



DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Spiritual Philosophy.

For the Spiritual Age.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW ON SPIRITUALISM.

BY ALVIN STURTEVANT.

It is a remarkable fact in the history of modern Spiritualism, that while its phenomena have fallen under the observation of millions in all parts of the world,—while believers in the verity and importance of its revelations have increased in numbers and influence with unparalleled rapidity,—while opposition to it has been virulent, persistent and determined,—while the popular mind, on both sides of the Atlantic, has been unmistakably against it, though yielding slowly and surely,—the acknowledged leaders of the public mind, both in literature and science, have given it, thus far, comparatively little attention. Whenever an organ of the "powers that be" of public opinion ventures to speak of the subject, it is in a tone of flippancy and ridicule, betraying an ignorance as to the scope and nature of the manifestations, which is really amusing to one well-informed on the subject. There are exceptions, but those exceptions seem to be characterized by a disposition to avoid, by special pleading, the legitimate conclusions to which the premises would lead,—to deny the facts,—to seize hold of and lay stress upon facts and circumstances capable of being made to appear ridiculous,—in fine, to shelter their authors in any way, and behind any theory, that promises to afford a plausible though temporary refuge.

The Westminster Review seems to be of this latter class. The author of the article entitled "Spirits and Spirit-rapping," in No. 135 (January, 1858), of that able Quarterly, has evidently read much of the literature of Spiritualism, and, if we may be allowed to judge from his article, to little purpose. He details many particulars of the manifestations, derived from various works on the subject, throws no doubt upon the general character and credibility of the witnesses, but concludes their testimony worthless on very singular grounds. He regards the whole matter in the light of a wonderful psychological marvel, chiefly valuable to science as an exhibition of epidemic delusion, and expresses great wonder at what, to one conversant with the facts in the case, is assuredly no subject of wonder; namely, that the various so-called "exposures" and "explanations" of the matter have had little or no effect in checking the progress of what he characterizes as a "disease," an "epidemic," and a "delusion." We are sorry to say that he has, in his presentation of facts, been guilty of garbling the statements of works he has read, of misrepresenting facts, and of placing almost everything relating to the subject capable of being so placed, in a false light; betraying throughout a purpose, not to develop the truth, but to overthrow, as far as possible, and by almost every means, the idea of the reality of the phenomena.

One word as to the so-called "exposures" of Spiritualism. They have failed, as all such must fail; because, however applicable they may be to some cases, where imposture may be and probably is practised, the same manifestations occur in situations and under circumstances utterly precluding the possibility of fraud; because tests are given that are out of the power of any mortal to give; and because it is easily shown, by renewed experiments, that there can be no foundation in the hypotheses on which these "exposures" are based.

The reviewer seems to regard the evidences he thinks Spiritualism exhibits, of a "wide-spread tendency in the United States towards the establishment of a new religious faith," as the chief point of interest in "the mental epidemic," as he terms the new movement. He deems that the opportunity of establishing such a faith, afforded by Spiritualism, was its chief attraction to such men as Governor Tallmadge and Dr. Hare! We leave those who know these gentlemen better than we do to speak positively on this point; but certainly neither of them has said or done anything, to our knowledge, to warrant such a conclusion. However, by dexterous misrepresentations of portions of Dr. Hare's book, he makes that supposition seem more plausible in his case, and thereupon assumes what nobody this side of the Atlantic has thought of for a moment; that Dr. Hare is to be regarded as the leader of American Spiritualism! He is not so in any sense. Highly as we value the record of Dr. Hare's experimental investigation of the subject, much as we admire his acquirements, and respect his candor and moral courage in coming before the public with his convictions, we cannot concede to him what we feel sure he will not claim for himself, and what no one of his friends claims for him—the leadership of American Spiritualism. It has no leader. It has prominent men, and Dr. Hare is one of them; but neither general organization nor leadership in any sense. Of the same character is the statement made in the same article that Laroy Sunderland is the leading Spiritualist of Boston.

The reviewer makes another amusing blunder, which we feel sure American Christians, particularly the self-styled "evangelical" churches, will consider decidedly complimentary. It is this:

"... But what is certain is, first, that in the United States, Protestantism, more unhampered by laws and institutions than in England, and not engrossed by the old duel with Romanism, being left free to act, is manifesting on an imposing scale a tendency to throw off its allegiance to Christianity!"

After these specimens of the writer's profound knowledge of what he is writing about, need we wonder at his other absurdities?

We pass by the flippant remarks of the reviewer concerning Swedenborg as needing little comment. We cannot suppose him ignorant of the fact, coming to us vouchsafed for by the renowned German philosopher, Emanuel Kant that Swedenborg, in 1759, at Gottenburg, described a fire at Stockholm, three hundred miles distant, during its progress. Such testimony in regard to the gifts of that remarkable man seems conclusive, and, we doubt not, with an unprejudiced mind, it would have some weight. It is not common for "amiable lunatics," such as the reviewer intimates Swedenborg to have been, to perform such feats.

But not the least amusing feature in the article is the fact that it is not throughout consistent with itself. This, however, is of small importance. As some one has well said, the opposition to Spiritualism has "never been reducible to a common term," or made consistent even with itself, to say nothing of the phenomena. In one place the writer says that "fraud, jugglery, actual insanity, excited vanity, and a morbid love of the marvelous, are the chief ingredients in the cauldron." Elsewhere he endorses Prof. Faraday's exploded theory of table-moving, and roundly berates a gentleman of high acquirements (Rev. S. R. Maitland, D. D., F. R. S. and F. S. A.) for showing (what was plain without showing), that it did not account for the facts.

We find a complacent statement incidentally made in the article, which is perhaps worthy of a moment's attention. It is this: that faith in Spiritualism involves "the renunciation of our past belief in those recognized and accepted laws of nature which experience and science have revealed." Nothing could be further from the truth than this. A belief in Spiritualism involves no denial of any of the "accepted and received laws of nature." No such conclusion in this case could be any more legitimate than it would be in the case of any new discovery in science. The laws governing spiritual intercourse not only do not conflict with other natural laws, but they harmonize perfectly with them, in every particular.

The writer in the Review was shrewd enough to perceive that any attempt to explain away the manifestations by referring them to "Old Forces" or "the Devil," was fatally weak; it is much to be regretted that he failed to see that the alternative of denying their existence altogether was weaker and more puerile still. The way he manages to get over the evidence is one of the curiosities of controversial literature, and a thorough specimen of special pleading. We give it as an ingenious and convenient method of escaping from any point when too hard pressed by the evidence. After discussing at some length the "New Motive Power" claimed to have been revealed by spirits to certain Spiritualists in Massachusetts, and of which much was said a few years since, he says:

"In a word, throughout the whole series of the marvels there is not a single one which rests on more positive, more weighty and more unexceptionable evidence than this; and since the staunchest believers and most influential champions of the movement reject such testimony as inconclusive in this case, there is of course not the shadow of a reason why testimony never better, in general incomparably worse, should be tendered, or accepted, as conclusive, or even worthy of attention, in any other. Could the spirit of the illustrious Hobson be consulted, he must inevitably answer in his old stern way, 'This or none; and since Mr. Capron ridicules the idea of our accepting this, we cheerfully submit to the other alternative of accepting none.'"

This seems to be the key-stone of the reviewer's argument—the point whereon turns the whole tenor of his very lengthy article. Let us see if the evidences of the other manifestations are no better than that relied on for this. The evidence cited amounts to this (quoted from E. W. Capron's "Modern Spiritualism: its Facts and Fanaticisms, its Consistencies and Contradictions"): "That quite a number of persons of great intelligence, candor and unimpeachable character fully believed in the wonderful 'New Motive Power!'"

The writer of that article knows, or ought to know, before presuming to write dogmatically upon such a subject, that the leading phenomena of Spiritualism are repeated daily, in the presence of hundreds and thousands of persons; that some of the acutest minds of the age have given in their adhesion to it—that all who have examined the subject experimentally, thoroughly and candidly, have been forced to admit, not from "second-hand testimony," but from the testimony of the senses, that they were unable to account for the phenomena by referring them to other than spiritual causes. The "New Motive Power" never was subjected to any such scrutiny; nor have those connected with that affair ever been in a condition to invite it. How far they have been deceived matters not; these other manifestations—many of them at least—might have been witnessed by even the learned author of the article in question, with less trouble and expense than it probably caused him to procure and read through the books, the titles of which grace the head of his article. He would thus have

been relieved of the necessity of taking the testimony of any one less "sane," less critical, or less learned than himself, with respect to some, at least, of the wonderful phenomena.\* It so happens, fortunately, that this thing is not wholly a matter of history; the whole question may yet be examined by the profoundest learning, with the advantage of presence at the occurrence of all, or nearly all, the varieties of phenomena that have taken place anywhere.

But if the testimony of such men as Dr. Hare, Judge Edmonds, N. P. Tallmadge and others known as able, conscientious and highly educated persons before the advent of the new movement, is to go for nought,—nay more, if the fact that these manifestations occur almost everywhere,—that in every community persons may be found whose character is above suspicion, and who can testify to the occurrence of the facts, is to be set aside, we may as well give over the attempt to establish anything upon merely human testimony. It would be impossible to find evidence sufficient to satisfy the determined caviler, seeing that men have sometimes been wonderfully deceived.

But an admission made by the writer in the Review and heretofore quoted in the Spiritual Age, is a complete answer to the remainder of the article; inasmuch as we must suppose, in the absence of any evidence upon the subject, that the persons alluded to are equally capable with the reviewer of distinguishing truth from falsehood; and, by his own showing, they possess at least this advantage over him—they are experimentally investigating the whole matter. It is curious, too, to note, that while the reviewer denies the reality of the phenomena testified to by such a "cloud of witnesses," he should in an unlucky sentence admit the possibility of their reproduction. He says:

"... We shall be much in error if we suppose that table-turning, or that group of asserted phenomena which, in this country, is embodied under that name, and which in America assumes the loftier title of Spiritualism, in ceasing to occupy the attention of the public generally, has also ceased to occupy the attention of every part of it. The fact is very much otherwise. Our readers would be very much astonished were we to lay before them the names of several of those who are unflinching believers in it, or are devoting themselves to the study or reproduction of its marvels. Not only does it survive, but it survives with all the stimulating attractiveness of a secret science. Until the public mind in England shall be prepared to receive it, or until the evidence can be put into a shape to enforce general conviction, the plan is to nurse it in quiet and enlarge the circle of its influence by a system of noiseless extension. Whether this policy will be successful remains to be seen; but there can be no doubt that, should ever the time arrive for a revival of the movement, the persons at its head would be men and women whose intellectual qualifications are known to the public, and who possess its confidence and esteem."

The italics above are our own. The article closes with a solemn rebuke at that intellectual training which leads men to believe without evidence and to assent without inquiry. However appropriate this may be to some classes of people, it certainly cannot be applicable to the great majority of Spiritualists. No set of men of equal numbers ever investigated any new subject with greater circumspection, more cautious criticism, or a purer regard for the truth than they have; and never, in like circumstances, have more conclusive and convincing proofs of the verity of their conclusions been given, in an equal time, by investigators in any other field.

In the whole history of this movement, as well as in every other, we see renewed evidence of the fact that every new doctrine must fight its way into public regard and acceptance by virtue of its inherent truth, if it have any. It must be subjected to the closest scrutiny, the severest criticism and the most searching investigation. And it speaks strongly for Spiritualism that such able men as write the articles in the Westminster Review can find no better ground on which to condemn it,—that the most that can be said against it is based upon such frail foundations. And what a celebrated British writer has said, in defending a different doctrine from the assaults of scientific men, is so applicable to the writer in the Westminster Review, as well as to the Harvard Professors and others who, on like grounds and for like reasons, oppose Spiritualism, that we deem no other apology necessary for its insertion here.

"After discussing the whole arguments on both sides in so ample a manner, it may hardly be necessary to advert to the objection arising from the mere fact that nearly all the scientific men are opposed to the theory. ... As this objection, however, is one likely to be of some avail with many minds, it ought not to be entirely passed over. If I did not think there were reasons independent of the judgment for the scientific class coming so generally to this conclusion, I might feel the more embarrassed in presenting myself in direct opposition to so many men possessing talents and information. As the case really stands, the ability of this class to give a true response upon such a subject appears extremely challengeable. It is no discredit to them that they are almost without exception, engaged, each in his own little department of science, and able to give little or no attention to other parts of that

\* We would take the liberty to add that the question in regard to the "New Motive Power" was not one of fact, but simply of opinion, or inference. The occurrence of certain phenomena in the case has never been in dispute, but merely their sources, significance and use. If those who believed in it were wholly at fault in their inferences or expectations, (which we think they do not admit to this day,) this by no means invalidates their testimony as to any fact in the case. Hence the reviewer's epithet, hinging as it does mainly on this point, is of the shallowest kind.—Eos. Aze.

vast field. From year to year, and from age to age, we see them at work, adding no doubt much to the known, and advancing many important interests, but at the same time doing little for the establishment of comprehensive views of nature. Experiments in however narrow a walk, facts of whatever minuteness, make reputation in scientific societies;—all beyond is regarded with suspicion and distrust. The consequence is, that philosophy, as it exists among us, does nothing to raise its votaries above the common ideas of their time. There can, therefore, be nothing more conclusive against our hypothesis in the disfavor of the scientific class than in that of any other section of uneducated men. There is even less; for the position of scientific men with regard to the rest of the public is such, that they are rather eager to repudiate than to embrace general views, seeing how unpopular these usually are. The reader may here be reminded that there is such a thing in human nature as coming to venerate the prejudices which we are compelled to treat tenderly, because it is felt to be better to be consistent at the sacrifice of even judgment and conscience, than to have a war always going on between the cherished and the avowed. Accordingly, in the case of a particular doctrine, which, however unjustly, is regarded as having an obnoxious tendency, it is not surprising that scientific men view it with not less hostility than the common herd. For the very purpose of maintaining their own respect in the concessions they have to make, they naturally wish to find all possible objections to any such theory, ... exaggerating every difficulty in its way, rejecting, wherever they can, the evidence in its favor, and extenuating what they cannot reject; in short, taking all the well-recognized means which have been so often employed to keep back advancing truths. If this looks like special pleading, I can only call upon the reader to bring to his remembrance the impressions which have been usually made upon him by the transactions of learned societies, and the pursuits of individual men of science. Did he not always feel that, while there were laudable industry and zeal, there was also an intellectual timidity rendering all the results philosophically barren? Perhaps a more lively illustration of their deficiency in the life and soul of nature-seeking could not be found than the view which Sir John Herschel gives of the uses of science, in a treatise reputed one of the most philosophical ever produced in our country. These uses, according to the learned knight, are strictly material—it might even be said sordid—namely: "to show us how to avoid attempting impossibilities—to secure us from attempting what is, in itself, possible, by means either inadequate or actually opposite to the end in view,—to enable us to accomplish our ends in the easiest, shortest, most economical and most effectual manner,—to induce us to attempt, and enable us to accomplish objects which, but for such knowledge, we should never have thought of attempting." Such results, it may be felt, may occasionally be important in saving a country gentleman from a hopeless mining speculation, or adding to the profits and powers of an iron foundry or a cotton-mill, but nothing more. When the awaking and craving mind asks what science can do for us in explaining the great ends of the Author of Nature, and our relations to Him, to time and to eternity, the man of science turns to his collection of shells and butterflies, to his electrical machine, or his retort, and is as mute as a child, who, sporting on the beach, is asked what lands lie beyond the great ocean which stretches before him."

MADISON, N. Y., April, 1858.

FROM SPIRIT-LAND.

The winds may bear o'er Alpine snows  
The fragrant breath of Cashmere's rose,  
All the perfume of Gilead's balsams,  
The rustling sounds of waving palms,  
The silvery ring of water-fall,  
The chime of bells, the muzzin's call,  
The deep, wild chant of stormy seas,  
The drowsy hum of golden bees,  
The lowing of the pastured kine,  
The wild, sweet sighs of mountain pine;  
All the perfume that winds may bear  
From wood, or field, or flowers rare,  
All the sweet sounds of echoing earth,  
The glad songs round your evening hearth;—  
But never o'er this bridge of gloom,  
This century-piled wall of doom,  
Can we bring bud or flower fair,  
Like those which bind our foreheads here,  
And word and song may never tell  
How all our airs with music swell,  
How all the loves that bless your earth,  
Are purified through spirit-birth.

L. A. MILLINGTON.

THE WANTS OF THE AGE.

What wants the age? Heart-earnest men  
To spread the truth, the truth defend;  
Such on the earth we need again  
As God in ancient times did send;  
Men reckless of our wealth or fame,  
Of ignominy, scorn or shame,  
The stake, the faggot, or the flame;  
Their only object God, and truth their only aim.  
What wants the age? Heaven-given powers,  
The seeds of discord to remove;  
To make this drear earth of ours  
A scene of aye-increasing love.  
To banish hatred, strife and feud,  
And Error's evil-bringing brood;  
To gain the pure, the true, the good,  
To join our struggling race in one great brotherhood.

Religious tolerance will, probably, come last in the progress of civilization; for, in those interests which search deepest, the weeds of prejudice have struck deepest, too.—Channing.

In one view, insanity is not so great an evil as the prostration of reason to a religious sect or a religious chief.—Lb.

So craves, when asked what was the best mode of gaining a high reputation, replied,—“To be what you appear to be.”

For the Spiritual Age.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA NOT NEW.

A CLERGYMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

From the earliest period of my recollection I have been the subject of an influence or state that is called by some waking clairvoyance. The discovering of super-mundane forms at first frightened me. Being but a small boy, and never having anything of that species of spirit-manifestations, I was alarmed. But after a little experience, it became one of my sources of private enjoyment; and I often retired before the other members of the family, that in my quiet bed-chamber I might witness the presentments of various human forms and other phenomena, that usually were apparent distinctly to my view while I was awake and my eyes open.

Those who experience these manifestations well know the difference between them and the productions of imagination, which some seem disposed to think they are, merely.

The reason of these infantile (or, to say the least, juvenile) exercises in my case, I now suppose to be that my spirit-friends found in me an organization that could be developed for after use, and seized the earliest opportunity to give my young and yielding brain such a direction as suited their purpose. Those exercises have been of incalculable worth to me, by way of preparing me for the scenes of my after life; and I have cause to be thankful that the kind hand of these super-mundanes was thus early laid upon me.

In 1821, when I was about twenty years of age, I experienced what is called conversion, or being reclaimed from a backslidden state. At that time I saw more spirits in human form and in a perfectly clear moonlight evening, than I have seen since being what is now called a medium, and they are many. For months I was in the daily habit of conversing audibly with spirits. My conversation was more frequent with them than with mortals, and understood as clearly as any human language would be. I understood them to be spirits, but do not know that I once thought whether they were or were not the spirits of "the dead," so termed.

In 1822 I joined the New England Conference of the M. E. Church, and for about twenty-five years, either in a traveling or local relation, I preached more or less in Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, and afterwards as an evangelist in the Wesleyan Methodist connexion in Vermont and Eastern New York.

During those periods I sometimes related my experience as given above, and know the reception it met with at that time. It was not called deception; it was not called the works of the Devil. Very different from this. It was regarded with admiration, and as being not only possible, but most highly desirable. Some were discouraged by it, and would feel as if they could not be Christians because they could not have such presentments made to them; and it was often said that if they could experience such things they should never doubt that they were really converted, &c.

On account of this state of feeling I often forebore to speak of the matter, lest some should be made faint-hearted thereby. My common course was to teach that we were just as much in a spirit-world as we ever should be,—that if the scales were to fall from our eyes we should cry out as did one anciently, "The chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof;—that the very air was full of spirit-beings about us, and that evil and good ones sought to exert their influence upon us,—that they were constantly crossing each other's lines or currents of influence, with which we were constantly coming in contact, and that in intercepting those lines the greatest possible care was indispensable, if we would avoid contamination,—that we must live in the pure, the high, the holy atmosphere of godliness, as pur only shield, &c.

To my certain knowledge, when such ideas were advanced, they received much applause from the religious world. The very classes who now denounce spiritual manifestations as the work of the Devil, of seducing spirits, &c., did then regard the self-same theory as the truth of God and a great blessing to the receiver.

Now I wish to ask, Who is it that has turned this moral somerset? Is it those who still cling to the good old doctrine of spirit-manifestations, or is it such churchmen as have forgotten their first love—lost the spirit which giveth life and depend on the letter which killeth? Let the candid answer.

Yours for Truth, HERSCHEL FOSTER.

Individuality.

The tendency of social intercourse, especially in the world of fashion, is, by knocking off the angles of character, and polishing away striking personal traits, to reduce men to a tame and monotonous uniformity. This is why "low life" is so much more interesting in novels than the "high life" of courts and aristocratic circles. What a gentleman once said of Japan blacking, is often true of social forms and a rigid etiquette:—It makes a handsome surface, but it ruins the leather." We quite agree with a recent essayist, who says—"if it were not for some singular people who persist in thinking for themselves, and in being comfortable, we should all collapse into a hideous deformity."—Boston Post.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

A. E. NEWTON, S. B. BRITTON, EDITORS.  
LEWIS B. MONROE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Principal Office,—No. 14 Bromfield Street, (up stairs,) Boston, Mass.  
LEWIS B. MONROE, BUSINESS AGENT.  
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SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1858.

INVESTIGATOR'S EXPLANATION.

Our readers will remember that in the AGE of January 9th, last, we published a communication over the signature of "Investigator," detailing some phenomena which the writer had witnessed in his own house, through the mediumship of H. P. Fairfield. At the close, the writer, who was skeptical as to spirit-agency in the occurrences, promised in a future communication to "explain" these phenomena, so far as he was able. A few weeks subsequently, we received an article from the same writer, giving his views of the rappings and physical manifestations only, which were but a small part of what he had described as occurring under his notice. What he had before termed "the most inexplicable phenomena of Spiritualism" were left untouched. Supposing that our correspondent intended to go forward and give the more important part of his "explanation," we laid the article aside until the remainder should come to hand, that we might present the whole to our readers together, with appropriate comments. Nothing further, however, has been received; but, instead, an intimation has been conveyed to us that we did not dare publish the "explanation," through fear of damage to our theory! In this state of the case, we hasten to give the world the benefit of the following *expose*—leaving the reader to judge whether we need feel any special trepidation in so doing:

Mr. ENRON:—Laroy Sunderland, in "Problems for Spiritualists," published some time since in the "Boston Investigator," says: "The question now before the community for solution is not so much in respect to the fact as to whether spirits do communicate to mortals or not; but it is in respect to the grade of spirits which thus operate on the nervous systems of the mediums. We admit the facts of spiritual origin, but deny the peculiar theory of Spiritualism, which affirms the reliability of communications made in this way." Another writer—Dr. Hammett—in the same paper, says: "Miraculous events, like those of Christianity and Spiritualism, are so infinitely improbable, that we have sufficient ground for the knowledge that those who testify to such events, are either swayed by credulity or have been induced to attempt wilful deception." And again he says: "It is perfectly safe to trust to the uniformity of Nature. I should be willing to stake my life that a table cannot be moved in the manner that you allege, without contact." Both are in opposition to Spiritualism; one believes too much, the other too little. One realizes the phenomenal facts, but under the influence of Swedenborg is *patheticized* into a conviction of evil spirits. The other resolutely shuts his eyes and ears to all evidence against his preconceived idea of the "uniformity of Nature," satisfied that Hume is right on miracles, and the only way to explain is to deny.

Now, in my case, I must admit most of the so-called spiritual manifestations to be facts, but am compelled to deny that they are anything else than the result of mundane causes, in no wise connected with the spirits of the dead. For this opinion I claim no originality, but must give full credit to Dr. Rogers in his valuable work on "Philosophy of Mystical Agents," as having indicated the path to the solution of these mysteries—most of his views being confirmed by my own experience of five years with the spirits.

It is admitted by philosophical Spiritualists that the "rappings," as well as most of the physical manifestations, are made by the spirits through the medium of a physical agent in Nature, known as the nerve-fluid, or odyle, in a manner analogous to the action of the embodied mind upon the same fluid in the living body. Mr. Fishbough, in his work, "Macrococosm and Micrococosm," page 107, refers to this "odyle-clement" as the general connecting link between mind and matter. Judge Edmonds, in his introduction to Vol. 1st of "Spiritualism," page 40, says that in answer to his inquiries of the spirits, as to what book he should read to assist him to the required knowledge of the physical agent made use of by the spirits, he was referred to Von Reichenbach's Dynamics of Magnetism (a book he had never heard of before), and was "given to understand" that the Od or odyle-force was the power used by the spirits in the manifestations. Governor Tallmadge, in his letter to Hon. James P. Simmons, to be found in appendix to the same volume, says that Reichenbach proves "conclusively" the discovery of a new element, "Od or odyle-force," and that it may be presumed that it enters in some sort into the manifestations. Andrew Jackson Davis, in his "Present Age and Inner Life," article "How to Obtain Physical Evidences," page 77, says: "This element will soon saturate the table, penetrate its fibres and seams, forming thus the *menstruum* for the physical manifestations as exhibited in the action of mind upon the muscles, through the agency of the magnetism which continuously pervades and penetrates them."

I might go on and prove from the published testimony of leading Spiritualists, that spirits make use of a physical element pervading nature in its animate and inanimate forms, as a medium of communication with mortals. I do not hesitate to avow that there is a true philosophy in this idea of disembodied spirits using such a medium, provided they exist.

Now let us see, by reference to a certain class of facts very common in circles,—examples of which I will not take time to bring up in detail from my own experience, which has been confirmatory and conclusive, but refer the reader to Dr. Rogers' "Philosophy of Mystical Agents," and "Mahan's Modern Mysteries,"—if it can be possible that a departed spirit, standing outside and independent of the living body of man, can be so completely under the control of embodied minds as is represented to have been the case in more than fifty instances particularly described in these books. Most of the cases to which I refer have been in connection with rapping media, who, as a class, would seem less likely to be sensitive to surrounding influences than others. I cannot believe that the agent producing the raps is independent of the living body, because:

1st. The raps are often made at the will of the medium or some other person or persons.

2d. The communications partake of the prevailing idea which happens to be dominant at the time in the mind of the medium, or of those who are in mental rapport.

3d. In no case, within my experience of five years, and an acquaintance with some of the best rapping media in the country, have I succeeded in getting a truthful response where the answer was not known either to the medium, myself, or some one in the circle; and in this connection I would say that the instances in the experience of others contrary to mine, are so few, as to be explainable by the known laws of embodied mind.

I ask the candid Spiritualist to read a case in Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature," page 384, and also Dr. Kermer's account of the "Seeress of Prevoist," to be found in Rogers' Book, Part 1st, Chap. 4th; and in the same book p. 310, a case where the raps were made at will; and p. 228, a case where a rapping medium was thoroughly cured of the disease by a powerful *sedative* given by the attending physician. Let him also read the 4th Section of Mahan's Modern Mysteries, from page 152 to 248, and he will find more than fifty illustrations of the truth of the position that the manifestations cannot be the work of disembodied spirits, but the result of causes closely linked in with and inseparable from the living organization of man.

January 26, 1858. INVESTIGATOR.

Before proceeding to examine our correspondent's argument, we deem it proper to correct an important error involved in

the quotation he has introduced from Mr. Sunderland, which implies that "the reliability of communications" from spirits is "the peculiar theory of Spiritualism." This is a great mistake. We do not know of a single intelligent or rational Spiritualist who accepts such a theory. If such was once the Spiritualism of Mr. Sunderland, it certainly never was ours.

But to the "explanation." Our correspondent need not have wasted a moment's time in citing authorities to prove that spirits, either embodied or disembodied, use some *intervening element* in acting on grosser matter, whether within or without the living body of man. We know of nobody who questions this fact. It matters not in the least whether that element is called nerve-fluid, spiritualized electricity, magnetism, od or odyle. (These latter terms mean nothing more than simply *spirit* or *spiritual emanations*, being, as we understand, allied to or derived from the ancient Scandinavian word *Odin*, and Saxon *Woden*, which terms were applied to God, the Universal Spirit.)

It is questionable, however, whether the odyle of Reichenbach, (or rather the luminous emanations which his and other clairvoyants have perceived issuing from various mineral and vegetable substances, and from animal and human bodies), is one identical fluid in all cases. On the contrary, it evidently differs with every different object or body whence it proceeds. Nor is there any proof that this intervening element, by whatever name called, has *in itself* the qualities of a *force*, in the sense that it can of itself originate any sudden and rapid motion, and propagate the same to ponderable bodies;—much less, that it has the attributes of *intellect, will and consciousness*, which pertain to mind in action. If it is a force having these attributes, then it is a *living being*—a mighty Universal Spirit, and should be called either God or Devil—most properly the latter, since its reputation for veracity must be considered rather low. We think no sensible man will claim that this intervening element between mind and grosser matter can act *intelligently*, except as it is acted upon, employed and directed by *mind*. Like the electricity of the common telegraph, it cannot of itself originate and communicate messages; but, these, whenever communicated, prove the action and direction of some mind. And as minds cannot be supposed to put forth the power and skill necessary to construct such messages as are often communicated, and to transmit the same by raps, tips, or other movements, *without knowing it*, these phenomena cannot be rationally attributed to *unconscious* mental action. The *real actor* must know that he is acting,—in all cases where intellect is displayed. If, then, no mind in the body is conscious of originating and directing the motions expressive of intelligence in a given case, every logical person must attribute them to a mind *out of the body*—that is, a spirit;—and this is the source which the phenomena themselves persistently claim, when allowed to tell their own story.

In view of these principles, so plain as to seem self-evident to any well-balanced mind, what does the reasoning of our correspondent amount to? It is but a feeble repetition of what we have had long ago from Rogers, Mahan and a thousand lesser lights; and the utility of which has been again and again exhibited, even to weariness.

The fact that minds in the body can influence or control this intermediate element, so as to make raps at will in some cases, or to prevent or determine the responses in others, by no means indicates that "departed spirits are completely under the control of embodied minds." It only shows that this intervening element is subject to mental influence—as of course it must be, else the disembodied cannot use it. An electrician living on the line of the electric telegraph can attach his own private battery to the wire if he chooses, and thus interrupt the passing messages, or send one of his own if he pleases. A thunder-cloud along the line will disturb communication, and sometimes send powerful charges over the wire, but it cannot send messages, for these require the action of mind. This merely shows that the instrumentality of communication by telegraph is subject to electrical influence from any source, and *may* be used by all who know how to use it—not that the proper operator, "standing outside and independent of" the supposed interferer, or the thunder-cloud, is "completely under the control" of either. So the *mental* telegraph, whether communicating by raps, tips, or any other method, is subject to *mental* influence, and must be insulated or *let alone* in order to work successfully. This illustration followed out, sufficiently explains all difficulties of the class referred to by our correspondent. By the application of a little practical common sense, they vanish at once.

Let us now look at his three reasons. We would offset these by counter statements from our own experience, as follows:

1st. The raps, etc., are often made *contrary* to the will and expectations of the medium and all other persons present in the body. We have often tried, but never succeeded in controlling them.

2d. The communications are frequently *opposed* to the prevailing ideas of all visibly present.

3d. In many cases truthful responses are given, or statements volunteered, beyond the knowledge of any person in the circle.

And we would add another and very important statement, viz:

4th. In all cases within our knowledge, the phenomena, when allowed to tell their own story without interference, *claim* to proceed from disembodied spirits. "Nature tells no lies."

Now, we are obliged to believe in accordance with our experience; and we find no fault with our correspondent for *disbelieving* according to his experience. We can only say that if his investigations for five years have furnished him nothing beyond what he has indicated, he has been, as compared with myself, singularly unfortunate; and his "explanations" make no approach to accounting for the phenomena which we and thousands of others are privileged almost daily to witness.

We presume most "candid Spiritualists" are already acquainted with all the facts from Mrs. Crowe, Dr. Kermer, Rogers, Mahan, and others referred to in our correspondent's last paragraph—have thoroughly weighed their import—and, with us, have found them to be not of the slightest moment against the spiritual theory, when this has been once established by adequate evidences. On the contrary, they all either go to confirm it, or are readily explainable in accordance with it.

If Mademoiselle Emmerich, when in a diseased physical condition, was able to impart electrical shocks at will, what does this prove as regards mediums who are in health, and who have no such power—whose organisms give forth no electrical shocks, and who can neither produce nor control the raps made in their presence? If Frederica Hauffe could at will make raps at a distance from herself, by a *great and exhausting effort*, how does this explain cases where they occur without or against

will, and without effort or exhaustion on the part of any human being in the flesh, and yet manifesting intellect, will, consciousness, affection, and other mental attributes, together with the *claim* to a spirit-origin? If the administration of powerful cathartics and sedatives has had the effect to put a stop to the rappings in any case, this shows merely that the drugs administered so changed the physical condition, and consequently the spiritual or odyle emanations of the person, that the right sort of element to be used in the production of raps ceased to be supplied by the organism. And fifty or fifty thousand instances of *imperfect* or *uncertain* phenomena, mixed up with mundane interferences, like those so uselessly narrated by Mahan, and of which any investigator has probably seen a sufficiency, do not weigh a feather against one clear and positive case of spirit-interposition. Of such, rational believers have witnessed many. The more perfect and clearly defined experiments should explain those which are less so.

Our friend's "explanation," therefore, goes not a single step beyond the futile efforts of others, and it has the same grand fault with them all. It *does not cover the facts*. Indeed, he admits, what every sane mind must concede, that disembodied spirits may use the odyle medium, and thus manifest themselves, "provided they exist." Does it not devolve on him to show that they cease to exist? That minds or spirits have existed in connection with mortal bodies, he admits. Are not all the probabilities therefore on the side of a continued existence? What right has any one, on logical principles, to *assume* so great a change in the status of that wonderful entity, the human mind, as its total extinction? If, then, minds have existed in connection with bodies now dissolved, the logical presumption is that they still exist; and if they do, then through the odyle element they can manifest themselves. The rational probabilities thus are in favor of the spiritual origin of these phenomena, and not against it, as is usually assumed. A few out of the mass of them clearly demonstrate such an origin, and therefore clinch the argument; while all the remainder are readily explicable in accordance with this hypothesis. On the other hand, the materialistic hypothesis accounts at best but with difficulty for the mass, and not at all for a considerable portion; and hence must be rejected as false.

That our correspondent will succeed any better with what he considers the more inexplicable part of the phenomena, we have not much faith; nevertheless we should be glad to have him try his hand at it, if he feels so disposed. A. E. N.

DIGNITY OF SPIRITUALISM.

[From the forthcoming volume of Brittan and Hanson's Discussion. Mr. BRITTON said.]

But Dr. Hanson says that Christians believe in nothing else than communion with God. Well, if they really believe that it is possible for man while veiled in the clouds and darkness of this dim orb—man so humble and so distant, by reason of the immeasurable difference between himself and the Infinite—can thus ascend into the audience chamber of the Most High, and enter into solemn and sublime intercourse with the Great Father of Spirits! how can he reasonably reject the idea that men on earth may commune with kindred beings in heaven—beings like himself, and who are removed but a single step from the sphere of our present existence? In the disposition of these marvels, he accepts the greater while he rejects the less. In this disloyalty to the Angels that watch over us,

"Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win  
By fearing to attempt."

My friend has a profound respect for "dignities," and is shocked at things "common and unclean." But to the philosophic observer, nothing that occurs in the order of Nature, or transpires under the administration of Providence, is either unimportant in itself or unworthy of our careful observation. No doubt apples had fallen on many an empty head before Newton's time; but they conveyed no great ideas to the vacant chambers in the cranium. But when the illustrious philosopher beheld that simple phenomenon, it at once suggested to his mind the central idea of a profound system. It gave into his possession the golden keys wherewith he unlocked the great secrets of the Universe, and explained the laws that uphold and regulate the sublime order and harmony of all worlds. No doubt there were empty heads to laugh at Dr. Franklin because he used a kite to attract the lightning from the clouds. They saw nothing but a pretended philosopher engaged in a very unbecoming and childish employment; yet Dr. Franklin thus demonstrated a principle which has given him a world-wide immortality.

How would my friend have treated Christianity had he lived in the first century—such a stickler as he is for dignity? Was there anything especially dignified in the circumstances of its origin? Jesus of Nazareth, the founder of that religion, was born and cradled in a manger among four-footed beasts and creeping things. He was cast out and spurned by those who were dazzled and bewildered by the splendor of external circumstance, and supercilious dignity of the men who occupied the "chief seats in the synagogue." They were dignified and pious people who rejected the humble Nazarene and trampled the just claims and sacred import of his precepts and example beneath their unhallowed and infidel feet. It has been observed that "every truth is born in a manger;" and I venture to say, that Christianity, with all its triumphant power in the world, was as humble and lowly at the beginning as the present Spiritual Reformation. Perhaps my friend can not find instruction in small things and in humble places. He may be waiting for some great Archangel to descend from the zenith at noon-day, clothed with flame and armed with lightnings. If he waits for such an august occurrence before his attention can be arrested, he will, doubtless, continue in ignorance of all that pertains to the realm of Spiritual realities, until the dream of the outer world, and all that exclusively belongs to our sensuous existence, swims before his vision and disappears. You remember the sublime description of the manifestations that appeared in Mount Horeb. The strong wind swept through the defiles of the mountain, and the rocks were broken beneath the invisible chariot wheels. "The Lord was not in the wind." And then came the Earthquake with gigantic tread, shaking the deep foundations of the mountains and toppling down the pinnacles; but not in this did the Prophet witness the most signal displays of the Divine presence. When the earthquake retired, the Fire appeared in all its appalling terrors, and its awful glory. Fierce flames, like burning shields, covered the mountain-sides. But not in the fire—not, indeed in all the imposing exhibitions of conflicting earthly elements, did the Prophet look for a Spiritual communication. No, not in these. But when there was silence in Horeb, it is said that the Prophet, "wrapt his face in his mantle," and the communication came to him in a "still small voice."

\* This is somewhat indefinite. The most that can be said is that each Spiritualist values the Bible according to his individual estimate of its worth,—some more and some less highly as their perceptions and convictions vary.—Ed.

THEODORE PARKER ON SPIRITUALISM.

As Mr. Parker's references to the Spiritualists, in his recent sermons on Revivals, (which have produced no small sensation in the religious community) have been somewhat misrepresented, we are induced to copy from the phonographic report published by Kent & Co., the following passages in which these references occur:

"I believe in a Revival of Religion. There have been several great movements thereto. Not to go out of the Hebrew and Christian church, there are several well known to all of you. That of Moses, Jesus, Luther, the Puritans, the Quakers, the Baptists, the Methodists, Unitarians, Universalists, and the Spiritualists. How were they brought about? In each case, there was a new theological idea by a man of genius, or a new application of an old one by a man of talent."

Mr. P. then goes on to state briefly the leading idea of each of the movements referred to, ending with—

"The Spiritualists say—The Bible is not a finality; it is no man's master, it is every man's servant. We, as well as the old prophets, can have communion with the departed. Christ reveals himself directly to us, as much as to Paul and Silas, Peter and James."

"Now, in all these cases, there was a new idea; not always a true one, but one which stirred men's souls and called forth religious emotions. What energy did religious truths give the followers of Jesus! What power there was in the early Puritans, Baptists, Quakers, Methodists, mixed with folly! Of course, you expect that in all religious movements. What a spread have the doctrines of Universalists and Unitarians had in eighty years! In 1778, I think there were not ten thousand men in all America who believed the distinctive doctrine of Unitarians and Universalists—the ultimate salvation of all men. Now, how wide is the doctrine spread! How rapidly Spiritualism has gone abroad; yet it has no great man in its ranks, not a philosopher, not a scholar."

The point of this reference is too obvious to be mistaken—namely, that the rapid spread of Spiritualism is owing to the *inherent vitality* of its distinctive idea, which commends itself to the acceptance of mankind, rather than to the personal influence of great or learned men. This is unquestionably true, and to its credit rather than otherwise; especially when it is remembered that none of the primitive actors in the other great movements referred to—as Jesus, Luther, Robinson, Fox, Wesley, Kelly, etc.—were deemed great men, philosophers or scholars in their times, and by their opponents. We go on:

"We want a Revival of Religion in the American church which shall be to the church what the religion of Jesus was to Heathenism and Judaism, which, though useful once, in his day had served out their time, and had no more that they could do. We do not want a religion hierarchically organized, which shall generate nothing but meeting-houses made of stone, and end at last in a priesthood. We want a religion democratically organized, generating great political, social, domestic institutions, and ending in a world full of noble men and women, all their faculties developed well, their serving God with that love which casts out fear."

"How can we stir that element to emotions fit for such a work? Only by a theology which shall meet the people's want, a natural and just idea of man, of God, of the relation between them—of religion, life, duty, destination on earth and in heaven; a theology which has its evidences in the world of matter,—all science God's testimony thereto; and in the world of consciousness,—every man bearing within him the 'lively oracles,' the present witness of his God, his duty and destination. No sect has such a theology; no great sect aims at such, or the life it leads to. The Spiritualists are the only sect that looks forward, and has new fire on its hearth; they alone emancipate themselves from the Bible and the theology of the church, while they also seek to keep the precious truths of the Bible, and all the good things of the church. But even they—I say this modestly; they are a new sect, and everybody wars against them; my criticism I give for their good, in the spirit of hope and tenderness—even they are rapping on coffin-lids, listening for ghosts, seeking God and God's truth beyond human nature, not in human nature. Their religion is Wonder more than Life; not principally addressing itself to the understanding, the imagination, the reason, the conscience, the soul, but to marvellousness more than ought besides. So with many it is amazement, and not elevation. But its function is to destroy the belief in miracles; it will help set many men free from the idols of the old Theologic Dogma—no small service, even if it set up new ones of its own; because new they will be less dangerous. I also give thanks for 'Spiritualism;' and am not surprised at the follies and extravagances, the dishonesty of 'mediums,' which I partly see and partly hear of. You must always allow for casualties. You cannot transfer a people from an old theology to a new one without some breakage and other harm and loss. This is attendant on all human operations. \* \* \* Let us always make allowance for casualties, for extravagance, in the old which is fixed, in the new which will become so. What extravagances had the Quakers once, the Christians in St. Paul's time!"

The allowances here made for the follies and extravagances incident to a transitional condition are fair and honorable. The criticism that the religion of many Spiritualists is "Wonder more than Life," we also accept, as applying very properly to a class who have not yet outgrown the childishness and imbecility in which their previous training by the seats had left them. But if Mr. Parker has acquainted himself only with these, we must say that his associations have been unfortunate, and hence he is unqualified to speak of Spiritualists as a whole.

We accept also his definition, so far as it goes, of the theology that is wanted as the basis of a true Revival of Religion; and would add, what is patent to every well-informed and candid mind, that Spiritualists are laboring more generally and effectively for the introduction of such a theology than is any other body of men on earth. More than this: the theology of Spiritualism will have one potent element for the promotion of a true religious life which even Mr. Parker's cannot lay claim to—namely, a recognition of the *constant ministry and communion of angels, with frequent demonstrations of spiritual power in works of beneficence*. Here is an agency for moving the hearts of men, quickening their loftier aspirations, stimulating to noble, angelic lives, which no amount of theoretical teaching, however philosophical or scholarly, can supply the place of, or cope with.

A correspondent takes the following exceptions to Mr. Parker's representations respecting the belief of Spiritualists in regard to the Bible and miracles. He will excuse our abbreviations of his article, as they have been required to accommodate it to our space.

"As it regards the Bible—though there may be a difference of opinion among Spiritualists as to how far the Bible should be considered a sacred book and entitled to their unlimited confidence in all its parts—yet I think that the views of most of them—so far as can be judged by the exposition given of them in their publications and in their lectures—would correspond generally with those of Unitarians. \* \* \* And in regard to the miracles related in the New Testament, Spiritualists generally believe that the occurrences actually happened which are called miracles, and in the manner stated; but many of them do not believe that these occurrences were what they understand by the term *miracles*. The latter consider a miracle to be a supernatural event, and as they believe that all events are in themselves natural—i. e., produced by and according to established and invariable laws, they reject all miracles as such. In this belief, although in my judgment they are entirely in an error, yet it will be seen that it is merely a controversy about terms, and not about the facts designated,—that they do admit the facts, but disagree in regard to the mode of their production. \* \* \* And they hold and proclaim that Spiritualism is the greatest support that the Bible has ever received in respect to these so-called miracles, because they assert that the same occurrences take place at the present time, and are produced in the same way. Mr. Parker therefore misap-

prehends and misstates the views of Spiritualists generally upon this subject. He denies not only that such a thing as a miracle can be produced, but also that the occurrences which are called miracles ever took place. His denial extends therefore not only to the name given to them, but to the facts themselves. W. S. A.

New Publications.

DISCOURSES ON RELIGION, MORALS, PHILOSOPHY AND METAPHYSICS. By Mrs. CORA L. V. HATCH. New York: Published by B. F. Hatch.

This is a volume of 372 pages, neat in typographical appearance, and embellished with artistic likenesses of Mrs. Hatch and her husband. It is made up from phonographic reports of Mrs. Hatch's lectures delivered in New York, Boston and elsewhere. Any one who has heard this distinguished medium in public will at once recognize in this book the peculiar style of her discourses, attesting their fidelity to the original; yet, shorn of the graces of gesture, voice and expression which accompanied their delivery, they lose a portion of their charm.

The opinion that is formed of their merits must depend entirely upon the point from which they are viewed. Considered as the extemporaneous utterances of an unlettered girl, no one will deny their beauty and power; none will fail to admire the flashes of intuitive light, the play of airy imagery or the vein of spiritual freedom enlivening and pervading them. The rhetorical coloring is such as to call forth admiration and wonder in many minds. Yet, viewed from the standpoint of literary or scientific criticism, they would present in many portions quite another aspect. The logic is too often loose, the rhetoric redundant to a fault; while the philosophical portions are wanting in that mathematical precision and tangibility which the intellect naturally demands in the treatment of scientific questions.

As a whole, in our estimation, the merits of the book far out-balance its defects. It will do good wherever it is read, and we heartily hope for it a wide circulation. Munson, at No. 5 Great Jones street, New York, and Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, have the work for sale.

THE SPINDLE CITY IDEA is the title of a new weekly paper lately started in Lowell, Mass. It is small in size (correspondingly small in price); but "tall talks from little acorns grow," and if nourished with a generous patronage it will doubtless branch out in ample extent. It is devoted to the rights and interests of mechanics and operatives—a cause with which every reformer will sympathize. We wish success to every enterprise that will aid in civil and social emancipation. May the *Idea* prove an effectual instrument in the work! (See advertisement).

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for May reaches us at the hour of sending our paper to press. Next week we will give our readers a sample of its contents—enough to provoke them to the purchase and perusal of the whole. x.

Spiritualism in Congress.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, writes:

"Hon. N. P. Tallmadge, formerly a member of the United States Senate, in a letter defending modern Spiritualism from a recent attack upon it by Gen. Shields, intimates that a number of our present Senators are believers in the doctrine, and that the political history of 1850 will be greatly affected if not controlled by it. That the former assertion is *entirely true*, I happen to know; but that the latter will prove so, I prefer to entertain some doubts."

The above item is quoted by the secular press, often with an evident air of incredulity, as if the statement could scarcely be believed. Some conceited wiseacres, who set themselves up as the oracles of all truth, have been so long accustomed to denouncing Spiritualism as a synonym of everything base, vile and demeriting, that they are loath to admit the interest of any intelligent or influential person in it. It is however well known to those who are properly informed, that Spiritualism has long had able and influential representatives in both Houses of Congress. And whether or not its principles do or will control in any appreciable measure the legislation of that body, we have no question that spirits do greatly influence the action of individual members, both with and without their cognizance. We have been told that some of the most effective speeches—those which have electrified the hearers and thrilled the nation—have been made *consciously* under the influence or inspiration of the noble statesmen and orators of other days, who "still live," and are not less potent in swaying the destinies of the Republic than when in mortal forms. So powerfully does their presence at times press upon the "assembled wisdom" of the capitol, that the more impressive are constrained to recognize it, in some sort, as did Mr. Burlingame, of Massachusetts, a few days since, in the following words:

"Sir, it was a proud day for me when I heard the speech of the venerable Senator from Kentucky (Mr. Crittenden). The melody of his voice, his patriotic accents still linger in my ears. I was glad to hear him denouncing fraud; I was rejoiced to see him stand boldly for the truth. It seemed for the moment, as I listened, that the great spirit of the Kentucky Commoner (Henry Clay) had come back again to visit his old place in the Senate. It seemed as if his spirit was hovering there, looking, as in days of old, after the interests of the Union."

Another Modern Miracle.

The second letter from Dr. Beck, of Delphi, Ind., in another column, though somewhat extended, is, like the first, well worthy of perusal. The details which he gives, being from a medical man, have an importance which would not otherwise attach to them. We commend his testimony and his opinions to the attention of his professional brethren everywhere. If an uneducated woman, assisted by this mysterious power claiming to be spirits (call it delusion or imposture, if you will,) proves to be an over-match for the combined skill of three learned physicians in consultation, is it not time that the Faculty acquaint themselves with the nature and avail themselves of the uses of this power? And if they continue to stand aloof from its recognition, will they not, as a class, richly deserve the contempt into which they are rapidly falling in the minds of the people, from their inability either to cope with or explain it?

JAMESTOWN INSTITUTE.—Many of our readers will learn with pleasure, from the Prospectus to be found in another column, that our earnest friend, Dr. WELLINGTON, is about to make a practical attempt to apply the comprehensive views of Education, which were set forth in his Essay published in the AGE a few weeks since. The location he has chosen is in a beautiful though retired rural village in Western New York, central as regards the East and the West, where he has secured the establishment heretofore known as the Jamestown Water-Cure. The Doctor's superior administrative talent, combined with his large experience in educational and hygienic institutions, eminently qualifies him to achieve success in this difficult but much needed enterprise. We commend it to the attention of all who feel an interest in integral education.

One hour of justice is worth seventy years of prayer.—Koran.



Entertaining and Instructive.

THE IMPROVISATRICE; OR, THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER. A TALE OF RHINELAND.

[We copy the following from a small volume entitled Curioso's Tales, published by Phillips & Sampson, Boston. It is a translation from the German of Braun. Though written more especially for the young, the sweet and pure spiritual atmosphere that pervades it will be refreshing to all classes of readers.]

There was once a poor artist who lived in the village of Ehrenbreitstein, on the banks of the Rhine. He had been married six years to a lovely woman, who was the joy of his heart and the light of his home; she appreciated his art and stimulated his exertions; she never annoyed him by complaining of poverty, but in many a secret hour of labor contrived to procure means to relieve their real wants. The artist loved his wife even more than his art, for she seemed the soul that embodied and created his ideas; she seemed to lend wings to his genius, which without her could not free itself from the chilly atmosphere of earth.

Soon after the sixth celebration of their nuptial day, the wife was taken ill and died. We will draw a veil between us and the sorrow of the husband; it is too holy to be profaned by curious eyes. He buried his treasure in the warm bosom of the earth, and over her resting place planted love's own flower, the forget-me-not. For days he remained alone with his grief; he would take no food, would see no one; then he resolved he would live no longer; in his despair he went to the river side, determined to lay down life and end his misery.

The Rhine flashed and rippled in the morning light; the blue waters of the Moselle united here with her dusky brother; the bridge of boats swung to and fro, as stately steamers or white-sailed sloops passed over the proud river. The cathedral bells of Coblenz rang out the hour for mass, and the boatmen uncovered their heads as the sacred sound greeted them over the water. But the artist only saw the river rolling at his feet, and thought how soon it would bear away his lifeless body; his arms were lifted to make the fatal plunge, when a sweet voice rang on his ear, calling, "Father! father!" He turned to see his little Julie, his only child, running towards him; her voice won him back to earth; she had saved him. Her face was like her mother's; the same large hazel eyes beamed beneath the low brow, over which hung long golden curls; the same sweet mouth dimpled with smiles the rosy cheeks; and as Julie stood there, with her little arms outstretched towards her father, his heart was once more warmed into life by this ray of hope and love. He caught her to his heart, and covered her face with kisses mingled with tears. Julie looked up, and said,—

"Dear papa, I came to tell you a dream I had last night. I saw my darling mamma; she came to me in a dress so white it dazzled like flame; wings like rainbows were on her shoulders; she had in her hand a crystal vase filled with little shining stones; she took a silver thread from her arm, and strung them together, and then I saw they were beads like those the Virgin wears in the cathedral; she lifted my head, and put the beads around my neck, and said, 'My child, these pearls are the tears your father has wept for me; they are holy; I bring them to you to keep you from all bad spirits; whilst you wear them you will be gifted with power few mortals possess. But you must be good and true; you must listen to the voices sent to teach you, and obey without question. If you forget my words, you will lose both father and mother.' Then a cloud fell about mamma, and I slept till late this morning. When I awoke there was nothing round my neck. Was it only a dream, papa?"

"I know not, my Julie. Never forget it, for if only a dream, it was a vision of your mother, and that is worth all the reality of life."

After this, Roemer (for this was the artist's name) permitted Julie to accompany him in all his wanderings; but his melancholy deepened; nothing could arouse or interest him. One day he took Julie to visit an old aunt residing at Kapellen, the little village at the foot of the castle of Stolzenfels. Here he made arrangements for her to remain, telling her he must go away for a short time, but would return again. Julie was left in charge of a kind-hearted woman; she lived quite alone, and was glad to have a companion; she was poor, receiving from the government a small pension as the widow of a man who had held some state office. Days, weeks, and months were passed by Julie, watching and waiting for her father; still he did not return, and at length the poor child almost ceased to expect him. She passed her time wandering over the mountains, amongst old ruins and wild forests, following the course of the Rhine in and out of the green islands formed by its rushing waters. Every haunt in the forests, every stone of the ruins, were familiar to her. Julie had no companions, but the birds sang to her more than sweet tones; she understood their unrevealed language; they told her of the spirits of the air, who ministered to the wants of the children of men; and though she could not see these radiant beings, she knew they were about her, and she looked into the deep blue heavens with reverence and childish trust. These were Julie's teachers; these the voices which her mother promised should direct her; she learned from them that the necklace of pearls still clasped her neck, but she could not see it. The birds taught her to sing, and the flowers revealed to her the powers of weaving her thoughts into verse; her voice would gush out into melodies so wonderfully sweet and rare that the old aunt would pause to listen, and ask in wonder where Julie learned her songs. Julie would reply that the spirits of the earth and air taught her, but she had promised never to reveal the secret. This invariable answer to her questions at length alarmed the good woman; she sent for her confessor to bring holy water to sprinkle on the child. The priest was a good and learned man; he questioned Julie, and listened to her singing; he saw she was gifted with singular and uncommon talents, and proposed to teach her to read and write, and to place her under the care of the chapel-meister, to cultivate her wonderful voice. The aunt readily assented, and Julie in spite of her entreaties, was obliged to yield to the discipline of school and study hours. Now she had but one day in the week for her wanderings; then like a bird let loose, she would fly to her favorite haunts, and refresh her wearied mind. And here, too, Julie learned patience and obedience; the voices she loved whispered to her consolation; they told her to be good and true, and bear uncomplainingly the burdens sent by her heavenly Father.

Julie performed her tasks cheerfully, and made great progress in her studies. She could not so readily follow the instructions of the music master; it was impossible for her to forget the bird voices and songs of the flowers; her soul was filled with harmonies heard in the forest and on the mountain tops; and what to her was the most perfect orchestra of instruments or choir of voices?

Julie had not forgotten her father; she longed and yearned to behold him again. Years had passed and nothing had been heard of him; inquiry had been made for him in vain. Julie had asked the winds, the waves, the trees, flowers, birds, to tell her of her father; they answered her, it was impossible to reveal the future; that life was unfolded day by day, and its evil as its good was enough for the passing hour.

Julie was now a child no longer; fifteen summers had deepened the shadows of her eyes, and darkened to chestnut brown the golden curls; childhood's rosy cheek had paled, and the mouth was less perfectly rounded, but more tremulous in its curves.

One day, as Julie wandered amidst the ruins of Stolzenfels, a party of young men met her; one of them stood before her as if struck with wonder and astonishment, exclaiming, as he lifted his hat, "The very face of that picture! the living image I have so long sought!" Julie knew little of the ways of the world, but she felt embarrassed at the words and fixed gaze of the young man; she turned and fled down the hill, not knowing why she was so agitated and frightened. Returning home, she related her adventure to the old aunt, who, after some reflection, said the young man might refer to some picture painted by Roemer, Julie's father, as she remembered he frequently painted his wife's face in his pictures, and Julie was now the very image of her mother. At evening, Julie stood in the cottage door; her thoughts were with her father; a yearning desire to know more of him filled her soul; suddenly a strange voice greeted her; she turned and saw the stranger from whose gaze she had fled in the morning. With a cry of delight she exclaimed, "O sir, tell me of the picture! was it my father's?" Surprised at such a greeting, the young man looked at her a moment in silence, then said: "I came to beg your pardon for my insulting rudeness this morning. I have in my possession a picture of a young girl at a spinning wheel; the face is so true a likeness of your own that on suddenly meeting you this morning I forgot everything in the surprise and pleasure of having found the original."

"But who was the artist?" interrupted Julie. "The artist's name is Roemer."

"My father!" exclaimed Julie. "O, where was it painted? where did you find it?"

"I bought it a year since," returned the young man, "at Baden. The picture was exhibited at a bookseller's; I was told the artist was poor, and needed money. I afterwards endeavored to find him, but he had removed to another lodging, and no one seemed to know where he was."

"A year ago; then my father lives! Poor did you say? My father! O, where shall I seek him?"

The old lady now appeared, and having heard all the stranger said of the picture, explained to him the cause of Julie's agitation; he offered to go in search of the artist, to do anything in his power to aid them. Julie thanked him, but said if her father lived she would find him; that she alone could seek him. When the stranger departed, she smiled sadly as she said farewell; she knew at his second coming she should be far away; for even then she determined to depart at day-break secretly and alone, and search through the world till she found her father.

Four months after this, in that quarter of the city of Dresden inhabited by the poor and wretched, in an attic room sat an old man and young girl. The naked and broken walls were concealed by sketches on panel and canvass; an easel stood before the shabby window, on which was an unfinished painting of Psyche opening the fatal casket of Proserpine, when returning from Hades. The girl reclining at the feet of the old man might have passed for the Psyche glowing out from the canvass; her pale, exquisitely moulded face was unearthly in its beauty, like that of Psyche, telling of long suffering, weary watchings, and patient endurance. But now the soul had overcome all obstacles, and from every feature beamed love, pure, unselfish love. Julie had found her father. In these brief moments she had known the bitterness of disappointment, had endured scorn, jeers, insult, and cruel indifference, had been stung by poverty and want; but all was forgotten when at last he was found. In that wretched dwelling she found her father, alone, forsaken, ill, bereft of reason. She had watched over him day and night, tended him as only a loving woman can minister to sorrow and suffering, and at length he recovered to find the guardian angel by his side was his own Julie, his long-neglected, almost forgotten child. The star of his life, his loved wife, seemed to have returned from the land of the blessed to lift his soul from the gloom and darkness of years. Gradually strength returned to the artist, and now that we see them in their humble dwelling, he has left his bed for the first time since Julie's coming. Well might her face beam with love and hope!

"Tell me, Julie," said the artist, after a long silence, "by what means do we exist? You must be very poor my child. Does some fairy provide all these comforts?"

"Yes, dearest father, a fairy. Will you see her?" and she brought a lute which she had constructed in her wanderings. "Fairy and I go often into the streets where gay people live, and we often fill our box with silver groschen from their purses. You never heard me sing; may I sing to you to-day?"

"Sing, my darling; I ask no greater happiness than to listen to your sweet voice."

Julie sang. She told of her solitary childhood, of the angel voices that consoled her, of the beautiful world revealed to her, of yearnings for her father, of her long, wearisome wanderings and search, of her love, hope and happiness. The artist listened entranced. Was it his child? could a mortal be thus gifted? He feared to move, to speak, to breathe, lest he should awake to find he was but dreaming; lest the frenzy which had for years tortured him should have returned to cheat his sense. Julie's song ceased; she extended her arms towards her father. With a wild cry he sprang to his feet, he folded her to his heart, and comprehended for the first time what a treasure Heaven had sent him in his child.

proposed to Julie to sing a certain number of nights on trial, and if successful, he promised to enter into an engagement with her which would place her above want. Julie thought only of her father; for his sake she would have given life itself; she consented, hoping for success that she might be enabled to surround him with comforts.

When it was known in Dresden that a young and beautiful girl was to make her debut at the Royal Theatre as an improvisatrice, curiosity and interest were excited; as the manager had anticipated, every seat in the house was taken, and on the eventful evening an impatient audience awaited the appearance of the new star.

The curtain rose; a pale, delicate girl stood before the foot-lights. "A stranger amongst strangers, she was received in silence. Poor Julie! for the first time in her life a chill sensation of fear crept over her; she trembled and faltered. A green ivy leaf fluttered from the stage box, and fell at her feet. She took up the leaf, and looked at the box where her father's wan face gazed down on her; was it the leaf whispering to her, or was it his smile that thrilled her with life? She closed her eyes a moment, and then from her parted lips there burst a wild, soul-stirring melody; strain on strain, verse on verse, followed, bending and waving with the melodies as a flower caressed by the summer breeze. Julie was the embodied spirit of song; for a moment she seemed more a vision of celestial beauty than a child of earth.

Never had the Royal Theatre rung with louder or more enthusiastic applause. Julie had no rival in the firmament that night. She scarcely heeded the triumph which greeted her; hastening to her father, his embrace was worth all the world beside.

Months passed, and Julie had become the idol of the music-loving people of Dresden; night after night she was welcomed and listened to with new delight; she was flattered, courted, caressed, but she was true to her father; she never forsok him, never forgot him; his health and strength were gradually decreasing, yet he could not live out of Julie's presence; he accompanied her to the theatre till weakness forced him to remain at home. Julie had never thought of herself, or she would have been startled at the change this constant exertion made in her appearance. At night, when radiant in beauty, she appeared before the admiring crowd, few there were who suspected that with the inspired song life was passing swiftly away!

One evening, as Julie was leaving her father, he said to her, "Come back soon to me, my treasure, for I feel strangely ill and gloomy to-night." Julie took a flower from her bosom, and said, "Here, dear father, this shall cheer you till I come. In a few nights my engagement will be ended; then we will go to our loved Rhineland, and there you will grow strong and young again." A pang shot through her loving heart as she thought how ill and weak he was, and how little availed either medical skill or her tender watchfulness to bring health or strength.

That night Julie sang as she had never sung before; the audience hung breathless on every note. Words and melody thrilled to the very soul; the air seemed music, and floating there, shapes of beauty were pictured in rapid succession by the inspired singer. When she ceased, all rose to their feet by one impulse, waving handkerchiefs; garlands, flowers were offered as a tribute to her genius. Julie remembered her father's entreaty to come to him, and strange forebodings filled her soul for him. She hastened away; breathless with haste and fear she entered the little room—her world, her home. Raising himself from his pillow as he heard her enter, the artist clasped his arms about his child; she heard him call her "his loved one! his life!" then the arms loosened their hold. Julie looked on that dear face; a smile of celestial beauty lingered there, but it was the glory of a soul departed; he was dead!

With a cry of agony she fell beside him; darkness gathered round her; then suddenly she seemed enveloped in a cloud of light, and there appeared to her two radiant beings; she knew them both; father and mother awaited her with outstretched arms; a voice of unearthly sweetness rang through her soul, "Come home!"

The next morning father and child were found side by side, sleeping that last, sleep which promises new life beyond the valley of the shadow of death.

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