

# PHILOSOPHER.

Goodness and Truth.

VOL. 1.

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NO. 19—20.

## NATURE.

Physical, Spiritual, Celestial, Divine.  
Design in the Development of MAN, his WANTS.  
Temporal, Social, Intellectual.

From the Univercolum.

WHAT IS EVIL?

BY ANDREW J. DAVIS.

Some weeks ago I read in one of the Boston papers an account of an aggravated and most soul-chilling murder, committed, as the paper stated, by a detested wretch long a burthen to himself and society. I read also concerning his execution, which account was accompanied with a few remarks upon the punishment he would probably receive in the other world. The relation of this horrible occurrence weighed my spirit down. The position from which I viewed and contemplated the deed, was identical with that occupied by almost every political, legal, and clerical teacher in the land. I viewed it as to its external aspect, and was driven to the unreasonable conclusion that man is, in reality, a depraved creature at heart. Oh, how I trembled at this! "But no man," reasoned I, "could do such an evil to his fellow man, without being evil in the very elements of his being; and if this is an individual truth, it must be a universal one." Yes, only twenty days ago I was filled with sorrow concerning this demonstration of innate sin, of perverted and evil affection, of a voluntary love for, and doing of evil—voluntary, because growing out of and being allied to the Soul's Life. I prayed constantly to know the truth, and to view the occurrence, and its causes, from an interior and spiritual position. At length, one day, I felt moved to visit the village grave-yard, that I might be free from outer disturbances. I obeyed the internal impulse. I sought a retired spot, folded my head in my garments, shut myself from sense and outer impressions, and meditated on the subject of my thoughts. Instantly my understanding was opened, and the birth, and life, and character, and the various circumstances which constituted that murderer's experience, were manifested

to me in their regular order of succession.

In a small, unclean, unfurnished room, in a cradle, I saw a child. It was physically deformed, especially in the cerebral region. I saw that the cause of this malformation was referable to the ignorance of its parents—they had violated the laws of reproduction and utero-gestation. It was plain to be seen that this infringement and disobedience was faithfully recorded on the person of the child.

In five years more, that child manifested in its plays and conversation the angular and impulsive promptings of love unguided by wisdom, which latter it had not, because of youth and incapacity, and which its parents could not have communicated because of their ignorance from birth.

In five years more, I saw that child the companion of those of equal growth and like hereditary misdirection,—of those who were born foes to the interests of society,—those who were victims of circumstances, such as surround and influence all persons and families forming the lower strata of civilization.

In five years more, that child was a perverse and wicked youth—was the leader of card playing and gambling tricks without the city—and was the chief of mobs and riots within; was chewing tobacco, smoking cigars, drinking liquor. His parents were poor. At first they could not send him to school, at last he would not go. He stood as a representative of inferior situations and circumstances.

In five years more, I saw that youth a man in stature, but not in development of body nor elevation of mind. And in an old, dilapidated dwelling, like the Brewery in our city, containing about twenty families, I saw his wife,—for he was married.

Two years more, and I saw his child. That mother's child was left in the care of a sympathizing but no better situated neighbor, while she, worn out and emaciated, was peddling strawberries in the streets of Boston. I saw her return at night with food for herself and her little one, and money to procure bread for breakfast; but that cruel man, intoxicated

husband, and misdirected father, abruptly and insultingly demanded her little saving, and appropriated it to his own use—to buy rum, whereby to drown the rising feelings of goodness and sympathy within, that his obscured and misdirected soul might not perceive the body's corruption and depravity.

In six months more, I saw him when alone, weeping; but, when seen by others, he was gross, unclean, and disgusting. Feeling that others disliked and despised him, he disliked and despised himself. A whole garment was not in his possession. One by one had they been sacrificed to gratify his overmastering desire. Indeed, he was a slave—rum was his master. A slave cannot do as he will, but only as the master prompts, and sanctions, and commands!

Three nights afterward, he was destitute of liquor, food, friendship, clothes and money. Society had neglected its legitimate child. Nature's universal provisions were withheld, and the husband was urged to violent plans. At this moment he saw a well-dressed, and apparently wealthy gentleman, step into quite an inferior oyster house. The husband hurried on and entered it. He obtained a seat with an air of carelessness, and unobserved. The gentleman was a stranger, was inquiring the most convenient route to a village ten miles from the city. When he paid for his oysters, he unfortunately revealed a well supplied pocket-book. The temptation was too powerful. The husband saw the magnitude of destitution and starvation compared with the act of assassination—compared with the former the latter seemed justice, to exercise which he at once resolved. He had heard the direction given the stranger, and without a moment's hesitation hastened on the way. After proceeding nearly half the distance, he secreted himself by the road-side and awaited the traveler's approach.

"I don't want to kill him," said the husband; "I will only stun him and get his shiners. The world owes me a living; it don't give it to me; I am resolved to take it. God knows this is justice. I am hungry, and must have something now or I shall die." Now I saw him

weeps. A sound of footsteps close by announced the traveler's approach. Out he leaped and grasped the stranger by the throat, and sternly demanded his money. The man knocked him down. This unexpected blow fired him with vengeance and determination. He instantly arose and shot the man, and stabbed him hurriedly in many places—mangled him in the most horrid manner—searched his pockets, robbed him of all he had, threw the body over the fence, and went into Boston to drown sorrow with a flood of rum, which he then could purchase.

I saw him arrested, tried, condemned, imprisoned, abused, sneered at, and formally executed—executed as an example. I saw all this. And I can only say, beware of such justice—it is human, not Divine.

I continued in that illuminated condition nearly an hour after the above vision, reflecting upon its importance and signification, when my perceptions enlarged, and it was given me to follow his spirit.

In the first Society of the second sphere of human existence—where the inferior types of the race are, and where they gravitate for refinement and reformation—I mean the Negroes, Indians, and weak, and idiotic, and the misdirected individuals and classes of every community and nation—there I saw that dark spirit. He was small, and weak, and un-grown; he was clothed with all possible conflicting colors and was disagreeable to behold. As a coating upon his faint spirit was impressed, or induced, or recorded, every unfavorable influence and evil circumstance that had surrounded and actuated him from his birth to the grave. The malformation had rendered his body inadequate to a regular unfolding of his spiritual elements and attributes; and outer conditions and opposing influences preventing his finding his true position, or making a pleasant and happy journey through this rudimental sphere. The most lovely rose cannot grow, if planted in an iron vase, and breathed upon by the chilling winds of Iceland; nor can a pure spirit grow into a love of goodness and truth, if confined within the walls of an ill-formed body, and breathed upon by the freezing atmosphere of uncongenial conditions and circumstances.

But now higher influences pervaded him—penetrated the superficial coating; it grew thinner and more thin; it became transparent; it dissolved and crumbled into nothing, and lo! the white robed angel was there! The germ of the spirit sparkled like the crystal in the granite rock. I saw that from the first it was pure within, though evil without; the pure soul indigenous to heaven, the outer life to the imperfections and misdirections of earth. I followed him through the first society, and, as he ascended to the second, I could not see the least vestige of that evil garment, but he was a rightly directed and comparatively perfect being of the inner life. I was overjoyed. The vision ended, and I returned to the outer world with different feelings. I would not call that evil which is good and state of being. What,

think you, was the legitimate impression of this vision; I will relate,

1. That there are three sources of evil. First, progenitive or hereditary misdirection; secondly, educational or sympathetic misdirection; thirdly, circumstantial or social misdirection.

2. That "the disunity prevalent in the earth is rather the result" of those conditions and circumstances which make affections evils, than "of evil affection," as Swedenborg teaches, and you believe.

3. That all things and spirits are receptacles of the grand element of the Love of God, which, diffused through nature, as the Soul is through the body, unfolds itself into Wisdom.

4. That man is an incarnated divinity, and therefore that he is not *intrinsically* evil himself, and cannot love anything "intrinsically evil," though he may be bent or misdirected while in the twilight-state, and grow up crooked, and despised by sensuous observers, through this sphere of his existence or development.

5. That as God lives in all things and everywhere, there are no local or especial incarnations of this essence. This is the true "ground of our grand doctrine of the Incarnation," the highest demonstrations of which are visible in the life and teachings of Christ, and in the profound revelations of Swedenborg.

6. That every human being has an important mission to fulfil, or three uses to subserve. The individual is designed to re-produce its type, to properly direct the heavenly germ in it deposited, and to live here in reference to the principles of Nature and another life.

7. That a knowledge of Nature and her laws, is indispensable to a just performance of the three uses just specified, constituting man's mission; and that, to cure the evil and "disunity prevalent" in Society, we must ascertain our inner and outer relations to each other, as members of one body, and our relations to the Material and Spiritual Worlds. In this way, "man's moral nature may be elevated from its sensual plane," and a "conjunction" be established between the human and divine. The teachings of all good spirits, (especially the great reformers, Christ and Swedenborg) tend to a full discovery and just application of those truths which will constitute "a spiritual sphere of attraction," and which will attract and elevate the race to a closer relation among its parts, with the principles of Divine order and harmony, and the chastening influences of higher spheres.

Such, I am impressed, is the origin of evil, as manifested in the actions of the individual; and its cure can only be accomplished by removing the three causes of human misdirection.

When I examine Swedenborg's philosophical disclosures, I find nothing in them inconsistent with the above illustration of the origin of evil, but when he takes the Bible for his master, he seems to make his stupendous Science, Philosophy, and Theology of Nature and the Universe bow, submissively, to its imperative authority. Do not the receivers

of Swedenborg, in like manner, take him for their master? When you say "no revelation from higher spheres can in the least degree" disturb the convictions of Swedenborgians, I fear it is rather Swedenborg and his truths, than the truths of Nature and Heaven, they are determined to advocate and defend—and such seem to defend him, too, with instruments by him prepared, rather than with Reason freed from prejudice and educational inclination.

I am not defending the Book I gave to the world in my superior condition, (let it do its work) but I am desirous of freeing the general mind of all isms, and their errors concerning the origin of Sin, the Incarnation, and the restitution of man to a state of purity and blessedness. I am not only anxious to be free from all isms, but to have a *standard*, composed only of reason and truth—based on Man, Nature, and the Universe—a basis immovable, but an edifice of truth and goodness capable of inconceivable additions—a germ of truth, capable of endless expansion—a Master, inspiring all earths and spheres with heat and light, or Love and Wisdom, and making the weakest beings recipients and examples of his love and grace. I know I shall, like all others, progress eternally; therefore I do not promise to believe to-morrow exactly what I believe to-day, for I may know more.

The internal man rests on the foundation of *intuition*; the wise man upon *reflection*, the external man upon *perception*, and the superficial man upon *testimony*. Beware of testimony—of believing what others say, but who will ascend to higher spheres, there to learn and enjoy more of the perpetual blessings flowing from the inexhaustible depths of intuition and truth. So, kind spirit, I am taught.

With a desire to learn, and to become more and more acquainted with your spirit, and its influences to truth and righteousness.

#### SOUND.

Sounds when made through the medium of the air, it is well known to all students of Natural Philosophy, can be produced only one way. Sir Isaac Newton was the first to present a clear theory of the wonderful phenomenon of sound, which theory now reigns undisputed over the philosophical world. His theory of sound is very briefly this—that the particles of air being struck by some substance, are propelled forward, until they meet with sufficient force to drive them backward slightly, when the first moving power again propels them onward, which causes a movement in the particles of atmosphere all around, until finally the nerves of the ear are reached, and the idea of sound is conveyed to the mind.

Two things are to be noticed in this theory. 1st. That air must be *moved* to produce sound. 2nd. That it must be kept in motion for some time.

Now let us consider attentively the philosophy of moving particles of air. Atmospheric air is a dense substance in comparison to electricity. It weighs about one grain to every three cubic



inches, or fifteen pounds to every square inch extended to the top of the atmosphere. One common sized man sustains about the weight of fourteen tons. Electricity on the contrary, is without any perceivable weight. A thousand Leyden jars filled with it, are no heavier than when empty, whereas a small bottle weighing only two ounces is two grains heavier when filled with air than when empty. Electricity is computed to be seven hundred thousand times finer than air. We affirm that electricity being so much rarer than air, cannot condense it sufficiently to produce sound, and the believers in the "Rochester Knocking" have presented no other solution of their mysterious belief, than the one that these rappings are produced by the compression of the air by electricity, which electricity they say is willed by the spirits, thus to operate. Electricity is the actor or doer, and the spirits the prime cause in this wonderful phenomenon of spirit, ual knocking. If electricity then, cannot compress the atmosphere, their only means of solving their own riddle has vanished, and they are obliged to give credence to as supernatural things, as Mohammed required his followers to believe. Can then this subtle agent so much finer than air, condense the air, so as to reach the auditory nerves, and thus produce in the mind the sensation of sound. We unhesitatingly answer, no. Our argument is briefly this, water when poured upon the soil becomes absorbed by it, unless the earth is filled with it, in which case, the foundation of the earth must be also impervious to the water. If the earth becomes saturated with water by presenting in its lower stratum an impediment to the action of the water so great as to drive it backwards, then the whole mass might be moved by the application of a sufficient amount of water; but if it remains porous and permeable to the water, then it cannot be moved by the action of water upon it.

It is precisely the same with the action of electricity upon the air. Before the air can be compressed by it, it must be so filled with it as to render it impervious to its action. That this never can be done, appears plain from the fact, that the earth upon which the atmosphere rests can be penetrated by electricity, and thus opposes no barrier to the free passage through the air, which keeps the air from being filled with the subtle element. The ground can never be filled to repletion with it, for the most solid substance forms no barrier against it as is witnessed by its rapid transmission along the telegraphic wires, and the well known fact, that metals are its best conductors. But why cannot the air be compressed by a large amount of electricity being brought to bear against it with great velocity? For the simple reason that inert matter opposes to a body in motion, as great a power, as that body conveys, and if permeable by that body can by no means be moved by it, no matter how great the velocity of that body may be, but must necessarily absorb it.

Electricity being so much rarer than other bodies, instead of compressing the body it acts against, enters the minute

pores of that body and expands it, and as a bat if struck against a ball with violence moves the ball with greater force than if the blow was moderate, so electricity rushing against the atmosphere with great rapidity, penetrates and therefore expands the atmosphere much faster than if brought to bear against it more slowly, so that the rapidity of the motion of electricity instead of aiding in producing these rappings, has directly the opposite effect.

The faster the electricity moves, the less chance is there for the compression of the air, which compression is necessary to the production of sound. Take a familiar case for illustration. Pour water slowly into a bed of sand, and the sand is but very little displaced from its former position; but increase vastly the rapidity of the motion of the water, and the sand is immediately washed from its bed, by the too sudden separation of its particles, caused by the penetration of the water.—*Daguerreotype.*

### CONSCIENCE.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

For clearness' sake, the natural and personal obligation to keep the law of God as my conscience declares it, I will call duty; the conventional and official obligation to comply with some custom, keep some statute, or serve some special interest, I will call business. Here then are two things—my natural and personal duty, my conventional and official business. Which of the two shall give way to the other,—personal duty, or official business? Let it be remembered that I am a MAN first of all, and all else that I am is but a modification of my manhood, which makes me a clergyman, a fisherman, or a statesman; but the clergy, the fish, and the state are not to strip me of my manhood. They are valuable in so far as they serve my manhood, not as it serves them. My official business as clergyman, fisherman or statesman, is always beneath my personal duty as man. In case of any conflict between the two, the natural duty ought to prevail and carry the day before the official business, for the natural duty represents the permanent law of God, the absolute right, Justice, the balance point of all interests, while the official business represents only the transient conventions of men, some partial interest; and beside, the man who owes the personal duty is immortal, while the officer who performs the official business, is but for a time.

At death, the man is tried by the Justice of God, for the deeds done, and character attained, for his natural duty; but he does not enter the next life as a clergyman with his surplice and prayer-book, or a fisherman with his angles and net, nor yet as a statesman with his franking privileges and title of honorable and Member of Congress. The officer dies, of a vote or a fever. The man lives forever. From the relation between a man and his occupation, it is plain, in general, that all conventional and official business is to be overruled by natural, personal duty. This is the great circle,

drawn by God, and discovered by conscience, which girdles my sphere, including all the smaller circles, and itself included by none of them. The law of God has eminent domain everywhere,—over the private passions of Oliver and Charles, the special interests of Carthage and of Rome, over all customs, all office business, all precedents, all human statutes, all treaties between Judas and Pilate, or England and France, over all the conventional affairs of one man or man kind. My own Conscience is to declare that law for me, yours for you, and is before all private passions, or public interests, the decisions of majorities, and a world full of precedents. You may resign your office, and escape its obligations, forsake your country and owe it no allegiance, but you cannot move out of the dominions of God, nor escape where conscience has not eminent domain.

## PNEUMATOLOGY.

Laws of the Spirit World Its external manifestations: the conditions on which they are made; their nature and use.

From the Lowell American.

### SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

Mr. Editor,—With your permission, I will take the liberty to invite the attention of your readers to some facts which have come under my observation in relation to the new and wonderful developments of the present day, denominated "Spiritual Rappings." It is well known that, for the last year or two, there has been quite an excitement in many parts of the country, on account of the supposed spiritual manifestations made by departed friends in another world. With others, my curiosity was excited on the subject, and understanding that Mr. La Roy Sunderland, of Boston, had these communications in his family, and having had a long acquaintance with this gentleman—over twenty years—and knowing him to be a man of stern integrity, I concluded to visit him for the purpose of satisfying myself. Accordingly on Wednesday last, Oct. 20, 1850, I went to his house to witness this wonderful phenomenon; and now feel it to be my duty to make a public statement of what I saw and heard, for two reasons: First for the sake of truth; and secondly, to gratify a circle of friends, who are desirous of information on this subject.

Well, at 6 o'clock P. M., I was at the place fixed upon, and Mr. Sunderland asked if the spirits would respond to me at this time, as this was not the time appointed for communications, (spirits, it seems, have fixed times and seasons,) and the answer, by rapping was, they would. I then asked if I had any guardian spirit present. The answer was, yes. I asked—"Who is it?" The reply was, promptly—your son. Here I will remark that I lost a son eleven years ago. I then asked if I had any other guardian spirit in the other sphere, and was answered affirmatively. At this point the conversation ended, for the reason that others came in who were promised responses at this time. I saw all that transpired

during their stay, and must say that I was astonished; responses were made to questions put in writing, and *only known to the person who wrote them*—at least, so I was informed. After spending some four hours in hearing the rappings, and feeling the vibrations produced by them on the table which sat before us; the spirits offered to exhibit their power in moving objects in the room, which they did to the satisfaction of all present. The table apparently moved several inches, and the castors were distinctly heard to turn. To satisfy ourselves that there could be no possible collusion in the matter, the table was raised from the floor by another gentleman and myself, and while holding it firmly with our hands, it would move first one way and then the other, and a heavy weight was sensibly felt by both of us as the table turned in different directions.

It is due to Mr. Sunderland and his family to say that nothing could be discovered by which this wonderful phenomenon was produced. All present were satisfied in regard to their entire honesty in this matter; and while I am not fully sure that it is not a delusion, I cannot in any possible way explain it.

W. S. FOLLENSBEE.

Lowell, Ms., Oct., 22, 1850.

From the Cincinnati Times.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

In our first article on the rappings, we stated that they had been heard a number of evenings last week, at the house of a respectable citizen. It is several weeks since they were first heard in Cincinnati; but the first time the communications were heard in a promiscuous company, was on Wednesday night, of last week. A number of persons had assembled for the purpose of receiving the benefit of the clairvoyant, Mrs. Bushnell's medical examinations, when the mysterious rappings were heard. Questions were asked, and correct rapping replies were given to a number of the interrogators.

This awakened curiosity, and on the following evening a larger company assembled at the same place. A circle was formed around the table, and the rapping commenced.

Among the gentlemen of this circle were Mr. Goodin, of Goodin's building, Court st., G. W. Ball, of Covington, Ky., Dr. Gatchell, of the Electric Medical College; Mr. Atwood, of Troy, N. Y.; Mr. Augustus Wattles, of Rural, Ohio; Dr. Owens, of the Electric College; Mr. Norton, stove dealer on Main street; and a number of gentlemen, together with some ladies, with whom we are not acquainted.

The alphabet was called for by one of the gentlemen present, who understood the *modus operandi* of communication of the Rochester ladies, and the persons in the circle took turns in asking the questions.

We have not room to detail all the questions and answers,—many of them are unimportant, and many, though perhaps important to the persons interested

are not worthy of public narration.—When it came Mr. Goodin's turn to interrogate the spirits, he inquired:

"Is there a spirit present that will communicate with me?" Rap.

"Can I know what spirit answers?" Rap.

The alphabet was then called, and the following sentence spelled:

"I am your own child."

"The youngest?" inquired Mr. Goodin. No answer.

"The second?" No sound.

"The oldest?" Rap.

The alphabet was again called, and the following sentence spelled:

"I love you now, better than ever."

"Do you love your mother?" Rap.

"Are you happy?" Rap.

"Are your sisters with you?" Rap.

"Are they happy?" Rap.

"Can I do anything to make you more happy?" Rap.

Again the alphabet was called, and the following sentence was spelled:

"Be patient, and don't fret about the calomel."

A friend, at this communication, remarked, "Mr. Goodin reflected on himself in reference to the child's medical treatment during her sickness." As if in response to this, repeated raps were heard.

Mr. Goodin then inquired: "Did you die in consequence of taking calomel?" Rap.

"After some further questions and replies of a private character, it came Mr. Augustus Wattles turn to make interrogatories. He inquired:

"Is there a spirit present that will communicate with me?" Rap.

"Can I know the person?" Rap.

"Will you spell the name?" No sound.

"Will you give the initials?" Rap.

The alphabet was then called, and W. W. was designated.

"Is it the spirit of my brother, Wm. Wattles?" Rap.

"Do you intend I should understand that my brother, Wm. Wattles, is dead?" Rap.

"Did you die in California?" No sound.

"Did you die near California?" No sound.

"Were you well taken care of?" Rap.

"Were you decently buried?" Rap.

"What diseases did you die of?" Alphabet called for by several quickly repeated raps, and the word 'diarrhoea' spelled.

"When shall I hear of it in the common way?" No sound.

"Will it be within one year?" Rap.

"Will it be within nine months?" Rap.

"Will it be within six months?" No sound.

A young man from Kentucky, whose name we did not learn, had now the opportunity of spiritual converse.

He inquired "Will any spirit converse with me?" Rap.

Alphabet called, and the following sentences were spelled:

"I am your mother. Do not oppose him any more. He will be married."

This communication excited quite a laugh at the young man's expense, and considerable discussion ensued, during which the rapping continued, as if to signify there were further communications to be made. The alphabet was again called, and the following sentence was spelled:

"It will all come out right."

Some one inquired "Is there any meaning of this?"

Mr. Ball answered, "Yes, there is great meaning in it to us."

Other persons than those mentioned conversed with the spirits, but the communications were not important, and our article has already become too lengthy. We had something to say about the manner of forming circles, and the *modus operandi* of communication, but must defer it till another opportunity.

Mrs. Bushnell writes that she is fully convinced of the reality of these spirit knockings.

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 7, 1850.

### THE NEW ERA.

The spiritual manifestations, so fully described in the columns of this paper, constitute what will, finally, be admitted to be a new era in the history of the human race. This is now firmly believed by all who have become satisfied as to the reality of these manifestations. Nature's prophecy has been uttered in various forms, in past ages of the world. Dark, uncertain, and angular indeed, her first productions may have been, coming as they did through mediums more or less imperfect. But whether among the Hebrews, Hindoos, or Christians of ancient times, we shall find in the religious writings of all, the hope of future unity. And, so sanguine were many of the most learned Christian writers of the last century, that they even ventured to fix the precise year when the long expected good should be fully realized. Benjamins and Wesley limited it to 1836. Hobershon and others fixed on 1844; Wolf and others on 1847; Wood and Hales, on 1850; Faber, Scott and others, on 1866.

Haus Wood, Esq., of Rosewadia, Ireland, in 1787, suggested that the 70 weeks of Daniel IX, formed part of the 2300 days in the preceding chapter, which, as he judged by a natural influence, would bring their termination in 1843. This view, said Dr. Hales is "the most ingenious of its class," and he considered it worthy of republication in the *Suspector*, in 1789, and again in 1796, and again in the *Orthodox Churchman's Magazine* in 1803, and afterwards in his great work the "*New Analysis of Chronology*," vol. ii, page 664.

And hence, the calculations of the people called "Second Adventists." They looked



and confidently expected the dissolution of the universe, in 1843. And though they see that nature's laws do not fail, yet many of this class are still *hoping* that these laws may be interrupted, and the present material earth burned up!

It is said, that the Jews, some two thousand years ago, expected the advent or development of goodness in some form, which Christians of later ages tell us, those same Jews should have witnessed in the person and character of Jesus of Nazareth. But is it not plain, that if those ancient Hebrews had correct ideas of the good which they anticipated, they would have found it in Jesus, as sure as he was the complete fulfillment of their hopes? Hence we must admit, either that he was not what they anticipated, or if he was, they did not know what their anticipations were. And is it any more marvelous, that the Christians of the present age should misjudge as to the real fulfillment of their hopes, than it was that the ancient Jews should do so? All, or at least, a vast majority of the most intelligent minds, whether Christian or Heathen, are agreed that about this period in the history of the Race, some new and wonderful developments are to be made. And is the long expected good to consist in the destruction of this earth, or in the revivification of decayed animal forms, or in the frustration of nature's laws? Is it not, rather, in the gradual, harmonious progression of the Race, from infancy to manhood; from discord to unity; from the animal to the SPIRITUAL?

This whole subject is presented in Mr. Davis's chart, in beautiful form and order, to the external eye. [We give some account of this chart on another page.] Here you can see NATURE as it were, spread out as a map before you. Man is represented as progressing, from Savagism, Barbarism, Patriarchism, Civilism, to Republicanism. Science progresses from Simplism, Alchemy, Chemistry to knowledge systematized, a unity. Philosophy progresses from the Material, Analytical, Transitory, Synthetical to the Spiritual. And Theology progresses from Fetichism, Polytheism, Dualism (good and evil God) to Monotheism.

Contemplating nature therefore, as a whole, we find that she does not go back. All her changes, her so called catastrophes, her storms and earthquakes, but indicate the great laws of Association, Progression and Development which have brought about the SPIRITUAL ERA, which we now behold not afar off, but as very near. "Prophets and kings desired it long, but died without the sight."

To some it is a great mystery, that Jews and Christians, when so often and for so long a time disappointed in the coming of their expected Messiah, should still "hope on and hope ever," that he will soon appear in the precise manner which tradition has taught

them to look for him. And the Second Adventists, though signally refuted in their notions about "the end of the world," continue, nevertheless, to fix on one period after another, as if it were morally impossible for them to relinquish their hope. Well, so it is impossible:—

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast,  
Man never is, but always to be blest."

That which Jews, and Apostles, and martyrs expected and longed for, centuries ago, we now enjoy. That millennium which generations, long since passed away, so much longed for, has dawned upon the human race. Nor is it any more remarkable, that multitudes are now living, who have no eyes to see what is developed in their presence, than it was that Jesus lived and died in the midst of a generation of *believers*, who did not know him. Their ignorance of his real character, did not arise from their skepticism as to what they called Jehovah, nor their rejection of the sacred writings of those whom they supposed to know the most of him. And the mass of the present age, as truly believe in the development of future good, and in a world of spirits. But like the Messiah of the Jews, that world is "afar off." There is an impassable gulf between them and the spirit world, placed there by the Jehovah of the Old Testament, and hence, they cannot pass it: True, they believe there was a time when men and angels conversed with one another, but God has changed, so we must expect that privilege no more.

#### HUMAN INFLUENCE.

It is manifest, that all who have ever attempted to speak or teach on the philosophy of human influence, have felt the want of appropriate terms. When man controls reptiles, or beasts in a certain way, it is called *charming*, from *carmen* a verse, because the ancients exerted this power in the use of poetry. And hence "*incantation*" and "*enchantment*," from *canto*, to sing.

"Fascination," from *baskano*, to bewitch with the eye; and influence, exerted or excited through the sense of sight, and hence, it was anciently called "the eye bite."

When Mesmer commenced his career as an operator, some years ago, it does not seem to have occurred to him, or his immediate friends, that the influence he exerted, was precisely the same as that which had been known from time immemorial, under the name of *charm* or *fascination*. And, surprised and flattered by the extraordinary results which he found himself able to induce, he at once set about the formation of a theory of magnetism; and as he operated upon the living body, he called it "*Animal Magnetism*."

But this term, as it is well known, was never well received, even by believers in the thing which it was used to signify. And, so

not knowing what else to call it, it was natural that his own name should have come into use, to signify an influence which he had been so conspicuous in bringing to the notice of the world. To the present time, in England, the term "*mesmerism*," is generally used, when speaking on this subject, though in France, Germany, and Prussia, we believe no new terms have ever been suggested to take the place of "*Animal Magnetism*."

In this country, various other terms have been substituted. In 1841, I first used the term "*Human Magnetism*," which has been very generally adopted by others. But as Professor George Bush suggested to me a term which I thought still more appropriate, I adopted it, and have never heard of one which so nearly signified the thing meant, as the one to which I now refer. If the leading idea in the subject now under notice, be suggested by the word *sympathy*, then why should we not use a term, which to say the least, may be easily accommodated to signify a *sympathetic influence*, exerted or received?

All object to the use of the term *animal* when speaking of what belongs more to the human mind; and precisely the same objection holds against the terms "*magnetism*" and "*electricity*;" for, strictly speaking, magnetism is far below the living body. Mr. Davis (A. J.) tells us, that magnetism is a higher form of electricity. But this term applies to unconscious matter, not to the thinking, feeling substance. Hence, it were as correct to speak of an *earthly mind*, and *earthly soul*, as it is to speak of "*electrical Psychology*," or the "*electrical science of the soul*."

The term "*biology*," has been pressed into use for similar reasons, which properly signifies the science of life, or physiology. And yet, we sometimes hear one speaking of being "*biologized*," or, as if he were to say "*physiologized*!" What would this mean? Or, what are we to understand by it, when we hear one speaking of being "*psychologized*!" Psychology signifies, simply, the "*science of the soul*." Would it be advisable to say, theologized, phrenologized, paleologized?

It is worthy of notice, that though most who have written on this subject, have suggested new terms, not one has followed his own suggestions. We suggested Human Magnetism, but gave it up for *PANMAGNETISM*, which was originated by Prof. Bush. [This term has been adopted by Dr. Webster, in his large Dictionary.] Yet, Prof. Bush has never used this term, but goes back and uses the name of Mesmer.

Mr. A. J. Davis originated a new term in 1844. He called it "*Clairmativess*." And he, also, has abandoned his own child, and now, we believe, uses the term, "*Human Magnetism*."

It is curious to read some of the terms which various lecturers have brought, or attempted to bring into use, when speaking of the science or fact of spiritual, or human influence. One calls it "Absorption;" another "Psychodunamy;" another "Etherology;" another "Neurology;" and yet, another dubs it with the euphonious and classical term of "Thusology!"

The sense in which we use the term Pathetism, when speaking of human or spiritual influence, may be seen from our prospectus, and in the columns of the *Philosopher*, appropriated to this subject. It is the best, the most expressive, and appropriate, of any we have been able to find. And though Dr Webster has given it a place in his Dictionary, we shall be ready for a better one, as soon as it is suggested, from whatever source it may come.

If, as we are taught, we are all tending to a harmonious state of perfect unity, we doubt not all the truly spiritual will, by and by "see eye to eye," and agree in the use of terms. They will not shun each other, nor lack eyes to see the beautiful and true, but forgetting our peculiar individualisms which repel and drive us asunder, we shall expand in the broad circle of universal brotherhood.

**NEW SUBSCRIBERS.**—Now is the time for the friends of this paper, to make efforts for increasing our list of subscribers. It will, doubtless, be a pleasant labor for each of our present patrons, to procure one or more new subscribers. A club of six might easily be raised, and in this way you would lessen the expense, as you will perceive from our terms stated on the last page.

#### CLAIRVOYANCE.

An interesting article will be found under the head of PATHETISM, from the pen of Mr. Andrew J. Davis, in relation to his recent sickness, and the means of his recovery.

When in Hartford, Ct., on the 22d ult., I had an interview with Mrs. Mettler, the Clairvoyant, to whom Mr. Davis refers. She was, at the time, entranced by her husband, for the purpose of examining a sick lady. On making an effort to bring her out of the trance, she seemed disinclined, and began a conversation with her guardian angels. She then conversed with me freely, and when I say that I was very much attracted by her own spirit, I suppose I express the experience of most, if not all, who know her. She is an excellent woman, and fulfils a noble mission.

And while on this subject, it is but an act of justice, perhaps, for me to refer to a clairvoyant lady in this city, (Mrs. A. Freeman, 17 N. Main Place) whose services in healing the sick, during the last six or seven years, have given her a place in the confidence and af-

fections of many thousands who have consulted her. Physicians, clergymen, members of Congress, ladies and gentlemen of distinction in the works of literature and science, have availed themselves of assistance from Mrs. Freeman's clairvoyance, and suffering multitudes have been benefited by her advice.

**CLOSE OF THE FIRST VOLUME.**—It will be noticed, that as we promised, we issue a double number this week. The issues to the close of the volume will be double, so as to finish it with the end of the year.

**NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.**—Those of our friends who have subscribed only for six months, will please bear in mind, that the volume closes the last week in this month. No paper will be sent after that for which the pay has not been forwarded to us. The terms are, *One Dollar per Volume of six months, in advance.*

**"MAGNETIZING" BY SPIRITS.**—We have an explanatory article on this subject, for our next number. We have been misapprehended; but a few remarks further will, we doubt not, make it all right.

## UNITY.

The form and order of society, which shall harmonize the antagonizing interests of all in a state of attractive industry, sufficiency, happiness and heaven.

#### HEAVEN.

BY ANDREW J. DAVIS.

We continue our extracts from "Nature's Divine Revelations." Who can read them, and not feel attached to that "better land?"

It is pleasing to behold these heavenly societies; for I see them at this moment existing in the most perfect degree of brotherly love, and joined inseparably together by constant ascending and descending affections. How very clear and bright are their countenances and expressions! They are unblemished by artificiality, and unspotted by rudimental and gross intrusions—for they are above and superior to these, and highly developed. The first society is indeed low in comparison to the highest; but the variety and the degrees nevertheless form of the whole a complete brotherhood. The diversity consists in the different degrees of development; and the lowest cannot approach the highest, because of the dissimilarity of quality and spheres. But the lowest contains and involves the highest, while the latter in return comprehends and pervades the whole sphere, manifesting a grace and beauty beyond the power of language to describe. And there exists almost an infinite variety of dispositions, of loves, of affections, and of wisdom among them; yet each modification of previous conditions of mind is fully an ascending degree of refinement toward perfection.

The whole is beautiful—surpassingly beautiful and sublime!—for there exists that continual emanation of love and wisdom from societies and individual forms, displaying a brilliancy of illumination beyond any light or color on earth. It is even so very bright and beautiful, that those in the lower societies who approach, are almost thrown into ecstasies of delight. They become prostrated, and apparently fall on their faces, because of the beauty and brilliancy of the *aroma* that encompasses the superior societies of the spirit-home.

Thus it is that all preserve an order in their lives and situations; and thus it is that their approach to each other is graduated according to the unfolding of the spiritual senses and faculties to the external. They represent the circular and spiral forms; for there exists among them a uniform and also an ascending movement. And one is continually unfolding the possessions of another, even as from the germ are unfolded the body and the flower. And even as the flower perpetuates the species of the plant, so does the superior society pervade the lower one, and is constantly introducing them into its own vast possessions; and thus all go onward to a still higher sphere of spiritual and intellectual elevation.

I now proceed to relate the *external* beauties that appertain to this second sphere of human existence. For it is necessary that the whole aspect of the spirit-home should be vividly represented to the inhabitants of the earth, so that it may be an inducement for them to advance in their social and spiritual condition.

I behold the *spiritual* Sphere as containing all the beauties of the *natural* sphere combined and perfected. And in every natural sphere these beauties are represented, though in the first and rudimental degree; so that every earth is of itself an index and an introduction to the beauty and grandeur that are existing in the second sphere. For from the natural the spiritual is unfolded, or made manifest.

The extended surface of this sphere, I perceive, presents regular and gentle undulations, which render the whole diversified and exceedingly inviting. And very extensive plains are presented, which are clothed with great fertility, and with innumerable varieties of forms such as deck the bosom of the earth, when all things are favorable to a thrifty production. In those vast plains is represented the most perfect order. They are gardens, typical of purity, unity, and celestial love. Their diversified paths continually lead to new and instructive portions, all of which are useful as displaying Divine love and wisdom, which generate unity and affinity in all created things. All flowers, and even their leaves, are observed as so many voices proclaiming the beauty of interior perfection, and the infinite source from which they sprang. Every plant, flower, bird and tree, is perceived and appreciated as the express creation of Divine love and Divine action.

And there is a beauty in the external of each created thing, which is, of itself,



an open expression of celestial love and wisdom. The flowers and foliage are of the most variegated appearance, and their variety renders them instructive and impressive, inasmuch that they act as enchantments upon the minds of those who behold them, and induce thoughts beautiful, elevating, and edifying. A fragrance perpetually ascends from those vast plains of creation, giving light and brilliancy to the atmosphere, which is thereby rendered suitable to be inhaled as the breath of love, and exhaled as the thoughts of wisdom. Every created thing possesses within itself a living love and affection; and this is communicated from one thing to another, all things thus becoming, as it were, electrified and illumined. The beauty of one flower is imparted to another, which in its turn communicates an equal bestowment upon others. And thus those plains are a living representation of Divine love and wisdom.

There exists among the many inviting things of this sphere, a peculiar blending of inherent affections that different forms possess. This remark applies to all things in the spiritual spheres. The beginning and ending of things appear not; but their actual existence is made manifest with all their living beauties.

Wisdom here existing, consists not in words, nor in the depths of the memory, but in the actual manifestation that every thing vividly displays. In other words, instruction and admonition are not derived from speech, but from action and representation. And every thing here is profitable and practicable—nothing is useless or imaginative.

Those of the first society dwell much in the delights of these plains, and their variegated foliage, from a sense of susceptibility of love, but not with an appreciation of wisdom; and they are thereby instructed, developed and rendered pure. Herein is displayed a perfect adaptation; for while they are irresistibly drawn to the beauties thus presented, those beauties in return breathe into them the breath of living love, enkindling the flame of perfect wisdom, which then burn to purity. All things are adapted to the necessities of man, and this they feel, both from an inherent consciousness, and also from a living desire to become instructed in the ways of goodness, which are these paths that lead throughout the many portions of the Sphere.

Those of the second society enjoy very much the unity displayed among those of the first group, and also the delights courted by the first. Besides this, they are continually investigating, analyzing, exploring and cultivating, those many things which are within their sphere of comprehension, and thus producing living evidences of their wisdom and united integrity.

Those of the third society are to the rest ministering angels, directing spirits, and perfect examples of exalted wisdom. By their knowledge, the lower societies, and even the spiritual possessions of the whole sphere, are illuminated and made bright, beautiful and enchanting.

There are also flowing through these gardens, rivers of clear and placid wa-

ters; and even in these are exemplified the ceaseless flowings of love and wisdom, that are breathed, not only into Heaven, but into the universe, and become the light and life of all created things. The love of each society, like the still water agitated by a falling pebble expands and waves throughout all the lower and higher spheres, until the wave has almost reached the bounds of space, which is then filled with love. There is no limiting the extension of the wave of water, nor can the unfoldings of love be circumscribed. And as the waters will roll gently against the shore, so love flows forth and unfolds itself until it becomes emerged into wisdom, which then is rendered surpassingly beautiful, because Love is its creative soul and living principle.

Those rivers are representations of Divine creation. They also represent life; for as the river flows from the rill, so Life flows from the germ that is deposited deep in the interior of the Universe; and as the rill flows into and becomes an immense ocean, so life flows into and becomes the animating soul of all things. These rivers are so very clear and translucent, that the brilliancy of the azure heavens is in them vividly reflected. And as night makes the stars appear, so do these waters represent the whole celestial scenery above them.

These rivers flow through valleys abounding in the most beautiful and varied creations, and in every species of variegated foliage that also adorns those vast plains; and the whole presents the most exalted representation of life and wisdom.

I behold, also, groves that are of the most charming and enchanting character. It is impossible to behold them without being impressed with new and beautiful thoughts, such as they naturally suggest. In these groves are reposing those who investigate and who love wisdom and the divine mind supremely. And those that are in the first society, or in love only, court the refreshing shades of those groves, and learn with docility, and yet with dignity, of the beauties that are around and above them, and are instructed by these beauties' expounders.

I perceive that all spirits are engaged in loving their neighbors, and advancing their welfare; and here is good will without distinction. I perceive that spirits are engaged in exploring the fields of thought, and searching deeply into the causes of things; and thus they learn of love and accumulate wisdom. And there is no inertia, no stagnation, but activity and industry are visible in every department of this heavenly sphere. And it is well to relate that every one is engaged in that for which he has an affection, and there is, therefore, no confusion. Nor are there any disqualifying conditions, but every one is qualified to labor in that for which he has an affection. Affections are varied according to the degrees to which each spirit, from the first to the highest society, has advanced in the stages of development. Hence industry is equal, useful, harmonious, and reciprocal; for every one gravitates to the situation which accords with his predisposing desire.

Moreover, I behold here some of the most magnificent creations of will and wisdom. It is well to remark that everything created in this sphere is suggested by love, and perfected by wisdom,—and is, therefore, a living projection from their minds. Things are created by Will; and these I discover are distributed in a uniform manner throughout the plains, valleys, rivers and groves of the spirit-home. I discover constructions of the most grand and magnificent character, each having a brilliancy and illumination according to the advanced state of the society in which it is found. The first society have creations which are representations of their love, and will, and uncultivated wisdom; and these they behold as representations of their interior thoughts. The creations of the second society display more uniformity, order and usefulness; and thus they subserve the purposes of the first society and themselves. The third society have splendid constructions, too vast and elegant to describe, and the most ambitious imagination could not transcend them in its conceptions. For they are, in reality too perfect and too magnificent to be conceived of by any mind in its rudimentary state of being.

And there exists among them a pervading happiness; a soothing and tranquilizing element of forgiveness and universal love; a cordiality in the bestowment of inherent love upon each other and a mingling, and yet perfect harmony of thoughts, all of which it is delightful to contemplate. These manifestations all proclaim the divinity of the life and love that flow into and animate all the heavens.

The waftings of thought from one mind to another, are such as can be felt and yet no spirit receives thought ungenerally with its quality and being. These waftings are breaths that are inhaled by unfolded spirits willing to receive them. It appears as if thoughts were continually descending into the recesses of less advanced spiritual existence, and also ascending through all the higher spheres even to the highest, which is the sea and throne of the Divine Mind.

There are truths here known to the most novel and mysterious character but these I am not permitted to relate at this time; for they are unimportant to the human race. Yet there is a class of truths which it is profitable to mention—and these are concerning the experiences, opinions, and beliefs, that exist among the inhabitants of this spiritual sphere.

I perceive that when infants are introduced from the human races into the first society they are believed to be born among them: for appearances to them are the same as to families in the human race. After the infant is ushered into their midst, they behold and admire it; for it teaches tenderness, kindness and immaculate purity. Infants, therefore, are caressed, nourished, guided and admonished by them, according to the high degree of love and wisdom that exists among the various societies. The infant is beheld as constituted only of love, and as possessing inherent qualities

not believe it while in the body; for now it appears so tangible, and so perfectly agreeable with the universal teachings of natural law.

From the Family Journal

**BROTHERHOOD OF THE UNION.**

"A brighter morn awaits the human day,  
When every transfer of Earth's natural gifts,  
Shall be a commerce of good words and works,  
When poverty and wealth, the thirst of fame,  
The fear of infamy, disease, and woe,  
War with its million horrors,  
Shall live but in the memory of time,  
Who like a penitent libertine, shall start,  
Look back and shudder at his younger years."

To the workers of the American Continent, this Association comes with many strong and urgent claims. Breathing those hallowed principles of peace and good will taught by him who wept over and blessed earth's unfortunate, it can not but accomplish the objects for which its early friends are laboring. Amid the wrecks of hundreds of other societies formed for the benefit of the laboring class, this stands upon a firm and sure foundation, aiming at the destruction of no part of our glorious national fabric, but pledging itself to the support of this Union, in its integrity, and to the defence of the rights of labor, it is fast spreading from the cold North to the sunny South. Already has its olive branch been grasped in the land of golden ore, and the infant state will soon feel its influence.

That it is national and democratic in its character, none can deny. While other associations extend their blessings to only particular classes, the *brotherhood* says to all workers and true reformers, *come with us*. It has for its primary object the elevation of labor and the restoration of man's long withheld, but God-given right to land, home and education. It recognizes all men as brothers, bound together by a common humanity, and as joint-heirs having an equal right to the inheritance which a common Father has bestowed upon all of his children. It claims that the laws of nature, approved by reason, justice and humanity, are paramount to mere statutory enactments as far as principles of right are involved, and "under the guidance of these it recognizes the right of every man to the full product of his toil, as well as to a locality upon this earth, sacred from the touch of grasping landlordism, and in which he shall have full right to develop and exercise his physical and intellectual energies. The God of Nature has never created in man wants which that God is unable to supply; and inasmuch as the products of the soil are necessary to sustain life, every person who has a right to live, has also a right to occupy and improve so much of the soil as may be required for this purpose; and any attempt made by one man, or body of men, to deprive him of this right, is an attempt to deprive him of the provisions which Nature has prepared for him.

This order holds, that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," and justly entitled to the entire product of his toil—not a mere pittance dealt out with a sparing hand by an overseeing task-master—and that any organization of society, or system of government that recognizes the right of

one man to employ and appropriate to himself a portion of another's earnings, is contrary to the voice of reason, the dictates of humanity, and the laws of God. The Brotherhood seeks to enroll under its broad banner all true friends of man, of whatever caste or creed, party or sect—all who acknowledge the fraternity of the whole human race—all who are willing to assist in the promotion of the ends of Justice—to unite all true laborers and all true disciples of Truth, upon the common platform of humanity, to exercise the sum total of their physical and mental energies for the welfare of the whole human race. It is a Mutual Benefit and a Literary Association. Its laws and regulations provide for a library and a union of capital, if necessary, or desired by the members. In many respects it is similar to other secret societies. Its fees and dues are low, and intended to come within the reach of all. "As it stands now, our Order not only enforces Brotherhood, protects the widow, cherishes the orphan, follows every brother to the grave, with its love, truth, and hope, but it also dignifies Labor in all its ceremonies, appeals to the men who toil, with its impressive rites, seizes the intellect of the land with its sympathy for suffering genius, but taking its stand upon the graves of our fathers, it utters this solemn affirmation:—'The American Union—reared in the blood and tears of the martyrs, is the last altar of human freedom on the globe; a holy shrine, sacred forever to the Brotherhood of Man. We will maintain and defend that Union, even to the latest breath.' Can an Order like this do harm? Can it fail to do good? Its rites are disfigured by no ridiculous mummery,—its obligations need no blasphemous oaths to bind the brothers into one. The most conscientious in regard to secret societies, will find nothing in the H. F. to alarm their religious or political principles. Come with us then, ye who love man—our brother, that country which is our home, that God who is our father. Lay your hand upon our altar, affirm your belief in God, resolve to maintain the American Union, and with rites more beautiful from their mystery, you will become a brother of the Union of the H. F.

Persons wishing to become members of the brotherhood, or have circles instituted in their vicinities, will receive information and assistance by addressing, post-paid, George Lippard, Philadelphia, Penn.; James P. Murphy, Lockport; E. A. Marsh, Rochester; William N. Finn, Auburn; Henry D. Barron, Troy; or Parson E. Day, New York City.

CATUGA.

Auburn, N. Y., 1850.

**ASPIRATION.**

The Sermon of Theodore Parker, from which we have, before quoted, was on the following text:

*Philippians, iii Chap., 13th and 14th vs.* Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before.

Last Sunday, I spoke of trust in God, as on the two previous Sundays of self-respect, and of earnestness of purpose.

And so it is also with spirits from the lower world that are imperfectly developed, and which have had their faculties and spiritual principles misdirected, obstructed, or disconcerted. Thus, I perceive that imbecile persons, especially if they have become so by accident or disease, are received into this sphere as *infant spirits*, and are then unfolded and rendered beautiful.

I moreover perceive that those who are interiorly deformed from birth, have no identity, or even birth, in the higher sphere. And so it is with all unorganized bodies; for such are not capable of developing the qualities and faculties of the spirit, and hence do not preserve their identity.

Spirits from the human race, who have been from birth dejected and disconsolated, and who have suffered trials and afflictions of the most severe character, are received to the bosom of the first or second, or third society, with exceeding great joy,—so great is the fondness of love for them, and the desire to make them happy. They are received to the bosom of their affection, and to the life of their love, as the mother receives and embraces her child. They are cherished and loved with all the combined affection that dwells in the depths of each spirit. How joyful it is to see those welcomes, and those soothing and tranquilizing affections breathed into that spirit who has suffered trials and afflictions in the human race!

The quality of a spirit is at once perceived, and what is better than all, is, the dwellers in this sphere judge not by external or superficial manifestations, such as passions or impulses of the soul, and by the quality and advanced state of the spirit itself; and it is according to this that they love the spirit introduced into their midst. Yet the strength of their love is in proportion to the capability of the introduced spirit to appreciate and enjoy it. Love is not bestowed too abundantly, nor is any privilege granted which is not useful; but every thing of this nature is graduated according to capabilities. Thus it is that "to whom much is given, of him is much required." This is a truth which angels know; and these are the words of superior wisdom.

And what may appear strange is, that often when a spirit leaves the human form and is introduced into this sphere, it for a moment cannot realize the change, for it is imperceptible. Spirits retain the same bodily form in the spiritual sphere; and at first they feel as if they were only transferred to a country they knew not. It is, however, not long after the transition before their interior senses are opened; and then they behold and appreciate the change, and the beauties with which they are surrounded. And some spirits appear to wonder that they did not see it before, and that they did



To-day I ask your attention to a sermon on the Christian's ideal, and the hypocrite's pretence, a subject closely connected with the three last sermons. I have spoken of the steady, consistent conduct of such as have a practical trust in God, as also of those who have a distrust in him. To-day I shall speak chiefly of the hypocrite's pretence; on some following Sunday I hope also to speak of the Christian's ideal, and his attempt to realize it in life.

There is always a condition in which man wishes to be, but is not. He wishes to be a wiser man, a better man,—to have more self respect, a complete earnestness of purpose, a more perfect trust in God. In his special character as schoolmaster, as minister, as shoemaker, or whatever his calling, he wishes to be a better workman, and accordingly he is constantly ashamed of his clumsy and bungling work, which comes of his bungling character. Every boy at school, who is more than a lubber, longs to be a better scholar. What we wish to be, but are not, is our ideal, and I suppose that every honest, self-respecting, earnest man has an ideal of this sort, and we are, all of us, ashamed when we confront that ideal with our actual daily life.

Hence, with liturgies of the Christian world, at least all of them coming from earnest men, who sought all in their power to be religious. After confronting man's life with his ideal, they confess we are but miserable things, fit for no good thing, and that there is no help in us; for there is a natural tendency in all men to exaggeration, as well as to its opposite. When we compare ourselves with what we know we ought to be, how we do hate ourselves. In those better moments, when the word of God is lightning in our eyes, and flaming in our hearts, how low our lives sink in our view. We see in a moment how far we are from what we ought to be, how far from having gained the power which grasps at all around, and masters difficult things, as the gardener's boy culls here and there a flower, and blends them into a beautiful garland. How far are we from that self denial which never holds back, the courage which grows cooler and firmer in the midst of danger, the justice which will never wrong another, which will never wrong ourselves, which can speak the blessed beatitudes, a peace and love to all men come peace or war, a faith which will not wear, a love that never fails; and we all fear we shall never attain to them in our whole lives, but the ideal thereof hovers before us, and puts its arms about us in our moments of conscience, and fills us with sad fears and disdain of every thing that we are, and every thing we shall ever be. When I have done any thing which seems good, this ideal says to me, "why did you not do it better,—try again." But I do not despise myself because I thus feel; I should be urged to a more honest, earnest, prayerful life.

And there will always be this difference between me and my ideal. When I come to-day to look at my ideal of yesterday, it is no longer the same, and to-morrow I shall have another just as far

before me. This ideal of excellence is the horizon that bounds my view. If I go forward, it advances, and the farther I go, the farther it flies before me. This phenomenon takes place in the life of every self-respectful, earnest man, that trusts in God. He flies to heaven in his ideal, while he still lives on earth. He continually confesses his sins, and prays to grow better. It is only the frivolous Pharisee who worships, "I thank thee, oh Father, that I am not as other men." The earnest-hearted publican prays to God, confessing himself a sinner; and even the chief of the Apostles did but count himself the least of all, and unworthy to be an Apostle.

It is only the dauber that is perfectly satisfied with his Franklins and Washingtons, while the true artist is ever dissatisfied. To Angelo's vision, a greater beauty looked out of his marble, and shamed the sculptor; a fairer Madonna smiled divinely than the virgin that Raphael drew; he saw it with his eyes, but he had not hands to paint. It is only the bantam poet who feels satisfied with the frivolous rhymes that live in his jingled verse,—while the loftier bard, the favorite of the muses, crowned with their nine fold wreath, is ashamed of his work.

No institution ever comes up completely to its ideal, it only approaches it. How self-respectful Paul greets the Roman and Corinthian churches which he had founded. How earnest Cromwell chides the Parliament, in his time of power! How the stern Puritans of New England, in their log meeting-houses, rebuked the churches for their pride and self-conceit, and unwillingness to endure toil and suffering, for the truth's sake. Their daily life came far behind their ideal. It is well to see men look at their ideal, and feel they could do better than they do. To see nations do so, advance and reform their constitution, revolutionize the first principles of their government to unite nearer with their ideal. We take very little interest in the man or nation that knows nothing of this struggle. At every step, this sense of short-coming presses on us, and continually produces good. David, in the Old Testament, was a man who struggled for the ideal, though he daily fell into sin. To this struggle we are indebted for the Psalms, which like the Geysers of Iceland, pressed up from underneath the dreadful weight of polar snow. I say then, we all have an ideal better than fact. It is indispensable to a man who respects himself, who is earnest in his moral purpose, who trusts in God. We shall never get on without it, and I suppose it will continually urge us on, drawing us farther on and higher up towards heaven.

#### THEOLOGY.

Since Newton we have known something of what holds the physical universe together. It is not abstract mathematics, but it is a power exerted in a way which can be mathematically defined. The uniformity of this action and the simplicity of the terms by which it is defined, lead us straight up to an infinite God, just as surely as the warm grasp of a

human hand leads us up to a live man. Gravitation is nothing but the visible will of the Almighty Spirit. The statement that the intensity of this force is inversely as the square of the distance, is the great physical law of God, according to which he holds the universe together. Out of it grows all physical order, harmony and motion.

But what holds the higher moral universe together? What is the cement of that little corner of it called human society? This question is yet to find its Newton. Every day, in the most revered quarters, we meet with the dogma—more absurd than the primeval astronomy that taught the diurnal revolution of the sun around the earth—that the laws of the statute books—of church and state—are all that we have to depend on against anarchy and hell upon earth. We are talked to and preached to as if the great sense of moral obligation grew out of human codes and was a matter of education; that if we should impair this artificial moral sense by admitting the fallibility—the non-authority—of any item of the code or codes aforesaid, society would fall to pieces. That we should see in that event, all over the face of the moral world, just what we may now see on a little corner of Worcester hill, or worse. It is gravely given out to us, that if we persuade a sound soul to repudiate a statute, however wicked, that moment we have destroyed or fearfully impaired in that soul the source of moral obligation, the allegiance to law in general, on which the safety and order of society depends.

Surely we shall not be accused of any propensity to undervalue human reason, but we do affirm that this popular statement of its function in cementing society, by its legislative productions, is as silly and ridiculous as it would be to suppose this planet held together by the brambles and greenward that grow on it. The moral cement of society is something deeper. It is a great sense of moral obligation—of right and wrong—which is innate; a law impressed upon every created spirit, which by the voluntary self-action of that spirit—its free agency technically so called—may be impaired or reinforced, more or less, but which no human legislation can supersede or replace, any more than mere cultivation can be substituted for the soil which is cultivated.

In the utter wreck, then, of all outward laws and religions, we have a foundation to fall back upon, which is safe. We may rely upon human nature under all its varied nationalities; under all the perversions of civil law, which range between anarchy and despotism; under all the corruptions of divine law, which shade away from the brown to the jet black superstitions, that by virtue of the great native impression of the higher law it will produce, for the most part, good fruits. Hence it is that existence is tolerable even under the worst of all systems of despotism, negro slavery under white nabobism. Hence it is that there is even a beautiful crop of piety under that most unfavorable of all atmospheres—the Roman Catholic Hierarchy. If

history be strictly questioned, she will be obliged to confess that under all forms of government, under all forms of paganism, and even of infidelity, there have flourished more virtues than vices in the aggregate. The only stark exception that the stiffest theologian can point to, is that of the two little rowdy cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. But what were they to all the vale of Jordan, Palestine, —the world?

Reason, history, the Bible itself, proclaims that there is a law written on the human heart, which is the true foundation of all practical theology, the cohesive attraction of the moral universe.—*Sunday Chronotype.*

## PATHETISM.

Disease cured without drugs; character improved without degrading punishment; progression without disease!

From the Spirit Messenger.  
HUMAN MAGNETISM.

*Brethren:*—The spirit moves me to write you this morning, and to give you, and the many friends of the Harmonial Philosophy, an account of my recent illness. And here let me express my gratitude for the many exhibitions of fraternal love which my late condition excited in the bosoms of the friends of truth and harmony.

The question has been often asked—"How could you have been so ill?" And I have noticed with considerable interest the various speculations which this question has developed. My illness was occasioned by a *Typhoid* fever—the concentration of all fever diseases. And among all the theories as to the origin of such a fever in my organism, I have noticed but one which approached anywhere near the real cause of the physical disturbance in question. In truth, friends, it is impossible for me to ever have any other fever, except for a few days, while my spiritual or mental exercises continue so excessive and exalted.

Previous to my illness, for six weeks, I was constantly engaged in writing upon the most stupendous subject that ever incited human thought; and my whole mental organization was exercised extremely; for my subject is "God—the Ruler of the Universe." This extreme exercise of the spiritual faculties pressed my entire system into the extreme positive state, which inevitably develops the fever that caused my exceeding prostration. Those friends who have familiarized their minds with the philosophy of disease, as unfolded in "The Great Harmonia," Vol. 1, will readily understand the causes and nature of my illness. But enough of this.

My principal object in writing is, to relate the wondrous of my restoration. In the early stages of my fever, I was daily visited by an allopathic physician of acknowledged skill and ability; but, as my complaint became more positive, his faith in my ultimate restoration to health subsided, and it was generally believed, by those who witnessed my condition, that I should soon become a permanent resident in the spirit land. But Mrs. Mettler,

of Bridgeport, Conn., hearing through the agency of a notice in the *Messenger*, of my condition, came immediately to Cambridge, where I was then temporarily residing. My case was submitted to her inspection, and her diagnosis of the symptoms was exceedingly accurate. Out of several millions of medicines which exist in the world, her discriminating perceptions selected, for my case, two simple vegetable remedies. Of these a tea was made and administered according to her directions. Through the agency of this simple tea, the applicability of which to my complaint the wisdom of a clairvoyant could only discover, my fever was subdued.

Now I put this down to the credit of clairvoyance; for the *Typhoid* Fever is the most obstinate of all positive disturbances; and, under the treatment of the most skillful physicians, it is known as a fever which exhausts itself or the patient—one or the other must die. But clairvoyance accomplishes in a few hours what the medical science of modern days classes among the impossibilities.

Combined with the tea, in the removal of this fever, was human magnetism, sometimes called psychology. I can never forget the morning when the following miracle was wrought upon me. The physician who had seen me but two days previous, gave it as his opinion that I should be obliged to remain in bed six weeks, and abstain from food twenty days longer. I had already sunk so low in physical strength that I could not turn in bed, nor assist myself with my hands. And my food and medicine, for nearly three weeks, with but few exceptions, had been confined to Congress Water, which I drank freely. Such was my condition when Mrs. Mettler, in accordance with her interior directions while in the clairvoyant state, came to my bedside, and, taking my hand in her own, and gazing a few moments steadily in my eyes, said:—"Now you can raise up in your bed." The requisite strength and confidence to do so flowed throughout my system in an instant; and I forthwith raised up with ease. Now she made passes down my spine, and over my entire body, and bade me walk from my bed to a chair, which had been prepared for the purpose, about four yards from the bed I was occupying. This I did with astonishing ease; and I rested in my chair that day nearly four hours. Thus I substantially took up my bed and walked.

Every morning, about the same hour, I was magnetized (or psychologized) by the lady whose name and fame you have frequently heard of; and in ten days I could drive out and enjoy the sunlight and air. But here let me acknowledge the careful nursing which I received at the hands of Mr. Mettler, to whose prompt attention and fraternal watchfulness I owe much of the health I so rapidly received. And I trust he will always thus co-operate with his companion in her visits to, and treatment of the sick and distressed.

The harmonizing and tranquilizing influence of this illness upon my body and mind was deep and thorough. I am more healthy now than I have been for

years. My entire system has experienced a species of regeneration or purification; and my mind is vastly more free to explore the infinite ramifications of those great and lofty subjects which will constitute the vital system of my future volumes—The Great Harmonia. While I continue on the earth my life shall be devoted to the work of human happiness and progression; and brethren, my prayer is that you, and all who see the truth as it is in Nature and God, may lovingly and zealously co-operate in the full and complete accomplishment of the same ends. Yours in the bonds of affection,

ANDREW J. DAVIS.

*SYMPATHY.*—The tear of sympathy never falls in vain. It waters and fertilizes the soil of the most sterile heart, and causes it to flourish with the beautiful flowers of gratitude and love. And as the summer clouds weep refreshment on the parched earth, and leave the sky more beautiful than before, with the rainbow of promise arching in the cerulean dome, so the tear of sympathy not only refreshes the heart on which it drops, but it elevates and beautifies the nature of him from whom it springs. A sympathizing heart is a spring of pure water bursting forth from the mountain side. Ever pure and sweet in itself, it carries gladness and joy on every ripple of its sparkling current.

From the Oshkosh Democrat.

## PROGRESSIVE DEVELOPMENTS.

A CHART, exhibiting the Progressive History, and Approaching Destiny of the Man. By Andrew Jackson Davis.

The world has become pretty well assured that progression is a law of nature. Few will cavil at this, as a general proposition. Nevertheless, in systemizing and arranging the order of progress, men will differ materially in tracing general principles to minute details and specific applications. Here, while full freedom of opinion is accorded, and each one sustains his own favorite notions, let there be a candid interchange of peculiar views and ideas.

It is in this spirit that the appended chart is presented. Let each one receive it for what his own intelligence accepts it as being worth.

A word of its history. What is here presented, is a portion of a chart constructed by A. J. Davis, of New York, the noted Clairvoyant. He professes to have been impressed with the general principles and specific features of this work, while in the independent clairvoyant state. It is but an epitome and outline of the philosophy and order of progress presented in his work entitled "Nature's Divine Revelations."

This, in our view, neither increases nor diminishes its credibility. It is not necessary to entertain a belief in the reality of clairvoyance, to discover whatever of truth there may be, if any, in this view of natural progress. It is to be judged by itself, independent of any source from which it is alleged to have been derived.

As affording matter for the contemplation of the curious and speculative, we present it to our readers.



## EXPLANATION.

The first column exhibits the order of social development, from Savagism, which was the Primitive state, to Republicanism, which is the Ultimate Social Destiny. There are five general periods of development; each succeeding column corresponds with the Order of Progress in the first.

The Human Race is at present in a Transition State;—about emerging from the Fourth, and entering upon the Fifth Period of Development.

## NATURE, THE PHYSICIAN.

BY PROF. I. M. COMINGS.

It is a remark of the celebrated Hufeland, that "there has ever been an invisible church of true physicians, who have continued faithful to nature, have acted under her direction, who have all thought and meant the same thing, who will be understood throughout all ages, and in spite of the confusion of tongues. Such men are Hippocrates, Oetius, Aroetius, Baglivi, Sydenham, Huxham, Boerhave and Frank." We may also add the name of Samuel Thomson, whose notions may have been crude, whose theories may have been vaguely expressed, and whose education was defective—yet his ideas and principles will be as universally acknowledged as those advocated by the illustrious names whom this distinguished German has mentioned above. What is it which has given these names and the principles they advocate such influence and world-wide authority? It is because they adhere so closely to nature and regard her teachings as superior to art.

The physician should be the seeing and the discriminating eye of nature; he should be her conscious reason and active will. Nature and spirit together, constitute one whole. Nature, by her creative vital power and active instinct of healing, and the spirit, by its scientific recognition of artificial action, will effect the natural process of healing.

The physician's skill can only assist when nature flags; when she is extinct, the aid of medicine is in vain. *Medicus curat, natura sanat morbos* (the physician takes care of disease, nature heals.) This is evidently as true a maxim now as it was three hundred years ago, when it was written; and whenever our practitioners will follow the indications of such a teacher and obey her instructions thus marked out, we shall not only have less disease to combat, but we shall be far more successful in our treatment.

There are those among us who are ready to "kick nature out of doors," disclaim her teachings, regard the patient as the machine, and the physician as the regulator or overseer of this mechanism. They strive to prove that there is no such power as the "*vis medicatrix nature*," that all these efforts are produced by some chemical changes, or assimilating action, which is constantly going on. These views may be true, but they only prove the existence of this principle, and rather show the *modus operandi* of this power. We have no disposition to endow this *vis vite* with form, personality,

locality or ideality; all we contend for is, that whenever there is a diseased state of the human system, there is then an effort or action, immediately commenced, which is recuperative in its tendency and salutary in its functions—that the human organism is really a self-repairing and self-regulating machine, and that health will always pertain as long as this power, or principle, or recuperative action, is unimpeded or unembarrassed. It is this power which wards off or protects the system from the deadly miasm, the contagion, and the ten thousand exposures, to which we are subjected on every side. Were it not for this, we should meet death on every hand, and destruction would be borne to us on every breeze.

This subject has been most beautifully illustrated by Dr. Werber, who quotes from Gellert in the following fable: "A blind man and a lame man proposed to arrive at the same time to the same place. The lame man was well aware of the way, but he lacked the power of motion; the blind man was able to move, but could not perceive either the path or the goal. Sensible of their reciprocal wants, they soon found out the means of satisfying each other. The lame placed himself upon the shoulders of the blind and directed him in the road; the blind bore the lame upon his back, and both of them obtained their end."

The relation between these men illustrates that of nature and the physician. Nature operates according to certain laws, appropriate to the preservation of a healthy condition against disturbing attacks; so she is always active to conserve the normal organization and its functions, and to counteract disturbances inflicted on her from some external cause. She has the active faculty, if we may so speak, of producing organic and dynamic mutations. In some cases she loses the power to act, or is enfeebled in her efforts, and then she needs the aid of the physician and those remedial agents which act in harmony with her efforts. In this respect she resembles the strong, vigorous-limbed blind man, who wants a guide to reach his place of destination, without jeopardy and within a short space of time; or, like the lame man, she is enfeebled in her efforts, and needs the strength which nature's physician and nature's remedies afford to gain the desired end.—*Physo-Medical Recorder*.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## A SNAKE FIGHT.

We visited on Monday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, the State Geological Hall, to witness an interesting and gratuitous exhibition, got up by Mr. John Gebard, Jr.—In a strong glass wire cage, in which there were four large rattlesnakes, two of them six feet long, and fourteen small ones of various sizes, a large rat was placed. As soon as he entered their den, the larger snakes raised themselves and with their coal black eyes looking on the intruder, dropped their heads, deeming him an unworthy antagonist. Not so, however, with the smaller reptiles, for two or three of them instantly charged

SOCIAL STATE,	DEVELOPMENT,	ARCHITECTURE,	COMMERCE,	LANGUAGE,	SCIENCE,	GOVERNMENT,	PHILOSOPHY.
1. Savagism, 2. Barbarism, 3. Patriarchism, 4. Civilism, 5. Republicanism,	1. Negro, 2. Aborig-American 3. Malay Mongolian 4. Caucasian, 5. Anglo-American,	1. Cavernism, 2. Pyramidalism, 3. Palatialism, 4. Domesticism, 5. Edificialism,	1. Nundinism, 2. Demi-Personal, 3. Duplicitism, 4. Demi-National, 5. Reciprocal,	1. Automatonical, 2. Hieroglyphical, 3. Symbolical, 4. Alphabetical, 5. Axonomical,	1. Simplicity, 2. Alchemy, 3. Transition, 4. Chemistry, 5. Compound,	1. Null-Automatism 2. Anarchyism, 3. Hierarchism, 4. Feudalism, 5. Natural-rightism	1. Material, 2. Anytical, 3. Transition, 4. Synthetical, 5. Spiritual.
THEOLOGY,	AUTHORITY,	ART,	MUSIC,	POETRY,	IDIOM,	AMUSEMENT,	KINGDOM.
1. Fetichism, 2. Polytheism, 3. Pantheism, 4. Dualism, 5. Monothetism,	1. Desire & Fear, 2. Strength, Mystery 3. Position & Title, 4. Doctrine & Wealth 5. Nature & Reason	1. Lifeless, 2. Simple Imitation, 3. Transition, 4. Compound, 5. Living,	1. Discordant, 2. Exciting, 3. Melodious, 4. Soothing, 5. Harmonious,	1. Perceptivism, 2. Enthusiasm, 3. Transition, 4. Conceptivism, 5. Intuitionism,	1. Sanscrit, 2. Greek, 3. Hebrew, 4. Latin, 5. English,	1. Sensual, 2. Mytho-Tragic, 3. Ghetto-Gymnastic 4. Melo-Dramatic, 5. Intellectual,	1. Babylonian, 2. Medo-Persian, 3. Greco-Roman, 4. European, 5. American.

on the rat and running out their forked tongues, quickly inserted their fangs into his plump body. Mons. Rat grabbed one about fourteen inches long, with his teeth, and biting it through and through the head, shook it with madness, and dropped the little monster dead at his feet. The little ones receded, and the large ones raised themselves and shook their fearful rattles, then slowly the most poisonous of all the motley crowd, a yellow rattlesnake four feet long, poised himself, every muscle of his body working in dreadful contortions, then darting forwards, it struck a fearful blow with its poisonous fangs into the rat, the venom following the wound. Encouraged by this effort, the large black rattlers several times struck it, and the rat went round and round the cage, only fighting the smaller ones, who kept continually biting its legs. The noise made by their rattles and hissing, was terrible, and the crowd of beholders stood awe struck, witnessing the fearful contest. Slowly the rat's legs began to swell as the poison took effect, and they soon became of such enormous size, as to be powerless, when he dragged himself round, still showing determined bravery, as the numerous bites he gave the smaller stinging monsters proved. At last, exhausted nature began to give way slowly, as his body became benumbed, his eyes grew glassy, he ceased to walk over the reptiles, and the bites the little wretches continued to give him, were unheeded, for he stretched himself out and died, after a forty minutes' fight. None of them ate of his body, for their snakeships will not partake of food again till next spring. Speaking of snakes, in Upper Canada, it is almost universally believed, that snakes possess the power of *fascination* which has so often been denied them by naturalists. Many people have had the fact demonstrated to them by being witnesses of it, and this was the case with me. One summer day, when strolling through the woods, says a writer of note, I came to the edge of a small pond of water, on the surface of which floated a frog in a state of motionless repose, as if basking in the sun. I carelessly touched his back with a stick, but, contrary to my expectations, he did not move; and on viewing him more closely, I perceived that he gasped in a convulsive manner, and was affected with a tremor in his hind legs; I soon discovered a black snake coiled up, laying near the edge of the pond, and holding the frog in thrall-dom by the magic of his eyes. Whenever he moved his head to one side or the other, his destined victim followed it, as if under the influence of magnetic attraction; sometimes, however, recoiling feebly, but soon springing forward again as if he felt "a strong desire with loathing mixed." The snake lay with his mouth half open, and never for a moment allowed his eyes to wander from his prey, otherwise the charm would have been instantaneously dissolved. But I determined to effect this, and accordingly threw a large chip of wood into the pond. It fell between the two animals—the snake started back, while the frog darted under water, and concealed itself

among the mud. It is asserted by some, that snakes occasionally exert their power of *fascination* upon human beings, and there is no reason to doubt the truth of this. An old Dutch woman, who lives at the Twelve Mile Creek in the Niagara district, sometimes gives a minute account of the manner in which she was *charmed* by a serpent; and a farmer told me that a similar circumstance once occurred to his daughter. It was on a warm summer day that she was sent to spread wet clothes upon some shrubbery near the house. Her mother perceived that she remained longer than was necessary, and seeing her stand unoccupied at some distance, she called to her several times, but no answer was returned. On approaching, she found her daughter pale, motionless, and fixed in an erect posture. The sweat rolled down her brow, and her hands were clenched convulsively. A large rattlesnake lay on a log opposite the girl, waving his head from side to side, and kept his eyes steadfastly fastened upon her. The mother instantly struck him with a stick, and the moment he made off the girl recovered herself and burst into tears, but was for some time so weak and agitated, that she could not walk home.—*Albany Knicker.*

#### THE TRIUMPHS OF GENIUS.

BY T. WICKERSONHAM.

Before going into a discussion of this subject, the mind seems naturally led to inquire, What is Genius? To define that which has no tangible form is ever a difficult task. It will doubtless be found as impossible to explain the intrinsic principle of Genius, as it is to understand the primary nature of the inponderable agents, light, heat, and electricity. We only speak of these from the effects which we see produced. So it is with Genius. We witness the power of its inspirations in the beauty of its creations, but we know nothing of the secret spring from which they take their origin.

From the character of those men who, in common parlance, are denominated "men of Genius," it seems to be a superior endowment of some peculiar mental power—a creative energy—a faculty for originating, which has produced those beautiful forms of painting and statuary, and from whence have flowed those exquisite strains of poetry, music, and eloquence, which in all ages have called forth the admiration of the world.

This elevated nature has been the gift of only a "favored few," yet the fire which they have kindled has warmed the heart of many a desponding wanderer, and the light which they have shed abroad has illumined the darkened pathway of multitudes, whose latent energies quickened by its genial influence, have suddenly started from the shades of obscurity, and come forth to fulfil their part in the great arena of human action. There is something so ennobling in the aspiration of Genius—they command the attention, fascinate the senses, and arouse every refined element of our being with a new and holy impulse.

Genius is subject to no conservative principle; its field is the illimitable universe; its labors, like the works of Deity, are for all time. Its expansive and far-reaching energies grasp the materials of the past, present and future, and by the activity of its superior powers, it creates and re-creates from countless combinations, till the rugged pathway of ages and the barren deserts of space are peopled with the imagery of imagination. These glowing fancies, these brilliant conceptions and lofty aspirations, have rendered the Sons of Genius the admired of all men; have impressed their brows with the signet of divinity, and crowned them with the chaplets of undying fame.

It is these rich qualities of mind which give to the painter that power by which he almost imparts life to insensible canvass—by which he conceives matchless forms of loveliness, the combinations of a thousand living memories and fancies, cherished within, and portrays them with a master's skill before the eye of the admiring beholder. Who does not feel, when gazing upon the sublime works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, that Genius has asserted its Heaven-descended nature—that the eternal conceptions and undying energies of mind have triumphed and proved their supremacy over all that belongs to the external? The trials and triumphs of Genius have ever been a wonder to our minds. Behold a Quaker school-boy, creeping by stealth into his father's garret, busied hour after hour in a labor to which he has devoted his whole soul. Missed at school, he is surprised by an offended mother, and led from his retreat to receive the reprimand of a father's frown. But the spirit within was too strong for imprisonment—his hand would not rest from its labors. The prejudice of sect was arrayed against him, but with no avail. They could not quench the fire within, nor banish the visions that haunted his soul. He triumphed; and the fame of West is enrolled among the Sons of Genius. Thus does Genius conquer circumstances.

Let us go to the land of the sculptor and wander among the forms of the "gods and heroes" which people the silent halls. There, in the language of Madame de Staël, "Beauty, in eternal sleep, seems dreaming of herself;" and, in the impassioned words of our own Western Wallace—

"There the souls are all genius, the hearts are all fire,  
There the rivers—the mountains—the lowliest  
roads—  
Were hallowed long since by the bright feet of  
gods."

What triumphs have been achieved by the sculptor in that "shrine of the sun!" In the shapeless block of marble his genius beholds an exquisite form, and, lo! from the untiring labor of patience and time an image appears, clothed in all the symmetry and loveliness of his cherished ideal, and he only needs to realize the fable of Pygmalion, and the beautiful creation would feel as he feels, love as he loves, and adore as he worships. There is something that holds the soul as by a magic spell when gazing upon these forms of cold marble—these temples of the material in which are en-



shrined the ideal of the spiritual. The thought which thrilled the heart of the sculptor, while giving to the statue each graceful and refined touch, by some secret spring of sympathy inspires us with the same emotion, and we are melted in love of the Beautiful, and humbled in adoration of the Divine. There we behold the impress of noble thought fixed on the brow forever, and passions portrayed on features through which the warm life-blood never coursed; and we pause unconsciously, almost expecting to see the hand move in gesture of welcome, and the lips part with the smile and word of salutation. Thus do we behold Nature wedded to Art in the marble of *Paros*—another triumph of the labors of Genius.

But how shall we speak of the achievements of Genius, when as we turn from the harmony of proportion, our ears are charmed with the sweet symphonies of Music? To the mind of the indifferent observer, there is nothing peculiar in the voices of Nature. To his ear, there is merely a compound mixture of sound. 'Tis truly said—

"Who has no inward beauty, none perceives,  
Though all around is beautiful."

Music is so native to the human heart, that he who is not alive to its pure and delicious strain, is denounced as a most unnatural being.

"Let no such man be trusted,"

exclaims the great bard of nature:

"The man who has no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

Music is so refined and spiritual in its nature, its votaries so unworldly and shut up within the secret chambers of their own hearts, and the pleasure it confers so pure, so deep and elevating, that we are almost prompted to say of it what Schiller says of love—

"Lebe macht den Himmel  
Himmelscher—die Erde  
Zu dem Himmelreich."

"Love makes heaven heavenlier—makes earth a heaven." For love is only the outpouring sympathy warmed into quickened action by the presence of that which, combining with it, produces harmony, and where there is harmony there is Music.

But Genius has given to harmony a more lasting measure than that which flows in the accent of music. This sweet concord is transferred from sound to language, and when it serves to clothe the thoughts and emotions of the heart, we call it Poetry. And thus have the great and good of all ages made song the vehicle by which they transmitted their souls, as it were, adown the stream of time and hold communion with other ages long after their own spirits mounted the fiery chariot of the skies. But, strange inequality, the bards immortal have been very few. None save the *Divinely* inspired have survived the shafts of the critic and the scythe of the time.

The true poet is characterized by that love for his race—that ardent sympathy for humanity which has ever been the parent of noble sentiment—mingled with that intense love of the Beautiful, and that passionate admiration of the Sub-

lime, which have made him the worshipper of all that is perfect, and given to his mind an ever present ideal of a more exalted state of being.

Hence it is that Genius gives to the poet a wide field for the exercise of his powers. Now he tunes his harp to the thrilling measures of Love, touches the "delicate indwellings" of the spiritual man, and calls up the refined sympathies of our natures, till he creates

"A sweet, expansive brotherhood of being;"

and now he bids the heart be strong in the integrity of its Heaven-descending virtues; cheers us on by the commingling of Faith and Hope in his harmonious measures; and, amid our trials and weaknesses, holds up before our minds

"The eternal images of Truth  
And Beauty."

Anon, inspired by "the divinity that stirs within," "the fire of his Genius burns forth, and the sublime elevation of his soul he ascends the rocks by the mountain cataract—treads the giddy heights of the path among the clouds—

"And with the thunder talks as friend to friend,  
And weaves his garland of the lightning's wing;

nor yet falters in his daring as he courses along the starry pathway, almost scaling the ramparts of Heaven's battlement—

"And seems at home,  
Where angels bashful look."

If the Genius of Poetry thus elevates the soul of man, what shall we say of its twin-brother, Eloquence? That it is the acme of human greatness—the last step in the acclivity to the temple of Fame, where the victor grasps the unfading laurel, and wreathes for himself the garland immortal. It gives to man among his fellows the majesty of the lion among the beasts of the forest. It clothes him with the strong spirit of a demi-god, and he rules the mass of mind as Eolus is said to have controlled the prisoned winds. In all ages, men have bowed before the power of Eloquence as to the voice of God, speaking from the clouds of heaven.

But Genius confers no gifts on the unworthy. The pathway to this distinguished eminence is one of effort and arduous toil. The orator has been a student of nature as well as of lore. Here lies the secret mystery of his power. He has looked into the depths of the human heart. He has compassed and weighed the elements of mind. He is master of his own powers—his thoughts, his emotions—so that they come to his aid and vanish at his bidding; and so well is he skilled in the use of that great lever—human sympathy—he knows when to instruct and when to move the passions and control the will. And thus he plays upon the minds of his hearers as the master performer touches the keys of the harpsichord.

Such have been the triumphs of Genius since the rolling tide of ages commenced its course. The recount of struggles of its votaries would burden the pages of history. They have been long and wearisome, and naught save the fires of its altar could have nerved the hearts of its chosen ones to endure all that the accumulated ills of life could in-

flict, and yet flinch not from the purpose to which they had wedded their souls.

Genius has found a new home, and there is a new era approaching. The free soil of America has opened new fountains for bleeding humanity. Here may she expand in the smiles of Love and the God-like majesty of Truth, and here shall Genius build a habitation, not amid the Neros and Alexanders of the past, but among the free thought and progressive enthusiasm of the present.— Shall not the Genius of America triumph? Yes, it shall come forth in its glory, and, long after the surges of time have swept the old nations from the earth, shall our father land be the school of the arts and the museum of the world!

Let us, then, hasten the coming of that triumphant day. Let that talent, now biding, expand and bloom in the fertile fields of thought. Let that light, just beginning to shine forth, increase in brilliancy, till it becomes as a beacon fire on the shore of time; and then the Genius which lies slumbering in obscurity around us shall start up at the sound of our footsteps, seizing the pencil and pen, and catching the fire of poetry and eloquence, will call hither the departed spirit of Greece and Rome; and the Genius of our own native land, blooming with the free vigor of youth, commingle with the Genius of Homer and Demosthenes—of Cicero and Virgil.—*National Era.*

From the Boston Directory.

#### TRAVELS IN RUSSIA.

##### JOURNEY TO KERTSCH.

For a number of miles our course lay by the beach. Through the mist of the morning the sun was to be seen struggling up into the heavens and a few Tartar peasants were wending their way toward Theodosia for the purpose of making sale of some produce, &c. We saw three or four women among them pantalooned and muffled, which is common in all this part of the country. Their camels have just been heavily loaded after the night's rest and the satisfying of their hunger with browsing on the hill side. White sails glisten in the bay, and ages ago you might have witnessed, borne on the waves of the sea, the wealth and genius of Greece and Italy, but now all appear to the thoughtful historian acquainted with its past, like a temple of magnificence, deserted, and with only here and there remaining, broken columns and falling arches, to remind one of its former magnificence. On the wheels of our carriage the water dashed and bathed our horse's feet. The village and its decaying towers opened to our view as a beautiful picture thrown upon the canvass by the perfect skill of the artist.

Till mid-day we traversed the beautiful and wide spread steppes, with their flocks, shepherds, camels, and gypsy tents, and by the kindness of a stranger we were invited to stop and dine, which invitation we gladly accepted, as we felt the need of something to sustain the physical man. Our meal consisted of camels' flesh and cabbage boiled, with flour

dough balls, fried in butter. After we had dined we took a half hour nap, so that we might be the better able to hear the journey, as it lay to some extent through a country quite uneven. The country around has some very pretty scenery, "Gentle undulations, with their soft green slopes, occasionally occurred and were to the eye of the traveller as welcome and pleasing in comparison with the plain, as the glaciers of Mount Blanc are to the snow-capped hills around it." No walls and fences are to be seen to mark out the different fields, and give evidence of the grasping power of man. One in this respect has somewhat of a practical illustration of the primitive world, and the great truth that the world was not made for one man alone, nor for twelve, but for universal man.

On our way we followed the track of other carriages, though from the smoothness of this part of our journey we might have struck off in any direction without the slightest difficulty. The air here is very mild and soft, much more so than in some parts of Russia. But then the season is such that we could not expect it otherwise. We have now reached the close of day and are some distance from Kertsch. To night we shall encamp in a tent belonging to a small encampment of Tartars. We shall, by invitation, sup with the Chief of the encampment, who is an aged man, with a flowing beard and a head of hair of snowy whiteness. He is much respected among his party. We were furnished mats to sit on, pipes were afterwards brought us which we had to decline, in a respectful manner. In about three quarters of an hour we were informed by a servant that our repast was all ready and we repaired to it, in a neighboring tent, and though their mode of preparing their food was not to our liking yet we were enabled to do good service to what lay before us. It was now 8 o'clock in the evening and we spent till nine in conversing upon various topics but more especially upon America and her institutions. The Chief appeared to be highly delighted with what we told him in relation to American intelligence and history. The hour of nine had arrived and being much wearied from the day's journey we begged to be excused and went to our tent and soon was in profound slumber till morning, when we again took up our line of march.

July 21, 1850.

The following letter from the Hon. W. H. Howard, addressed to the Columbian and Great West, will be read with interest by our readers.

MY DEAR SIR:—After a voyage of three months, since I wrote to you from the Balize, La., we have landed for the first time in South America. We have had a safe, though a rather tedious voyage, having been blown about by contrary winds in the Gulf of Mexico, for nearly a month, before we could get into the Atlantic. Since then we have had a

pretty good run, and have been lying here several days, supplying the ship with water; and are now nearly ready to sail. I thought it best to wait until the last day before writing, that I might see whatever was worth seeing, and then write to you.

The voyage has been quite interesting to me, it being the first one I have taken of any consequence, and the incidents connected with it new to me. We have been in some heavy squalls, in one of which we were in great danger for a while, from the wind's subsiding so suddenly that the helmsman lost all control of the ship for a while. But she was so strong, and her timbers so sound and well put together, that we weathered the gale without any serious damage.

Since reaching the Atlantic we have been in a storm, such perhaps as I may never witness again; and I have had an opportunity of seeing an angry sea by the glare of the lightning, in a night so dark that it almost seemed as if the darkness could be felt with the hand. The phosphoric lights that I have so frequently read of, I have at last seen, perched on yard arms of the masts, during the storm. There were three of them, about the size of a goose egg apparently, and perfectly round, looking like so many eyes glaring upon us. I was unwell at the time, from the effects of a severe cold, and not quite sailor enough to climb so high up the mast in the dark, or I should have been tempted to by the experiment of placing my hand upon one of them. Well, thank God, we weathered the storm, and no one lost, and no damage done.

We crossed the equator just after the sun had crossed it, but had such fine breezes, that although the pitch was stewed out of the seams on deck, as if they had been over a hot fire, we suffered scarcely any from heat. We intended stopping at Rio Janeiro, but hailed a vessel just from that port, and learned that the yellow fever was committing such fearful ravages, that we thought it best to stop here. We saw a great many flying fish, porpoises, cow fish, &c., and caught one shark, and saw one whale. The whale came along side, near enough for its eyes to be seen, as if to gratify our curiosity; and after throwing its enormous body almost out of water, and spouting up the water and vapor to a considerable height, left us, and disappeared.

I have visited the town of St. Catharina, and have walked along the shore for several miles, on each side of the bay, and visited a great many of the inhabi-

tants, and have seen a great deal to amuse and interest me. St. Catharine contains a mixed population of every color and grade, amounting to nearly thirteen thousand in all; and has some very good houses in it. The people are quiet and well disposed, and I was very kindly treated wherever I went, as all persons are, I find, who behave themselves. The inhabitants are mostly Portuguese, and speak that language. The inhabitants of the country are centuries behind the people of the United States in every species of improvement, and have a very primitive way of getting along with their employments. They subsist mostly on bread, or a species of soup, made from the farina, prepared from the mandioca root, by grating it and drying it over a hot fire, and which they eat frequently without any further preparation. They live on this and fish, rice, fruits which grow almost spontaneously, eggs, chickens, &c. They recline on mats on the floor whilst eating, and use mostly the fingers and a spoon. Bananas, oranges and apples grow wild, the two former in great abundance. The coffee shrub, too, grows in great profusion; and I have seen thousands of bushels of the berries, of every size, from those half grown to those fully ripe. They are of an oblong shape, and when fully ripe are the color of a black-heart cherry, with a skin about as thick, and the coffee (which is the seed or kernel of the berry) is surrounded by a soft, sweet pulp. The berries are dried and pounded in a mortar, until the shell breaks off, and are then ready for market. The mandioca root resembles an old rusty potato, and is very white inside. It is poisonous until prepared as stated above, and is then both wholesome and nutritious. I have eaten both the meal and the bread, and find them quite palatable. Cotton grows wild here also. I saw one shrub that must have been nearly eighteen inches in circumference, (the stalk,) and at least ten years old. They are generally low, and I did not see a single pod with more than three apartments in it. The pods are small, but the staple long and good. The women first pick it off the seeds when gathered, and then place it on a sort of stuffed cushion, and beat it with smooth sticks until it presents the appearance of having been carded. They then sit down on a mat on the floor, and spread out the shirt of their dress and take a wooden spindle with the small end between the thumb and forefinger, and the other on the skirt, and twirl it around with great rapidity, and



spin in that way a very excellent thread, and much faster than you would suppose they possibly could. They then weave it in a loom like those used by our own countrywomen. The men along the coast, are mostly fishermen and boatmen. They have very pretty boats made of the trunks of large trees, and handsomely shaped. They use both sails and oars, and run them very rapidly. The houses in the country are made of stones, mortar, brick, and frame-work, all mixed together; and generally dirty floors, amongst the poorer classes particularly, and no chimnies. They build the fire for cooking on the floor, and the smoke goes out wherever it pleases. The houses are covered with tiles, and generally only one story high. The people are mostly Catholics, and but poorly educated, though naturally sprightly.

Affectionately, yours.

W. H. H.

#### THE AUTUMN WOODS.

How glorious, how gorgeous this perfection of Autumn! The woods have now indeed "put their glory on," in the soft and mellow and quiet golden haze of October. All nature seems now ripe and perfected. Through the soft mist, the distant hills seem like the many dyed summits and slopes of fairy land. In misty repose the bronzed or still green valleys lie. Quiet and peace are over all the landscape,—the calm and beautiful contemplation of sinless autumnal nature. Nearer to me are grouped the magnificent forests. In what gorgeous folds and masses of draped foliage stand the Walnuts, in their bronze and gold. The graceful Elms are drooping in light golden plumage. The rugged Oaks stand girded in solid strength in their stiffer and more stately, but deeper golden robes. The purple of the Ash, the crimson of the Maple, add still more to the glory of the scene. These lofty trees in all their dignity, and robed in all their splendor, adorned with the richest dyes, seem to be giving a royal audience and honor in this vast hall to their distinguished visitor and friend, golden October.

What a splendid variety, what innumerable fluttering dyes, what a glorious unity and harmony in variety in these Autumn woods. Look at the crimson clusters of yonder Ash, which, like precious fruit, or berries of jewels, hang against the delicate, almost spiritual beauty of the Maple. The scarlet Sumach glows in its gorgeous blush against the bronze and green of the hill-side. The

leaves of the silver poplar are fluttering and tossing as from the heart of caprice, in beautiful gleaming contrast with the crimson and green and gold of their light and fragile sisters. The Pines still keep their unchangeable green, but the Larches have changed their green pendants to refined gold. Perfection, ripened and glorious, is around us on every side. The forest vines are now festoons of golden, and crimson, and purple, and green, and shadowy drapery hanging amid their Forest Halls. Yonder Woodbine covers its grey and mossy stones with its variegated green, and black, and scarlet screen, through which the sun sheds its hazy and golden rays. The Asters still bloom in their cheerful blue, paled almost by the glorious leaves. In the green meadows, still the Fringed Gentian opens its delicate and modest lashes to the kindred blue above. The calm and broad mirror of lake or river, as if charmed in verity by the overhanging woods, reflect in a more spiritual beauty a gorgeous and rival Autumn, while the little brooks run with green and golden and crimson ripples through their fantastic forest aisles.

How soft and dreamy this Autumn haze. It lies in quiet and peace, like a benediction, in the green valleys, and on the golden hills. The great sun sends through and over all his mellow light, his sweetest and parting smile on the late, but perfected summer,—his favorite, and child. Naught of sadness haunts these glorious shades or wails through the rich and hazy air. These leaves are not emblems of decay, not robes of mourning, not drooping, or fluttering, or falling as amid the storms of November, nor in the anticipations of winter. Instead, they are ripened and perfected, and this is the garniture of nature, in the simplicity and beauty and glory of her true and well-spent life. It is her complete and golden Autumn, the reward of her obedience to the laws of God, and a glorious emblem and example to the heart and soul of man.

How beautifully, too, these nights round and complete the days. Over the calm and solemn forest goes up in the still, faint haze of the heavens, that perfect moon of October. A beautiful reflection of her sun, she rules in mellow glory from the depths of the sky, the broad ocean in calm peace. Her rays fall in chastened splendor among the forest aisles, and yet as a screen, shield their gorgeous drapery from our eyes.—No rich eyes gleam through her mellow light, no varied and intermingling colors

seen through her rays softly dazzle our eyes, but, as the glory of earth and days are withdrawn, there falls a deeper power and contemplation from the vast temple above glittering with the stars of night. In contrast to the fugitive Seasons, then beauty and glory, and our flying time, there gleam the fixed and eternal stars, to which there seem to be no seasons of changes; but which still move round in their glorious cycle of perfection.

Soon November will have passed away the annual glory of our clime; but may its lessons of beauty and power drop into our hearts, as do its perfected leaves in the earth, to fill them with the riches of nature, and fertilize their soil for the new Spring and Summer, with their beautiful growth of thoughts and fruits and flowers.—*Salem Freeman.*

#### THE MARRIED LIFE.

"A man that is married,  
His pleasures are small."

SHAKESPEARE.

A gentleman, whose heart is incorrupt, whose mind is bright, and whose experience is large, the other day truly remarked to us that if a man's pleasures are small when married, they must be extremely so when single. Marriage is the greatest blessing bestowed on us by the church or law. Talk about living old maids or old bachelors all our lives!—Miserable insatiation! Senseless sneer at the wise and happy who have fulfilled the purposes of their being by becoming one flesh. Talk about too poor to be married! If a man can support himself he can as easily support a wife and himself, if she be of the right stamp. The energies of man, and his capacities for enjoyment, are greatly developed by a wedded life, and instead of moping through the world a rusty, crusty, musty old bachelor, beloved by nobody and nobody to love, he has a companionable heart in the wilderness of existence, to cheer his despondency and share his joys and sorrows and confidence, and which unless he be a demon, is a priceless treasure to him.

Unhappy delusion, which embitters so many lives, which isolates so many hearts, that, joined in a reasonable attachment, might else bless God for life and enduring love. A married man has often been compared to the fox in the fable who lost his tail, and, misery loving company, advised his brethren to follow his example. Let those laugh who win, unless they catch a Tartar; but if you win an angel, you have still to exercise some care lest the

evil one crawl into Paradise, in the shape of miserable mischief making busy-bodies and malicious and dissatisfied family relations. Live apart from them, even if you have to fly your country. "For heaven's sake, don't marry a whole family; and on the instant that they show a spirit of interference, kick them out of doors and throw slops at 'em."

How many there are with whom we are acquainted who might profit by this advice and live in harmony. How many curse the fate that gave them such a rose, but condemned them to clasp with it an ugly bunch of thorns,—perhaps a bigoted overbearing father-in-law, a vain and relentless mother-in-law, or a whole brood of their slanderous jades and boobies. O, that an especial hell were reserved for all such misery-creating people. It might not be so populous as the original Tophet, but we warrant it would make up for it by the blackness of its sin. In fine, we say to all, get married! get married! to whom you please, and how you please. Satisfy your own choice and conscience, and let relations go.—*Ex. paper.*

#### SACRED MUSIC.

At first it was a whisper among the lowly in the dwellings of the poor. Stealthily it afterwards was murmured in the palace of the Cæsars. In the dead night, in the depths of the catacombs, it trembled in subdued melodies filled with the love of Jesus. At length the grand cathedral arose, and the stately spire; courts and arches echoed, and pillars shook with the thunder of the majestic organ, and choirs sweetly attuned, joined their voices in all the moods and measures of the religious heart, in its most exalted, most profound, most intense experience put into lyrical expression. I know that piety may reject, may repel this form of expression, still these sublime ritual harmonies cannot but give the spirit that sympathizes with them, the sense of a mightier being. But sacred music has power without a ritual. In the rugged hymn, which connects itself, not alone with immortality, but also with memory of brave saints, there is power. There is power in the hymn in which our fathers joined. Grand were those rude psalms which once arose amidst the solitudes of the Alps. Grand were those religious songs, sung in brave

devotion by the persecuted Scotch, in the depths of their moors and glens. The hundredth psalm, rising in the fullness of three thousand voices up into the clear sky, broken among rocks, prolonged and moldulated through valleys, softened over the surface of mountain-guarded lakes, had a grandeur and a majesty, contrasted with which mere art is poverty and meanness. And while thus reflecting on sacred music, we think with wonder on the Christian Church—on its power and on its compass.—less than nineteen centuries ago, its first hymn was sung in an upper chamber of Jerusalem; and those who sung it were quickly scattered; and now the Christian hymn is one that never ceases—one that is heard in every tongue; and the whisper of that upper chamber is now a chorus that fills the world.

#### FIDELITY OF A DOG.

A fortnight ago we announced the melancholy and fatal death by drowning, of a passenger on board the Helen Macgregor steamboat, while laying at Oban, on her passage from Glasgow. No one on board knew him, nor did any of the villagers; but his funeral rites were performed by a Christian people, and the cause of misfortune aroused their sympathies. They spread the mort cloth over the bier; but the tassels hung loosely—unclaimed—and told he was far from his kinsmen. No fond relative was there to mourn the loss of a friend—no aged parent to regret his untimely fate—no orphan boy to weep for the loss of a father: but he went not to the grave unmourned; in addition to the general sympathy, he was followed by an unfeigned mourner,—the companion of his toils,—his faithful shepherd dog, who, though unaccountably absent at the fatal moment, has given evident signs of extreme attachment to his master. He howled piteously as they bore him away, and on lowering him into the grave, he could scarcely be restrained from being buried along with him. As the funeral party moved slowly away, the faithful animal remained alone—the mournful image of fidelity and attachment. Nor can the cold blasts of gloomy December force him from his post; there he still remains; and his fidelity has enlisted the commiseration of the villagers, who give him the necessary food; and though the common green mound alone marks the grave of the deceased, this faithful animal has supplied him with mourners, and a monumental effigy more interesting than the most grave or pompous eulogium.—*Inverness Courier.*

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