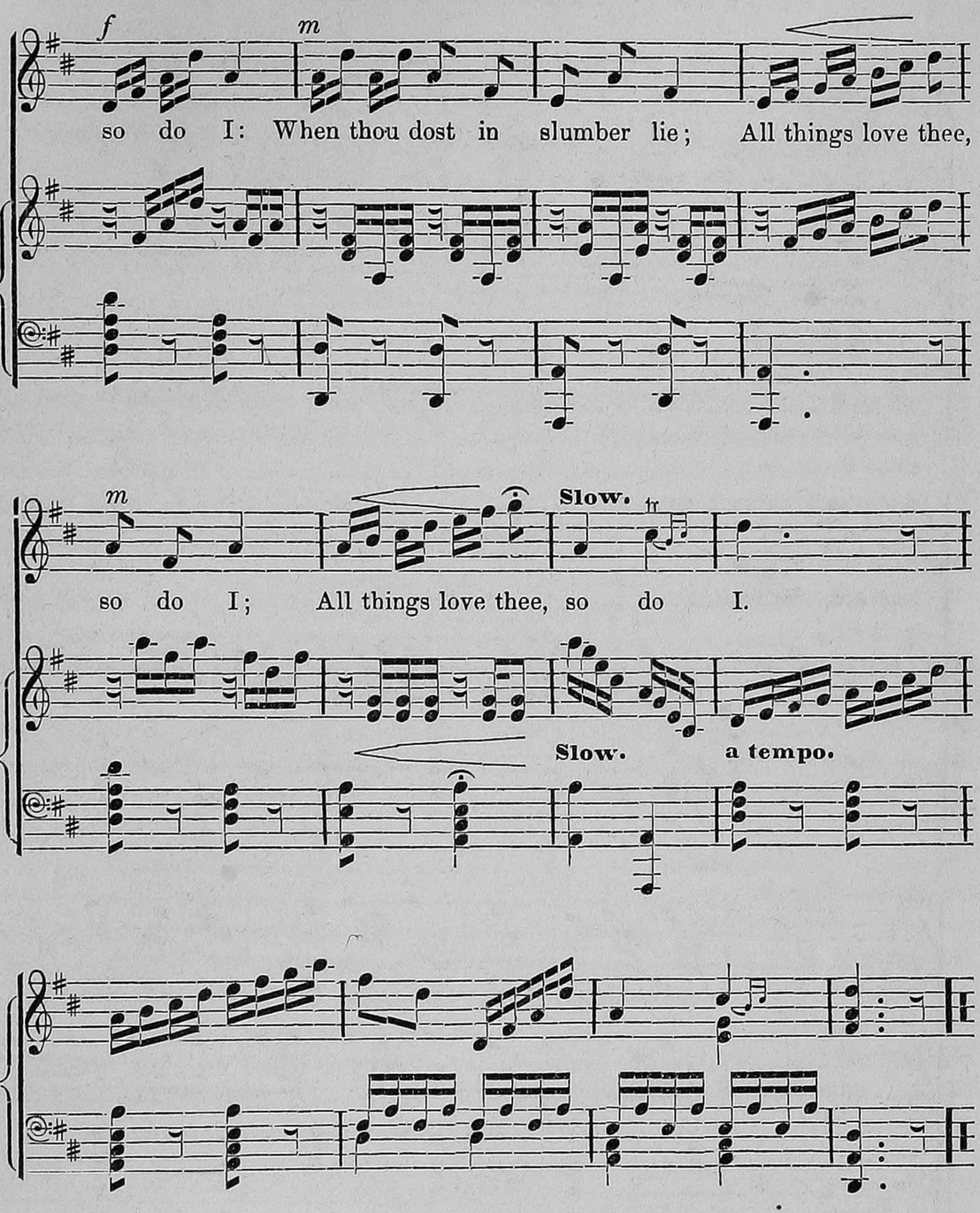
COMPOSED FOR THE SHEKINAH, BY V. C. TAYLOR.



GENTLE WAVES UPON THE DEEP.



GENTLE WAVES UPON THE DEEP.



2.

When thou wak'st, the sea will pour
Treasures for thee to the shore;
And the earth, and plant, and tree,
Bring forth fruit and flowers for thee,
While the glorious stars above
Shine on thee like trusting love;
When thou dost in slumber lie;
All things love thee, so do I,
All things love thee, so do I.

Contents of Volume One.

Readers of the Shekinah.

With your kind approval we are now about to enter on the second year of the publication of the Quarterly. We are happy to say that it has been received with great favor by the Press, and by intelligent and progressive minds in all parts of the country. Those who desire other evidence of its character and of its claims to patronage, are confidently referred to the volume that is now complete.

Friends of Progress, will you examine the volume of The Shekinah now extant, and answer us, shall the work be sustained? And *shall we commence the ensuing volume with a paying list?* Owing to the superior style of the work, its cash expenses have fully equaled its receipts, leaving us nothing for our labor, save the pleasure it has afforded—the noblest reward, and would be sufficient if we were ethereal enough to subsist on air. We are, however, so much encouraged by our past experience, and especially by present prospects, that we are resolved to go on, trusting that most of our old patrons will go with us, and that many new ones will bear us company. During the past year one noble friend in this city has been a subscriber for *fifty copies*. Friends, send us your names, and specify the number of copies for the ensuing year.

We are authorized to say, that our old and able contributors will still furnish us with their best thoughts, and that Hon. J. W. Edmonds will continue to make The Shekinah the medium of his spiritual communications to the public.

SHEKINAH BOUND.

We propose to publish an elegant edition of Volume I., and shall be happy to furnish it bound to all who may desire a library edition of the work. The price, plain bound, will be $2 50, or $3 00 elegantly bound in morocco, embossed and gilt, in the style of the fine annuals.

PREMIUMS.

To the person who will send us the largest number of subscribers, before the first day of October next, either for the Bound Volume or for Volume II., we will present a set of the Portraits of the Seers, in handsome gilt frames, and a copy each of the first and second volumes of The Shekinah; for the next largest number, the same Portraits, in frames; and for the third competitor, a copy of the two volumes, the first bound, and the second in numbers as issued. To all others who will send us $10 00 *at one time*, for five subscribers, we will send an extra copy of the forthcoming volume.

S. B. BRITTAN.

☞ SEE OPINIONS OF "THE SHEKINAH," ON SECOND PAGE OF THE COVER.

Opinions of the Shekinah.

There is abundant need of caution where there is so much tendency to fanaticism, and this Magazine, containing, as it does, some of the ablest papers ever written on the subjects treated of, is admirably designed to place rational philosophy in place of ranting fanaticism. Here is a quarterly such as all reasoning men and women, and lovers of literary merit, will delight to read. Its literary character is of the very highest order.—*Providence (R. I.) Mirror.*

We have read this Review (Shekinah), and scarcely know where to find so much good sense and philosophical acumen within so brief a compass.—*Providence Journal.*

The Shekinah evinces superior ability, philosophical discrimination, moral dignity and catholicity of spirit.—*Practical Christian.*

The Shekinah—We follow the Editor's writings as a schoolboy does a band of music, and this new evidence of his ability is exceedingly fine.—*Derby Journal.*

This work certainly shows marked earnestness, intelligence, and ability.—*Hartford Republican.*

The Shekinah, devoted to the elucidation of the startling truths that are now agitating the great heart of Humanity, is a striking monument of energy, ability and genius. The contributions are entirely original, and bespeak for their authors strong souls, thoroughly irradiated by glowing and expanding truths. No one can peruse its pages without being brought into closer alliance with the pure, the beautiful, and the spiritual.—*Cattaraugus Chief.*

This is a first class Quarterly, in whatever light it is viewed. The Shekinah is conducted with distinguished ability, and in quality of paper, embellishments, mechanical and artistic style, its excellence surpasses any thing of the kind that we know of in this country.—(*Willimantic*) *Public Medium.*

This journal is conducted with much ability, and from the clearness and importance of many of the grounds on which it reasons, is calculated to do much good.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

Mr. Brittan fully sustains the ability and interest of the Shekinah, and gives in each succeeding number new facts, demonstrations, and telling arguments in favor of the reality of spiritual existence and intercourse. Our opinion of the great purpose of this Magazine, and the earnest, honest, and vigorous manner in which it is conducted, has been expressed.—*Hartford Times.*

We commend this excellent work to all who are concerned in the progressive movements of the day; especially those who are interested in the so-called spiritual phenomena that are exciting such a sensation in the public mind. The Shekinah is a superior expositor, and is ably conducted by S. B. Brittan, assisted by writers whose ability and social position give character to the publication.—*Carpet Bag.*

There are some things in this work which are charmingly beautiful. We wish that the beauties of the Shekinah—the sparkling gems which glitter in its pages—were unsurrounded by the rough pebbles which do so much to cloud their beauty from the sight of the pious reader. [Perhaps the editor of the *Post* means the *sectarian reader?*]—*Springfield (Mass.) Daily Post.*

We have studied this work with delighted interest, and are prepared to pronounce it one of the great moving wheels in the car of Progress. We earnestly recommend every lover of his race to subscribe at once for this most instructive journal. More truth can be gleaned from the pages of the Shekinah in a year, than schoolmen could teach in half a century. This commendation may seem extravagant to those who have not seen the work, but we are confident its readers will echo our sentiments.—*Star Spangled Banner.*

The aim of Prof. Brittan is to give a scientific basis to the vast range of facts which have hitherto been vailed in inscrutable mystery, and thus exciting the astonishment and often the terror of the ignorant. His discoveries have attracted the notice of medical men, who regard them as contributions of great importance to the healing art.—*Jersey City Telegraph, March* 19, 1850.

Mr. Brittan's theory is, that mind has a direct power over electrical agencies, by which means physical effects can be produced. He illustrates this view by a large variety of examples, drawn from the accredited records of science, as well as from his own private experiments.—*New York Evening Post, Feb.* 28, 1850.