

SPIRITUAL

TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 138.

The Principles of Nature.

MAN.

How many mysterious stumbling-blocks have lain blocking up the paths of ancient Philosophy, in trying to solve the Problem of Man, his whence, his whither, and his why—his origin, his meaning, and his destiny! How many ridiculous, how many humble accounts of him in all these respects! Theology and philosophy have started with the assumption that the creation of the Earth, our Mother, was complete some thousands of years ago—that man was then made complete as man, just as God created him, speaking him by a word into perfect manhood; that his will is perfectly free; that he, though a perfect man, is made or turned out so badly that he willed and proffered to do wrong, and therefore "fell," since then there has been a struggle between God's special, miraculous interferences and his rebellious creatures, etc., etc., to the end of the Thirty-nine Articles. Intuition and reason point an altogether different picture. Intuition starts with this first of all principles, and knows it to be as true as that man is: "God is a Being of Infinite Perfection, of Love, of Wisdom, and of Power." Not reasoning, but reason itself, tells me this is the first and measure of all other truths. This I and you know to be as true as that you and I exist. We know Him to be Infinite Love, and while limited love may be folly, and end in injury, Infinite Love presupposes Infinite Wisdom, which is the form of Infinite Love, and also Infinite Power; for if He lack power to gratify His Love, then His Love is very evidently limited, and not infinite.

Essentially, in nature of substance, then, God is Infinite Love. He is the form or mode of that Love is Infinite Wisdom, and He is forever accomplishing His Love with Infinite Activity. The source of Love is the joy of imparting real happiness and good to others. Thus God's very nature of Love forbids Him to be alone. His very nature of Infinite Love forever impels Him to impart Himself, as the best possible good, to others, and to beings also capable of receiving and enjoying Him. Hence the necessity of His creation. He is Infinite, and if He creates, His creatures must of necessity be finite in their natures. There can not, by any possibility, be more than one Infinite Being. Hence His creation must commence at zero, and thence progress forever. Hence Growth, or Progression from one degree to another of perfection, is a Law of Necessity. As He is Perfect, His Creation is perfect in each degree, when considered by itself alone; but, also, each inferior degree appears imperfect and is imperfect when viewed from and compared with a higher or more advanced degree. Here comes in the necessary phenomenon of Sin, but necessary, from the necessary Law of Development from germ, and only an appearance; just as the green, sour apple, if it had consciousness and reason, could thus get to know of ripe, perfect apples, would call itself a poor, miserable, stupid apple, knowing the duty and good of ripeness, but lingering yet weak after work so far below its Ideal. Infinite Love must create then, and His creatures, from first to last, must commence from germ or zero, and Progression must be their Law or Mode of Being; Progression from less to more of perfection and development, till that state discretizes into a higher state, and that, commencing at the lowest, by perpetual additions, grows upward and onward till it also discretizes into a still higher state; and so on, till each individual completes its final Destiny. Geology and all the natural sciences prove this Law of Development by continuous and discrete degrees. Spiritualists should all make themselves familiar with this great Law, the key to unlock Nature's most sacred and hidden secrets. I shall simply refer all who would know something of this Law of Development to Swedenborg's works, especially the very convenient "Compendium" of his works, by Mr. Perren, (an inextinguishable mine of spiritual riches); to Fishbough's "Macrocosm"; and to Swedenborg's "Human Nature," where is a very plain and full illustration of this Law by W. S. Country.

Infinite Love, by Infinite Wisdom, instituted Nature as His Divine Means to create Man. He, also, must then, as an individual and as a race, as a man and as mankind, have the same origin from zero, or a germ, and from this "chaos" must pass, by continuous and discrete degrees, from state to state, till the Divine Purpose is complete and perfect; the Individual must be first in the state of infancy, then of youth, and finally of manhood. So, also, the Race must pass through the same successive states before the Complete, Perfect Man is created. A complete and necessary correspondence must exist between Nature and Man in every the most minute thing. "Man is thus the bearer of all divinity in Nature. There is in Nature no law, which the being is not the response, no form of which he is not the type." "Animals are but fatal forms of man." "The animal, in its development, pursues all the gradations of the animal kingdom. The fetus is a successive representation of all the classes of animals." "Every higher organism serves as a progressive repetition of inferior organisms, both in its development and in the material form known to it." Thus Nature and Nature demonstrate that mankind, as it now is, is not the First Ideal Man such as Infinite Perfection purposes. Mankind, like each individual man, is a growth, not

an instantaneous creation, like the fabled Minerva from Jove's head. Its fetal state was Nature with all her untold ages, that Geology partially reveals. She was big with man while struggling from chaos to the mineral kingdom; that discretized into the vegetable, and that into the animal world, and, in the fullness of time, that discretized into man. The history of the Race and of the Individual is parallel with each other, and each explains and illustrates the other. As the Infant passes some months, at least, as a mere animal, guided entirely by animal instincts, having mere animal wants, but innocent, because it is a mere animal, and knows not right and wrong—so the Race passed unknown ages of Infancy, guided by Instinct, feeling, and not by reason, innocent of wrong, because it knew not of any right. Slowly it emerged from this state, of unknown, but probably very long, duration, and entered upon the era of Boyhood and Youth—an age of learning, of being under schoolmasters of Church and State, of Priests and Kings, with their rewards of Birch and other Rods, pleasant and unpleasant, but undoubtedly useful, yes, necessary, since Infinite Perfection purposed it all. It seems to me that about the stage of development the Race has now attained. As it grows up into true manhood, impulsive desires will be ruled by wisdom; he will learn to love wisely, and not ignorantly, as he now does; he will learn the right way, the just way, the good way of doing and living; his schoolmasters will no longer be needed with their rods, and gibbets, and jails, and courts, and places of vindictive retribution here or hereafter, but will be dismissed, and man will assume all his glorious Rights with all their correlative duties, and a real Perfected Adam shall occupy the Garden of Eden to keep and enjoy it forever.

So much for the general idea that man is not yet perfect. But God is patiently working, and the Ages all point to the Divine man who shall vindicate our God, whose name is Infinite Love. Doubtless if we had never had a ripened, complete apple, but only the wild, sour, seedless crab, we should wonder, in our little ignorance, at its imperfections. Man, the highest of all Creation, the very end of all Creation, the Beloved and only Begotten Son of God, is not yet made. He is growing up, and has advanced now to the period of headstrong but unperceptive and unwise youth. As the comparative Anatomist, by a bone or any small segment of an organization, can construct and complete the perfect form from that segment, can not Nature and Reason, her Interpreter and Exponent, from the fragment of man as he now is, construct and show us the True Ideal man, such as he will be when developed to Perfect Manhood? Most plainly. Man has a double nature. There are two men in each man. First, the animal man with all its appetites and propensities, with its perceptive intellect to recognize the various supplies for its wants, and to even create and provide those supplies. But out of, and by means of, and a discrete degree above this animal man is developed the spiritual man who regards others and not himself. In every man are these two men; first, the animal, looking only to self, and having selfish animal, sensual propensities and appetites; next, the spiritual man, not regarding self, but others, and whose love, in its appetites and propensities, is of Justice, of Goodness, of Beauty, of Truth; of all that we have Divine; and with Reason to perceive spiritual Principles and objects necessary to supply its spiritual desires and wants. Between these two degrees of manhood lies a third, not entirely animal; not all spiritual; but transitional, and mixed, from its necessities. This state of manhood, this mixed and middle man is the moral man. To consider Humanity as it is to-day, all men, either here or in the course of their immortal progression, in the other spheres of Life, must pass through these three periods, or states, or Discrete degrees. Every man is first a mere animal. This period, at present, continues some months at least after birth. The Infant has only mere animal propensities and appetites, which, as in animals, are guided and controlled by unerring Instinct. It knows no Right or Wrong, has no idea of Duty or of Responsibility. It has no choice of Will. Unerring Instinct is its necessity, and it knows no choice. It is innocent because it can not choose wrong, but it is the innocence that is never tempted, hence never feels Remorse, and is of itself no virtue. It can not help doing Right in its mere passive animal existence. Hence no Infant man is either virtuous or vicious. It is innocent, but not virtuous. Slowly, degree by degree, this stage of Human Life passes on. Through sensation he gradually acquires knowledge of things and their Relations to him. The perceptive and reflective intellect is exercised. He can not learn all truths for himself, but God has made the child heir of all the Past, with its slow and painful experiences, by implanting in his nature Faith in his parents, and all whom he regards as his superiors. Hence, direct Revelation or Perception of Truth from his own Perceptions of Nature and subsequent Reflection, or by mediate Revelation through parents and other teachers, which he receives by Faith (which mediate Revelations are in all instances destined, doomed to be finally tried and tested by the Immediate Direct Revelation of his own experience); hence, I say, the child grows up and out of his mere passive instinctive infancy, and the boy is a whole discrete degree above the Infant. That is, a perpetual addition or increment of

mere infantile qualities, such as instinctive nursing, crying, and sleeping would only make a larger infant, but so now, with his loves of kites, hoops, riddles, cakes, and restless activities, with his new sense of light and Wrong, however shadowy and feeble this new sense, at first, with its associated and correlative ideas of Duty and obligation, of Responsibility with its rewards and its sure penalties. The boy has now a Will—no mere Fate or blind necessity pliantly drives him to the supply of his wants. His wants of I kinds are vastly increased, and there is a multitude of articles choose from in supplying these wants. He can now select a choice, and he is sure to choose wisely or foolishly according to his particular individual nature or the teachings of his guides in his particular circumstances. He is free to choose or will as he pleases, but some one motive or another will inevitably make him prefer one course of action to all the others, and thus make a will. The will is simply the narrow arena; it is not a faulty plastered on the personality, and apart from it, like a fool; hence it must always inevitably correspond to the essential nature of the Individual; and it is always acted upon by motives that must correspond to the same nature which impel it to decide or act. Motives always control the will. This man is Free (within certain limits) to do or act as he will but his will is acted upon and moved to action by thousand-fold motives, that compel the man to decide as he does. Thus will or choice is in that sense free; all are conscious of this freedom of choice; all are conscious of a right and a wrong, and hence have an idea of Duty and responsibility to choose to do right; and if various lower motives, acting upon an animal-like nature, have made the will act wrong, remorse, pain, of which follows in each case, and to make the will prefer the right next time. Thus man is free to choose as he pleases, and God also is the Supreme Ruler whose will is omnipotent, and causes us "both to will and to do of His good pleasure," by the very means He has used in creating us with our individual natures, which he causes to act by bringing to bear upon them motives that finally decide the contest.

The whole moral stage of life is necessitated by a relative imperfection of development. It is essentially a contest between the animal and the spiritual man. The animal man loves self supremely, and that is his end. The spiritual man loves others, and forgets himself in delighting to bless others. The animal, sensual man, loves animal and sensual gratification, and makes these gratifications the object of life. The spiritual man loves Truth for its beauty and good; loves Justice and Goodness; loves Him above all, who is Love, and Truth, and Justice, and Beauty, and Harmony. The mere animal can have no conception of this higher plane of love; can not see it; can not feel it. His love is passion; not yet love. But as the soul develops, degree by degree, from this pure animal life, and has the dimmest sense of Right and Wrong, it is no longer a mere animal, though mostly so. The contest has begun which will sooner or later terminate in the complete conquest and subjugation of the lower animal and sensual life by the spiritual, or "new man." As this conflict between the "old Adam" and the "new man," which is Christ, forming within us, is the very essence of the moral man, without these temptations of our lower appetites and passions springing from our animal nature, and the sense of duty and responsibility from our spiritual nature, which is forming, there could be no temptation to do wrong. When there is no struggle and temptation to do wrong, there can be no virtue. A man who never felt a temptation to do wrong, none would call a virtuous man. He could not help doing right, and there is no virtue or merit in that. Hence as a moral life arises from growth from a pure animal life up to a spiritual life, and is necessarily a mixed imperfect life, the really moral and virtuous man is and can be but an imperfect, incomplete man, though growing in the right direction; while the immortal man is comparatively a much more imperfect and undeveloped man, though yet above the passive instinctive innocence of infancy, which can not be used or vicious. The immortal man, knowing and feeling, in a lower faint degree, the fact of Right and Wrong, uses his perceptive and reflective intellect merely in devising means to gratify the lower appetites and propensities. The plain fact is, that the mere animal man loves with all his heart mere animal gratifications, which form his animal good, without any aim of wrong. The moral man does not yet love with all his heart the doing of what his Reason tells him is Right, is Just, is Good. Being a mere moral man, and not yet a complete spiritual man, he does not yet love to do right with the same enjoyment that the mere animal enjoys its animal gratifications. The nearer the moral man is to the complete spiritual man, the more easily he does right, and the less he is tempted to do wrong; while the reverse is the case when he is but little advanced above the animal. The real truth is, that many very moral men are only restrained from doing wrong by their fear of future punishment, or so as to insure future happiness; and if you could demonstrate to them the error of their opinion of a future Heaven or Hell, not as a natural consequence of their sins, but an arbitrary vindictive retribution or reward of merit by God for their sins or virtues, they would say as they do say, "If we believed that, we would take our fill with sin. What should hinder us?" Such declarations show

what their hearts really love, and what they would love to do if they were not afraid. I repeat, a moral or virtuous man is one who does not love with all his heart to do wrong, but he does so because he feels it his Duty, and motives either of fear of Hell or hope of Heaven make him choose to do right, while, at the same time, he is tempted to do wrong, and would, perhaps do so, but for fear or hope of reward. Self-denial is the essence of Virtue, and that very word declares its imperfection. The self which loves some good aim to be denied. There is content, watchfulness, sorrow, a more or less slow growth, according to the relative development of the lower sensual propensities or of the higher moral faculties. But the contest is never ended while that mere state of virtue or morality continues. But when, either here or in future spheres of life, which must, however, be spheres of progress, the man gets upon a plane where he absolutely loves to do right merely because it is right, and therefore the highest good; when he sees God, not as a "jealous God" and as "angry with the sinner every day" with his lakes of eternal fire and misery waiting for the vast multitude who can't help blundering into the broad and inviting highway; when he sees God, not as a demon to be feared, but as Infinite Love, which implies also Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Power; when he loves Him as the source, the perpetual source of all love, all joy, all beauty in the spiritual and material worlds; when he loves Him with all his heart, mind, and soul, as the All-merciful, All-loving, All-wise Love, Absolute Good, Absolute Truth; when his whole being is thus perpetually attracted toward this Infinite Perfection, and, permeated by it, aspires ever more and more earnestly after Him as his Supreme Good, what attraction does this animal and sensual pleasure to him? He loves to do right, which is, to obey all God's laws; for they are but manifestations of His Will, and His Will is but a manifestation of His Infinite Love for each of His Creatures. Those laws are all in Nature, and his Reason can find them out. His perpetual Prayer is to know and do His will; hence he earnestly questions both internal and external Nature to find His Laws. He finds these in his physical, organic, and moral relations, and as these Laws are the expressions of Infinite Love, and he clearly knows them also designed for his own best good, he loves to obey them. Love to God and man puts him in right relations with the universe, and then all he wants is more wisdom to tell him in all cases what is Right, what is Justice, what is Truth. He sees God in every thing. He knows Him to be Infinite Love; so he knows no evil can ever happen to him. He knows his Father's hand holds and guides him, so his heart is ever filled with Faith, with Trust in Him, with a sweet peace and confidence that His Love will never fail. So he never can have a long face or a sad face except when he sees how blind his fellow-men are to The Good "One." His joy is in blessing his fellow-men. He lives to impart to those who need what God has so lavishly bestowed upon him. He lives no longer for self, but for others. He loves God supremely, and only subordinately himself and the world. He is no longer separated from God by sin, but is by love at-one with him. "He has received the at-one-ment." God and he have the same will. He loves, he pines only to know that will of Love, and to submit his will to it. He is in harmony with God and with man, for he loves and serves both, and it is his delight to do so. He is now a Divine Man—a harmonious man—a perfect man—such a man as Jesus of Nazareth was, who was thus the Type of the Perfect Divine Manhood. Only as we become Divine men, who love to do Right, and therefore do it, and thus keep His Laws, can we be saved from sin or violation of His Laws, and from bearing the consequences thereof. Only as each man is thus true to his own manhood, as Jesus was to his, can he be Redeemed. So far as Jesus symbolizes the "Spirit of Love to God and man," and thus the Spiritual Man, complete and perfected, can he be a Saviour, a Redeemer, or Atoner. Only so far as we form this Christ within ourselves, will he or can he be our Redeemer. As sure as God is Perfect, so sure will the whole Race of man on Earth be Divine Men, and those imperfect ones who have entered, or shall hereafter enter, other mansions in our Father's universe, shall equally accomplish His Purpose of Infinite Love in creating them. In the Spiritual Man there is no temptation from below; he can not help flying to the Bosom of the Infinite Mother of all, and as instinctively as the babe nestles and seeks the supply of its appetites and loves in the bosom of its tender mother. He loves God just as the infant loves its mother, and with equal Trust and Satisfaction. He loves to do good just as the infant loves its mother's breast. I say he loves God, and Justice, and Right, and Truth, and Beauty, and Harmony, and he loves them with all his Nature, so that he feels no temptation to sin. Hence, as he no longer is tempted to sin, and can no more choose to do so than God can, he is no longer a more virtuous or moral man. He has no chance to choose any more than the infant. He has passed beyond the sphere of motives, which no longer act upon his will. The battle has forever ceased. Henceforth there is only a growth in Wisdom, in revealing higher Laws, higher Truths, which are but higher and better gleamings and revelations of His Infinite Love. I wish I could do better justice to this great theme; but I think the truth in it will save this so im-

perfect sketch from utter failure. May it help along some who need its help. "Would it were worthier!"
GEORGETOWN, Nov. 26th, 1854.
CHAS. H. CHAPMAN.

HEAVEN EXALTS THE HUMBLE.

During the storm of communications from Washington, Franklin, Johnson, Clay, Channing, and a host of other great names, I suppose that the following one from a poor obscure girl will meet with contempt from some minds, but I confess it is the more valuable to me in that account, and for another reason, that it was repeated with better effect, and is less liable (if at all) to the suspicion of psychological influence of the most of the medium. A great number of Spiritualists "do not want the raps" any more; "they have got above that," they say. Well, I am glad of it, but for myself, I confess I have not, and never expect to get above being taught by them in this sphere, and in the next I am quite confident, if they are to be had, that I shall not them in preference. The medium in this case was Miss Sarah J. Irish (who is now located here at 56 Pine Street, and I need not tell you who know her so well, that she is the most reliable medium I ever saw, heard, or read of, and she is doing a good work for the cause here).
St. Louis, Nov. 24th, 1854.

SPIRIT-COMMUNICATION.

My Friend—My development and progression (as regards my spirit) has ever been one continued action of nature. On earth I had none of the ceremonies of society to assist, to keep my spirit from acting free and easy. I was what is termed on earth a servant, the life of one of this class can not interest you any, or at least but little, you who know it all, all that we see and learn. But I know that the effort this life had upon the spirit will interest you at least. My change was caused by giving birth to one of my own kind, therefore sudden. I slept three weeks when I was awakened by my mother (she having left the world of reproduction long before), who smilingly bade me welcome. I found my sorrows all had left me, and I calmly looked back upon my earth-life as a thing to be thought of as things past and gone, not to be recalled, not even to regret that the time had been mispent. Now we live but to progress, not to regret. When my spirit came to fully realize where I was, I found myself following in the path of light (my spirit-guides) to the divine mansions of love.

As I left the misty regions of material existence, and gently glided along the radiant archways of infinite harmony, my all too happy spirit seemed to be swelled with that sublime emotion and praise to the Cause of all, the Great Author of all, such as earth's mortals can never know. Methinks I hear you say, "Then why tell us of it at all, if we can not understand it?" I answer, because we would have you form some remote conception, some faint vision, of what is higher even than these seeming realities around you, so gloriously beautiful even in your material creation of perishable substances. Could you look upon us with clairvoyant eyes, and read the language of the soul, the ever-varying expression of the spirit, then could you understand us.

Our language is that of the spirit, not of signs and echoes; therefore it must be spirit that understands the gentle breathings of the spirit, which are ever blending here in celestial music; and love can not create any vibrations that are felt by your earth-body; it must be and is the soul that answers our whisperings, if we are answered at all. I have learned all this and much more, for I am learning what I have to do to progress, and why all things move in such a grand harmonious strain, their First Great Cause, the principles of spirit-being, and their grand ultimates.

All life, all spirit-germs, are introduced in earth's atmosphere but to be perfected in the six grand spheres, and their corresponding circles and degrees beyond earth, in space, in refinement, in advancement of every kind that emanates from Deity.

When I had been in the second circle what you term ten years, I entered the third, and my spirit was thrilled with the breathings of a more advanced life. As the sphere moved, so moved my spirit; here again I saw verified what I had been often shown before, that all things move in harmony one with the other. I will come again if you wish, but you must send for me, for I can not be attracted by your mental emanations, there are so many other influences around and about you.

ELIZA YOUNG.

INFLUENCE OF MIND ON DISEASE.—It would seem as if the study of certain diseases sometimes favored their real or imaginary development. I am a student of phthisis, and Corneil of disease of the heart. When the celebrated Professor Frank was preparing his lectures at Paris, on disease of the heart, his own heart became so disturbed that he was obliged to rest for awhile. Rumor says that no less than five of the professors in one of the medical colleges have entirely neglected their hearts. Medical students, educated by a winter session, are apt to be special subjects of real or imaginary irregularity of the heart. A young friend who attended our lectures last winter, on diseases of the chest, felt an unusual knocking of his heart after ascending the long college stairs, and required several examinations to satisfy him that there was no danger.—Hypochondriac Review.

There are mistaken who imagine wit and judgment to be two distinct things. Judgment is only the perfection of wit which penetrates into the recesses of things, observes all that merits observation, and perceives what seems imperceptible. We must therefore agree, that it is an exercise wit which produces all the effects attributed to judgment.

Original Communications.

VOICES AT TWILIGHT.

BY MISS MARY F. MOFF.

Oh, I love the shadowy twilight hour,
That comes with its dreamy spell,
To soothe the heart with a magic power,
And peace to the sorrowing tell.

The flowers have folded their petals bright,
All gleamed with the dew-drop sheen;
The bird, on glancing wing of light,
Is away to the woodland green.

And over the spirit there cometh a spell,
A thought of the friends we love,
Who are gone with angels pure to dwell,
In the better land above.

Their places are vacant at board and hearth,
We miss them in hall and tower;
They have passed away from the sphere of earth,
They are gone where no storm clouds lower.

But oh, at the hushed and holy time—
The hour of the closing flowers—
When we list to the evening bell's low chime,
That tolls of the dying hours—

They rise before us all fair and bright,
Each robed undimmed by care,
With the radiant look, and the eyes' soft light,
And the smile that the angels wear.

Bright, guardian Spirits! they hover near,
A vigil of love to keep;
They list to our sorrow with pitying ear,
They bend o'er us while we sleep.

And when the hour of death shall come,
And we pass from earth's care away,
They will welcome us to their radiant home,
In the land of unending day.

SPIRITUAL PANORAMIC PAINTING.

We have read the sublimed communication with much interest, and are assured that it will gratify our numerous readers. If our correspondence does not misjudge respecting the scientific character and artistic excellence of the work, Mr. Tuttle will make his mark for Spiritism, and, perhaps, a fortune for himself.—*Ed.*

EDITOR SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

Dear Sir—Permit me through the columns of your light-affixing sheet to give another witness of the triumph of "Ghost Literature" over the slow ploddings of "world's wisdom." In the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH and other periodicals I have frequently seen accounts of drawings and paintings executed by the Spirits through their mediums. But the most extensive one that has yet come to my knowledge is now being painted by the mediumship of Hudson Tuttle, near Berlin Heights, Erie Co., Ohio. It already covers about 1,600 square feet of canvas, and is not yet completed. It is 5 feet wide and over 300 feet in length. It is a Panoramic History of Creation, or, rather, of its geological formations, changes, etc., since its surface had cooled sufficiently to form a crust.

The medium is a young man of eighteen, and previous to his mediumship was in no great degree versed in the arts and sciences; but since his development, under his spiritual teachers, he has rapidly advanced in the acquirement of the principles of science. He was early developed as a writing medium, and under their influence has written many hundred pages on various subjects. The outlines of "Universal Government" was by his hand; another interesting work—"The Arcana of Nature," is now being published in the *Spiritual Era*, Ripley, Brown Co., Ohio.

But as an artist, the Panorama is his first work, and he was as unprepared for it as he was for writing his previous works. About the first of last June he was directed to obtain cloth, brushes, paints, etc., for a Panorama of Creation, and the painting was soon after commenced, and continued about two weeks, and then stopped, probably on account of his most being needed on his father's farm. But in August they resumed the work, and have continued to the present, and, as he is impressed, nearly to its completion.

The designs were quite independent of his own mind, he seldom knowing what would be the characters or filling up of the next scene. The kind of colors and their combinations were under the direction of the Spirit-artists. Its first representation is the appearance of the earth's surface, broken by wide seams of intensely-heated molten matter. Then the beginning of the upheavals from the confined gases beneath, giving all the bleak ruggedness of an immense crater. Farther on comes the precipitation of the waters from the dense black atmosphere, falling on the heated rocks, sending up vast columns of steam. Then we have the representation of a great boiling sea, with rolling clouds of vapor hanging over it in the distance. These then gradually subside, revealing its dark waters and rugged coast; sea-weeds begin to appear in the shallow waters, and float away in vast islands; then the animals of the old red sandstone age, and near its termination ferns and rushes begin to cover the sterile rocks with verdure; and from thence on to the time when vegetation attained its greatest luxuriance. The atmosphere presents a sooty hue, through which is seen a lurid sun.

The scene is again changed for the billowy ocean, which is now sufficiently deep to allow deep waves to roll. This is the ocean of the Silurian age, and sporting on its turbid flood is the huge ichthyosaurus, and in an estuary is seen the serpent-necked plesiosaurus searching for its prey, while in another portion of the scene appear large volcanoes belching forth sulphureous flames and streams of molten lava. Thence on, over the varied changes of intervening ages, we find the graceful fern, the towering palm, the pine, etc., of the Oolite age, with its huge stromatolites, the winged lizards, and the first of the marauding make their appearance. On the deep is seen a nautilus, and the restored forms of the much disputed belemnite. The Wealden age next appears with all its reptilian forms; the huge iguanodon, the lizard of the weald, the wood saurian, etc., all in the most life-like aspect. The Chalk period is also well represented with all the animated forms of life developed during the age. During the Tertiary age we see the lion, tiger, fox, hyena, bear, giraffe, and all the gigantic forms which inhabited the globe during this period of its formation. The Quaternary creation also has its new forms.

Then comes the great period of the Drift, most sublimely represented by its ocean of floating icebergs; and from thence through the progressive development to the time that primitive man became a resident of the earth. The final scene is to be the ascension of the spirit from the gross element after death, to join the inhabitants of higher spheres. All through the painting there is a strict chronological arrangement of all animals and plants—those developed first, standing first in the scene representing the age, and of all the vast number of

some 2,500 distinct forms represented, there appears no exception. The whole is finished with an effect and nicely seldom found in panoramic paintings, and forms the most complete, thorough, and impressive system of geology ever produced. Every yard of canvas seems to speak a volume. Viewed in part or as a whole, it everywhere bears the evidence of being the work of a truly master mind, one that comprehended the whole subject and all its bearings, yet executed by the hand of an unschooled stripling, who, previous to commencing the work, knew scarcely any thing of the facts embraced in the great science of geology. It does not in all its parts correspond with the present theories of geologists, there is a harmony in itself that will carry conviction to every beholder that it must have originated in the spheres of truth.

Yours, in the cause of human progress, D. C. GREEN.
MILAN, Dec. 2, 1854.

IMPORTANCE OF PASSIVITY IN MEDIA.

For a long time I have been satisfied that many of the contradictory communications and incorrect answers received through media, might be accounted for by the fact that the medium had formed an opinion as to what would be communicated. A further confirmation of this idea has lately occurred in my experience.

On Monday evening, April 23, my wife and self had a sitting at the corner of Broadway and Lapeer Street with Mr. T. B. Henry, the medium in attendance there, whom I had seen but once, and my wife had never seen before. Answers to our questions were given by the tipping of the table around which we were seated, with our hands laid thereon. The table was tipped upward, on the side the medium sat. The following questions were asked, and correct answers given to all, by what purported to be the Spirit of my daughter, who departed some fourteen years since, at between five and six years of age.

How many children have we, reckoning those now on earth and those departed? How many on earth, and how many departed? How many of each are male, and how many female? How many letters in the first name of our son, now on earth? How many in our daughter's? How many in my wife's? How many in mine? How many in my surname?

At our request the first names of our children now with us were spelled out, and also those of my wife and myself, the medium calling the alphabet.

I then requested the spelling of my surname. The number of letters contained in it, which is four, had been previously given. Upon coming to the letter W the table was tipped, the next time at O, the third time again at O, while calling the alphabet the fourth time, the letter D was passed without any tipping, and the medium had proceeded as far as K, when my wife told him he had passed the right letter. Just as she spoke, I saw the table was rising, apparently to tip at L. Calling the alphabet was again commenced, and the table was tipped at D, which made out my name correctly.

I then asked the medium, if after getting the first three letters, W, O, O, he had not formed an opinion that my name was Wood. He said he had come to such a conclusion.

In this instance, the medium knowing that my name consisted of four letters, and when by tipplings W, O, O, it was evident the fourth and last letter must be either D or L, in order to form any name that can be found in a directory, and the medium supposing it most likely to be L, the table was tipped at that letter. For the first letters, there was too much scope to set him thinking what they might be, but when there was a choice between two letters only, an opinion was formed which proved to be erroneous.

This circumstance strengthens my conviction, that many (and I know not how many) of the fallacies that occur in spiritual communications might be justly attributed to a similar cause.

New York City.

WM. WOOD.

CONSOLATION.

I have been sorrowing long—

My sad heart beat beneath its lonely doom.
No sunny gleam of hope, no burst of song,
Shining the gloom.

Bitterness in my soul.

And vain repinings at Fate's harsh decree,
I felt the wild and unobscured control
Of grief o'erhauling me.

No kindly word for me

By mortal lips was spoken; silent, lone
I dwelt with bitter cares and misery,
Unheard my heart's deep moan.

For me Love's star had set;

The brightness faded from the azure sky,
For me no loving smile, no kindred met
My soul in sympathy.

No mother smiles on me;

No father's blessing falls upon my ear;
No brother's love illumines life's path for me;
No sister fond is near.

I have no bosom friend

To gaze with me upon the stars at even;
With me no fond and true ones daily wend
The same bright path to heaven.

I hear no voice of love—

No tones of tenderness fall on my heart;
There beams but hope and sunlight from above—
Heaven does my peace impart.

I am alone and sad!

My loved ones dwell in fields of blissful rest,
While I, the pilgrim and the never glad,
Wander in dark unrest.

But see! a sudden gleam

Illumes the darkness; waves of gladness roll
Bright as imagination's fairest dream—
A vision fills my soul!

I feel the angels near—

I know the blessed and the pure are nigh;
I feel it by the hush of every fear—
My Spirit-friends are nigh.

I am no longer sad—

No longer lonely in my silent room;
My heart is stirred with joy, for earth too glad—
There is 'round me no gloom.

I am not all unloved!

The Spirit whispers love and peace to me;
Encouraged, sweetly cheered—no more reproved,
I breathe felicity.

They guide my willing hand,

And then my gladdened eyes in wonder trace
The angel-constellations of the Spirit-land—
Sweet messages of grace.

I feel a waving soft

As if of angel's breath upon my brow,
Its influence raises soul and thought aloft,
And I am happy now!

methinks I hear a voice

Bidding me, "Fear no more—rise from the dust,"
I hear true Spirits whispering, "Rejoice,
Put on immortal trust."

"Look upward still—

Let not earth's trials stay thy progress here;
On, with bold heart, with steady, earnest will—
We, thy true friends, are near."

"My child, the Spirits say,

In messages of love and peace to me;
Oh, words of love, unheard for many a day,
Dearest than wealth to me!

Leave, leave me not—

Oh, leave me never, influence divine!
Though disregarded, by the world forgot,
Let my heart be the shrine

Of every holy thought,

That I may worthily prove of your fond care;
Beneath your guidance, by your wisdom taught,
Let not my soul despair!

Be with me ever,

Consoling Spirits—messengers of peace;
Oh, free my heart from fear and doubt forever—
From wrong my soul release.

Give me bright dreams of home—

Sweet angel mother, bless thy sorrowing child,
Blest father, in thy love and aid one come—
Bring wisdom's teachings mild.

Be ever, ever near,

Ye blest and holy dwellers of the spheres;
Bring radiant light to draw my spirit near,
And chase my mortal fears.

And if for me no joy

Bloom in my wanderings o'er this weary earth,
Teach my poor heart, that bliss without alloy
Shall have immortal birth.

In that far better land

Where dwells celestial harmony—where love,
Unknowing change, with joy ceases hand in hand,
In fields of light above.

STANTON, Va., 1854.

ASTOUNDING PREDICTIONS.

REVELATIONS FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

WILLIAMSBURG, Dec. 4, 1854.

Dear Sir—In the New York Daily Times of the 2d inst., there appeared a few disjointed extracts from some prophetic disclosures purporting to have come from the spirit of Napoleon the First. It was never intended by the "Association of Spiritualists," at whose rooms these prophecies were received, that they should have been made public. One member, however, at whose suggestion the spirit of Napoleon was invoked, and who indulged a faith that the predictions were to be depended upon, gave the Times a copy of the communications received at the first and second sittings of the circle, from which that paper selected the extracts referred to. Since then another circle has been held and further prophecies made.

As secretary of the "Association" above named, and also as having been the "medium" through whom these disclosures were made, I feel it my duty, since the matter has been pressed before the public, to give all the facts together, so that a clearer and more just opinion may be formed of their worth and truthfulness than can be elicited from the brief quotations of the Times. It has frequently been asserted by Spiritualists—after the occurrence of some great event has been made known to the world—that the fact had been predicted weeks before by the Spirits. To these assertions the public very naturally reply, by asking why the prediction is not made known before the actual event is ascertained through the usual channels? It is for the purpose of answering such queries that I now submit to the world a series of manifestations which a few months will verify or falsify. As for the predictions, I neither adopt them, nor can I say I have much faith in their fulfillment. I spoke as I was impressed to speak. After falling from my lips they are no longer my property. If, however, these declarations are untruthful, one of three things will be proved—either that I am an unreliable medium, or that a dishonest Spirit impressed me, or that my own mind is under the influence, at certain times, of some mysterious power which I have no conscious knowledge. In either case, I shall hold to the opinion that the world will still revolve on its axis, as usual.

These disclosures were made at three sittings or circles. At the first, held on Wednesday evening, Nov. 23, I was impressed to sit in the middle of the circle and to submit to the members—about twenty-five being present—that if they would concentrate their minds upon any particular Spirit and invite his presence, their desires would be complied with. Many Spirits were mentioned, until at the suggestion of Mr. Asper Hoyt, the Spirit of Napoleon was unanimously agreed upon.

I seated myself as impressed to do, and endeavored to compose my mind to that state of calm passivity so desirable on such occasions. I was now—very unexpectedly to me—impressed to speak upon the subjects of Peace and Love, by a Spirit assuming to be George Whitefield. The soft and pleasing influence of these themes served to bring me to the proper state of quietude, for as soon as this Spirit left me, I arose suddenly to my feet, thrust my right hand in my bosom, threw my left hand behind me, and commenced walking the room in that thoughtful, abstracted manner so frequently observed in Napoleonic pictures. Mr. Hoyt then asked: "If this is the Spirit of Napoleon, will he tell us what were his motives when on earth—whether it was ambition or love of the people that prompted him in all his great enterprises? To which I was impressed to reply as follows:

"From my earliest youth I was a child of destiny. I felt a divinity within me, pushing me on to deeds beyond my own belief of my capability and power of action. If men could have read my heart, and could have known the promptings under which it moved, they would have called me superstitious. I consulted my oracles with as much devotion as ever Caesar did. The world acknowledges my inspiration, but does not know when the inspiration ceased. Napoleon the General, Napoleon the Consul, and Napoleon the Emperor, in the early part of his career, was a quite different personage from the Napoleon of later years.

"While I followed my inspirations, I was successful. When I moved of myself, I was beaten with my own weapons. I can see it now, but could not see it then. I knew my inspiration in my youth. My first impression when a boy was, that I was not in my own keeping. Solutions of difficult things were instinctively impressed upon my mind. I leaped to conclusions without any effort of my own. When I first observed this phenomenon I heard an internal voice saying: 'Do as you are prompted.' I followed these impressions whenever opportunity permitted. My only motive was to obey. I early felt that no mortal force could affect my life. On many occasions I unnecessarily exposed my person in scenes of imminent peril, but I recognized no danger and felt no fear.

"In all my great battles in which I was successful, there was no effort of my own. There seemed to be stamped upon my brain a complete map and plan of the battle before it occurred, and when it was fought, it was found to correspond.

"Napoleon won every battle that was fought for him, but lost every one that he fought himself.

(Here a member questioned Napoleon again as to his motives being personal or for the good of mankind.) "You speak of motives? I had no motive but to follow the impulse that moved me. 'Tis true that I hoped that good would result. I felt like the faithful courier who at the will of his master leaps on and never stops until the rein be pulled. I leaped forth as the Spirit prompted me. But when I grew impatient, grasped the bit between my teeth and essayed to guide myself. I lost the race. I tell you again that Napoleon had no motive but to follow the impressions that strove within him. He was successful so long as he was true to his impressions, but when he became selfish and moved alone, he began to lose the game. When the man forgot his mission, he ceased to be the medium and became the man again. It was not Napoleon who made himself emperor, but the Spirit that placed him there. But having gained that seat, I might have kept it securely. The combined efforts of my enemies could not have driven me from it if I had stood at home. After having become emperor I never should have fought a battle away from behind the walls of Paris.

"I confess now that the greatest and best deeds of my life were not my own. You can not know the struggles that the heart feels that has misused the gifts of God. I was like a man who, not satisfied with having done the best he could, strives to do better, and ends all he before accomplished.

"I thought diverse from Josephine without inspiration.

"When I threw off the scholar and became the teacher, I lost all I had before gained.

"You may attribute my success to the Spirit that prompted me. My defects attribute to Napoleon. When my star first began to rise, there was danger of my becoming extravagant and inflated by the destiny which governed my every action. There was need of a soothing and correcting influence to curb the passions of my wild nature. It was

then that inspiration first introduced me to Josephine. France could not have produced a woman better suited to my wants. Had I possessed the wisdom of Solomon it would have taken me to her door. Her extraordinary power over my unruly nature fitted her for my companion.

"What am I now? I am not rewarded for what I have done for its quantity, but for its quality—not for how much I have done, but for how well I have done it. The lowest peasant in my dominions may rise above me if he does the little he has to do well. * * * I could make you a prophecy if I could find organs through which to make it. * * * You shall see great things in Europe ere long. Europe to-day hangs upon a hair. Oh! I could now ride upon the storm and direct the lightning. (In answer to a question if he approved of the course of his nephew, Louis Napoleon, he replied with great warmth.) "He is no nephew of mine! He has carried France back half a century, and what sangers me most, he has carried her back on my shoulders. There was need of an emperor in my day. There is no need of a stupider today. I can say no more now."

On Wednesday evening, 29th ult., another circle was held at the rooms of the Association. After sitting about five minutes, a Spirit purporting to be my father spoke as follows: "My son, let your mind be entirely passive. When you feel an impression, give utterance to it without question—leave that for consideration. If you fall you lose nothing if you are successful you gain much, and at no cost to yourself. Feel that you are tutored and alone within the sanctuary of your own chamber. Breathe forth every thought that is impressed upon your mind."

(Napoleon then introduced me to speak the following.) "The map of Europe lies before me. Prudent conditions have somewhat tended to frustrate the designs of wise and acute minds who are molding the destiny of Europe to their proper proportions. All appears dark, with the exception of the center, where a light, faint and not yet well defined, is described by the watchmen on the walls, and though the world at large may not see cause for hope in the faint glimmer, yet sage minds rejoice because it comes from where it should come—from the center and not from the outskirts.

"For three months have passed, dating from this hour, the assassination of a crowned head will astonish and bewilder the negotiators of Europe, and overturn an empire. In another quarter, a traitor to his king, but a loyal man to his God and to his fellow men, will turn his sword against his master and raise the banner of the people. This will occur some time after the first event spoken of. No more tonight."

On Friday evening we held a private meeting at the rooms of the Association, seven or eight persons being present. As at the previous circle, the Spirit of my father first took possession of me and said: "Whatever doubts may linger in the minds of those present, let them be removed, if possible, for doubt has an evil influence. Bid faith rise in your hearts. Faith is like the opening flower, whose outspread leaves invite the morning dew to its embrace, while doubt goes with folded arms and admits no one to the privacy of its chamber."

After a few minutes of silent seclusion I was made to rise and pace the floor at Napoleon's feet a short time. I was then impressed to say: "Napoleon is here. A third of a century has not sufficed to release me from the captivity of St. Helena. When confined to that lone rock, my heart was with France, and with France my heart still beats. The Spirit-Emperor seeks the welfare of his people even more earnestly than did the Emperor of Earth. The power of Napoleon the Spirit is far greater than was the power of Napoleon the Man. Napoleon the Man sailed with the tide, Napoleon the Spirit can control the tide. Napoleon the Spirit can a thousand times out-general Napoleon the Man, but Napoleon the Spirit finds it harder to impress his people than did Napoleon the Man. This is the great obstruction to be surmounted. I know that I have the hearts of my people, but they do not know where to find me, they do not know that I still live. Let me but assure them of this great truth, and I am again at the head of my army. My heroes of Italy, of Egypt, of Austria, are with me now. Ney, the man of five hundred battles, is with me. Murat is with me—Bernadotte, Canino, Lucien, are with me. They are now, as when on earth, looking to Napoleon. My marshals, like myself, still love France, and liberty more. They, like myself, now perceive the errors of our former policy, and, like myself, wish to repair our former errors. Having put off the earth-form, we have also put off earthly tastes and desires. We now perceive with spirit-eyes and love with spirit-hearts. We now feel the truth of that great precept embodied in your declaration of human rights, that—all men are born free and equal."

(Allusion was here made to the prophecies of the previous evening, and the Spirit was asked if they would really be fulfilled. To which was answered.) "We will come to that directly. What I am now saying is principally intended to bring the medium to the proper state to make a further communication of great moment. His mind is unfortunately too active, and by making these general remarks I hope to succeed in causing it to that state of evenness which is necessary for my purpose. * * *

"When I was in Egypt, I remember having dreamed that I was playing the part of an Atlas, and that I carried one of the Pyramids on my back. After my return to France, I mentioned this to Josephine, observing that, of all my dreams, this was the most improbable, for though I might command armies, and overturn kingdoms, and break thrones in pieces, I could not, with all my soldiers at my back, lift that monument from its base. To which Josephine replied: 'But, if you directed your force to the removing one stone at a time, would not time and perseverance remove it from its foundation?' I had never thought of that before—of moving it piecemeal. My ambition was, with one gigantic effort, to lift it from its bed. And so I became emperor by moving one stone at a time. And thus will we now move Europe—one stone at a time—impressing one, guiding another, and whispering to still another mind, until the whole Continent is in motion."

"The top stone is already in motion—yes, the earth around the very base is loosened every day. Nicholas is the top stone of the European Pyramid. For thirty years he has lain quietly in his bed. We have just succeeded in moving him."

"There is trouble brewing between Nicholas and Menschikoff. Nicholas will soon see that there is more than one mind in Russia. I'll tell you more of this some other time. Only remember my words."

"There is trouble brewing between Nicholas and his general."

"The people of Europe are wondering now—when they have done wondering, they will think; and they will think but a little while when they will begin to act. Then will the Spirits strike!"

"Nicholas is stubborn and haughty. Francis is petulant and arrogant. Louis is dyspeptic and fantastic. Victoria is placid and self-satisfied."

"NAPOLÉON."

At a private circle held on Sunday evening, 3d inst., the following singular verification of the truthfulness of the above predictions was given through the tipplings of a table—one letter at a time. Mr. Dones, of Williamsburg, was the medium. The Spirit communicating purported to be William Young, a Moravian minister, who left the form thirty years ago.

"My friends! Tell your folks that there is no fear but that the predictions will be fulfilled. There is a band of men who have sworn to release their land from willing slavery. Oh! my friends, tell your Association that they must not be frightened at the shadow of a witless laugh. Fools laugh when they can not reason. What will the world think when they tell the knell for the death of the tyrant? What will they think when they hear of the trouble between Nicholas and Menschikoff. They will then look upon spirit-prophecy with respect."

What will they say when they see the Russian general turn his army against the emperor, and raise the banner of liberty? This will surely happen between the first of next month and the last of the month following. What will the world think when they hear that Sebastopol is taken—by the friends of universal freedom? The Russian general with his officers will turn republican, and go help the Hungarians. I have good reason to know that this will happen from true and reliable information that I can depend upon. Under the laws of God we can tell a truthful spirit when we see him. You may depend upon these predictions. I would not for worlds deceive you."

Sunday Dispatch.

A MYSTERIOUS VISITATION.—A correspondent of the *Spiritual Universe*, writing from Chagrin Falls, Ohio, says that he was recently awakened, one night about one o'clock, by what appeared to be the footfalls of a person coming up stairs to his room. He spoke to the invisible presence, but received no answer; but presently there commenced a concert of ticking, rattling, and rattling sounds of every variety, from that made by striking the stove pipe with a whip to the beatings of drums, and heavy claps of thunder. These sounds continued, with variations and slight interruptions until the dawn of day, and then ceased.

Selections from Standard Works.

PUBLISHED BY PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON.

THE SOLAR HARP.

BY S. HARRIS.

There are twelve great chords in the Solar Harp—
One chord alone unstringed,
That chord is touched with a living spark,
And again it finds a tongue.

Joy! joy! joy!
That chord is touched with a living spark,
And the Earth grows fair and young.

There are twelve great Angels above the stars,
And they sit on their thrones of gold,
But the throne of one by Death's iron bars
Was crushed in the ages old.

Joy! joy! joy!
For Earth's throne again is among the stars,
And the sun is in the angel-fold.

There are twelve great Nations in solar spaces,
But one of them sits in gloom;
The son of its glory veiled its face,
In the darkness of the tomb.

Joy! joy! joy!
For the twelfth great Nation lifts its face,
And glows with immortal bloom.

Epics of the Story Heaven, page 65.

LUMINOUS PHENOMENA ON MAGNETS.

Baroness Maria von Augustin, wife of Baron von Augustin, Major in the Imperial Army of Austria, a lady of distinguished scientific culture, very healthy, soon deceased in the dark room all magnets, bars, and horse-shoes in a luminous blue glow, at first only as a luminous cloud, afterward appearing with the true outlines of the objects. On her right hand she saw light streaming out as a continuation of the ends of both poles, on one, three, and five-fold horse-shoes, after the removal of the armatures, five vaporous emanations of light, four to eight inches long, larger and stronger at the north than at the south pole. On a nice fall, and still more on a strong electro-magnet, she saw flame-like appearances of light as high as a man, rising up, giving colors, sparks, and smoke, according to the coilings, and diffusing a light over it.

Wilhelmine Glaser, 24 years of age, daughter of an innkeeper at Bachtitz, in Moravia, at present a chambermaid in Vienna, somewhat short, but stoutly made, always healthy and strong, who had been interruptedly engaged in laborious service for six years, saw all ordinarily luminous objects after an hour's sojourn in the darkened chamber: for instance, she saw all magnets in a white glow, and the poles with flames blue on the northward side, and reddish-yellow and brownish-red on the southward. She found the flames on a round magnet red twenty inches long, four inches in length at the former, two inches at the latter. The nine-layered horse-shoe, standing upright, gave vertically ascending flames, twenty inches long, pale yellow and blue at the northward pole, and ten inches long, yellowish-red, at the southward, each terminating in smoke streaming up to a long distance. She beheld flames four inches high upon an electro-magnet.

Mr. Sebastian Zwickel, an old man in his 77th year, who had been all his life healthy and vigorous, formerly an inn-keeper, at present living retired in his own house, No. 37 Nordstadt, near Vienna, received from magnets, crystals, etc., to take home and examine during the darkness of night. As he enjoyed but little sleep, he occupied himself with these for many hours in the dark, and gave me very exact accounts of what he saw. He saw a one-fold horse-shoe magnet, both when closed by the armature and open. When open, the light was stronger at