



SPIRIT WORLD.

VOL. II.

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NO. 11.

NATURE.

ASSOCIATION, PROGRESSION, DEVELOPMENT.

[Original.]

INFANTS.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.

Swedenborg teaches that all infants and children under the age of discretion, when they die, are brought up in the heavens, by the angels, appropriate to the performance of that function—such angels as flow into and associate with the affections of mothers for their children and babes. This affection is their lives and delight, and in the heavens it ultimately itself, as on earth, in the faithful and tender discharge of this heavenly use. Thus, all infants and children, when they die, are cared for and watched over with the same anxious solicitude, the same tender regard and delight their mothers cared for, tended, and watched over them while here; with this difference, however, of a much more intense affection and the unerring *certainty* of their being properly trained and educated. For all infants and children, when they die, and are brought up in the heavens, become angels of the spiritual or celestial kingdoms, are married at a proper age, and in conjugal love live in the delight of the performance of their appropriate use to eternity.

But why do infants and children suffer pain and sickness, and die? What evil have they done, worthy of this affliction? Are they born but to open their soft and tearful eyes to this world's dingy light, struggle a few moments in convulsive agony, then die? To what end their breathing out their little hour here, on their mother's breast, in pain and suffering, then sinking away to be reared in another life? As it is from the Divine Love, by means of the Divine Wisdom, doubtless there is a reason for it, in harmony with the enduring felicity of all. Are there not uses in the Grand God-Man of the Universe, that can alone be fulfilled by angels so constituted? Every human being, infant, child, or adult, is born to a *specific* use in the angelic heavens, which none but *he* can fully and perfectly discharge. And every human being's destiny, through what we call life, is but the

means of fitting and qualifying him for that use. To this end, some must be taken off in their infancy, and reared in the heavens; some reared and live on earth for a longer or shorter period; and some pass through the most enormous evils and falses before they are fitted for and brought to their appropriate use.

But if all infants and children, when they die, come directly into the care and affection of the associate spirits of the mother, and are by them reared, and become spiritual and celestial angels, why are not all those persons in the lower spheres taken off in their infancy, and thus made angels? Because, without the instrumentality of the comparative evil and false in which they now are, *they* could never be brought to and qualified for their use in the Grand Man, and thus be made happy in it to eternity.

But shudder not, thou man of the new and true Christian church, when I tell thee that there was a time on *this* earth, and a numerous *Christian* sect who had their God to DAMN, to all eternity, for his own glory, myriad millions of infants and children as well as adults! who created and brought into existence countless numbers of innocent and helpless babes, for no other end than to administer to his self-aggrandizement and glory, by wrathfully consigning them to eternal hell fire! That out of his divine mercy and compassion, for that purpose he invented and made hell! And, behold you, this same sect looked with holy horror upon cannibalism; condemned and execrated as impious and idolatrous, Brahmanism and Mahommedanism; and regarded it as a work of benevolence and love to send missionaries and money to reclaim them from idolatry, and bring them to the adoration and worship of their infant-damning God!

Pittsburg, Jan. 27, 1851.

[Original.]

COMMUNICATION.

Dear Sir,—Your paper must not go down at the end of the year. You and others have blown up the largest bubble that was ever blown in this world; and we must either see it burst, or your position must be demonstrated to the satisfaction of all. I have been a Materialist of the hardest kind; and the orthodox of all pro-

fessions have dubbed me with the very gentlemanly epithet of Infidel, for many years. But I have lived to see many strange wonders in my day.

I have seen an iron horse constructed, whose only food was wood, and his only drink was water (he was a teetotaler); and I have heard him scream out like a hundred catamounts, and then go off with the speed of the wind, and drag after him a whole city, inhabitants and all.

I have seen a principle arise, by the aid of which, the sun's rays would, in a few seconds, stamp the exact likeness of a man upon plates of steel.

I have heard of ships being built that would navigate the air with more safety than they would the water. (A motive power will yet be discovered that will do this very thing.)

I have heard of a machine being so constructed that it operated in such Paine as even to convert water into fire and light.

I have seen Morse grow to that extent that two neighborhoods, placed at a distance of seventy thousand miles apart, could converse, back and forth, with each other, as readily as two neighbors could, one sitting in each corner of an old Dutch fire-place.

I have seen a science arise that would judge correctly of a stranger by the bumps on his head.

I have seen gradually rising out of the dark and heretofore hidden recesses of Nature, a science that will so paralyze a man, that his limbs can be severed from his body, and he neither feel or know it; and afterwards wake him up into life and consciousness. And if pressed a little further, it will even go so far as to separate soul and body, and yet not separate them. Oh, wonder of wonders.

And I now learn that a north-west passage has been discovered, that communicates between heaven and earth, and that spirits and men are navigating it, night and day, with intelligence and safety.

Now, all of these strange wonders have come into existence since my remembrance; and when I take them all in connection, and reflect upon them, I must confess that they cause my once old, fast anchored, material mind to swing from its moorings, and I am now tossed about on an ocean of uncertainty and doubt. And I say, again, that your paper must not go

down until I am re-anchored again, in some calm and quiet harbor. All great heads and noble souls must put their shoulders to the wheel, and "keep the ark a-moving." And where is the sleepy head that will not wake up, in times like these, to reflection and investigation? Ah! there are thousands and thousands of them, but never seem to mind them; God made them little creatures, and they can't help it; so let them sneer, backbite, lie, and slander as much as they will, all is right. None but whales were made to spout and play in the mighty deep; and wigglers were created to swim in shallow water, along the shore. So travel on, my dear sir; drive the big bugs ahead, and these little creatures will come tagging after, when the thing is popular, and then they will swell up like toads in their songs, and declare that they have done it all; and then they will look extremely wise, and ask you to make them deacons in the new church, or to elect them to some little political office or other. So the world goes.

Now, sir, we will suppose that you are on the right track, and that what the spirits have said is to be relied upon. What, then, will become of that old lake that the clergy have navigated so long? Alas! it is too bad to be told, for surely, then, the brimstone will all be exhausted; the smoke will disappear; the old iron poker with a hook on it, will not be needed; the bubbles and bubblers will grow less and less, fainter and fainter, until, at last, the fires will all go out, and there will then be nothing left but one cold, wide, waste of rubbish and ruin. The cinders and lava will be seen in confused heaps, and scattered all over the bottom of the bottomless pit; but, nevertheless, these pious souls, these old navigators, that have loved the smell of brimstone so well, will cling to the ruins, and there they will remain, scrambling and sprawling about among the rubbish, until the law of progress picks them up, and heaves them out on to dry land; and there, I think, the law will operate rather tardily with them, for they will hang back, like Fowler's mule, on the bump of firmness; but that all-powerful principle will drag them along (if their halters don't break). But I think it will take several eternities to get them along as far as the third round of Jacob's ladder. All this is very natural. They can't help what they do.—Their seats were made for them; and they have sat in them so long that they and their seats have become welded together, and they can't get out of them without help; and I am strongly impressed with a belief that the law of progress will have to be improved upon by way of the tackle, to effect the object. But so sure as that there was ever a God in Israel, it will be done. Yes, they will be hoisted from their position, if it takes them up, seats and all together; and when they are out of the way, a more holy and purer religion will spring forth from the fountain of God, through his everlasting laws, and man will be redeemed.

So don't be discouraged, Brother Sunderland; tell the spirits to rap away; tell some of the bravest of them to jump on

board of the cars, and come through Canada, to Michigan; and if that will not do, tell them to hop on to the wires, and come that way, if it will suit any better; and be sure to tell C. C. Burr to snap his toes, and come along, too. We want to know the whole of it.

I am, dear sir, with the highest consideration and respect, your fellow-citizen,
T. HASCALL.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Feb. 12, 1851.

SPIRITS.

PARENTAL, IMMORTAL, HAPPY.

[Original.]

MY FIRST INTERVIEW.

BY J. A. GRIDLEY, M. D.

Esteemed Friend,—A frank and manly Christianity seeks no concealment, knows no dodging, has no lurking places, but stands out, open, fearless, and undisguised. I feel like the apostles, when they declared, in the face of their enemies, "We cannot but speak the things we have *seen* and *heard*." Yea, more than this, for I have seen, and heard, and *felt*. If I have not witnessed manifestations of superhuman power, through all these senses, then do I possess no faculties by which I can become conscious of existence, either here or hereafter. But to the proof:

On the 18th ult. I called at the house of Mr. Harrison, in Springfield, Mass., to enquire whether I could be admitted into the private circle of some dozen individuals who had engaged Mr. Gordon a few evenings, for their own edification. Mr. Cooley, his attendant, said he would enquire of the spirits, through Mr. Gordon, as the circle would be governed by their reply. He accordingly stepped into another room, where Mr. G. was, at the time, and returned in an instant, saying, "They rap assent as loud as thunder. They say that you, and the lady who is with you, are harmonious—your mental atmosphere is congenial." Mr. G. soon entered, and for the first time I heard distinct raps about his person, on the floor and sofa. At the place appointed for the evening sittings I presented myself at an early hour. Almost as soon as I was seated, and while there was but one person in the room, and she a neighbor, and there on a visit, and in the remotest corner of the room from where I was sitting, (with the exception of the lady who accompanied me,) I heard four distinct raps on a large sea shell on the mantel-piece, just above my head. This was, to me, a cordial welcome, direct from the spirits, as it was a full hour before Mr. Gordon and Mr. Cooley returned from Longmeadow, where they had been to spend the afternoon. After their arrival, a company of about thirty adults assembled, with every appearance of respectability and intelligence. From these, an inner circle was selected by the spirits, and arranged agreeably to their direction, each taking the place assigned them by the invisibles; all of which was done, to my mind, with as much precision and intelligence for the accomplishment of an ob-

ject, as any telegraphic wire could have been by the most scientific. Everything being ready, rules, indited by the spirits on a previous evening, for the observance of the circle, were then read, which have since appeared in the Messenger. They were, in my opinion, worthy of the source whence they originated. Then, *per order* of the spirits, commenced the singing, "When I can read my title clear," and "I would not live away." These were beautifully sung by the circle, amidst the constant raps of the invisibles.

Questions by rotation were then commenced, and promptly answered, to the amount of several hundreds; but as most of these related to private interviews with departed friends, I will pass on till my own turn came. Having seen it remarked by some spiritual writers, that the person to whom we feel most strongly attached, if dead, is probably our guardian spirit, and knowing that for several years I had had more sympathy with a French authoress, who had been dead nearly a century and a half, than with any other person of whom I had ever heard, I enquired, "Is Madame Guion present?" "Yes," was the prompt reply. "Will she communicate with me?" "Yes, yes." "Is she my guardian angel?" "Yes, and am with you often." [Here, Mr. Editor, let me say in the teeth of unbelief, that scores and scores of times I have been as conscious of her presence as Elijah's servant was of the horses and chariots of fire that surrounded his master. Suppose men will not be believed, will that justify you or me in withholding facts?] "Will she communicate with me, audibly, at my own house?" "Yes, soon." I then said, "If this is, in deed and in truth, Lady Guion, you are a powerful spirit, and are able to give us *strong* demonstration.—Will you do so?" "Yes, yes." "Now?" "Soon?" While the *soon* was transpiring, I proceeded with my questions, amid incessant raps of approval. "If we wish to obtain the greatest good, ought we not to possess that passive negative state of mind that the subject possesses when he sits down to be entranced?" "Yes." "With all thought arrested, except a strong desire and expectation to be made better?" "Yes, yes." "Is there more levity or curiosity in this circle, than comports with its greatest advancement?" "Yes." "Is our desire for goodness and truth sufficiently strong?" "No, no." "Is it possible for man, in this state of being, actually to hold commerce with the everlasting God?" "Yes." [This question was based upon the fact that God, in the Old Testament, styles himself a husband of his people; and Christ, in the New, also repeatedly calls himself the bridegroom, and the church his bride. The question, then, virtually, asks whether so intimate a relation has ever existed on earth.] "Has man, in a few instances, been so far developed here as to know the commerce common in the higher spheres?" "Yes." [Madame Guion herself claimed this knowledge, one hundred and fifty years ago; and Christ prayed that his people might be one, *even as* he and the Father were one. The nature of the parties, as well as of the union, show that the questions refer to a subject en-

tirely independent of the physical organization.] "Have I often received spiritual influxes from the heavenly world, and in many instances imparted it to others?" "Yes, yes, YES." "Shall I continue to do so, hereafter?" "Yes." [Were not the apostles filled with the Holy Ghost? and were not all on whom they laid their hands, filled with the same Holy Ghost? Let orthodoxy answer; for while it denies there are some who believe that Christianity, like its great Author, is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.] "Ought I to devote more of my time to this work?" "Some more." "Would spiritual influxes of goodness, truth, and love, immediately flow into every man's soul, if it could be emptied of the greivelling mammon spirit with which it is now charged?" "Yes." "Have I ever had my physical chest actually and positively [these words were emphasized,] expanded by an excess of spiritual influx?" "Yes." [Why not? Did it never restore withered limbs, open blind eyes, unstop deaf ears, rebuke waves and winds and men and devils, open sepulchres and coffins and set their prisoners free? Certain editors say that my questions invoked sentiments that this community, nor any other, will receive. But this community, and most others, swallow, and, I think, justly, too, all these camels, with perfect ease, though they may not be able to strain down the gnat contained in my last question, any how.] "Is all true prayer first an influx of desire from the spirit world?" "Yes." "Is it there a reflux of that desire back to the source whence it originated?" "Yes." "Does it attract the righteous elements of that world, and return to the chambers of the heart, to scatter its unearthly treasures?" "Yes." "Will the mechanical prayers, so abundantly offered all over the earth, ever prevail in removing the partition existing between heaven and earth?" The answer was a powerful and most decided "NO." "Is sober-minded reflection the first step of every man to improvement?" "Yes." "Does this beget desire?" "Yes." "The only prevailing prayer?" "Yes." If such testimony is given by evil spirits, may God increase their number an hundred fold.

The time had now come for the promised manifestations. I will here remark that from the first I had no curiosity to gratify. I sought only an open, solemn, and holy introduction to the invisible hosts of heaven; and my most ardent wish was more than realized. I asked for manifestations for no other motive than as tangible evidence to convince gainsayers. Well, the table before me began to move—at first so slowly that it seemed to be crawling—then faster; it many times whirled with great violence; it rose up on one side, and while standing on two legs, it shot over another table that was standing by its side, and which was of equal height as they stood together. This feat was accomplished a number of times. It was raised a foot high, and forced down with great power, I judged, more than fifty times; and then, quicker than a glance of the eye, it was overturned and pitched on to its side into my lap and the lap of the lady who sat next to me. Here it lay a number of

minutes. I saw it; I felt it on my lap; I handled it. There it was, when instantly both table spreads were twitched off, folded, thrown upon the lower half of the table—one cloth near one end, and the other near the other end—and the upper half of the table was doubled over on to the spreads, with a heavy slam. This was all executed in a twinkling, and while it still lay in my lap. [Perhaps I should have mentioned that this was an elegant centre table, with a movable top, and folded in the middle.] The most marvelous of all, to me, was that a heavy table should be pitched, swifter than lightning, upon my lap, and though falling on its edge, there was scarcely any apparent weight, and that of the softest and to appearance, of the most yielding kind. I accounted for it, at the time, by supposing that it fell chiefly on the lady, and was supported by her. But the first remark between us was from her. She said to me, "You received the whole shock and support of the table when it fell; and while it remained on me it felt only like a cushion." The truth must be that the instant it came in contact with our clothing its force was arrested and supported by the same invisible hands that threw it there. The table spreads were evidently thrown between the folds to prevent their being marred. "Dr. Phelps's spirits" were not there. Several times the table turned half way round to bring a sheet of paper to a lady, at her request, that lay on the opposite corner from where she was sitting. It not only turned round, but advanced towards her, and slid up so as to carry the paper over her lap and directly under her face.—This was repeated once and again, by her request, by a spirit purporting to be her little son. Another lady called on the spirit of her boy, some time dead, and after a few responses he seemed literally to leap into the mother's lap. He pulled her silk apron, he untied its strings, and he shook it and fluttered it with a violence that would rival any sail in a storm, that was half-loosed from its fastenings. The mother screamed with fear a dozen times, but as this shaking continued, as it seemed to me at the time, some twenty minutes, the mother's feelings became calmed, and her spirit seemed most cordially and maternally to embrace the spirit of her child. The opinion was expressed by the mother and other ladies, that the apron would scarcely be found by its tatters, so finely and completely did it seem that it would be whipped into its original fibres. But when the child was through with his innocent mirth, he folded the apron and dropped it in his mother's lap, with no harm except that it might well weep for the smoothing iron. A cloth more ruffled I never saw.

A gentleman whose guardian spirit professed to be that of a grandfather, asked him if he would give the company a specimen of the trade he followed, while on earth. Instantly the sole of a boot was hammered out, as loud, and clear, and long, and with the identical sound of a shoe hammer on a lapstone. No person, from that sound, could have doubted his being in the shop of a shoemaker. By request of different individuals, the most

perfect imitation of the dropping of water was heard, the feeling and sound of blowing of wind was experienced, the opening and shutting of doors, the last by the spontaneous separation of the tables about four inches, and then sliding together so true and perfectly, as if done with the nicest machinery. This was repeated a number of times.

These are some of the things, but by no means all, that I saw, and that filled my heart with reverence on that memorable night. The promise of strong demonstrations was now fulfilled, and with a powerful play of the largest table, up and down, for some twenty minutes, with slight intermissions, the legs striking the carpet with a force that shook the whole house, and in a still night might be heard half a mile, they bade us a cordial, Good night.

One thing is worthy of special remark, and that is, if any foolish or useless question was put, it was unanswered. For instance, I enquired if I should become a clear-seeing spiritual clairvoyant before I left the body. It was asked like all the other questions, without premeditation, and I felt foolish as soon as it escaped my lips. It was unanswered. I noticed, also, that the answers corresponded with the strongest probabilities. When I enquired of my father's family, all of whom are in the spirit world, except myself, my father and brother said they were present and happy, but were not my guardian spirits, (not being sufficiently advanced to do me any good). My sister and mother said they were present, happy, and my guardian protectors; and mother said she was with me always. They have been much longer in the spirit home, and were more enlightened when they left the body. I will now close by saying that so frequent a use of the first person may seem egotistical; but before I commenced my questions, I felt a desire to be impressed to ask the most useful to us all—that what was *my* truth, was *your* truth, the *world's* truth.

Southampton, Mass., Feb. 9, 1851.

[From the Norfolk Democrat.]

SPIRITUAL.

I have had several opportunities for investigating this matter, of which a brief sketch was given in the Democrat, a few weeks since. I will now briefly sketch a few of the many things I saw and heard at Mr. Sunderland's house, on Saturday last, at the risk of being considered insane or idiotic. We were seated in an "upper room," around a circular table, and then, as Poe, in the song of the "Raven," says:

"Methought the air grew denser, perfumed by an unseen censor,
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor."

Sudden rappings told the alphabet was wanted, which, being repeated, the following was spelled, "Abby is here."—Each one looked at his neighbor, and wondered what this could mean. Finally, a stranger, from Taunton, Mr. Sylvanus Thayer, said he knew the writing, and the interpretation thereof. It was

the spirit of a little daughter. Mr. T. asked the spirit of his father, "Am I doing right in going to the Swedenborg church?" "Yes."

The spirit of a mother spelled this sentence to her son, "I am here to bless you." Another spirit spelled out to a brother, "Remember that ride to South Reading." This may seem trifling, but it had a meaning for him to whom it was addressed, which he did not fail to recognize.

I must pass over the questions and answers, as these have been sufficiently detailed heretofore. It is sufficient to say that many questions were asked and correctly answered. The spirits answered many test questions—stated how long they had been in the spirit world—stated how old they were when they died—spelled their names—answered mental as freely as audible questions—and seemed exceedingly desirous of convincing us that they were really what they purported to be. I asked *thirteen mental questions in succession*, to which prompt replies were given.

At this point, the spirit of a father spelled out the following to his son, "I was buried alive." The son demanded as a test, that he should spell his name, and this he did. As a further test of his identity, the son asked him to give his profession while living. This was done. He was a "major drummer" of a militia company. He was further asked to give the "drum beat," or roll-call of his company, and away in a distant corner of the room, a perfect imitation of the call "to arms" was given by the beating of a drum.

We now requested the spirits, if they were really such, to move the table.—This was done. It was turned round, and then back—turned over sideways, and moved in various directions, according to the request of the company. In order to be sure that this was not done by any one present, either by their hands or "great toes," we formed a circle, and *each one held the other by the hand*.

Again: A stranger present, having heard that spirits sometimes wrote themselves, requested, that if such a thing was possible, that his daughter would write the initial of her name. A gold pencil was placed upon a memorandum book, from which it was soon lifted by an unseen power, and the letter "C" distinctly traced. Her name was Caroline.

Now, Mr. Editor, what say you? and Mr. Reader, what say you? Are you ready to say "it can't be did?" "I pause for a reply." Meantime, the reader is requested to notice two things. First—this "can't be did" doctrine originated with the "serpent," which corresponds to a certain personage known in modern theology as the "devil." Second—each and everything which he and his imitators since declared could not be "did," have been "did."

Candid and reflecting minds will be cautious about pronouncing that a deception which has stood the test of four years' investigation by men of the highest attainments, and whose integrity stands unimpeached. Neither is it the part of wisdom to consider everything impossi-

ble which we cannot comprehend. There are many laws written in the great volume of nature, which no human eye has yet read; and these laws, eternal and unchangeable, are constantly producing results in perfect accordance with the divinity of their origin. We can look upon this book, and without hesitation pronounce it a divine revelation. It has received no additions—passed through no translations, nor does it require the vote of a council of bishops to attest its divinity. There it shines, fresh and bright as it came from the hand of the Eternal Father. It stands to-day as it stood in Nature's first glorious morning, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

Such is the beauty, the perfection, and divinity of Nature. Let us follow her teachings, and rely on the truth of her revelations, amid all the strange developments and spirit-mysteries of the present age.

"Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted—wholly vain—
If, rising on its wrecks at last,
To something nobler we attain."

G. THAYER.

Dedham, Feb. 10, 1851.

EDITORIAL.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1851.

"CONTRADICTION."

"An assertion of the contrary to what has been said, or affirmed. Denial, contrary declaration."—*Webster*.

Our readers are aware that, from the beginning, our policy has been not to notice or "contradict" the misrepresentations which might be uttered against us, personally. No matter what charges might be made, my duty is plain.

But one of the daily papers in this city, whose editor says "there may be about an *even* chance, whether LaRoy Sunderland be a DUPE or a KNAVE," thinks it worthy of notice that there has "been no contradiction" from the Sunderland aforesaid, of one of the ten thousand slanders that have been uttered about him!

It is said of "a greater than John the Baptist," that he did not "contradict;" he "endured the contradiction of sinners against himself;" from which two inferences may be drawn:

1. That it is characteristic of "sinners" to "contradict." And,

2. That unimpeachable integrity disposes to the endurance of slanders, and not to their "contradiction." We are told that Jesus did not attempt to "contradict" either the erroneous views that his enemies entertained of him, or the many slanders they uttered and published against him. He was "meek and lowly;" and as the "lamb is dumb before his shearers, so he opened not his mouth."

And shall we be FORBIDDEN to attempt the imitation of an example so divine? Is it because I am so great a "KNAVE" that I must not be permitted to bear as patiently as I may, the "evil" that is spoken of me *falsely*?

In the Boston Post, of February 18th, I am implicated with constructive MURDER. "The miserable delusions of A. J. Davis and LaRoy Sunderland, led on John Grieve and his wife to the MURDER of their souls and bodies," says the Post. Something more, I trow, than a "knaave," in this charge. And is it worth while for me to "contradict" it? And, why this, any more than one of a thousand others that appear daily in the public papers, all over the country, against me, the whole of which may be summed up in one word, "DECEPTION." DECEPTION, more CRUEL than the grave! Deception, connected with DEATH, and the realities of eternity.

A HORRIBLE CRIME against heaven and earth, of which I would no more be guilty than I would of murder. That multitudes are deceived in relation to what are called spiritual manifestations, I know, very well—ludicrously, woefully, self-deceived.—They are deceived in supposing that the phenomena known under this term, are produced by human beings. But the great DECEPTION, whence this originates, lies deeper still. It is constituted by a DISCORDANT SPIRIT in themselves. The man who, in the elements of his nature, is thus discordant, loves error. He is self-deceived in supposing that he can falsify without being himself false at heart; that he can ever deceive, without being himself deceived. Now, such a deceiver conceives, in falsehood, the design of falsifying to spirits. He deceives in his questions, whether put by himself or another; and as sure as there be a PRINCIPLE of ETERNAL JUSTICE above, so certain it is that the answer from the spirit world must correspond and prove the legitimate fruit of the seed which that deceiver himself has sown.

Now, as I am KNOWN to the Universal Heavens and the OMNISCIENT FATHER of all; and as far as I am truly known among men, so heaven and earth know that all persons who are thus deceived by answers from spirits, whether "mischievous," "ignorant," "delusive," "insane," "discordant," or "imaginary," are deceived in a manner, against which I have repeatedly WARNED them in the columns of this paper! This warning was uttered in the first number of the Spiritual Philosopher (page 10, 11,) last June! And yet, when a professed, self-convicted deceiver gets JUSTICE by responses from spirits, (for whom I NEVER vouched at all,) and gets falsehood, in precisely the same way that I cautioned him,

beforehand, that he would be served, the Boston Commonwealth looks to me for a "contradiction!" "Contradiction" of what? Of a professed liar? Why should I contradict a man who himself says he lied? Or would you have me "contradict" the "spirits" who lied to him, in answer to his lies? I say, No, that is not my business! Why don't you rebuke the man who says he has lied, both to men and to spirits? Nay, why does the Boston Advertiser, Bee, Herald, Investigator, Commonwealth, Lowell Courier, New York Express, Commercial Advertiser, and numerous other papers, throughout the country, publish with such avidity, what they know to be the story of a liar, who confesses the lie in the very story which makes them all so merry? Do these papers, or either of them, reprobate that liar? Not at all. Do they resort to the laws of the spirit world for an explanation of what is said to have occurred? Not they; nothing of the kind is once thought of. Somebody who makes use of the signature of "Miss A. A. M." (but whether male or female, is not known,) plays the "widow," and gets "responses" to his or her deceptive questions, and now,

"Little Tray, Blanche,
Sweetheart, and all,"

are out in full chorus, and "we see no contradiction from Mr. Sunderland," says one of them. Ah! gentlemen, how little you know about the subject in relation to which you are, indeed, so really EGREGIOUSLY DECEIVED!

A grave clique of doctors seize a young ladies' knees, and hold on to them till her tears flow! Says Dr. Lee, "Miss Fox was much affected, and shed many tears, which excited much sympathy on the part of some of the gentlemen present." And if those were gentlemen whose sympathies were thus excited by witnessing a process which so broke in upon the retiring modesty of an unsophisticated young lady—I say, if they were gentlemen, what are those editors who giggle in view of those tears? Who are they who manifest such an exquisite delight in publishing Dr. Lee's account of his kneecological experiments? The Doctor consoles and congratulates himself thus:

"Our position was triumphantly sustained, and public opinion here, is now almost universally on our side."

And this "public opinion," made up, as it confessedly is, of deception and falses, in every conceivable form—of experiments with the "great toes," and "grasping ladies' knees," "young misses, as weeping widows,"—yes, "public opinion," concocted of such materials, we are expected to "contradict" in detail! But I say, No, gentlemen. Before you can ask a "contradiction" of me, I must demand of you to show whether or no the "Miss A. A. M." be really

"Miss" or "Mrs.;" and also whether "Phebe Newell" be really a MAN or woman? Yes, Mr. Commonwealth, make out your own case; prove the Miss-hood and the sex-hood, aye, and the good character of your own witnesses, before you call on me to "contradict" them. Till you do this, no experiments with the great toes, nor with the ankles, nor with the knees, will need or receive any contradiction from me, nor from any one else who knows the parties. The "Miss" who can play the widow, and the "Shadrachs" in petticoats, FEIGNING the DEATH of children, shall be allowed to remain women, and amuse the lovers of deception by showing themselves off in the characters they themselves have chosen.

"When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light the torch which shows their shame
the more."

LOVE!

"Love," says Mr. A. J. Davis, "is the first or rudimental element of the human soul. It is that liquid, mingling, delicate, inexplicable element which is felt in the depths of every human spirit, because it is its germinal essence."

The following exquisite passage we find in Tupper's "Crock of Gold:"

"Love is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel men when all else had failed. Reason he parries; Fear he answers blow to blow; Future Interest he meets with Pleasure; but Love, that sun against whose melting beams Winter cannot stand, that soft, subduing slumber which wrestles down the giant, there is not one human creature in a million, not a thousand men in earth's large quintillion, whose clay heart is hardened against Love."

There are, so to speak, as many varieties of this emotion, as there are faculties in the human mind. But we speak now only of that which is developed in the domestic relations of life—conjugal, parental, fraternal, and filial.

If music be the language of Love, always, then poetry may be its form. The Love element is in the sound, and the wisdom element in the words. Here is conjugal Love:

"O never, dearest, never till the beating
Of this poor heart, which throbs for thee, is
o'er;
Never, till my soul, from life retreating,
Takes up its death-march for the spirit-
shore.

Then, as thy lips shall kiss me to my slumber,
As, on life's verge, I say the long "Good
Night,"
How will thy love my struggling spirit cumber,
While the world reels and changes on my
sight.

Yet, in the distant bourne, where, broken-
hearted,
Thou shalt deem, happily, that my soul
hath rest,
Can I but meet thee when life hath departed,
My sin-sick spirit shall be doubly blessed."

The grave-yard is a good place for finding records of affection. In such places, we may often see traced upon the marble, the external expression of that principle which makes heaven, wherever it dwells. Here is an instance, from Mount Auburn:

"Thy memory, thou loved one,
How sacred, how dear;
Thy virtues shall live,
Though thy dust slumbers here.
Till the last setting sun,
O'er my lone heart shall roll,
Shall I cherish thy worth,
Thou friend of my soul."

We venture the opinion, that but few persons ever read the above, who did not become conscious of an emotion which they always feel the more happy for indulging.

Here is another, from the same place:

"She lived unknown, and few could know
When Mary ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and O
The difference to me."

Cowper's lines written on the receipt of his mother's picture, and the "May Queen," are beautiful expressions of the filial. To have been the author of either of those pieces, we should consider more honor than attaches to any, or all that ever fell from our pen. To read the "May Queen," is enough to break up the deep fountains of parental love; but to hear it sung by Dempster or Judson J. Hutchinson! If you ever, indeed, enjoyed that pleasure, you need nothing from another to make you sensible as to what is meant by parental or filial love.

THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.—Mr. W. M. FERNALD will continue his discourse on this subject, to-morrow, in Washingtonian Hall, at 2 1-2 P. M.

RECOMMENDATION.—I wish to recommend to all my friends, most seriously and particularly, to read, without any unnecessary delay, "NOBLE'S LECTURES" on "Important Doctrines of the True Christian Religion, explained, demonstrated, and vindicated from Vulgar Errors," &c. &c.; and also "A Course of Lectures on the Doctrines of the New Jerusalem Church, as Revealed in the Theological writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. By B. F. Barrett, New York." My reasons for this recommendation will appear soon.

W. M. FERNALD.

Cambridge, Mass., March 8, 1851.

"DISCLOSURES FROM THE INTERIOR, AND SUPERIOR CARE FOR MORTALS."—The above is the title of a publication which has been recently commenced at Auburn, N. Y. It professes to be edited, superintended, and controlled by spirits out of the flesh, through the instrumentality of certain individuals, who, as they claim, have "become in full confidence of mind, disciples of the Lord." In examining the contents of the first number, we were forcibly impressed with the lamentable tendency of the human mind to convert whatever is free and liberal into a sectarian form, and conceal what is really

beautiful and true beneath the dark pall of superstition.

According to the teachings of this paper, it appears that certain articles of faith, embracing the exploded dogmas of past ages, are to form the established standard by which all spirits must be tried; and that no spirit is entitled to credence or should be allowed an opportunity to communicate, saving to those who may be willing to *subscribe to a creed!* We have ventured to entertain the idea that the great object of spiritual communications is to bring *light* to the world; but if that light be made darkness, in the manner supposed, by the publication referred to, the world must still sigh in vain. It may be presumed, however, that the seeming inconsistency which here occurs, may be explained on the supposition that the individuals engaged in this enterprise are mistaken as to the source of their disclosures; and that what is received as coming from the circles of prophets and apostles, really emanates from a much lower sphere.—*Spirit Messenger.*

A NEW THING.—We have received the first number of a nondescript publication from Auburn, N. Y., purporting to be a paper edited and dictated entirely by spirits "out of the flesh." It is a curious affair, full of that peculiar kind of cant with which the wildest kind of religious fanaticism always comes before the world; and if, as it purports, it is the dictation of the spirits of Paul and Daniel of old, we think them decidedly bigger fools than most of spirits in the flesh; and if by any spirits, they are of a very foolish and fanatical character.—There is neither sense or reason in it, but any quantity of cant. Its very name will convey an idea of its vague and unmeaning contents. It is "Disclosures from the Interior, and Superior Care for Mortals."—This is quite as intelligible as anything it contains.—*Providence Mirror.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

Elbridge, N. Y., March 3, 1851.

Friend Sunderland,—I have perused those papers you sent me, with the most lively and thrilling interest. I had been somewhat familiar with the products of your pen for the last seven or eight years, and had read of your wonderful success in the cure of the different diseases which "flesh is heir to," through the influence of Pathetism, which you seem to exert at will, to an astonishing degree. It seems to me you ought to regard this power as the gift of God. But this is not all. You are now blessed with the privilege of holding daily converse with the spirit world. When I have read your editorials in the *Philosopher*—of your intercourse with the departed, I have exclaimed, "Is it possible? Can it be so?" I had read Messrs. Capron & Barron's "Singular Revelations," more than a year ago, but I did not know either of the gentlemen; and it was pronounced so strange a production, that it must be deception, got up to excite the credulous portion of the community, and get their money. This was the view we all had of the work. But there was one thing of which I took particular notice, at the time, viz: That these manifestations would become as was stated in the work, more numerous, spreading far and wide. "Well," said I, "time will then determine the truth of the work,"

and so it was laid aside for *time* to prove. Time rolled on. Many remarkable manifestations were being reported in the different periodicals of the day. Soon it was announced that LaRoy Sunderland was a believer, and had the manifestations in his own family. This was evidence enough for me to send for your paper, and know the truth. I had always regarded you as a man of truth and veracity, and now to suppose you had so far forgotten yourself as to turn deceiver after having been faithful and true so long—why, this I was not ready to admit. Well, to satisfy myself, and that I might not be included as belonging to that class who would pin their faith upon the sleeve of others, I went and heard the "rappings." Not once, merely, but twice, and thrice, and that, too, through different mediums—Mrs. Benedict and Mrs. Tamlin, of Auburn. To me, those sittings were most satisfactory; not because I heard "rappings," but because of the intelligence manifested through those sounds. There were truthful responses to at least fifteen *test* questions concerning my departed relatives, at the different sittings. Knowing, as I did, that all the persons present were strangers to me, except one; and, as I have reason to believe, I was a stranger to them, with the above exception, and she knowing nothing of my deceased friends—the intelligence there manifested through the raps, was truly astonishing.

But now we are informed, through the press, that the "rappings are exposed"—that certain individuals know *how* the rappings are produced! But we believe they have not informed us how the *intelligence part* is obtained.

A Mr. Harris, from New York city, and Mr. Scott, of Brooklyn—the former a Universalist clergyman, and the latter a clergyman of the Seventh-Day Baptists—have both left their respective congregations, directed so to do, as they say, by the spirits, and have gone to Auburn, N. Y., and commenced a paper, called "Disclosures from the Interior, and Superior Care for Mortals," "dictated," as they say, "by Paul," and are about to publish a (what shall I call it?) a new Bible, "dictated," also, "by Paul." That is, *Paul makes use of Mr. Harris's hand, while in the entranced state, to write the book!*

This is not all: Meetings are being numerous attended at the Town Hall, composed of every denomination, and all to hear the news from the spirit world. Many attend, probably, out of mere curiosity. The speakers are the said Scott and Harris. Well, if this work is of heaven, and its object the union and harmony of the churches, under one head—Christ, the good shepherd, and the human family the brotherhood and flock—we say "Amen," to it. This is the day we have long wished to see. My sympathies are for the "good time coming," when union, truth, and harmony will become universal. God speed the day.

In the "Disclosures from the Interior, and Superior Care for Mortals," we have what is called "Advice to Mediums," purporting to come "from the circle of

apostles and prophets," and which contains this remarkable passage:

"You are **REQUIRED**, before acting as mediums for publication of statements from spirits seeking to communicate, to **TEST their wisdom and holiness** by **REQUIRING their assent to the following principles of truth**, which all obedient children of God, with fulness and consent receive, and which the benighted alone deny. First. The *Deific nature of Jesus Christ our Lord*. His **MIRACULOUS birth**, teachings, and deeds. His *sin offering* upon the cross. His *bodily resurrection*. His re-ascension to the throne of redemption, where He reigns above all, having the keys of death and hell."

I have quoted enough to show that here is a **TEST CREED!**

But let us go back to the introduction of this document. Paul is made to say, after speaking of the mission of Christ: "Six prophetic periods had passed, and Paganism revived again in the portion of the earth called enlightened, being taught in form of theories, philosophical and natural product of minds *receptive of delusions from spirits of deceit and darkness in the interior world.*" This being the case, the above communications now being received from "apostles," may be "delusions from spirits of deceit."

Yours, sincerely,

ASHLEY CLARKE.

UNITY.

ATTRACTION, HARMONY, HEAVEN.

[From the Chenango News.]

THE DYING GIRL.

BY ALFRED C. HILLS.

I'm going to that land, Mother,
That mystic land, to dwell—
That land unseen by mortal eye,
Whose myst'ries none can tell—
But where they say the good are blest,
And wander free in light;
I long to find that land, Mother,
Where all is fair and bright.

I had a joyous dream, Mother,
When slumber o'er me stole,
I thought that Death had come, Mother,
To loose my weary soul.
And O, I saw that lovely land
Of never-fading bliss;
The land where spirits dwell, mother,
A brighter world than this.

There everything is pure, Mother,
And language is too faint,
The beauty of that Spirit World,
Or half its joy to paint.
The verdant trees, the lovely flowers,
The birds, with songs of mirth,
They are too bright, too sweet, Mother,
To grace our sinful earth.

When Spring shall come again, Mother,
And lovely flowers shall bloom,
The sun, with cheerful beams of light,
Shall greet my lonely tomb.