

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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WHOLE NO. 160.

The Principles of Nature.

FROM CARLYLE'S "SARTOR RESARTUS."

NUMBER TWO.

"Temptations in the wilderness!" exclaims Teufelsdröckh: Have we not all to be tried with such? Not so easily can the old Adam, lodged in us by birth, be dispossessed. Our Life is compassed round with Necessity; yet is the meaning of Life itself no other than Freedom, than voluntary force; thus have we a warfare; in the beginning, especially, a hard-fought battle. For the God-given mandate, 'Work thou in well-doing,' lies mysteriously written, in Promethean, Prophetic characters, in our hearts, and leaves us no rest, night or day, till it be deciphered and obeyed; till it burn forth, in our conduct, a visible, acted Gospel of Freedom. And as the clay-given mandate, 'Eat thou and be filled,' at the same time persuasively proclaims itself through every nerve, must there not be a confusion, a contest, before the better Influence can become the upper?

"To me nothing seems more natural than that the Son of Man, when such God-given mandate first prophetically stirs within him, and the Clay must now be vanquished or vanquish,—should be carried of the Spirit into grim solitude, and there fronting the Tempter do grimmest battle with him, defiantly setting him at naught, till he yield or fly. Name it as we choose—with or without visible Devil, whether in the natural Desert of rocks and sands, or in the populous, moral Desert of selfishness and baseness—to such temptation are we all called; unhappy if we are not, unhappy if we are but Half-men, in whom that divine handwriting has never blazed forth, all-subduing, in true sun-splendor, but quivers dubiously amid meaner lights, or smoulders, in dull pain, in darkness under earthly vapors! Our Wilderness is the wide World in an Atheistic Century; our Forty Days are long years of suffering and fasting; nevertheless, to these also comes an end. Yes, to me also was given, if not victory, yet the consciousness of battle, and the resolve to persevere therein while life or faculty is left. To me, also, entangled in the enchanted forests, demon-peopled, doleful of sight and of sound, it was given, after wearisome wanderings, to work out my way into the higher sunlit slopes—of that Mountain which has no summit, or whose summit is in Heaven only!"

"The Professor says, he here first got eye on the knot that had been strangling him, and straightway could unfasten it, and was free. 'A vain, interminable controversy,' writes he, 'touching what is at present called "Origin of Evil, or some such thing, arises in every soul since the beginning of the world, and in every soul that would pass from idle suffering into actual Endeavoring must first be put an end to. The most, in our time, have to go content with a simple, incomplete—enough Suppression of this controversy; to a few some Solution of it is indispensable. In every new era, too, such Solution comes out in different terms; and ever the Solution of the last era has become obsolete, and is found unserviceable. For it is man's nature to change his Dialect from century to century; he can not help it though he would. The authentic Church Catechism of the present century has not yet fallen into my hands; meanwhile, for my own private behoof, I attempt to elucidate the matter so: Man's unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he can not quite bury under the Finite. Will the whole Finance Ministers, and Upholders, and Confectioners of modern Europe undertake, in joint-stock company, to make one Shoeblack happy? They can not accomplish it above an hour or two; for the Shoeblack has a Soul quite other than his Stomach; and would require, if you consider it, for his permanent satisfaction and saturation, simply this allotment, no more and no less: God's infinite universe altogether to himself, therein to enjoy infinitely, and fill every wish as fast as it rose. Oceans of Hockheimer, a throat like Ophiuchus; speak not of them; to the infinite Shoeblack they are as nothing. No sooner is your ocean filled than he grumbles that it might have been of better vintage. Try him with half of a universe, of an Omnipotence, he sets to quarreling with the proprietor of the other half, and declares himself the most maltreated of men. Always there is a black spot in our sunshine—it is even, as I said, the Shadow of ourselves."

"But the whim we have of Happiness is somewhat thus. By certain valuations and averages of our own striking, we come upon some sort of average terrestrial lot; this we fancy belongs to us by nature, and of indolence right. It is simple payment of our wages, of our deserts; requires neither thanks nor complaint: only such *overplus* as there may be do we account Happiness, any *deficit* again is Misery. Now consider that we have the valuation of our own deserts ourselves, and what a fund of self-conceit there is in each of us—do you wonder that the balance should so often dip the wrong way, and many a blockhead cry: See there, what a payment! was ever a worthy gentleman so used! I tell thee, Blockhead, it all comes of thy vanity; of what thou *fanciest* these same deserts of thine to be. Fancy that thou deservest

to be hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot; fancy that thou deservest to be hanged in a hair halter, it will be a luxury to die in hemp.

"So true is it what I then said, that the *Fraction of Life* can be increased in value, not so much by increasing your Numerator as by lessening your Denominator. Nay, unless my Algebra deceive me, *Unity* itself divided by Zero will give *Infinity*. Make thy claim of wages, then, a Zero; thou hast the world under thy feet. Well did the Wisest of our time write: 'It is only with *Renunciation* that Life, properly speaking, can be said to begin.'

"I asked myself: What is this that, ever since earliest years, thou hast been fretting, and fuming, and lamenting, and self-tormenting, on account of? Say it in a word: is it not because thou art not happy? Because the *THOU* (sweet gentleman) is not sufficiently honored, nourished, soft-bedded, and lovingly cared for? Foolish soul! What Act of Legislature was there that *thou* shouldst be happy! A little while ago thou hadst no right to be at all. What if thou wert born and predestined not to be happy, but to be unhappy? Art thou nothing other than a vulture then, that flyest through the universe seeking after somewhat to eat, and shrieking dolefully because carrion enough is not given thee? Close thy *Byron*: open thy Goethe."

"*Es leuchtet mir ein!*" (I see a glimpse of it) cries he elsewhere; there is in man a *HIGHER* than love of Happiness; he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness! Was it not to preach forth this same *HIGHER* that sages and martyrs, the Poet and the Priest, in all times have spoken and suffered; bearing testimony, through life and through death, of the God-like that is in Man, and how in the God-like only has he strength and freedom? Which God-inspired Doctrine art thou also honored to be taught; O Heavens! and broken with manifold merciful Afflictions, even till thou become contrite, and learn it! O thank thy Destiny for these; thankfully bear what yet remain; thou hadst need of them; the *Self* in thee needed to be *Annihilated*. By chronic fever paroxysms is Life rooting out the deep-seated chronic Disease, and triumphs over Death. On the roaring billows of Time thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into the azure of Eternity. Love not Pleasure: love God. This is the EVERLASTING YEA, wherein all contradiction is solved, wherein whose walks and works it is well with him!

"Small is it that thou canst trample the Earth, with all its injuries, under thy feet, as old Greek Zeno trained thee: thou canst love the Earth while it injures thee, and even because it injures thee: for this a Greater than Zeno was needed, and he, too, was sent. Knowest thou that 'Worship of Sorrow'? The Temple thereof, founded some eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures; nevertheless, venture forward: in a low crypt, arched out of falling fragments, thou findest the Altar still there, and its sacred Lamp perennially burning."

"Without pretending to comment on which strange utterances, the Editor will only remark that there lies beside them much that is of a still more questionable character, unsuited to the general apprehension—nay, wherein he himself does not see his way—Nebulous disquisitions on Religion, yet not without bursts of Splendor; on the 'perennial continuance of Inspiration'; on Prophecy; that there are 'true Priests, as well as Baal Priests, in our own day; with more of the like sort. We select some portions by way of finish to this farago:—

"Cease, my much-respected Herr von Voltaire, thus apostrophizes the Professor; 'shut thy sweet voice, for thy task appointed thee seems finished. Sufficiently has thou demonstrated this proposition—considerable or otherwise—that the Mythos of the Christian Religion looks not in the eighteenth century as it did in the eighth. Alas, were thy six-and-thirty quartos, and the six-and-thirty thousand other quartos and folios, and flying sheets and reams, printed before and since on the same subject, all needed to convince us of so little; But what next? Wilt thou help us to embody the divine Spirit of that Religion in a new Mythos, in a new vehicle and vesture, that our souls, otherwise too like perishing, may live? What! thou hast no faculty in that kind? Only a torch for burning, no hammer for building? Take our thanks, then, and—thyself away."

"Meanwhile what are antiquated Mythoses to me? Or is the God present, felt in my own heart, a thing which Herr von Voltaire will dispute out of me, or dispute into me? To the 'Worship of Sorrow' ascribe what origin and genesis thou pleasest; has not that worship originated and been generated; is it not *here*? Feel it in thy heart, and then say whether it is of God! This is Belief: all else is Opinion; for which latter whose will, let him worry and be worried."

"Neither," observes he elsewhere, "shall ye tear out one another's eyes, struggling over 'Plenary Inspiration,' and such like; try, rather, to get a little even Partial Inspiration, each of you for himself. One BIBLE I know, of whose Plenary Inspiration doubt is not so much as possible: nay, with my own eyes I saw the God's Hand writing it; thereof all other Bibles are but Leaves—say, in Picture-Writing—to assist the weaker faculty."

"To me, in this our Life," says the Professor, "which is an internecine warfare with the Time-Spirit, other warfare seems questionable. Hast thou in any way a contention with thy brother, I advise thee, think well what the meaning thereof is. If thou gauge it to the bottom, it is simply this: Fellow, see! thou art taking more than thy share of Happiness in the world, something from my share, which, by the Heavens, thou shalt not; nay, I will fight thee rather." Alas! and the whole lot to be divided is such a beggarly matter, truly a 'feast of shells,' for the substance has been spilled out; not enough to quench one Appetite, and the collective human species clutching at them! Can we not, in all such cases, rather say: 'Take it, thou too-ravenous individual; take that pitiful additional fraction of a share; take it with a blessing; would to Heaven I had enough for thee!' If Fichte's *Wissenschaftslehre* be, 'to a certain extent, applied to Christianity,' surely to a still greater extent so is this. We have here not a Whole Duty of man, yet a Half Duty, namely, the Passive half; could we but do it, as we can demonstrate it."

"But indeed Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into Conduct. Nay, properly Conviction is not possible till then; inasmuch as all speculation is by Nature endless, formless, a vortex amid vortices; only by a felt indubitable Certainty of Experience does it find any Center to revolve round, and so fashion itself into a System. Most true is it, as a wise man teaches us, that 'Doubt of any sort can not be removed except by Action.' On which ground, too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service: 'Do the Duty which lies nearest thee,' which thou knowest to be a duty! Thy second duty will already have become clearer."

"May we not say, however, that the hour of Spiritual enfranchisement is even this; when your Ideal World, wherein the whole man has been dimly struggling and inexpressibly languishing to work, becomes revealed and thrown open; and you discover, with amazement enough, like the Lothario in *Wilhelm Meister*, that your 'America is here or no where. The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest,—here or nowhere is thy Ideal; work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the Ideal is in thyself, the Impediment too is in thyself; thy Condition is but the Stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of; what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the Form thou give it be heroic, be poetic? O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, 'here or nowhere' couldst thou only see!"

"But it is with Man's Soul as it was with Nature: the beginning of Creation is—Light. Till the eye have vision, the whole members are in bonds. Divine moment when over the tempest-tossed Soul, as once over the wild-weltering Chaos, it is spoken: 'Let there be Light!' Even to the greatest that has felt such moment, is it not miraculous and God-announcing, even as, under simpler figures, to the simplest and least. The mad primeval Discord is hushed; the rudely-jumbled, conflicting elements bind themselves into separate Firmaments; deep, silent rock-foundations are built beneath, and the skyey Vault with its everlasting Luminaries above: instead of a dark, wasteful Chaos, we have a blooming, fertile, Heaven-encompassed World."

"I, too, could now say to myself: Be no longer a Chaos, but a World, or even a Worldkin. Produce! Produce! were it but the pitifulest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee; out with it, then. Up, up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called to-day, for the Night cometh wherein no man can work."

"Thus have we, as closely and perhaps as satisfactorily as in such circumstances might be, followed 'Teufelsdröckh' through the various successive states and stages of Growth, Entanglement, Unbelief, and almost Reprobation, into a certain clearer state of what he himself seems to consider as Conversion. 'Blame not the word,' says he; 'rejoice rather that such a word, signifying such a thing, has come to light in our Modern Era, though hidden from the wisest Ancients. The Old World knew nothing of Conversion: instead of an *Ecce Homo*, they had only some *Choice of Hercules*. It was a new-attained progress in the Moral Development of Man; hereby has the Highest come home to the bosoms of the most Limited: what to Plato was but hallucination, and to Socrates a Chimera, is now clear and certain to your Zinzendorfs, your Wesleys, and the poorest of their Pietists and Methodists."

CHAS. H. CRAIG.

HUMILITY.—The whole Roman language, says Wesley, even with all the improvements of the Augustan age, does not afford so much as a name for Humility; no, nor was one found in all the copious language of the Greeks, till it was made by the great Apostle.

PSYCHOMETRY.

The following communication, which we extract from the *Sacred Circle* for the current month, will doubtless be perused with interest by a large class of our readers.—Ed.

Nov. 12, 1852.

This evening, at my house, the Circle of Hope assembled. Shortly after they came in I read to them a psychometrical character I had been obtaining; and then followed through the medium, as from Pythagoras, the following communication:

Psychometry! They knew and practiced it in ancient times. Even your Indians practice it, and by its means detect the track of their enemy. This is preliminary, but points to the jugglers of India and then to the Greeks. Why! I see on the works of the Grecian artists, they left their impress there. In those caves where the priests of the ancient mythology used to retire to receive the oracles of the gods, as they called them, they practiced self-magnetism."

I see them throwing themselves at full length on the floor of the cave. I see six of them. They first stood in a circle about a shaft that looks like iron, small, not larger than three fingers; then raising their arms they fell prostrate, their heads inward, thus leaving a small circle formed by the heads. Before falling they invoked the presence of their gods."

The invocation was here given by the medium in Greek. We recognized the language, but did not obtain a translation."

They lay in that position a long time, each lifting his interior upward, trying to draw the gods down to them. By this process their brains became illuminated and their interior perceptions partially and sometimes fully opened. They were conscious of the presence of Spirits, and thought them gods. Then their souls seemed to put out their feelers into the future sometimes, and those feelers seemed to be so sensitive and acute as to recognize and discover the shades of approaching events. Thus many of the oracles of the gods in Greece were truthful."

Turn next to the Roman Empire. Julian, called the Apostate, was clairvoyant, and saw his approaching fate and prophesied it, as you will find if you read some of the histories."

"Was thus, through the magnetic process, that some of the ancients were skilled in reading the minds of others. There was a society for that purpose among the Jews. It was practically understood by the Magi of the East. It was considered a gift of the gods, and was feared by the mass. They were taught to fear it by those who possessed it and had an interest in keeping it concealed. The ancient caves were sacred to the priests and the gods."

This was true also of the ancient Egyptians, whence Greece drew her knowledge, partly through Grecian travelers in Egypt, and partly through colonies from Egypt to Greece."

Moses on the mount had the same feeling to keep the people at a distance; and the priest, in the dawn of the Christian era, thought it sacrilege for the people to enter the Holy of Holies."

It was not a gift universal, but bounded by the line of miracles drawn between the priest and the people."

I inquired when the knowledge was lost?

It was plunged in the darkness of superstition and bigotry which followed in the train of consequences which necessarily attended the establishment of the Church of Rome."

But even in that, its darkest moment, I see occasionally a faint glimmer even in its own bosom. But there they were treated and fostered as miracles."

To the ignorant the priests did work miracles by the magnetic forces, and do so still. They are miracles only to those who do not understand the laws which govern them."

It was the same principle in the camp of the Israelites when they were bitten by serpents. He raised that brazen serpent for them to look upon and be cured."

I inquired, How was the cure effected?

By the will of the subject. The people were brought around it in circles, and the magnetic forces had tremendous effect. The people, with one mind, were strongly willing against the poison. Hence the magnetic forces acted."

I inquired, mentally, Whence did Moses get the idea of raising the brazen serpent? It was answered:

It was a spiritual revelation to him."

Moses' brain I see very strongly and fully developed. His spirituality and veneration were large. His head was generally even, but there was one feature which was very strong in his character. It is embodied in that thing which says, "I say unto you," which makes the strong distinction between himself and the people. It was his self-esteem, joined with his love of approbation and determined firmness, and the superstition of the age in which he lived, that gave him such mighty power. His concentration was enormous. He could withdraw from the outer to the inner and lose sight of the external for a long time. He stood on the mount of prophecy at such moments, and his eye caught visions of the coming future. He loved power and influence, and had a peculiar way of obtaining it."

Moses magnetized his people—he psychologized them, in other words. Hence he was their chieftain. Every age has

had a similar manifestation of man's magnetic power. Behold the generals of Greece and Rome! See that untutored enthusiasm which but a few words to the soldiers would create with manifestations of a magnetic power of man over man. Behold, too, in the force of Napoleon Bonaparte, an illustration of the same principle. Even a movement of his hand toward the enemy, when the conflict was doubtful, seemed to beget new energies."

Take another class in a different field. Imagine yourself in the forum at Rome, listening to the soul-stirring eloquence of Cicero. Behold that living mass of minds swayed by his magnetic power as the bosom of the deep is tossed by the winds of heaven—made to heave and swell with agitation and commotion. See the more mild and pathetic and elevating appeals of his eloquence calming their troubled bosoms like the sun bursting from a storm-cloud and calming its fury."

At the moment when his soul was inspired by its own energies and the inspiration of his theme, his whole system, to the vision of Spirits, evolved an immense amount of magnetic force. He should say more in ten minutes in that condition than in an hour—yea, two hours, and sometimes four hours, of his normal state."

As he warmed, he drew in the interior elements of the atmosphere, more of them, and in greater amount, and the greatest amount when most *illuminated*, as he calls it—most excited with his theme."

There are principles connected with this which the world knows not of. The brain, as it acts, absorbs the internal elements of the atmosphere about it, and as it rises and swells in its action a greater and a greater amount is absorbed and used up in its action. Drawn in by the breath and thrown out by the eyes and gestures, it seems to emanate from the whole form. The speaker then seems to be a central vortex toward which the magnetic elements around him seem to drive and center. It even goes so far as to draw from the brains of his audience their magnetic aura and then re-create it and mingle it with the elements, and it is sent forth in a new form to psychologize the audience."

Indeed, wonderfully great is the power of a harmonious and illuminated mind with a fine and beautiful organism to sway the mass. 'Twas thus Patrick Henry seemed to wave a magic wand over the minds before him, lash them to fury by his burning words and startling thoughts, then calm the tumult like the master of storms. Truly did his biographer say he would create a storm and ride in his chariot and direct it. A chariot of magnetic fire that was."

Now take a contrast with this. Go to the veriest sink of your dark rudimental sphere, and behold there a most startling and sickening manifestation of that same power, acting through the lower faculties, misdirected. Behold those victims of the unrighteous influences of the society about them. See the process of destroying virtue, which may well be compared to the viper charming the bird. Look at it in its general manifestations in society at large. When any one of you meets a stranger you are attracted or repelled, without any knowledge of his character or ever having seen him. You like or dislike at first sight. How is it you detect the congeniality of a mere stranger, except by feeling his magnetic sphere?"

Al! the spheres of men have much to do with the harmonies and discords of society and the world."

Were the laws of affinity, magnetism, and spirituality understood and obeyed, society would be recognized on its true and righteous and therefore natural basis. Minds would then move as the elements of social life among themselves—the higher rising above the lower, yet sending down its elevating influence upon them; and all grades would find their appropriate position in the great structure of universal brotherhood. But now how is it? The pure minded and the aspiring, the righteous and truthful, are surrounded by those less developed, more groveling, and less pure and elevated."

Hence I find many children, born with good organizations, but coming in contact with uncongenial and unmagnetic spirits which surround them. Thus their magnetic and spiritual forces and equilibrium are destroyed, and antagonism thus begets the like in the mind of the child. Appeals made to the lower faculties of his nature unduly stimulate them, and thus in the end seem for the time to destroy the balance of his mental faculties, his spiritual nature. And here is one of the great fountains of evil in the world, and here must be applied the remedy."

"Tis said, 'If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' But ignorance is the mother of error, of crime, vice, and immorality of every description. Then knowledge is the remedy. It is asked, Knowledge of what? We answer, Man's knowledge of himself."

Here, in a low tone of voice, as if speaking to myself, I said *Gnothi seauton*. The medium paused, repeated the expression, and added, *Know thyself*."

In knowledge, then, is the remedy for the evils of the world. Man should be schooled, not in the mythology of the ancients, not in the musty volumes of antiquity, on whose pages have settled the dust of ages, but in a knowledge of himself, of his

origin, his nature, and his destiny, the history of progressive creation and the development of man.

This, as he advances, will unfold more and more to his mind. When politicians shall leave the beaten and dusty track of arbitrary enactments of human councils—when they shall cease turning over the records of ancient nations for precedents, and turn instead to the great scheme of universal human life—nay, the great scheme of nature itself; and when clergymen shall cease to revere the oracles of ancient mythology and turn their attention to the Book of Life, of man's interior life, then the world will become rapidly emancipated and disenthralled from the fetters of the past. 'Tis then and only then that the division lines between religious sects will become obliterated; then the kingdom of peace, righteousness, and brotherhood will become the kingdom of universal humanity. 'Tis then the selfish commercial interests of nations will be merged in the immortal interests of the race. 'Tis then that war will cease, and that demon who, like a monstrous million-headed giant, has waded in the blood of man for ages, will fall to rise no more. 'Tis then the bright flag of universal freedom, justice, and love shall wave in calm grandeur wide o'er the world.

THE DYING BEGGAR.

Will no one give a crust of bread
That I may eat and live?
In Christian land shall it be said
A Christian brother humbly plead

For that which none would give—
That all refused to hear his cry
And left him here alone to die?

Will none a cup of water bring
My raging thirst to slake?
'Tis but a step to yonder spring.
Yet for the ransom of a king,
That step I can not take,
For I'm so weak and feeble grown
I can not even stand alone.

The sun shoots down its burning rays
And fires my aching brain:
Will no one this poor body raise,
And bear it from this scorching blaze?

Alas! I plead in vain—
None seem to hear my wailing cry.
But all in silence pass me by.

The little birds that o'er me fly,
Nor thirst nor hunger fear;
The sleeky cattle browsing nigh
Have each of food a full supply
While I am starving here;
And all in vain for help I call,
Whom God created lord of all.

The tiny flower beside me blooms
And from its feast of dew
Distills its soft and sweet perfume,
And every dazling tint assumes
Of red and white and blue,
And lives its full allotted time
While I am withering in my prime.

It is not guilt that brings me here—
No blood my hand doth stain.
I've made to flow no widow's tear,
No orphan's wail e'er reached my ear,
I've caused no brother pain.
I've only sinned 'gainst man's decree
In being stained with poverty.

I'm going away! My eyes grow dim;
I feel that death is near.
The earth around me seems to swim,
I'm gently leaning now on Him
Who casteth out all fear—
And on this beautiful summer's day
My spirit breathes itself away.

WILLIAMSBURG. JOHN F. COLLE.

CRIME, ITS CAUSES AND PUNISHMENT.

Is a subject that might well ask the first and sincerest investigation of the legislator, the philanthropist, and the Christian. How little does society know or care, evidently, whether the mass of vice and abandonment in its midst is an inherent and necessary condition—whether it is the result of an original depravity in human nature, or of education, and circumstances over which society may have control, and which, in a great degree, society creates? How little do our "great and good" men and women, whose names figure in newspapers as givers of plentiful money to convert the heathen on some wretched island, as visitors of prisons to sympathize with notorious felons and murderers, and as advocates of "homes for the friendless," and penitentiaries for erring childhood and youth—how little do crime, or care for its true eradication!

It needs but a superficial glance to see that, in this city, a mass of iniquity is bred from the very cradle, through slow but gradual processes, to the certain accomplishment of the worst vices and crimes. The adults who are, to-day, preying upon and blackening society with open violence, may be traced back to a childhood which society might have diverted, by proper effort, to paths of virtue and respectability; and thousands of children just entering upon the theater of vice and crime will, for want of a true sanitary guidance at the hands of society, steadily stalk on to the most abandoned manhood. The only radical and certain cure for viciousness in society is the stopping of its fountains. The child bred in idleness and vagrancy, east by habit or birth among the abandoned, with none but evil examples to incite him, becomes naturally a liar, a thief, a blasphemer, a drunkard, a murderer, or whatever else adds to the catalogue of crime. If he is permitted to ripen in evil to manhood, society may despair of his reclamation. It is then too late—the crisis is past.

What we want to reform or stay the tide of vice and crime, especially in a city like this, is the creation of ways and means to compass the incipency of evil—to take hold of its shoots while they are tender and susceptible of being bent; and these ways and means are some system for the honest employment and education of the thousands of children who, either homeless or guardianless, seek, in the streets, a living through the day, and burrow at night in holes that are fitly called "hells." Instead of police, houses of refuge, penitentiaries, and prisons, for catching and caging offenders, to send them forth more vicious and hardened with each punishment, we want great public work-houses, to which every child found begging or vagrantizing, without home or the means of honest livelihood, may be sent, and there cared for as his or her capacities and necessities shall dictate. It is the duty of society to prevent vice and crime, by removing the excuses for them; and every boy or girl wandering about our streets habitually idling, begging, or thieving, is a legitimate object for society's support and guardianship.

C. D. S.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1855.

TO CORRESPONDENTS:

Editor New England Spiritualist—Please send your paper six months to Miss Betsey Johnson, Melrose Falls, Vt., and charge this office.

CIVILIZERS.

Whatever tends to divert the attention and interests of men from war and attract them toward peace, by displaying or developing the greater nobleness and utility of peace pursuits, is a civilizer, in the true acceptance of that word. War, in all its appliances, is the nurse of brutishness and despotism—for a nation's or people's self-defense, against injustice or aggression, is not war in the legitimate sense of the term. Unfortunately, the human race have had most of their great shows in tilts, triumphs, and processions awarded to sword-and-plume-wearers, and have ever been habituated to regard the soldier's life and deeds as most certain of winning the admiration and applause of the world. There is little room for wonder, then, that the battle-field rather than the wheat-field, and the sword rather than the sickle, have been the choice of the ambitious and aspiring. Even woman, so gentle and peaceful in her instincts, when captivated by glitter and falsehood, has offered her sweetest smiles to the hero smeared with the blood and dust of conflict, and, as a mother, has taught her son the story of a father's glory—glory won where banners were flying, trumpets pealing, and human hearts wasting their life-streams, as brother grappled with brother, and father with son, with a ferocious courage and joy.

All aback there, on the surface of six thousand years, is but one great picture—carnage and desolation—the earth red with blood or blackened with fire, and humanity wailing everywhere over broken hearths and altars. Castles full of armor and arms, magazines piled with trophies, and cathedral walls hung with banners grasped from Saxon, Saracen, Roman, or Greek! A picture at which the humanities shudder and recoil—a picture drawn from the slaughter of myriads who knew nothing of the quarrels which drank their blood and tears in strange lands, remote from their own hearths and homes! And the priest—'tis Shelley who says;

"War is the statesman's game, the priest's delight."

Ay, the priest has sanctified this work—the hard sown peas to it—the orator breathed its eulogy—woman smiled on it, and history written little else on its tablets.

But in the golden light of our age, when human life is counted of some worth beyond being whipped, chained, or killed for a feudal chief, king, or tyrant state, these priests, poets, orators, and women, and even history, grow ashamed of lapping blood as the supreme feat. Honor, greatness, and glory are no longer tenants solely of the castle and the camp, and the sword and plume are only more respectable as playthings and gazing-stocks, than the fool's cap and bells, because more dangerous in the handling. Their empire is fading out. Man is nobler this day over half of Christendom with axe, or scythe, or hammer in hand, doing honest, useful toil, than was ever lawless cavalier, periling life for his lady-love, or crusader rioting around the "Holy Sepulchre." The grain-field to-day reeks before the battle-meat, and the builder of steam-engines before the forger of Damascus blades. Industry and enterprise, on peaceful errands, are bearing the palm of courage and valor—the warrior draws nearer to the murderer, and men wonder that man has been a fool, a slave, and a "beast of prey" so long.

Human passion, strong and blind, has done its work, and now human reason assumes the scepter and the throne. Invention grows less and less devilish, and the useful and beautiful triumph over the destructive and terrible. Every man feels a value in his own life, and seeking to protect and preserve it, discovers that his fellow's life is equally valuable to him. So each, for his own sake, learns to respect his fellow—to treat him as he would be treated in return. All see the bloody cheat of a game by which lords and tyrants have used men heretofore. Each step taken to increase the home comforts, the individual independence, and the general prosperity, through peaceful industry, strengthens the empire of peace. Civilization—most perfect wherever man enjoys his natural powers and faculties most, whether in wigwag or palace—blossoms and spreads, and flings a rich odor over the cities, hamlets, fields, and shops where war and strife are held in abomination. There, the white spire, sheltering the blessed altar, truly points to heaven. There, the smoke rises over happy hearths. There men salute as brothers, and nature feels the heart of man at length beat in unison with her own.

Dreams and Visions.

In the summer of 1818, while on a visit to Scotland, a small village in Windham Co., Ct., we made the acquaintance of a Mr. S., who in several instances had been the recipient of spiritual impressions, communicated, generally, during the hours of sleep. In the course of our interview he related the following, which is worthy of record. For some time he had visited a young lady, whom he had selected as his companion for life. They had pledged their fidelity to each other, and the day on which it was proposed to legalize their union was at hand.

We were standing on the bank of a stream, whose waters, like the current of human life and love, were divided, broken, and interrupted by many obstacles, when he related his vision and its fulfillment, in substance, as follows: He slept—and dreamed of walking on the bank of that stream. Suddenly the object of his love appeared walking by his side. She was arrayed in a white flowing dress. A white handkerchief was folded under the chin, and tied on top of the head. Her countenance was pale as marble. She walked by his side for some distance, and, finally, extending her hand, she said, "Reuben, I must leave you—farewell!" and anon disappeared.

Several days had elapsed, when a messenger came in great haste to request his immediate presence at the residence of his loved one. He obeyed the summons, and found her the victim of incurable disease. Her stricken form was invested with white apparel, and her whole appearance corresponded to his vision. He seated himself by her bedside, to watch the irregular and feeble pulsations which marked the last efforts of expiring nature. At length she held out her hand, which he received in his own; and as the spirit went out of its fallen temple, there was a faint utterance from the lips of mortality,

and the attentive ear caught the last words—"Reuben, I must leave thee—farewell!"

Moral Courage.

Many persons are sadly deficient in this respect. They have some confidence in truth and goodness, but the desire to gain the world's applause is the ruling passion, which has caused many craven spirits to stifle the voice of conscience, to bury the truth and insult the majesty of virtue. The man who is thus weak and cowardly—who has not sufficient magnanimity to be free, and act as reason and conscience dictate—is a miserable being. I had rather bear the yoke of the poor African, and wear his chain, than suffer the degradation of this voluntary slavery. If you desire to know whether such a man will profess faith, you must ascertain the views of his friends. Tell me what the public will say, and I have the result. You may preach truth, but if in the general estimation it is heresy, this man will not receive it. He has one evidence that he is always right—he is always with the majority. He is Catholic or Protestant, believer or skeptic, to suit the circumstances of the occasion. If he is among the Ephesians, you have only to visit the temple of Diana or the workshop of Demetrius. You will be sure to find him—he will sustain the craft and worship the goddess. When at Jerusalem he has the same argument to prove the correctness of his position—the people are on his side—i. e., he follows the multitude. If you can only determine which has the most friends, Christ or Herod, his position is at once defined. It is of little consequence to him whether the cry be, "Hosanna to the Son of David," or "Crucify him." In either case he will respond, "Amen!"

Horror of War.

War may, for aught we know, be a necessary evil in the earlier stages of human development, but it is no less terrible on that account. Look at the picture of war, with its deep shades and startling colors. Witness the fearful tragedy—the hot strife—the storm-cloud and the iron hail! There is humanity prostrate in the dust!—grasping convulsively the instrument of death, while the current of life is gushing from the veins! Oh! it is horrible to die thus, stained with a brother's blood! The eye dilated with the excess of passion! the soul strung, and the arm nerved for the deadly contest! Let those who thus seek for glory and immortality remember the struggle is not for, but against, humanity. Their joy will be turned to mourning. The cypress will entwine the harp that is used to celebrate their triumph. The song of the victor will mingle with the requiem for the dead and the low wail of the broken-hearted! There is a more glorious victory to be wrought with implements of love. Let our name be embalmed in the memory of even one who loves his fellow-men, rather than on triumphal arches, reared and cemented in blood. Let the warrior claim the applause of a thoughtless multitude. We envy him not. The conqueror shall wear his wreath, and rest at last in his stately mausoleum.

Life a Drama.

Life has been compared to a drama, in which every one has his part assigned him. The earnest man—the true man—will not neglect his turn because he is not permitted to appear in the last scene. The duties of to-day are as essential to the final result as those of the morrow, or of the remote future. Well will it be, therefore, if we but discharge the obligations of our own time. If true to existing relations, and faithful in the observance of present duties, we shall neither live in vain nor fail of our reward. It is written that he who is faithful over a few things—conforms to the laws of physical nature—shall so develop his higher powers and enlarge his capacity, that he shall become a ruler over many things. It is true that when the soul assumes the governing power, and the inward senses are quickened and exercised, a new world is gradually opened to our contemplation. At length the curtain falls at the close of life's first act, and the scenes are shifted; we are born of the spirit, and find ourselves in the midst of an empire, vast and beautiful, in which the conscious soul reigns with God.

Who will be Truly Free?

Some persons are conscious they do not speak, and act, and live as they should, but they propose to do better next year, or at some future time.

"They never are, but always to be, good."

They wait for a more convenient season to achieve their moral freedom, when the work of reform should begin now.

Man is not free when he is given to vicious pleasures and corrupt desires. Ignorance is slavery; every vicious habit is a chain, and the bosom heaving with the excess of passion is the dungeon of the soul. Ah, how many dwell in darkness, and attempt to hobble through the world with these shackles! If it be an outrage against Nature to fetter a horse, will Man endure a bondage that is more degrading? Man, thou art a child of God; if even the brutes spurn their chains, be admonished to rise, in the dignity and consciousness of thy manhood, and be free!

Highly Suggestive.

Those who imagine that the Scriptures are a consecutive and full revelation of the Divine will, and altogether sufficient as "a rule of faith and practice" for all men in all ages of the world and in all the relations of life, will find some common-sense suggestions in the following paragraph from Archbishop Whately, which we extract from the *Encyclopedia Britannica*:

Christians acknowledge that the Mosaic Dispensation came from God, and that, and also the Christian Dispensation, are contained in the volume which we call the Bible. Now any one who regards the Bible (as many Christians do) as one book, containing divine instructions, without having formed any clear notions of what does and does not belong to each dispensation, will, of course, fall into the greatest confusion of thought. He will be like a man who should have received from his father at various times a great number of letters containing directions as to his conduct, from the time when he was a little child just able to read till he was a grown man; and who should lay by these letters with care and reverence, but in a confused heap, and should take up any one of them at random, and read it without reference to its date, whenever he needed his father's instructions how to act.

In the Right Direction.

It is seldom that even an editor is much nearer the absolute truth than Bro. Newton is in the subjoined paragraph, which we extract from the last number of the *New England Spiritualist*:

ABSOLUTE TRUTH—Where shall we find it? All experience proves that our views of things are constantly changing as we advance in knowledge and breadth of comprehension. As with an ascending a mountain—the surrounding scenery continually varies in its features—eminences, which in the valley appeared to reach to the very clouds, are soon overtopped—the eye has a wider range—what was once great to us becomes insignificant—and all things become new. They only who pitch their tent for life below the summit—who chain themselves to a creed like a horse haltered to a stake—can boast that their "views have never changed"—that they "always believed as they do now." Such only can imagine that they have arrived at "absolute truth." The absolute dwells alone with God; and so long as we are below him in comprehension and perfection, so long will our views of truth necessarily be relative.

FACTS AND REMARKS.

A SPIRITUALLY PRODUCED LETTER.—During a recent visit, for lecturing purposes, to Yonkers, N. Y. (where Spiritualism has lately received a strong impulse), the writer was told of the following occurrence: At a circle held in the village a few evenings previous, the room being darkened (or partially so), and while all were seated at the table, a somewhat brilliant light was seen upon the door, and at the same time something flew from that direction, which upon examination proved to be a letter. It was addressed to the medium, and purported to have been written by the Spirit of a young man with whom she was formerly acquainted. It was in the handwriting of the young man, and besides speaking of other things, answered a query to which the medium had given expression a few minutes before. At the moment this letter thus mysteriously appeared, one of the company was eluded by the back of the neck by what appeared to be a preternatural hand. They are confident that these occurrences could not, under the circumstances, have been the result of any trick, even had there been a person present thus dishonestly disposed.

SPIRITUAL INDEX OF THE SEAT OF PAIN.—Captain —, an intelligent friend of the writer, was troubled with a disease, one of whose symptoms consisted of rapidly-shifting pains, which alternated principally between the stomach and the head. While thus indisposed, he called at a place in Williamsburg where a spiritual circle was being held, and a couple of entranced mediums commenced manipulating him. The pain, almost seeming as if it consisted that it was pursued, rapidly retreated from the approach of the medium's hand; and as it flew from stomach to head, and from head to stomach, the medium's hand would always follow it, and the motions between these locations were as rapid and nearly as regular as the oscillations of the pendulum of a clock. In view of this demonstration, our friend could not doubt that there was a super-sensuous intelligence, or at least a magnetic sympathy, that was adequate to point out the seat and movements of the pain.

A GOOD TEST OF IDENTITY.—Mrs. G., a friend of ours, called, with her husband, some three years ago, on Mrs. Fish, for the purpose of investigating the spiritual phenomena. While seated at the table, the skirt of her dress was pulled in a peculiar twitching manner, by what purported to be the Spirit of her brother. No name was given, but she supposed that, if it was indeed her brother (as she was then skeptical) it must be her brother Washington, who had become a Spirit some years previously. Quite recently we met this lady, with her husband, at a circle, where a medium, a recent acquaintance of hers, became entranced, and pulled the skirt of her dress in precisely the manner in which it had been pulled at Mrs. Fish's three years ago, seeming to intend this as a signal, and at the same time the medium exclaimed, "Your brother William!" "Is it not the Spirit of my brother Washington?" said Mrs. G.; but there was no response. "Is it my brother William?" said she; but the medium said, "I have told you my name, and yet you do not believe!" Mrs. G. then remembered that she had a brother William who had passed into the Spirit-world very young, and concerning whom she had never spoken, even to her husband, and concerning whose existence neither the medium nor any other person present could ever have had the slightest hint. Her brother William Lawrence was never called "William," but always "Lawrence," and her whole thought was upon getting a manifestation from her brother Washington. The announcement, thus contrary to all expectations, was highly convincing, from the fact that it could not have been a reflex of her own thoughts.

IMPRESSION OF DANGER VERIFIED.—One day last week, our friend Uriah Clark, being somewhat fatigued by protracted mental application, lay down upon a lounge in his study for the purpose of recruiting himself. A state of mental passivity soon ensued, when he was suddenly impressed that his little boy, who was at that moment playing in the back yard, was in danger of falling, and would fall if he did not attend to him. His natural reason, however, told him that this was probably nothing more than a fancy arising from some morbid action of the organ of caution, and he neglected to rise from his position to look after the boy; but, in a few moments he heard a shriek, and, running back into the yard, he found that his boy had fallen down a flight of stone steps which led from the yard to the area of the basement kitchen. Thus a severe contusion might have been saved if he had instantly obeyed what undoubtedly was the voice of some kind invisible guardian.

CONVINCING IN NEW TONGUES.—We recently had a favorable opportunity to observe this new, or rather this revival of an old, phenomenon. The speaker (being entranced) was a man who knew no language except his own, and scarcely that. After speaking in English for some time, apparently as his organs were moved by spiritual impulse, he would receive a shock starting him from his seat, when he would commence speaking in another language, unknown to any person in the company, observing the most natural intonations, gesticulations, etc. The fact that no person present understood what was said, is proof positive that he did not take it from our minds, while there was sufficient evidence that it was something more than a mere goose jabber. Let any one make the experiment of jabbering nonsense in imitation of an unknown tongue, and he will not have spoken half a minute before his performance will be observed to abound with alliterations, and repetitions of the same vowels and consonants in the same monotonous order of succession. There was none of this in the speech referred to; and, besides, we are credibly informed that the man has on other occasions spoken in a language unknown to himself, but which was recognized and understood by a foreigner present. There is no probability that he received this from the mind of the foreigner, but still it is to us not so satisfactory a test as the other.

CONVINCING PERSONATION.—At a recent social reunion of a few Spiritualists at which the writer happened to be present, a medium became entranced, and after giving other performances interesting as tests of Spirit-presence, she was observed, as she was sitting by the side of another lady, to assume a sad countenance, and, covering her eyes with her handkerchief, to commence weeping while giving a peculiar oscillatory motion to the head. Presently the fingers of one hand, and the wrist, became distorted as if by a shrinkage of the muscles and sinews, and this hand she held up before the lady's face, as if to call her particular attention to it. The medium had never seen or heard of that lady's mother, now for many years deceased, and who for years before her death had a rheumatic contraction of the muscles of the fingers and wrist, exactly such as was here represented, and who, in thinking over her afflictions, would often sit weeping with her eyes covered and her head oscillating precisely in the manner here shown. The lady instantly recognized her mother in the picture.

AN INVISIBLE GUIDE EVER NEAR.—A young lady who is now in the family of the writer, has just returned from a stroll in the city, and relates the following incident: She started from the house of a friend in McDougal near Amity Street, intending to go to Franklin Street. She passed down McDougal to Houston Street, intending to go through the latter to Hudson Street, and follow that down to Franklin Street. But as she was in the act of turning the corner to go into Houston Street, she was arrested by an interior voice, which suddenly and distinctly seemed to say, "Don't turn out, but keep straight on through McDougal Street." She accordingly passed directly on, and when about two blocks distant, she met a lady from the country whom she very much desired to see, at whose stopping-place in the city she intended to call, but whom she would not have seen had it not been for this mysterious direction. That same lady was on her way to the residence of a third lady, a few blocks distant, whom it was important that she should see; but as she was standing on the sidewalk, talking with our friend, this third lady came round the corner, and the three were brought into contact, all in consequence of the impression of our friend. Had it not been for that impression, neither of them would have seen the other, as the third lady would have been absent from her residence on the arrival of the second. This circumstance illustrates the fact that we are sometimes spiritually guided in small as well as in great matters.

CASE OF THORNTON.—An intimate friend of ours relates to us that meeting Mrs. Porter, of Bridgeport, at a circle some time ago, and observing that several others received apparently remarkable tests through her, which seemed to them highly satisfactory, he concluded to propose a test for himself. He said to her, "Suppose I should think of some thing, do you think you could tell me what it is?" "I don't know," said she, "what the Spirits can do, but you may try." "I don't know," our friend then thought, and Mrs. P. spelled out, by the use of the alphabet, "h-o-r-s-e." A horse was the object thought of, and our friend was highly satisfied with the test, as he gave her no clue by which she could have guessed what was in his mind.

DIGEST OF CORRESPONDENCE.

SPIRITUALISM ALL KNOCKED INTO PL.—A. R. Cooper, M.D., of Walker's Grove, Ill., writes that for the last six months he had been a diligent reader of spiritual works, and he found his appetite for that kind of literature increasing, when his small stock of faith in the subject met with a serious accident, by which he fears that it was hopelessly damaged. The occasion of this untoward occurrence was that of a lecture and course of experiments by a certain sapient itinerant psychologist, who succeeded in subjecting a number of persons to his influence, causing them to move tables and see ghosts, despite their own efforts to keep from doing so, and who said that he had offered one thousand dollars to the Spiritualists of Chicago, to be paid to some benevolent institution, if they would show him the moving of a table without the medium's hands being in contact with it. This offer the lecturer repeated on that occasion, but the Spiritualists had to "knock under," and our correspondent's Spiritualism "suddenly fell below par." It really seems to us that our friend dies too easily in this conflict with doubt. Courage! doctor. Up and at it again, and better luck to you next time. Or if you want to have arguments against Spiritualism that are really worthy of exercising an influence upon a mind so intelligent as your own, go to almost any intelligent Spiritualist and he will furnish you with arguments ten times as strong as those mentioned in your communication, and all of which they have met and overcome. As for the possibility of psychologizing certain persons to move tables, see ghosts, hear rappings, etc., why, it is what a large proportion of the most intelligent Spiritualists knew all about before they began even to entertain the question of spiritual intercourse. And as for that reprobable psychological professor out there, just whisper into his ear for us that if he will come round this way, and wishes to be relieved of the burden of that thousand dollars, he may, the Spirits willing, be accommodated; but he must be perfectly fair about it, and not attempt to dictate terms and conditions of the experiment that are entirely without the sphere of laws by which the spiritual phenomena profess to be governed.

MIRACULOUS DEMONSTRATIONS AT LE ROY.—S. Chamberlain, of Le Roy, Genesee Co., N. Y., writing on business, incidentally mentions that there are several interesting mediums in that town, and among the rest a daughter of J. P. Mitchell, Esq., thirteen years old, through whom beautiful communications are written in French, Latin, German, and other languages. What is still more extraordinary, though we believe not unparalleled, is that when this medium is at circles, "the Spirits will often bring small articles from half to three-fourths of a mile," and drop them in the midst of the circle. These articles are such as are known to have been left, by the parties, at home in a closed room half an hour previously. Our correspondent adds: The Spirits will often request the company to leave the room for a few minutes, and will then tell us to look, when the furniture, pictures, etc., will all be re-arranged—sometimes piled up in the middle of the floor, and often very curious. There can be no deception in these manifestations, as the room is often locked up during the time. The medium referred to often hears the Spirits speaking in an audible voice, and reports what they say.

TESTS IN MARCELLUS, N. Y.—Mr. David D. Fish, of Marcellus, N. Y., writes that about a year ago he began to investigate the spiritual phenomena with a view to discover its fallacy, but instead of making such discovery he was soon convinced of its truth. His daughter became a writing medium, and an abundance of convincing tests have occurred through her in his own family. Sometimes his own secret thoughts are told by the Spirits, and sometimes he is told of letters being mailed to him fifteen miles distant, and at the very moment they are put into the post-office. A small portion of the contents of the enveloped letter was also in one instance given. The spiritual communication forwarded us by our correspondent, as given through the uneducated little clairvoyant girl ten years old, is remarkable considering its mediumship, but is of such a nature as to be interesting principally to those who received it.

REJECTED BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.—Mr. J. H. Sweet, of Euclid, Cuyahoga Co., Ohio, writes us concerning the successful inroads which Spiritualism is making upon "old fogeyism" in that place. They have a good circle, which meets two or three times a week, and so eager are people to attend it, that they find it almost impossible to have a private sitting. Mr. S. wishes to be informed where "the books of the New Testament, which were not published," may be procured, as he desires to have the "whole story," and does "not believe in doing things by halves." We answer, that a collection of ancient Christian epistles, pretended gospels, etc., is extant, and is on sale in this city for the small sum of fifty cents a copy (we think), in paper covers, and for which sum, together with the amount of postage (from twelve to fifteen cents), we can forward him a copy. What is more, we can, in all Christian faith, recommend a large portion of that book to the perusal of all those who wish to know the truth and make it their practical guide. We refer especially to that portion which is comprised in the epistles of St. Clement, St. Barnabas, St. Ignatius, St. Polycarp, and the three books of visions, commands, and similitudes, generally called "The Shepherd of Hermas," because the main contents of the books were revealed or shown to Hermas by an angel, who appeared in the habit of a shepherd. The other books for the most part show strong internal evidence of forgery, either by the enemies of Christianity or by some very weak and ignorant friends, and some of them are sufficiently silly. We would, however, recommend their being examined by those who are curious in such matters.

It is perhaps proper to add that the epistles above referred to, together with the *Shepherd of Hermas*, were publicly read in all the churches for the first three centuries, not, however, as being quite equally important with the apostolic writings themselves. The other books appear to have been but little known, and received the countenance only of promiscuous churches and individuals here and there, these being mostly of the Gnostic and other heretical sects. The volume in which all these ancient productions are now contained, is known as the "Apocryphal New Testament."

NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

SESSION OF MAY 16, 1855.

MR. PARTRIDGE spoke of the necessity of preserving our meetings from all innovations upon the original idea of their institution. Their grand object is to illustrate modern Spiritualism, and nothing else. Those who come here as inquirers expect to hear the speakers who occupy our platform, on that subject. They see in the public papers that a meeting of Spiritualists is to be held at a given time, and they are invited to attend. They go, and perchance hear themselves reduced to a "mathematical point," and find it necessary to leave to escape logical annihilation. This large class of our fellow-men, to reach whom is the specific object of our public meetings, can not fail to go away disappointed if not disgusted, when they find themselves sold through our neglect to preserve intact the purity of our original design. Those who occupy our platform as speakers, either for or against the cause we advocate, should possess one essential qualification at least, and that is—some personal knowledge of the facts they would defend or oppose. He thinks those who are pecuniarily responsible for the occupancy of the hall, are also morally responsible for the carrying out of its legitimate purpose. To do this, two things should be insisted on: 1st. All addresses should be on some phase at least of the subject which calls us together. 2d. The maintenance of due order and decorum. There should be no external approbation or disapprobation manifested. No interruptions and cross-questioning of speakers. Our meetings are well known to consist of those who hold every variety of opinion on the various disputed topics of the day. We meet here united only as Spiritualists, and for the promotion of Spiritualism among men. To this end the exercise of calm reason and Christian charity, from whence flows true order as a spontaneity, is an absolute necessity. This will preserve us, and commend the cause we love to all men. It is the only organization we need. After a three years' trial of liberty, he should object decidedly to the slavery of forms. The principles of order or of disorder in any public meeting are not in the chair of its presiding officer, they are in the hearts of the individuals who compose it. Mr. Partridge read extracts from recent letters, showing the progress of Spiritualism, and also the following letter:

Messrs. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

I am one of a party of gentlemen who meet regularly every Saturday evening for the purpose of holding communication with Spirits. We hold our meetings in the office of Mr. A. H. Frank, over his Sash and Blind manufactory, situated at the corner of Oak and Clinton Streets. At our meeting of last evening we had some very startling manifestations. The table, a very heavy one, was moved about the room, rocked to and fro, and finally was raised into the air, where it floated like a

[illegible]

LOCKPORT, April 26, 1886.

Interesting Miscellany.

THE SEA-SHORE.

Mourn on, oh solitary sea!
I love to hear thy moan,
The world's lament attuned to melody,
In thy undying tone;
Lo! on the yielding sand I lie alone,
And the white cliffs around me draw their screen
And part me from the world. Let me disown
For one short hour its pleasures and its spleen.
For dreamy thought some peaceful moments glean.

No voice of any living thing is near,
Save the wild sea-bird's wail;
That seems the cry of sorrow deep and dear,
That nothing can avail;
Now in the air with broad, white wing they sail,
Now rest, descending, dot the tawny sand,
Now rest upon the waves, yet still they wail
Of bitter sorrow flows toward the land,
Like grief which sorrow of scene is powerless to command.

The sea approaches, with its weary heave
Meaning nothing;
An earnest grief, too tranquil to depart,
Speaks in that troubled sigh;
Yet its glad waves seem dancing merrily,
For hope from them conceals the warning tone;
Gaily they rush toward the shore—to die,
All their bright spray upon the bare sand thrown,
While still around them waits that sad and ceaseless moan.

And thus it is in life, and in the breast
Gay sparkling hopes arise—
Each one in turn just shows its gleaming crest,
Then falls away, and dies;
On life's bare sands each cherished vision lies—
Numbered with those that will return no more;
There early love—youth's dearly cherished ties—
Bright dreams of fame lie perished on the shore,
While the worn heart laments what grief can never restore.

Yet still the broken waves, retiring, strive
Against their crests to rear,
Seeking in sparkling beauty to revive,
As in their first career;
They strive in vain—their lustre, bright and clear,
Forsakes them now, with earth all dim and stained;
And thus the heart would raise its visions dear,
And shape them new from fragments that remained,
But finds their brightness gone, by earth's cold touch profaned.

Long have I lingered here; the evening fair
In robe of mist draws nigh,
The sinking sun sings forth its sad and despair
More and more distinctly;
Hushed is the sea-bird's melancholy cry,
For night approaches with the step of age,
When youth's sharp griefs are softened to a sigh,
And the dim eye averts the page
That holds the records sad of sorrow's former rage.

And nature answers my complaining woe
With her own quiet lore,
Bids me observe the mist ascending slow
From the deserted shore,
And learn that scattered and defiled no more
The fallen waves are waiting to the skies,
That thus the hope I bitterly deplore,
Though fast they fall before my aching eyes,
Fall but in tears on earth to heaven unstained by rise.

—Ohambers' Journal.

SUSPENSION OF VITALITY.

We know not what Spiritualists will do to the following well-known statement adduced by a writer in the *North British Review*, as showing what the will may effect over the vital functions, when exerted under certain circumstances; but to us it seems a power more extraordinary than any mental or physical effort which our "astonish Spiritualists," so called, have as yet been able to put forth to amaze the masses of mankind with:

"The condition of trance can be induced by suppressing the respiration and fixing the mind; and we can convey a better idea of it than by giving Mr. Cheyne, of Dublin, the following account of the case of Col. Townsend, of Bath, a gentleman of a high and Christian character. Col. Townsend could die or expire when he pleased, and yet by an effort or somehow he could come to life again. He insisted so much upon his feeling the trial made that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse first—it was clear and distinct, though small and thready; and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself upon his back, and lay in a still position for some time; while I held his right hand, Col. Townsend laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, until, at last, I could not feel any but the most exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in the heart, nor Mr. Skrine perceive the least sign of breath on the mirror he held to his mouth. Then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart, and breath, but could not by the nicest scrutiny discover the least symptoms of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could; and, finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had, indeed, carried the experiment too far; and at last we were satisfied that he was actually dead, and we were just ready to leave him. This continued about half an hour. By nine in the morning, in autumn, as we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and upon examination found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe heavily and speak softly. We were all astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change, and after some further conversation with him and among ourselves we went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it. In repeating this remarkable experiment on a subsequent occasion Col. Townsend actually expired."—*West County Visitor*, Penn Yan, N. Y.

ANECDOTES OF HOGARTH.

A few months before this ingenious artist was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he had entitled a Tail Piece—the first idea of which he said to have been started in company while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table. "My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the End of all Things."

"If that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end to the painter."
"There will be so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and therefore the sooner my work is done the better."
Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension he should not live till he completed it. This, however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping every thing which he drew in the end of all things—a broken bottle, an old broom worn to the stump, the butt end of an old fire-rod, a cracked bell, a bow unstrung, the tumbling end of an old tower in ruins, the sign-post of a tavern called the World's End tumbling, the moon in her wane, the map of the globe burning, a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it falling down, Phœbus and his horses dead in the clouds, a vessel wrecked, Time with his hour-glass and scythe broken, a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out, a play-book open with "Exeunt omnes" stamped in the corner, an empty purse, and a statue of bankruptcy taken out against nature.

"So far so good," cried Hogarth; "nothing remains but this," taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter's pallet broken; "flay," exclaimed Hogarth, "the deed is done, all is over."

It is a remarkable and well-known fact that he never again took the pallet in hand. It is a circumstance less known, perhaps, that he died in about a year after he had finished this extraordinary tail piece.—*Articulate of English Artists.*

How JULIA DEAN WAS COURTED.—It seems there was a slight tinge of romance attending the wooing and marrying of this young actress. According to the *New York Courier*, Miss Dean, two years ago, played an engagement in Charleston, S. C., from which she realized \$6,000, and was complimented by some of her admirers with a splendid head-dress valued at \$1,500. Among the company of presentation was one Dr. Hayne, son of Senator Hayne. Dr. Hayne then became personally acquainted with Miss Dean, and a mutual feeling of admiration was awakened, which has resulted in the marriage. Dr. Hayne was twenty-six years old. He is not a man of wealth. His mother, on his coming of age, gave him something to speculate with; but his speculations did not turn out well. His meeting with Julia in New Orleans was apparently accidental, as he was on his way to Texas, and he went to Galveston in the same ship with her and her father, and put up at the same hotel. On Sunday, as Mr. Dean sat smoking his cigar on the piazza after dinner, Julia suddenly appeared before him, accompanied by Dr. Hayne, and a little drama ensued. They expressed a desire to be married, and asked the consent, which was instantly and freely given. A carriage was called, and the fair Julia, accompanied by her father, the captain of the steamer in which they came to Galveston, the landlord of the Fremont House, Julia's dressing-maid, and the bridegroom, proceeded to the clergyman's house, where the nuptial knot was tied.

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