



SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

“THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM.”

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The Principles of Nature.

DISCOURSE ON SPIRITUALISM,

DELIVERED IN THE UNITARIAN CHURCH, ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 29, 1856.

BY REV. WILLIAM G. HEYER.

The following discourse was published in the last week's issue of the *Age of Progress*. We have received a corrected copy from the author, and cheerfully give it a place, not only for its intrinsic interest, but as an evidence of the progress of Spiritualism in the churches.—Ed.

“These were more noble than those of Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether these things were so.”—Acts 17:11.

To a few words on the subject of what is called modern Spiritualism—but which is as old as Egyptian art or Indian lore—I invite your attention this morning. And I do this not merely because of its intrinsic importance, but also because of the place it at present holds in the public mind. Were it but a delusion, the latter circumstance would demand of us a candid and dispassionate examination of its claims, which it would be wrong to withhold. I think every public speaker is called, by the character of his office, to the performance of this duty.

But whether Spiritualism be, or be not, a delusion, I know of nothing so attractive to the curious mind, and which throws so clear a light upon the religious and civil history of the past. I know of nothing which so satisfactorily explains the various myths and mythologies, as well as the higher truths, upon which the hierarchies of the nations of the East have been founded, and by which they have been upheld. It even reconciles us to the beautiful and classic superstitions of the early Greeks, by presenting us with a reasonable account of their origin in the delicate and ingenious minds of that finely organized people, and in those habits of life which brought them into such close communion with nature, and thus opened a way for their intercourse with the Spirits of departed men. And we thereby see how, in that early and imaginative age, they would be led to deify these, and consecrate to their worship the grottoes, the groves, the fountains, which their presence had hallowed. Hence, too, those oracular responses, dreams, omens, apparitions, etc., of which we have such frequent and well-attested accounts. Nor need we say this of the Greeks only, but likewise of the Romans, and of every people whose records remain to us—not excepting the Jews, whose sacred books are, when read in a free and liberal spirit, the best interpreters of the mysteries of Spiritualism; while Spiritualism in turn presents us with a key by which their secrets may be revealed to our understandings, and thereby impart new strength to our faith.

If Spiritualism be unpopular among our religious populations, it is because it is not understood, and because all new truths are at first unpopular. It was so with Christianity in its beginning; it was stigmatized as “a pernicious superstition,” preached by unlearned and ignorant men; and it was triumphantly asked of its great founder, “Have any of the

rulers or of the Pharisees believed on him?” So it is objected that the manner of its manifestations is often trivial, and even ridiculous. But the really magnanimous mind, in its search after truth, will readily overlook this, for the truth's sake, especially when it is considered that table-tippings and rappings are but the A B C of the science, and which are to reward the inquirer with more valuable revelations as this science becomes unfolded and perfected. Beside, if we are compelled to accept these manifestations or none, no wise man will hesitate as to the alternative. Mesmerism, which was the precursor of Spiritualism, and which has established upon the basis of scientific fact much of that which now constitutes the philosophy of Spiritualism, was itself quite as generally and severely ridiculed on its first appearance. And yet now, nobody at all acquainted with the history and facts of mesmerism, will dispute its claim to be received as a well defined and well-settled branch of psychological knowledge. Spiritualism, I can not doubt, is destined to the same experience, because this also is founded upon fact, and is capable of being demonstrated by actual experiment. The phenomena are all the product of the harmonious action of natural law. It derives no powers from beyond the domain of nature. It acknowledges no *super-naturalism*. But embracing the whole range of being, from the Creator to the creature, in one universal system of inter-dependent action—clustering all human affections about the great center of divine love—it resolves all rational being into spirit, and clothes spirit in those substantial angelic forms which the supreme intelligence is perpetually evolving from dissolving matter. So all creatures are one in God, because God is in all creatures, and Humanity is his son, to whom he gives of his Spirit without measure. Spirit is clothed in matter in its most refined, sublimated, beautiful and durable form; and all matter, in its ceaseless mutations through the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal, is aspiring to a permanent union with the intellectual, the moral, and the spiritual. Here it finds the accomplishment of the divine purpose, and rejoices in the bloom and radiance of immortal life.

If we will refer to the history of mesmerism, we shall see how, as the progress of that science was contested, step by step, those who accepted animal magnetism rejected at first clairvoyance; as we shall also see, that those who now are compelled to accept clairvoyance, resolve the phenomena of Spiritualism into that. But they fail to perceive, that in admitting thus much, they yield the whole ground. Clairvoyance is literally but a phase of Spiritualism. Others tell us that Spiritualism is only the working of some occult law, which, when discovered, will expose and explode the whole system. Its friends wish it to be distinctly understood, that it is the object of their daily labors to ascertain the operations of this law; for they, too, hold that what they see are but the orderly results of elemental action directed by spiritual intelligence. They are in the broadest sense of the terms, positive philosophers; and they believe, because they are content to accept the evidence

of their senses—because they prefer fact to logic, reason to superstition.

Until the year 1845, I had read much, but seen little of mesmerism. Most of the experiments which I had attended, proved to be failures; owing, as I can now very easily see, to the ignorance of the operators and the condition of the imponderable agents employed by them. In that year, however, I found ample opportunity and leisure for careful and prolonged experiment in private, and the result of my observations established to my satisfaction the truth of this important fact: that the mind is capable of intelligent action independently of the assistance of the organs of the body; that is, the person in the mesmeric slumber could read the finest print, and describe minute objects in pictures, with the eyes closed and carefully bandaged. She could read and respond to the unuttered thoughts of those around her. She could describe persons and places at a distance, and report the substance of conversations held in neighboring houses. I also remarked that, in proportion as the body became cold, rigid, and insensible to external objects, the mind became exalted, clear-seeing and discursive. The same results have been noticed by others, and may be found recorded in the works of some of the most eminent physicians and men of science in England, France, Germany, and in this country. And yet many of these fail to see that, if the mind is capable of this free, intelligent action under these circumstances, there can be no reason why, when entirely separated from the body, it can not communicate in the same degree with other minds, whether in or out of the body. If this mind be, as Mesmerism seems to prove, a complete organic vital power of itself, its action apart from the body must be more effective and free; and its means of access more easy, its communications more distinct. Experiment, so it appears to me, fully authorizes these conclusions, and claims a place for them among the well established propositions of science. Nor do I see any way in which they can be controverted and set aside. Their testimony in favor of the truth of Spiritualism is definite and unequivocal.

When the rappings were produced here in Rochester, nobody thought of connecting them with the phenomena of Mesmerism, and yet they belonged to the same class of facts, and were to be accounted for by the same philosophy. They simply announced that disembodied mind was about to manifest itself by means of a different set of organs, of which it was struggling to obtain the control. The fact was new and startling; but had the observer reasoned from what he already knew, he might have seen that it was all in strict accordance with the already well-ascertained principles of nature. But the manifestations were ridiculed, and the “Fox girls” charged with imposture. It is evident, nevertheless, that they had the fullest confidence in themselves; for they have since vindicated their honesty by their successful perseverance. After their removal to New York, Spiritualism began to spread, as they predicted it would; and media appeared independently of the knowledge

of each other, in various parts of the country, all exhibiting similar powers.

Following the rappings and table-movings, other and more extraordinary things began to be done—though not necessarily in the order I now name them. The Spirits began, without the aid of hands, to raise the tables into the air, and to hold them suspended there; sometimes taking up even persons in the same way, and removing them from place to place. They began to write through the medium's hand and speak through its voice—sometimes in foreign languages, unknown to the medium and those present. Artistic powers in painting, music, etc., were displayed, of a high order. On some occasions music was produced without the use of instruments; in others, the instruments were played by invisible hands. Spirits now often appear in shapes recognizable by their friends, and are every day exhibiting their powers and manifesting their presence in hundreds of new and surprising ways. They have given us a mass of literature through media which fills more than a hundred volumes, some of which is of a high order of excellence and exceedingly interesting and instructive. But, inasmuch as various orders of mind are occupied in its production, its merits are not equal, and sometimes indicate ignorance and perversion in the thinkers. The latest manifestation which I have seen, and quite as remarkable as any, may be witnessed every day here in Rochester. It is made by writing upon the arm—the letters being raised, and resembling printing for the blind. These letters appear and disappear under the eye of the observer, to whom they sometimes convey very pertinent messages. There are also, figured upon the arm, various kinds of flowers in a most perfect manner. The medium is a young woman, living in the family of Mr. Lewis Burtis, on Genesee street. The miracles of healing which are now being wrought, and the thousand proofs given of the presence of intelligent beings whose identity is clearly established in a multitude of ways leave no longer room to doubt that we can and do hold intercourse with the souls of our departed friends, and that they are still concerned in our happiness and well-being.

I speak of these things because they are facts—well established facts, many of which I have witnessed, and have witnessed repeatedly. To write or speak against them is a mere waste of words. We believe in the marvels of the Bible; but, in so far as proof is concerned, upon incomparably more slender ground. For that proof is to be found only in remote and uncertain history, coming to us through a dead language, and from an unknown country. And yet marvels of the same kind, wrought in evidence of the same religious truths, assigning the same, and an equally adequate cause, but supported by an array of testimony far greater and more intelligent, with the facts themselves to illustrate it and enforce it—these we dispute—nay, ridicule as improbable and absurd. This looks very much like a marvel of inconsistency. And yet it is human nature. Let us not lightly censure it. There is, for wise purposes, a conservative as well as a progressive side to that nature. The one balances the other.

After alluding to the facts, it is as well to speak of the Philosophy of Spiritualism—that which accounts for its phenomena by tracing them to their causes and showing their connection with natural laws. And first of the Soul, which is assigned as the actuating and directing principle. What do we know of the soul, aside from the information obtained through these and like manifestations, old and new?

The Bible gives us no account of the nature and powers of the human soul, or of the character and enjoyments of the invisible world to which it remits it after the dissolution of the body. It says at most, that it is to be happy or miserable in the degree of its moral fitness or unfitness. All the rest it leaves to be supplied by fancy or conjecture; and it leaves much, almost everything untried, which the rational and inquisitive mind yearns to know, and which is truly and literally of infinite concern to it. The boldest and most argumentative of sacred writers is St. Paul, and he is the first to speak of the soul as possessed of a body—a spiritual body—a celestial, an incorruptible body. But he goes no farther, and does not give us any philosophical account of that body. Probably he entertained no very distinct notions respecting it. These are necessarily supplied by modern Spiritualism, and are based upon experience and the relations of Spirits themselves.

The soul—and I use this word in its popular and not in its metaphysical sense, and as meaning also mind and Spirit—the soul

is that which is seen, not in its substance, but in its effects. It is the power, the intelligence, the affection which constitutes the true effective man; and which, on the death of the body, survives as an organic whole, parting with nothing which is essential to its emotional, moral, intellectual subsistence. The use of the material body is, to administer to the individualization, growth and development of the powers and faculties of this soul, from infancy to old age—or from birth to death, to which use all nature is made subservient and contributory. As the soul matures with and within the body, penetrating every tissue and every fiber, and directing all its functions, it assumes the form and features of the body—its voice, aspect, manner, as well as its character, moral and mental. Through this it makes acquaintance with external objects, acquires a knowledge of nature and art, is educated in the learning of its country and time. If it has used its means and opportunities well, at the termination of its three score years and ten, it has attained to that ripeness and fullness which it was the object of its earthly life to secure. It is now prepared to enter upon and advance in a higher and freer state of existence, where it is to have a broader and more attractive field for the exercise of its powers. It is quite apparent that the visible body has now ceased to be of service to it. Through the lapse and indurating influences of years, it has become less sensitive, less tractable, less capable of administering to the growth of the soul. The blood circulates more slowly and feebly; the assimilation of nutriment is less perfect; the skin becomes dead and flaccid; the muscles harden into bone; the brain loses its excitability, and tired by long activity, reluctantly and imperfectly obeys the behests of the mind; desire, no longer stimulated by the presence of fresh, warm blood in the arteries, and the presence of the refined nervous fluids, in the glands gradually cools into apathy; and at length the worn-out vessels, no longer contract and expand, and the stream of life stagnates on its way to the heart. Here the pulse becomes still, the voice silent, the eye dim, and the soul, releasing itself from the embrace of this useless form, comes forth in all the freshness and the beauty of the angel.

You enter the studio of an artist—you see standing before you a statue made of clay—it is the figure of a man; you gaze upon it with interest, and you strive to recognize in it the features of some distinguished person or friend. While you are thus contemplating it, the artist silently approaches it, and taking a hammer into his hand, suddenly strikes it a violent blow. You are startled, and ready to utter an exclamation of angry remonstrance, when the words are arrested by the falling clay disclosing to your sight an exquisitely beautiful figure of gold. Then the artist tells you, that the clay statue which so interested you, was nothing but a temporary mold, the sole end and use of which was to produce this wonder of taste and art. The body of man is represented by that clay statue, and its visible parts—its flesh and bone—are just as destitute of life as that. The soul alone it is that gives them the appearance of life; and as this inert covering drops off and its parts mingle again with the dust, a beautiful spiritual body emerges into view. But we do not see it. It is invisible to the natural eye. How then can it be a solid durable body? To be able to give a satisfactory answer to this question, it is essential that we should know what matter, in all its forms and under all conditions, is. This we do not know. We can, however, conceive of matter being substantial, and at the same time, not immediately recognizable by the eye. Glass, for instance, is one of our hardest substances, and yet how often do we look through it upon objects without being sensible of its interference? But, bodies the most opaque, are composed, as chemists tell us, of ultimate particles of matter which are in themselves invisible, intangible, and yet as impenetrable as adamant. Why may not our spiritual bodies be composed of such particles or atoms, yet so arranged as not to reflect the light? But Spirits themselves tell us, that their bodies are substance, and that every object around them in the spirit-world, is equally substantial. Moreover, they assure us, that the reality of that world is more intensely real, as well as more beautiful a thousand times, than this; and that every sense is actively alive to its presence and gratifications. Surrounded and pressed upon as we are by this inert mass, we find it next to impossible to comprehend this.

We turn, then, to inquire what kind of a world is it, into which the Spirit or soul is now introduced? If we rightly understand the nature of the soul, it will be easy to infer from

that what kind of a world would be most suitable to it and best answer the demands of its faculties. We see what have been its relations here, and how it has been educated and matured in knowledge and wisdom through the agency of the senses, and that these senses have been to it the instruments and avenues of thoughts, affections, etc., so that in all the particulars of its intellectual, moral and emotional nature, it is but the representative of the perished body—only differing in the degree of its refinement and purity. The conclusion seems to be that it will be necessary, to secure the happiness of that soul, to present it with like objects and means of perception and enjoyment, else all correspondence and fitness will be lost sight of, and incongruity and discord be the hapless result. Place such a body in the heaven of a popular theology, where it is to languish amid clouds and sunshine, and employ itself in an eternal psalm-singing, amid beings as cold and vapory as itself, and you would inflict upon it the greatest and the worst of punishments. All the ends of its previous training in its earth-life would be lost sight of—prove useless—and worse than useless—a source of continual annoyance. Even its own identity might vanish from its remembrance. It would be like solitary confinement to a prisoner in this world, who, in the absence of congenial society and the objects that fed his mind and ministered to his store of thought, broods in silence over his fate until reason deserts him and he finds relief in insanity. So the soul, missing the presence of those things which once formed, as it were, a part of itself—from the impressions of which most of its ideas, and many of its dearest attachments, arose—would feel itself doomed to an existence as tasteless and dreary as it is possible to imagine. Better than this, were the eternal slumber and forgetfulness of the brute.

But here Spiritualism comes to our relief, and informs us that the same Creator made and presides over that world as well as over this; and that there, no more than here does he depart from that rule of action which consults the greatest good of his creatures in the fitness and adaptation of things to each other; of object to desire; of instrument to capacity; of end to means—thus making every sense and every want the interpretation and promise of a gratification. And this alone becomes his infinite goodness while it augments our admiration of his wisdom. He has not encouraged the growth of our powers here, suddenly to arrest it there and confine them to such monotonous and cheerless toil. That world, too, is a world of progress, in which we are destined to develop an infinite series of new ideas amid an ever-increasing variety of new objects. There this is renewed and perfected in more than Eden freshness and bloom. There are spread out, say our Spirit-friends, in unlimited reaches of view, plain, river and mountain, reposing in a golden light; there fountains and gardens entertain the eye; there habitations of endless variety and surpassing elegance welcome the re-united families; there every kind of flower and fruit diffuse around their fragrance and invite the taste; there bird, beast, fish, insect roam the limitless domain and add their graceful forms and melodious voices to adorn and enliven the scene; there every aspiration is crowned with fruition, every affection finds its object, and love felt and love inspired produce a perpetual delight. There too, they tell us, every pursuit which interested and pleased here below, is again entered upon with redoubled zeal and prosecuted to successful issues; and art, literature, philosophy, science, religion, offer their stores of fact and fancy; and every species of refined and rational entertainment occupies the eternally diversified attention. What mysteries are unfolded in creation and providence! what sublime themes of thought invite investigation! what grandeur, what beauty, on every side, it hath not entered into the brain of man to conceive. There magnificent cities, which have foundations, whose builder and maker is God—houses not made with hands, eternal in the heavens—are inhabited by the radiant forms of those fair and good beings whose society is to be our chiefest joy. It is no longer a world to revolt from—to dread in the vague idea of its vacancy—but a reality so real, so suited to our nature—that we long to enter upon it. Death loses its terrors in view of it. It is no longer death, but a soft slumber, a pleasant dream, and a joyful awaking. Extravagant as this picture may appear to the unaccustomed mind, it is yet severely true and infinitely probable. When we better understand our own being and its true end, and are released from the tyranny of orthodox superstitions, then we may comprehend its fitness and propriety.

But, I apprehend, not before. We have lived so long amid the gloom of dim cathedrals, and slept in crypts of ghostly fear that the sweet, light, balmy atmosphere, and great goodness of divine love, are more than our abused faculties can bear.

In regard to the way in which Spirits communicate, there are many theories. These I can not now notice. They simply tell us, that they make use, on these occasions, of the air, the more refined portions of electricity, the emanations of the medium's mind, and other imponderable agents which are not appreciable by our senses. But, they assure us, that they violate or suspend no law of nature; for they hold such a thing to be impossible, and affirm that it never has been done. The miracles of the Old and New Testaments were all wrought in consonance with existing law. God was never placed in any such dilemma as to require him to depart from his established course of action, to promulgate any new truth. This were derogatory to his character; and would imply want of foresight and change of purpose. But Spirits understand and can make use of these laws in a way to produce what appear to be miracles. They have always done so, at all times and among every people. How did they visit Abraham in his tent, converse with him, and partake of his hospitality? How wrestle with Jacob? How lift the stone from the door of the sepulchre? How remove the chains from the hands and feet of Peter? For Spirits did all these things once; and Spirits may do them again. When a Spirit raises a table, and we immediately afterward seize it with our hands and raise it ourselves, wherein consists the difference in the power applied? It is a *visible* difference only, for the table is lifted by Spirit in both instances. Let the Spirit depart from the body whose hands raised the table, and they will drop at once senseless and helpless upon the floor. For the hands are only the instruments or agents of the Spirit. God is a Spirit, and he made and upholds the world, and his agents are invisible and imponderable agents, through which he moves all things—gravitation, electricity, frost, vapor, heat, etc. It is clearly contrary to reason and to philosophy to say, that Spirits can not and do not do such things. Spirits do everything that is done. Matter can do nothing, until moved by Spirit. Spirit alone is life, intelligence, power. To seek, therefore, as some writers have done, to resolve these phenomena into the action of unthinking matter, is to display the profoundest ignorance in regard to the nature of matter in its commonest forms and effects. Matter, in its ultimate particles of refinement may, as it is affirmed by Spirits it does, become the *body of the soul* and the organized vehicle of its expression. But even then, though in that durable form, it possesses no intrinsic power of action and thought. Matter in all its forms, is in itself lifeless and inert. The play of affinities, seen in chemical and other action, is limited by its relations and is soon neutralized and exhausted, unless renewed by vitalizing spirit from without itself. How matter originated—that is, in what way God produced it—we may never know. Nor do we know that it can or can not perish, or become annihilated. We suppose it never will, however; for we suppose God has a use for it, and that one eminent use is the embodiment and individualization of human souls—and this for no other end than to gratify a ceaseless love in the multiplication of images of himself and recipients of his own happiness.

And now I will add a few words respecting the religion of Spiritualism. This, of all the theologies that have appeared among a civilized people, is the most simple, humane and just. It is founded upon those comprehensive and equitable views of God and the human soul, in all their relations to each other, which commend themselves without argument to every generous and impartial mind. If we would seek for an example of their embodiment and expression, we would instance Jesus, in the calm dignity of the Son of Man, uttering those universal truths which distinguished his Sermon on the Mount; and summing up the whole teachings of the law and the prophets, in love to God and man. For love, says St. Paul, in his pertinent commentary on these teachings—love is the fulfilling of the law. But this religion is also as remarkable for its severe justice, as for its tenderness; not only because it does not exceed the demands of justice, and so degenerate into cruelty, but because it takes a compassionate interest in, and makes a merciful allowance for, the infirmities and sins of poor human nature. It has hope, not only for the respectable, the moral, the pious—the favorites of fortune and easy occupants of cushioned pews—but also for the unrespectable, the immoral, the wicked,

the poor, the ignorant and debased; for it claims all for God's children—all of whom are equally dear in his sight, and toward whom his heart yearns with the same parental solicitude. In these respects it differs necessarily from our popular theologies.

There is one God. He is the universal Father, and all his children are united to him by those spiritual affinities which go to make up the great ocean of being—every drop of which is a center and source of life. Each soul is a particle drawn from that universal fountain, and contains within itself faculties capable of an infinite expansion, and destined to an unlimited growth. The earthly body is the receptacle of this soul, in which it is to receive its education and attain to manhood. The means of education are left to depend upon the circumstances of its life. It may become Mahomedan, Pagan, or Christian. It may live under conditions which may soil its native purity, dim its intellectual luster, check its development, and steep it in misfortune and vice. But for all this, and in the midst of all these hindrances, nothing can prevent it from attaining to the one great end and supreme purpose of its creation—the dimensions, form, attitude, and dignity of a *human being*; and therein, against all untoward aspects of fortune, vindicating its claim to better opportunities in the future, more propitious influences for its enlightenment, purification and advancement. And this claim is allowed. It shall yet be attracted by the beauty of virtue, allured by the hope of happiness, and all its powers cleansed and invigorated, and trained to the most lofty achievements. For God is just. He abandons none. He leaves none to perish. He condemns none on account of creed or church.

Whatever, then, may have been the condition of a human being in this life—that he is a human being—an image and child of God—is a final and all sufficient reason that he should be treated by the great and good Parent as such. Hence each soul, pure or impure, orthodox or heterodox, learned or ignorant, rich or poor, bond or free, on leaving the body, takes that place in the spiritual world, its moral and intellectual qualifications assign it. It is instinctively impelled toward those whose society and employments, pleasures or pursuits, were most suitable to its tastes while on earth. The good seek the companionship of the good; the bad that of the bad; and so extending in degree through the almost infinitely varied shades of position, character and temper, which distinguish men in this world they are associated according to a simple law of their own nature. And herein lies their punishment or their reward.

If we select the lowest in the scale of being and advancement, to illustrate our idea—the cruel, the malignant, the selfish, the base, we shall find them immersed in a cold dreary atmosphere where but little light dawns upon their cheerless habitations. The scenery will be bleak and rugged, the ground uncultivated and sterile; and they will there pursue their hard, unsympathising course of traffic, or low pleasure, and delight in making each other miserable. If we take the other extreme in the scale of being, we shall see the good, the pure, the benignant, the elevated, the noble, as instinctively seeking the society of their kind; and amid light and beauty, and unbounded views of the celestial world, receiving all that wisdom can devise, and love and power provide for their enjoyment. But as I said before, the grades of being, as of suffering and happiness, are as diversified in number and condition as upon earth. But the state of none is fixed. Man there as well as here, is a progressive being. There is hope for all. And the means which God makes use of to this end, are as simple, just and effective as they are beautiful. Each one rises—other things being equal—in proportion to the good he does another. Hence the higher Spirits are continually seeking the elevation of those below them. The first lesson taught is—find out some one whom you can help. No sooner is this done, than a serene sweet sense of comfort penetrates the obdurate heart, and a fountain of warm tender emotion is opened in it; the burden of guilt is gradually lifted from the weary heavy laden soul; the kindling eye is directed through its tears of penitence toward the opening glories of that better land which it is approaching. Yea, and help comes to the struggling soul from all sides. Bright Spirits—good Spirits—all beaming in beauty and love, stretch forth the helping hand, impart words of counsel and affection, and raise it up—ever upward—until the seat of its felicity is reached. There, as here, all are bound together by these obligations of service, and all find their hap-

piness in their discharge. Jesus seems again speaking to the fallen but now rescued, as well as to the ministering angels, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me!"

What can be more expressive of the wisdom and goodness of God? He is no longer the angry, jealous Deity of Orthodoxy, bound by laws of fate to the execution of vengeance upon his feeble children; commanding a love which his cruelty makes impossible, and punishing them eternally for the possession of a nature which is his own gift and not their choice. No. He thinks not of himself—of his own glory, his own praise; but crowning all their wishes with the bestowment of the most precious favors, leaves the full heart to pour out its spontaneous offerings, and is made glad in the contemplation of its happiness. This is *true glory*—highest praise.

Hence Spirits, impelled by this all-actuating principle, come to us—come to instruct, to console, to raise us up; come to remove the weariness and disgust of life; come to dissipate the fear of death; come to promise the sick, the suffering, the weary, the poor, a sure relief; come with those thoughts of peace that find a ready entrance into the unprejudiced mind; come with those images of bliss which nature recognizes with sudden surprise—with those descriptions of that heavenly land which charm the imagination and receive the assent of the reason. To be sure, we are told that these revelations are sometimes confused and contradictory. They may be so in the detail, but not as a whole. Spirits are situated there very much as we are here in regard to extent and capacity of view. Out of a hundred people, taken from different ranks of society, no two would agree in every respect, as to the aspect of a particular country, the character of its inhabitants, its political and social condition, the degree of its education and refinement, etc. And as you descended among the more ignorant, the discrepancies would be greater. But the more enlightened would be more consistent and correct, and therefore more reliable.

Now Spirits are as much human beings as we are. In entering upon the other world, the same conditions surround them there as here. Their opportunities are better; but their progress is slower. Their moral, religious, educational prepossessions are not suddenly enlightened and liberalized; nor are their habits immediately reformed. These things require time as well as means to bring them about. Both are not wanting. But there is often wanting the disposition to use them. Hence, of the hundreds that are every hour entering into that world the greater proportion must be of the lowest description, for they were so upon earth. And hence, when these come back to communicate with their friends on earth, their communications will be unreliable, sometimes false, and occasionally tinged with malice. And this, instead of being brought as a proof against the truth of Spiritualism, should be received in its favor; for it is in accordance with what we see here. But such communications are the exception, not the rule, and Spirits themselves caution us to do that which few religious teachers here are candid and noble enough to do—to rely more upon our own reason; to compare, sift and select from the mass that which is reliable, and best accords with the principles of human conduct. I repeat, Spirits are but human beings—instigated by all the passions and aims of human beings, and they must be judged accordingly.

Beside, we are as yet imperfectly acquainted with all the conditions under which these communications are made. They frequently fail, when we can see no cause for failure. Much depends upon the person receiving them, and much upon those influences of mind, temper, affection, which control the delicate and inappreciable agents they employ. When all these things are better understood, these objections will gradually disappear. But in all ages, these communications have been more or less reliable according to the character and fitness of those through whom they were made. Each prophet and apostle impresses his own mental and moral features upon the message he records; and Isaiah, David, Jeremiah, John, Paul, Peter, differ as widely in their opinions as in their style. In a few fundamental and universal truths, all agree; but rarely in anything else.

If it be asked—as it is every day—what good Spiritualism is to do? I must confess to some embarrassment in the choice of an answer, so many present themselves to my mind. To refer to what I have already said, ought to satisfy the reasonable judgment. But I would inquire, What good did Christ-

tianity do, when it offered a new interpretation of the religion of Moses? Spiritualism is to the New Testament what the New Testament was to the Old—an extension of its views, with a new and stronger light thrown upon its obscurities. Its doctrines of immortal life now receive a practical illustration; much that was speculation becomes matter of fact, and faith is confirmed by knowledge. Besides, in this stage of free and bold thought, when the progress of physical science is brought into daily conflict with creeds, and skepticism delights in the demolition of platforms, Spiritualism comes as a Savior to the religions world, reclaiming the atheist from his cheerless materialism, and bringing back the deist to rational Christianity. Said the Rev. Professor Parks, in a sermon preached by him in this city recently, "Outside of the church is atheism, inside of it there is doubt." This admission must have been founded upon the most painful conviction of its truth. And it is true. We may multiply churches, but if orthodoxy be the only Christianity we are to receive from the pulpit, surely its days are numbered; for its power over intelligent, cultivated minds, is hourly becoming less, and it is these minds that in the end form the public opinion.

And yet, as might naturally be expected, the most determined opposition to Spiritualism comes from the pulpit—the common enemy of all new truths. Minds petrified into system may be broken, but not bent. Prejudice is the safeguard of ignorance, and bigotry is always ready to extinguish with the iron hand of force, the first faint light that threatens to reveal its own ugly features. And yet, what is it that Spiritualism offers to do? Merely to give us religion and humanity in place of orthodoxy—merely to interpret Christianity by its facts, and to recommend its divine precepts by the most forcible, convincing and beautiful truths.

In regard to the doctrines delivered from week to week in this place—in regard to a free, liberal, and reasonable religion—I see nothing but the most perfect consistency between Spiritualism and Unitarianism. Long as I have believed in it, I have never found it necessary to abandon Unitarianism for it; or, in order to give a fuller and freer expression to the views of what I understand to be Christianity, to depart from the general sense and scope of Scripture. I do not know that I shall ever find it necessary to do so. Because the *manner* in which Spiritualism is introduced, is not, however necessary and proper in itself, equal to the demands of our fastidious and nice sense of fitness, shall we be so foolish as to reject it? I know the influence fashion and example have upon some minds, and that there are many people in the world who so little value inward integrity and moral purity, as to be willing to sacrifice them to appearances—to what is thought to be a respectable position in society. But I thank God that Unitarians have not this worst and most debasing of all vices to answer for. They are already unpopular; and in preferring their independence to their popularity, they are sure at least of the respect of the truly good and true. Though they were in error, this is the last thing in the world a wise and gracious Deity would condemn them for.

And now I would remark, in conclusion, that in thus bringing this subject before you this day, I have but sought to discharge a duty which I have thought I owed to truth and to conscience. I shall, probably, have no occasion to speak of it by name again. But I shall, nevertheless, remain ever faithful to its principles; ever ready to profess and defend them upon fit occasion.

It requires no prophetic endowment to claim for Spiritualism an universal acceptance. That which is founded on fact, is capable of demonstrative proof, and offers all that the heart craves and the fancy delights in, must make its way in the world. So its influence on society can not readily be foretold. Its principle of action is love. This constitutes the whole of its creed. It promises nothing to faith or works, but everything to fitness, purity, goodness, uprightness, justice and mercy. It makes no arbitrary distinctions among men, but leaves them to choose from their own natural tendencies, their own place in the eternal world. Their own moral qualities will be their judges. God sacrifices no soul to his own glory. That were an absurdity. He asks obedience to no law but the law of nature, of which we ourselves are to be the voluntary executors.

This is what I understand by modern Spiritualism, and therefore I commend it to your impartial consideration. When you have carefully examined it you will understand it better.



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

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1856.

INTELLECTUAL AND SPIRITUAL FREEDOM.

FROM a pamphlet containing Dr. Hallock's Oration and the accompanying extemporaneous addresses, just published by the Reporters, Ellinwood and Hills, we take the liberty to extract our own speech; not, however, because we think it is particularly able, but *because it is ours*, and we are in want of something for an editorial. If any one insists on knowing the reasons why we did not write an article expressly for this place, we can disclose them; but it may suffice to say to people of a similar experience, that it is chiefly owing to the weather. It must be admitted that we are in a "melting mood," but it is not the peculiar kind which qualifies one, who is not exactly *fire-proof*, to write either much or eloquently.

S. B. B.

EXTEMPORANEOUS ADDRESS DELIVERED ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

It is supposed that we are free as individuals and as a people, because we are permitted to do certain things which many people in other parts of the world are not permitted to do. But true liberty is something more than this, and consists in the liberation and normal exercise of all the faculties which constitute a perfect Manhood. The mere right to vote once or twice a year, or to worship in our own way, when, as has been illustrated, we have no rational conception of the nature of true worship, does not by any means constitute true human freedom. It appears to me that the freedom commonly possessed throughout the world, is the *freedom of the passions*, and that surely is not *human freedom* in any enlightened or proper sense of the words. The freedom of the passions, when not modified and restrained by the proper exercise of the rational faculties, leads to general disorder, and sometimes to universal anarchy. We have had numerous illustrations of this doubtful and dangerous freedom, in all ages. In fact, the freedom most esteemed and most prevalent among men has been little more than this. We have not had intellectual freedom in any enlarged and comprehensive sense. To be truly free, we must be free in mind and in spirit. It is in vain to talk of freedom for Man so long as the noblest faculties of his mental and moral constitution are sleeping in chains of darkness, and totally incapable of their natural exercise.

Freedom, in a sense which is truly honorable to man, is a rare and glorious inheritance. But no faculty is free unless it have permission to act. When, therefore, a man is in a state where all the highest faculties of his mind are chained in ignorance, he can not be said to be free. He is not a free man who has only liberty to exercise a single faculty of his nature; he is not a free man who has *one faculty* that he can not use. In order to make him free, you must unshackle all the powers of his manhood, and make him stand erect in the full possession and legitimate exercise of every faculty of his being. And where do we find such an illustration of freedom? There may be here and there individual examples of men who have a large measure of freedom, in a rational and human sense, but *no nation* presents such an example. We have yet to see a FREE PEOPLE. To be free a man must be a slave to no master appetite, to no despotic propensity. He must be above all his appetites, and Reason must subordinate the passions. What is true of the individual is likewise true of nations, and I repeat, we have no example of a nation of freemen in any high intellectual, moral, or religious sense.

We come still further short of anything like Spiritual Freedom. It is time for us to realize that there is no *human* slavery but that which belongs to the soul; there is, indeed, no other. Make a man free spiritually, and you can not long enslave him physically. In order to have a just and full conception of freedom, we must understand what is implied by spiritual freedom. When a man is spiritually free, he realizes how utterly powerless are all the chains, and bolts, and dungeon walls which despots have forged and reared from first to last. There is no bondage for such a man. To him the prison walls are nothing. What are the chains that only restrain the limbs

when once a man is convinced that his true manhood is spiritual? The body is but the form in which himself resides; and I venture to say that there is no bondage for the man who is once made to realize that he is a SPIRIT.

Suppose you attempt to shackle the mind of a man who is in reality intellectually free. If you please, pass resolutions that he shall only be allowed to exercise his faculties in a particular direction, and subject to certain restraints; all this would not arrest the man who can traverse the distant spheres; who will look out into the vast empire where God resides; and who will follow the foot-prints of Angels, whithersoever they lead the way. He is a *free man* without regard to constitutions. *His life is a declaration of independence*, and he will be free in spite of all the edicts and engines of oppression. He departs and returns at pleasure. He is here—there—yonder—he is among the stars! What is true of him as a spirit is true of him also as a man, for precisely in this does his essential manhood consist. Thus as we come to entertain the highest or spiritual idea of freedom, we triumph over all exterior bondage, and trample chains and thrones, and all the implements and insignia of external despotism, beneath our feet. I think a man may be in this condition. I feel that he may be measurably indifferent to the shackles which have no power to bind the spirit. In this condition he is best prepared to rise above all outward wrongs, and to assert and maintain his civil and political freedom.

At the present time we need a higher conception of individual rights and responsibilities. Without this we are liable to lose what little freedom is embodied in the government under which we live. There can be no safety for our republican institutions when the popular idea of Liberty is confounded with lawless strife and unprincipled usurpation. Our strength does not consist in the mere exercise of external powers and the development of our physical resources. It is not in the army and navy. It is a false idea of the nature and sources of the national strength which conceives it to consist in these things. We imagine that if we have plenty of implements, strong fortifications, and a full treasury, we have all the means and instrumentalities of power—we are, therefore, strong. This is a mistake. Our strength is not in these; and the whole history of the world proves that the strength of nations does not consist in such things. The Ancient Republics were strongest in their infancy. When their material resources were more fully developed, and the power of moral cohesion ceased to be commensurate with their physical growth and outward splendor, they became feeble, and at last they fell. We should learn from the history and experience of other nations and other times what may be the possible result of our own experiment. Be assured we are only free when we are enlightened, and we are strong only when we live truly. It will be found at last with nations, as well as with individuals, that in the degree that we live righteously we live safely; that for the nation, as truly as for the man, honesty is the best policy; indeed, that is the only policy that will preserve our institutions from certain destruction.

We have come to this, that the men whose business it is to administer the government employ their time in efforts to overthrow our republican institutions, and in sapping the foundations of public morality. The boasted liberty which the people celebrate to-day is worth comparatively little, if I rightly estimate it. It is difficult now to get an unbiassed opinion of the American people on any great national question. Politicians sell themselves and offer their principles to the highest bidder in every street; their services can be had on any occasion and for any cause. If any one has as many as "thirty-pieces of silver" to bestow, there is also some political Judas ready to receive them. What degree of respect can the people really have for the claims of truth and morality when these things are permitted to exist and to go unwhipped of justice? Who shall arouse us from this lethargy to a lively sense of the danger to which we are exposed? What power shall break the fearful spell and make us understand that a knowledge of the truth and the practice of the virtues alone insure freedom? When shall we realize that without these all that bears the name of republican liberty will be to us, and to the world, unsubstantial and ephemeral as the creations of a distempered dream? The Ancient Republics furnished young Liberty with a sepulcher where it only sought a place to be born. If liberty is to perish here, our fall will be the more terrible to contem-

plate, and the more disastrous to human interests, in that we shall fall from the pinnacle of temporal prosperity, in which we have transcended all the nations of the earth.

There is no security for any nation or people unless its internal cohesive power is commensurate with the aggregation of outward elements. We go on adding state after state to our Republic, but it is generally conceded that the Union is growing weaker every day. The power that holds these States together at this moment is far less secure than it was twenty-five years ago. What will be the result if this state of things continues, does not require the gift of prophecy to determine. If we add to our domain state after state, and do not, at the same time, increase the internal moral power which holds the elements together, what, I repeat, will be the result? Simply this, *the elements which compose this vast body will fall asunder from their own weight.* In this respect they will but follow the irresistible law of Nature. Oh! if the fathers of the Republic be permitted to look down on us, and to witness the apathy that everywhere prevails in relation to the state of affairs, how must they be shocked at the coldness and indifference of the people to questions of the most vital and lasting concern, and which involve in their solution the destiny of a great Empire!

DECISIVE TEST FACTS.

Mr. W. B. GRAYSON, of Franklin Parish, La., called at our office a few days ago, and after conversing awhile, his hand became sensibly acted upon as by a Spirit who desired to write a message. It was an influence similar to what he had experienced before, but not within the last six months. In obedience to the impulse he sat up to the desk, and, taking a pencil, his hand was involuntarily moved, and a few lines were written, expressing delight that he had come to the city, and requesting him to go to a medium. Mr. G. accordingly sought the presence of several mediums in this city, through each of whom interesting developments were made, and among the rest the following through Catharine Fox:

Mr. G. took some ten or twelve slips of paper, all of the same size, and wrote on each the name of some particular deceased friend or relative. He then rolled the papers up separately, and mixing them together so as to be indistinguishable, picked them up one by one, asking, as he picked up each one, whether it contained the name of the Spirit who would communicate with him. When an affirmative rap was given, he opened the paper held in his hand, and found it to contain the name of his deceased wife. He then wrote the names of some ten or twelve places on as many separate slips of paper, and rolled them up and mixed them in the same manner, and from the number the Spirit selected by the rappings, one which contained the name of the residence of his deceased wife. From ten to twelve rolled-up and mixed slips of paper, she in like manner selected one which contained the name of the disease with which she died. This triple test, necessarily independent of Mr. Grayson's and the medium's minds, was given promptly and without a failure, notwithstanding the many thousand chances to one of a failure occurring *somewhere*, if the experiment had been attempted by *guessing*. On the supposition that the Spirit was that of his deceased wife, Mr. G. then wrote, under the table, and where the medium could neither see nor hear the movement of his pencil, "Tell me where our daughter Catharine is?" Immediately a signal was heard for the call of alphabet, and the Spirit spelled, "Dear husband, our daughter is with me," meaning that she is in the Spirit-world, which is the fact. Not a word had been spoken or any other clue been given by which the medium could have inferred the nature of this written question.

At another time, Mr. Grayson, while a Spirit purporting to be his sister was communicating with him, secretly wrote, in like manner, the question, "Is there any redemption for those who die in their sins?" The alphabet was immediately called, and the Spirit spelled, "Their progression is very slow."

The appropriateness of the answer given in each of these cases, shows that the intelligence responding perfectly understood the silent questioner; and we have little hesitation in saying, that it would be impossible for a skeptic to account for all these facts without admitting the existence of a certain something beyond the medium and the questioner, which answers to our idea of Spirit agency.

NOT DEAD, BUT CHANGED.

THE Universalist journals announced the "death," on the last Sunday in June, of Mrs. E. R. B. WALDO, wife of Rev. J. C. Waldo, of New London, Conn. Her disease was dropsy, which terminated the mortal phase of human life at the age of about forty-six years. Mrs. Waldo was the fourth daughter of Rev. Hosea Ballou, whose name is closely identified with the origin and the early history of American Universalism. She exhibited in no small degree some of the more important mental characteristics of her father, who was distinguished alike for the clearness of his intellectual perceptions; the simplicity of his manners and conversation; his self-possession on all occasions; and, especially, for the directness and cogency of his replies to all who interrogated him on theological and religious subjects. If the daughter did not inherit all her father's acuteness of perception, clearness of analysis, and power of individualization, her mind was not less truly philosophical; at the same time she possessed a lively imagination; an intuitive comprehension of philosophical and spiritual principles; with a capacity to clothe her thoughts in chaste and appropriate language, which was often warmed, embellished and illuminated by deep feeling and poetic imagery.

Mrs. Waldo appears to have entertained the Spiritual idea. The revelations of the Inner Life were far more real to her than aught that belongs to the whole sphere of sensuous existence. Others said she was "deceived," but their skepticism could not diminish her faith, nor peril the foundations of the immortal life in her soul. The state of her mind may be inferred from the subjoined lines, which were her last. The editor of the *Trumpet* says, "She refused to write any more. She felt she was going. 'Let that stand as the last.'"

THE IDEAL OF THE SPIRITUAL.

The lofty walls are tapestried superbly
With scenes of glory, changing evermore;
And light—not of the sun and moon—is streaming
O'er golden dome and tessellated floor:
Far-reaching aisles, with everlasting pillars,
And jeweled pavement mortal foot ne'er pressed:
Such is the inner temple, at whose altar
My weary spirit folds her wings to rest!
It is a haunted spot—a spell is o'er it:
And all around, on terrace, lake and tree,
Enchanting bird-notes mingle with the perfume
Of flowers, that bloom to live eternally!
I said 'twas haunted—not in the old fashion
By restless sprites, whose coming I should fear—
But by angel forms of the true-hearted,
Who seek my earthly pilgrimage to cheer.
I see their radiant smiles, and hear their voices,
In dear familiar tones, repeat my name;
Fond arms encircle me, and joy ecstatic
Pervades my soul, and thrills my trembling frame!
Some smile when I describe this habitation,
And say I am deceived; but well I know
That He who gave me powers for such creation,
Would never mock my yearning spirit so!
Not half so real is my outward being,
Wearing itself away in earthly strife;
While stronger, brighter, grows this blest ideal—
The sacred earnest of eternal life.

Nature Accused of Sabbath-Breaking.

THE *London Punch* is rather sarcastic in its treatment of those who labor so perseveringly to secure a proper observance of the Sabbath. He appears to think that the popular idea on this subject presupposes that Nature is an ungodly institution, and that the powers which govern her operations have no respect for "the Lord's day." Hear him:

But it is equally clear that the flowers of the field, the woods, and groves, if they are to be seen on Sunday, must also operate to the allurement of mankind from their homes on the day of rest. The Society for the Promotion of the Due Observance of the Lord's Day, therefore, proposes to purchase an unlimited quantity of druggot, to lay down on Sundays over the carpet of the meadows, the hills and dales; and as much black crape as may be needful to be made into veils for the trees and other beauties of nature. They say that if the horse-chestnut trees in Bushy-Park were thus veiled on Sunday, it would prevent much of the desecration of that day which they now cause by being out in bloom.

According to the *Albany Knickerbocker*, many pious people use the day to promote melancholy, while the bigots generally improve the occasion for a simultaneous attack on the powers of digestion!

Financial and Spiritual.

WE find the following under the editorial head of Foulkes' *Financial Express*, published at Memphis, Tenn. The writer takes a common-sense view of the subject, and has no fears for the safety of the Truth while it has an open field, though it be confronted by a thousand errors. The editor must at least be a candidate for the new Church, for such faith is not found in the old Israel, whose Doctors employ their time in manufacturing theological splints and strengthening plasters for the spiritual backs and limbs of the believers.

Spiritualism is one of the prominent topics of the day in Memphis. Many believe with religious and undoubting conviction, this new revelation. Individuals of the highest intelligence and the most scrupulous integrity believe it; they relate facts, and offer opinions, which others ridicule and scout as delusive and mischievous. Mrs. M. B. Winchester, a lady of intelligence and a high sense of propriety, is entertaining and instructing every Sabbath afternoon large numbers of visitors with eloquent lectures—under, it is said, the influence of a Spirit of an Indian Chief, who died some thousand or more years ago. Under whatever influence she speaks, her lectures are eloquent and full of interest; this we state from having ourselves heard her on Sabbath day before the last—subject "immortality of the soul." Sickness prevented our going on the last Sabbath. We intend to go again; and when we shall have come to some conclusion upon the subject, we shall give that conclusion, whatever it may, be to our readers.

Truth will hurt nobody; and we do not admit that there is any such thing as "a dangerous truth." Whatever is uttered, is the representative—the voice—of elements which actually exist in human minds and bosoms; and we believe it is better that they should come out in the open free air, and be baptized with the chloride of truth, than to work secretly and infectiously in the dark. It is the hidden and not the open evil or error that is dangerous. The great public judgment of the people is much more likely to be correct—to arrive at a true and just conclusion, than a clique, a sect or a small party, who will secrete themselves in private—who honestly seek truth, but who may by a thousand devices deceive themselves—and honestly do so!

If this be the age when Spirits are to visit and hold communion with men upon the earth, for one, we should be glad to know that the era had come; if false and a delusion, the sooner we examine fully into the subject, the sooner the delusion will be exploded and exposed.

Odylic Force Installed.

REV. ASA MAHAN, the founder of "the faith once delivered to the saints" (in a handsome 12mo volume) and believers in Od Force, as the principal divinity of Modern Materialists and the great source of all living inspiration and miracle-working power, has recently been installed over the Congregational Church in Jackson, Mich. The outward Church has of late gone after so many strange lights that the Reverend Gentleman's deification of Od, and his trust in this unknown god as the chief revelator since the beginning of the Christian Era, did not unfit him for the situation. If one only believes that the true God was in ancient Egypt and Judea, and that he took care of the world in its undeveloped state, he is sufficiently orthodox, though he may think that, *at present and for all practical purposes, Od Force, Beelzebub, or an innumerable company of terrestrial and infernal demons, have assumed the government of the whole Earth.* It appears that the only important point on which the Council was disposed to question the claims of the candidate, was his reputed *Perfectionism*. On this issue the result of the conference is thus significantly stated by the *Tribune*:

After a searching examination, it was decided that his perfection did not amount to enough, in theory or practice, to vitiate his general orthodoxy.

Dr. Hallock's Oration.

THE Oration delivered by Dr. R. T. Hallock in Brooks' Hall, this city, on the fourth of July, and which was by common consent of his auditors pronounced one of the best things of the kind that ever was delivered, has been issued in a neat pamphlet form, by Ellinwood and Hills, together with extemporaneous speeches delivered on the same occasion, by S. B. Brittan, Wm. H. Burleigh and others. The Oration is appropriately entitled "THE CHILD AND THE MAN, OR ANNIVERSARY SUGGESTIONS." We can not in the brief space now at our command, give any adequate description of the matter and manner of this discourse. Suffice it to say that the composition is quaint, terse, humorous, pithy and full of sharp points, apt illustrations and bold suggestions, and at the same time entirely free from that "hifalutin'" balderdash which too often characterizes speeches designed to commemorate our nation's birth. Although there may be some who can not fully accord with certain sentiments of the speaker, there will be few who after commencing the perusal of this oration will lay it aside before seeing the last page. The reports of the various extemporaneous speeches will also be read with deep interest. The pamphlet may be ordered of Ellinwood and Hills, at this office. Price, 18c.

ERRATUM. In thirteenth line of Dr. Hare's article in last Number, for "unsolicited" read "inculcated."

plate, and the more disastrous to human interests, in that we shall fall from the pinnacle of temporal prosperity, in which we have transcended all the nations of the earth.

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The appropriateness of the answer given in each of these cases, shows that the intelligence responding perfectly understood the silent questioner; and we have little hesitation in saying, that it would be impossible for a skeptic to account for all these facts without admitting the existence of a certain something beyond the medium and the questioner, which answers to our idea of Spirit agency.

NOT DEAD, BUT CHANGED.

THE Universalist journals announced the "death," on the last Sunday in June, of Mrs. E. R. B. WALDO, wife of Rev. J. C. Waldo, of New London, Conn. Her disease was dropsy, which terminated the mortal phase of human life at the age of about forty-six years. Mrs. Waldo was the fourth daughter of Rev. Hosea Ballou, whose name is closely identified with the origin and the early history of American Universalism. She exhibited in no small degree some of the more important mental characteristics of her father, who was distinguished alike for the clearness of his intellectual perceptions; the simplicity of his manners and conversation; his self-possession on all occasions; and, especially, for the directness and cogency of his replies to all who interrogated him on theological and religious subjects. If the daughter did not inherit all her father's acuteness of perception, clearness of analysis, and power of individualization, her mind was not less truly philosophical; at the same time she possessed a lively imagination; an intuitive comprehension of philosophical and spiritual principles; with a capacity to clothe her thoughts in chaste and appropriate language, which was often warmed, embellished and illuminated by deep feeling and poetic imagery.

Mrs. Waldo appears to have entertained the Spiritual idea. The revelations of the Inner Life were far more real to her than aught that belongs to the whole sphere of sensuous existence. Others said she was "deceived," but their skepticism could not diminish her faith, nor peril the foundations of the immortal life in her soul. The state of her mind may be inferred from the subjoined lines, which were her last. The editor of the *Trumpet* says, "She refused to write any more. She felt she was going. 'Let that stand as the last.'"

THE IDEAL OF THE SPIRITUAL.

The lofty walls are tapestried superbly
With scenes of glory, changing evermore;
And light—not of the sun and moon—is streaming
O'er golden dome and tessellated floor:
Far-reaching aisles, with everlasting pillars,
And jeweled pavement mortal foot ne'er pressed:
Such is the inner temple, at whose altar
My weary spirit folds her wings to rest!
It is a haunted spot—a spell is o'er it:
And all around, on terrace, lake and tree,
Enchanting bird-notes mingle with the perfume
Of flowers, that bloom to live eternally!
I said 'twas haunted—not in the old fashion
By restless sprites, whose coming I should fear—
But by angel forms of the true-hearted,
Who seek my earthly pilgrimage to cheer.
I see their radiant smiles, and hear their voices,
In dear familiar tones, repeat my name;
Fond arms encircle me, and joy ecstatic
Pervades my soul, and thrills my trembling frame!
Some smile when I describe this habitation,
And say I am deceived; but well I know
That He who gave me powers for such creation,
Would never mock my yearning spirit so!
Not half so real is my outward being,
Wearing itself away in earthly strife;
While stronger, brighter, grows this blest ideal—
The sacred earnest of eternal life.

Nature Accused of Sabbath-Breaking.

THE London *Punch* is rather sarcastic in its treatment of those who labor so perseveringly to secure a proper observance of the Sabbath. He appears to think that the popular idea on this subject presupposes that Nature is an ungodly institution, and that the powers which govern her operations have no respect for "the Lord's day." Hear him:

But it is equally clear that the flowers of the field, the woods, and groves, if they are to be seen on Sunday, must also operate to the allurements of mankind from their homes on the day of rest. The Society for the Promotion of the Due Observance of the Lord's Day, therefore, proposes to purchase an unlimited quantity of drugget, to lay down on Sundays over the carpet of the meadows, the hills and dales; and as much black crape as may be needful to be made into vails for the trees and other beauties of nature. They say that if the horse-chestnut trees in Bushy-Park were thus veiled on Sunday, it would prevent much of the desecration of that day which they now cause by being out in bloom.

According to the Albany *Knickerbocker*, many pious people use the day to promote melancholy, while the bigots generally improve the occasion for a simultaneous attack on the powers of digestion!

Financial and Spiritual.

WE find the following under the editorial head of Foulkes' *Financial Express*, published at Memphis, Tenn. The writer takes a common-sense view of the subject, and has no fears for the safety of the Truth while it has an open field, though it be confronted by a thousand errors. The editor must at least be a candidate for the new Church, for such faith is not found in the old Israel, whose Doctors employ their time in manufacturing theological splints and strengthening plasters for the spiritual backs and limbs of the believers.

Spiritualism is one of the prominent topics of the day in Memphis. Many believe with religious and undoubting conviction, this new revelation. Individuals of the highest intelligence and the most scrupulous integrity believe it; they relate facts, and offer opinions, which others ridicule and scout as delusive and mischievous. Mrs. M. B. Winchester, a lady of intelligence and a high sense of propriety, is entertaining and instructing every Sabbath afternoon large numbers of visitors with eloquent lectures—under, it is said, the influence of a Spirit of an Indian Chief, who died some thousand or more years ago. Under whatever influence she speaks, her lectures are eloquent and full of interest; this we state from having ourselves heard her on Sabbath day before the last—subject "immortality of the soul." Sickness prevented our going on the last Sabbath. We intend to go again; and when we shall have come to some conclusion upon the subject, we shall give that conclusion, whatever it may, be to our readers.

Truth will hurt nobody; and we do not admit that there is any such thing as "a dangerous truth." Whatever is uttered, is the representative—the voice—of elements which actually exist in human minds and bosoms; and we believe it is better that they should come out in the open free air, and be baptized with the chloride of truth, than to work secretly and infectiously in the dark. It is the hidden and not the open evil or error that is dangerous. The great public judgment of the people is much more likely to be correct—to arrive at a true and just conclusion, than a clique, a sect or a small party, who will secrete themselves in private—who honestly seek truth, but who may by a thousand devices deceive themselves—and honestly do so!

If this be the age when Spirits are to visit and hold communion with men upon the earth, for one, we should be glad to know that the era had come; if false and a delusion, the sooner we examine fully into the subject, the sooner the delusion will be exploded and exposed.

Odylic Force Installed.

REV. ASA MAHAN, the founder of "the faith once delivered to the saints" (in a handsome 12mo volume) and believers in Od Force, as the principal divinity of Modern Materialists and the great source of all living inspiration and miracle-working power, has recently been installed over the Congregational Church in Jackson, Mich. The outward Church has of late gone after so many strange lights that the Reverend Gentleman's deification of Od, and his trust in this unknown god as the chief revelator since the beginning of the Christian Era, did not unfit him for the situation. If one only believes that the true God was in ancient Egypt and Judea, and that he took care of the world in its undeveloped state, he is sufficiently orthodox, though he may think that, at present and for all practical purposes, *Od Force, Beelzebub, or an innumerable company of terrestrial and infernal demons, have assumed the government of the whole Earth.* It appears that the only important point on which the Council was disposed to question the claims of the candidate, was his reputed *Perfectionism*. On this issue the result of the conference is thus significantly stated by the *Tribune*:

After a searching examination, it was decided that his perfection did not amount to enough, in theory or practice, to vitiate his general orthodoxy.

Dr. Hallock's Oration.

THE Oration delivered by Dr. R. T. Hallock in Brooks' Hall, this city, on the fourth of July, and which was by common consent of his auditors pronounced one of the best things of the kind that ever was delivered, has been issued in a neat pamphlet form, by Ellinwood and Hills, together with extemporaneous speeches delivered on the same occasion, by S. B. Britton, Wm. H. Burleigh and others. The Oration is appropriately entitled "THE CHILD AND THE MAN, OR ANNIVERSARY SUGGESTIONS." We can not in the brief space now at our command, give any adequate description of the matter and manner of this discourse. Suffice it to say that the composition is quaint, terse, humorous, pithy and full of sharp points, apt illustrations and bold suggestions, and at the same time entirely free from that "hifalutin" balderdash which too often characterizes speeches designed to commemorate our nation's birth. Although there may be some who can not fully accord with certain sentiments of the speaker, there will be few who after commencing the perusal of this oration will lay it aside before seeing the last page. The reports of the various extemporaneous speeches will also be read with deep interest. The pamphlet may be ordered of Ellinwood and Hills, at this office. Price, 15c.

ERRATUM. In thirteenth line of Dr. Hare's article in last Number, for "unsolicited" read "inculcated."

Original Communications.

INTERVIEW WITH A DISTRESSED SPIRIT.

LEWISTON, Wis., July 7, 1856.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN :

As I have been frequently urged to send communications which I have received from the Spirit world to you for publication, I will venture to forward the ones which you will find herein enclosed; and should you deem them worthy a place in your paper, you are at liberty to insert them.

MRS. F. L. BRIGGS,
Writing Medium.

FIRST COMMUNICATION.

My pensive Spirit fain would fly
To meet my God, beyond the sky.
But oh! when e'er I strive to rise,
My feet are chained beneath the skies.

Yours, etc.

I then inquired of her the reason why she could not ascend, when I received the following:

The reason why you soon shall know;
Of I am called but can not go;
Besetting sins do chain us here,
And I have one I much do fear.

She then seemed to shrink from unfolding the cause of her grief and misery, and said:

I dare not now my faults expose,
For fear the torment of my foes;
And well you know disgrace 'twould bring
Upon my friends, now sorrowing.

Being a firm believer in Spiritualism, I felt as sure of the presence of that Spirit as though I could have seen her in the form; and as heartily and sincerely did I recommend her to the care of such Spirits as could enlighten her, and raise her above the dark planes of the Spirit-world, as I could have done to a dear friend here in the form.

After advising her in the way to rise above her worldly troubles, I again pressed her to tell me the nature of that affliction which was yet bearing her down to the earth; when she gave me the following:

Alas! my child I much do love,
A curse it is to those who strove
To make me what I should have been,
For I, alas! was led to sin.

A guilty conscience can not rest
Until forgiven; then 'tis blest;
But I, alas! have wandered round,
But for my soul no mercy found.

Dark is my fate; the future seems
No pleasant path by purling streams,
But darkness frowns where'er I go,
And round my path dread shadows flow.

My little one, I grieve that she
To this dark world consigned should be,
A lasting relic of disgrace;
And much she'll grieve to fill that place.

She then says:

Now do not let my father know
The pains my soul doth undergo;
And do not from the secret part;
The tale would rend his aged heart.

SECOND COMMUNICATION.

Received just four weeks from the time of receiving the first.

No more the world I roam in sadness;
No more the darkness round me lowers,
But now my spirit soars in gladness,
And rests in bright Elysian bowers.

You gave the counsel so much needed;
You op'd my eyes to light divine;
That blessed advice I quickly heeded,
And found a light within me shine.

In darkness and in doubt I wandered,
For many a long, long weary day,
And over my misfortunes pondered,
Until I found you on my way.

My spirit felt a strong desire
To impart unto some friend,
How that my soul, by burning fire
Of conscience, never could ascend.

Your precious counsel soon I followed,
And Spirits came to lead me where
Pure streams of pleasure, unalloyed,
Flowed soft through fields and meadows rare.

I have withheld the name by which the Spirit who gave these communications was known when in the form, out of regard to the feelings of the surviving relatives.

F. L. B.

SPIRITUALISM IN ARKANSAS.

ME MRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN :

Having been a constant reader of the TELEGRAPH for four years, during which time I do not now recollect to have seen any spiritual communication in your columns from Arkansas, I have concluded to give a synopsis of some manifestations which I witnessed a few days since, while on a tour west of this, on Mine Creek, in Hempstead county. I spent about three days and nights in company with the invisibles, purporting to be fifty-two in number; most of the time at the house of the medium's father, an aged and very poor man, but whom I take to be a good and sensible man, he having been a citizen of this new country for about forty years. The medium is a young lady about sixteen years of age, the youngest of a numerous family, with no education, and seemingly wholly unsophisticated. She is a tipping-medium. The Spirits announced their presence by an up-and-down movement of the table, it resting on two legs. And here I will remark, that she needs not the assistance of a circle, but sits alone, the invisibles manifesting their presence generally in a very few seconds after she puts her hands on the table.

The *dance* was carried on by asking various questions and receiving answers from the invisibles; a rap by the table striking the floor for Yes, and a sidewise vibratory motion for No. Those present seemed to be well pleased with this part of the performance, and the answers were satisfactory. In this part of the manifestations I had but little chance to test the thing for want of acquaintance with the Spirits while in the form. Music was requested by the Spirits; there being a good violinist present, a violin was procured by sending several miles. When the music commenced, the table began to dance or beat time to the music, which was continued for hours with astonishing accuracy. A small table was then placed on one a few inches larger, the medium's hand resting on the one, then on the other. In this condition the tables continued the dancing, as they called it, sometimes with a very rapid motion. The upper table frequently seemed in the act of falling, when it would fly back to its proper place as with the speed of thought. Sometimes it would become as it were transfixed, then would be let loose again as requested by the spectators. Sometimes when the music and dancing would stop for a while, the tables would become borne down seemingly by a very heavy weight. I raised them frequently, and supposed there was about fifty pounds added to their weight. What struck me as best calculated to confound the skeptic, was that after the medium had left the table, and in several instances gone out of doors, and while no human being was in contact with or near the table except myself, this downward pressure not only continued, but increased.

This is but a small portion of what occurred during the three or four days and nights (for we sometimes continued our investigations till after midnight) a part of the time at a different house and on a different table, and surrounded by different circumstances.

Yours for the investigation and support of truth,
UXION COUNTY, ARK. J. C. FROST.

REMARKABLE SPEAKING MEDIUM.

WATKINS, N. Y., June 28, 1856.

MUCH interest has lately been excited in this place and vicinity, on the subject of Spiritualism, through the agency of George M. Jackson, of Prattsburg, Steuben county, N. Y., a speaking medium of most astonishing power. He is about nineteen years of age, and Spirits speak through him while in the trance, or unconscious state. The Spirits gave two lectures through him in this village, on the 25th and 26th instant, which for depth of thought, beauty of language and style of eloquence, surpassed anything we have ever heard. He held the large audience in breathless silence for over an hour and a half at a lecture, with awe and wonder at the profound research manifested in theological and historical lore, both ancient and modern, tracing with the hand and mind of a skillful master, the history of the Church, from its earliest period to the present time, through all its phases of primitive purity to sectarian discord, ending in party fanaticism, superstitious bigotry, and sanguinary strife and hatred, for ambitious supremacy and party rule, fanned and kept alive in a modified form to the present era, when the sun of righteousness once more descends through Spiritualism, "with healing on its wings."

Young Jackson in his normal state presents nothing unusual in intellect. His education is quite limited, he not having the advantage of even a common school education. He has, however, a well-balanced head and a calm and tranquil mind and temperament. Whole audiences, therefore, who know his normal powers and acquirements, see and acknowledge the undeniable test of Spirit-guidance, Spirit-control, and Spirit-power, standing forth plain and prominent as one of the great wonders and phenomena now being witnessed everywhere throughout the land. Even the willfully doubting enemies of Spiritualism are compelled to award to this medium (in denying the spiritual agency) the praise of an unsurpassed prodigy in eloquence and oratory, and a power of memory at least superhuman.

What we have written in regard to the medium, Jackson, is a truth which will be readily sanctioned by all who have heard him, and we bear the record, not so much for the medium, but more for the testimony of the fact of one other manifestation in the great catalogue of the wonders of Spiritualism as they now are, and, as we believe, only a faint prelude of what we may confidently expect they will be, through time and progression in the future.

E. W. LEWIS.

Buddhism.—The San Francisco correspondent of the New York Herald says that Buddhism has been formally inaugurated on American soil. After many disappointments, the Chinese population of San Francisco have imported a wooden god and all the paraphernalia of their worship.

INTERESTING SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES.

SCIPPO, SENECA CO., OHIO, June 25, 1856.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN :

I am induced to write you for publication, if you see fit, somewhat of my experience in what I suppose to be a phase of Spiritualism. I do not know whether it is parallel with the experience of other Spiritualists or not. I give it for what it is worth.

AM I A SPIRITUALIST?

I will answer my question by using a favorite western phrase, "I don't know as I am anything else." The influences which I have been under for some seven or eight months past, came to me unsought, and were not even understood by me for some length of time. I think I am indebted to no earthly source for them. I was not at the time in communication with any medium or Spiritualist, and had read but little on the subject, and understood but very little about it. I at first supposed that I was the subject of a very singular and irresistible disease. I had no pain or uneasy feelings, except occasionally something like a shock, but felt that my bodily and mental powers were giving way to something very powerful and irresistible. Sometimes I thought I was sinking into a state of helpless idiocy; then again that I was becoming insane. Much of the time I could not attend to my family affairs, neither could I read or think, or do anything in my way. If I had an interval of intelligence and the use of my powers, I examined all the medical books within my reach for a solution of my difficulty, but received no satisfaction. I found no clue to my case. I felt, too, that medical advice or aid would be of no avail. I had nothing to do but to resign myself to an irresistible fate—so it seems. I can not say that I was wholly willing to give up all without making some effort, hopeless though it might be, to release myself from this terrible thralldom. For I could not see why my health and life should be taken without any apparent cause; at least I could detect no cause worthy myself for such a state of premature decay. At length it occurred to me that possibly I was under spiritual influences. One day, my mind being in a state of vacancy, I inquired of the invisibles if I was under spiritual influences. I received a strong answer that I was. After that, whenever my mind was in a vacant state, I could converse with what seemed to me to be invisible intelligences. My hands, too, were often moved by an invisible power. I thought perhaps I was a writing medium; and if I took pen and paper my hand would be lifted up and down and carried across the paper; but there was seldom anything written at all satisfactory. I was now somewhat relieved of that terrible sense of being held to an irresistible destiny, but my mind was exceedingly burdened the most of the time. The past was a chaos, the future a blank to be filled with I know not what.

After a time I had an interview with a writing medium—a lady, and an entire stranger to me personally. We had strong demonstrations, and the effect was exceedingly pleasant and agreeable. It was like that of a highly intelligent and refined social circle where the higher feelings are exercised without the restraints of etiquette or preciseness. There was considerable writing through the medium, and a commission given me "to heal the sick and the afflicted—to heal in power." The commission claimed to be from Christ. That we had had intercourse with Spirits, I could not doubt; that I had received a commission from Christ to heal the sick I could not believe. I do not know what to make of that, as I had perfect confidence in the integrity of the medium through whom I received the commission. But it was altogether too much for my faith, and I concluded that there was some cause to me inexplicable, for its being so written. I have since felt a power or influence pervade my whole system, that seemed like a healing or vital power. I have often felt when in the presence of persons having infirmities that if I would lay my hands on them, acknowledging Christ, they would be made whole. I can not use this power without its being understood that it is of Christ. When this power is very active with me, I feel like a caged lion amid the common duties of life. People can call this power magnetism or what they will; one thing I know, that it does not originate within myself. It is something imparted to me from an invisible source.

But I have passed through what has been to me a very singular ordeal. I know not what else to call the experience I am about to relate. I have been amused, and grieved, and terrified by turns, according to the nature of the operation I was under for the time being. For days together I have felt that every disease to which the human family is subject was incorporated in my system. I would feel as if my body was one mass of corruption, and I have looked involuntarily at my hands and feet to see if the flesh would not fall from my bones. During the time I could perform the household labor for a family of seven persons, without any symptom of weariness. Under these impressions I have exclaimed, "O wretched woman that I am, who can deliver me from the body of this death?" At other times I have felt that my mind could grasp the universe—that this earth was no more than a common ball in size or consequence. Again it would seem to me that there was an immense flower-vase springing from the top of my head, and if I took any notice of it, the flowers would seem to multiply to infinity. Another sensation would be that of an interminable forest of trees springing from my head. Then again my head would seem to open like an oyster, and an image of the sun or some other great object would seem to be impressed on my brain. Then everything would seem to be resolved into chaos, and I could not individualize or identify myself or anything else. Again I have felt that there was nothing that I could lay any claim to—that the very earth would slip out from under my feet; that the sun, moon and stars would vanish from my sight, and that everything that I would lay my hands on would turn to dust and ashes.

But language is inadequate to express all the conditions I have

Interesting Miscellany.

MEMORY.

"Quick recollection," says Coleridge, "is often mistaken for reflection." This brief saying has suggested to me the inquiry, how much of our knowledge may be considered as independent of memory? I contend that, excepting a few first principles, such as personal existence, etc., (which are matters not of inference or demonstration, but of intuition,) none of our knowledge is unrelated to memory, and that all of it is ascertained without the aid of any such principle of the mind as the judgment or reflection.

Common minds seldom, almost never, reflect; they memorize. If you ask some if they have a good memory, they will answer No; meaning that they have not cultivated a memory of words and books. The truth is, they were not born with a love for that particular branch of science, but have applied themselves to some other. But the mind was so constituted that it must be active in something; therefore each man has some one ability, acquired by a constant repetition of it, such, for instance, as cracking jokes, violin playing, drawing or painting. Proficiency in these is attained not by reasoning, but by frequently practicing till memory is perfect. Thus all memorize; few think, few originate, few are creators. Shakspeare even was but a delineator. Such truthfulness to nature as his was never attained by meditating on abstract subjects in his closet, but by a daily contact with humanity as it really is. He painted the picture of human life as seen, visited and experienced by himself. His copies were perfect, it is true, but nature was the original which he so perfectly imitated from his matchless memory. His chief distinction was his memory.

Bunyan, too, who was an inventor if ever there was one, related in his immortal allegory only his own experience, and as truly depended upon memory as his chief resource, as he who learns the history of nations, and then rehearses it to others. How long and vain was Newton's attempt to solve the law of gravitation among the heavenly bodies, till he remembered the falling apple. And after that great man had solved it, another could learn of him, and as perfectly understand the principle as did he who himself had solved it. A child learns the letters of the alphabet by this principle, by remembering what they are like. A. he remembers from the quaint idea of a man spreading his feet; O, because it looks like his hoop; X, because it resembles a sawhorse, and the others in some way, unknown perhaps to us, but certainly by memory. As he becomes more advanced, he will constantly recur to things remembered. If some new principle is presented, unconnected with previous knowledge, there is not a possibility that he will understand it, till a kind friend sees the difficulty, and refers him to some previously understood principle, and then all is made plain. Soon a whole treatise, which required months to understand, can be reviewed and understood in a few hours, because memory leads him through a familiar path; but if he enters a new field of science. The first step, perhaps, may be a difficulty inexplicable, till his own or his friend's memory suggests a word, and the whole principle is an axiom.

How wonderful is the capacity of memory! Cyrus and Frederick knew the names of every soldier in their armies; Homer could repeat the whole of the Iliad and the Odyssey. It is said that if all the writings of the five best British poets were destroyed to-morrow, Macaulay could restore two-thirds of them all from memory; and such instances are not solitary, though rare.—*Bo ton Cultivator.*

JUSTICE IN TURKEY.—In Turkey trial by jury is unknown. The aggrieved party complains to a judge, who orders both parties before him—he listens to the accusation and the defense, examines the witnesses, and decides at once without reference to the statutes. There are written laws in Turkey, but the Judges are often illiterate and proud men, who conceive that it would derogate from their dignity to refer to a law book! These decisions are sometimes two hasty and frequently unjust. In illustration of which is the following incident:—"The Governor of Constantinople, attended by his suite, was one day passing through the street, and took a fancy to examine the weights used by a certain baker to weigh his bread. He found them deficient, and cautioned the baker against a repetition of the offense. Some weeks afterward the baker was standing in his shop, conversing with a friend, when to his great consternation, he saw the Governor coming toward the shop. As he knew the consequences would be unpleasant, if he again examined his weights, he requested his friend to take charge of the shop for a few minutes; with which request the good man unhesitatingly complied, and the real master of the shop disappeared by the back door. The Governor approached and ordered the weights to be tried—they again proved light. 'Rogue, rascal,' said the enraged officer, addressing the astonished Osmanli, 'did I not give you a fair warning some few weeks ago! and will you then persist in deceiving your customers?' So saying he ordered the temporary master of the shop to receive the punishment of the bastinado, which was inflicted on the spot with great severity, in spite of the remonstrances of the poor fellow; his ear was then nailed to the wall of the shop as a terror to evil doers!"

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.—Never be afraid of blushing. Accept no present of value from men. Avoid lightness of carriage. Be modest and moderate in dress. Be not often seen in public. Affect no languishing. Don't talk loud. Never deal in scandal. Receive salutes modestly. Be affable with men, but not familiar. Sympathize with the unfortunate. Be not always laughing and talking. Be discreet. Suppose not all men to be in love with you that show you civilities. Let not love begin on your part. Speak not your mind on all occasions. Seek not to hear improper conversations.

THE TOLL GATE OF LIFE.

We are all on our journey. The world through which we are passing is in some respects like a turapike—all along which Vice and Folly have erected toll-gates for the accommodation of those who chose to call as they go—and there are very few of all the hosts of travelers who do not stop a little at some one or the other of them, and consequently pay more or less to the toll gatherers. Pay more or less, I say, because there is a great variety as well in the amount, as in the toll exacted at those different stopping places.

Pride and fashion take heavy tolls of the purse—many a man has become a beggar by paying at their gates—the ordinary rates they charge are heavy, and the road that way is none of the best.

Pleasure offers a very smooth, delightful road in the outset. She tempts the traveler with many fair promises, and wins thousands—but she takes without mercy; like an artful robber, she allures until she gets her victim in her power, and then strips him of health and money, and turns him off a poor miserable object, into the worst and most rugged road of life.

Intemperance plays the part of a sturdy villian. He is the very worst toll gatherer on the road, for he not only gets from the customers their money and their health, but he robs them of their very brains. The men you meet on your road, ragged, and ruined in fame and fortune, are his visitors.

And so I might go on enumerating many others who gather toll of the unwary. Accidents sometimes happen, it is true, along the road but those who do not get through at least tolerably well you may be sure have been stopping by the way at some of these places. The plain common-sense men, who travel straight forward, get through the journey without much difficulty.

This being the state of things, it becomes every one in the outset, if he intends to make a comfortable journey, to take care what kind of company he keeps in with. We are all apt to do a great deal as companions do—stop where they stop, pay toll where they pay. Then the chances are one to ten, but our choice in this particular decides our fate.

Having paid due respect to a choice of companions, the next important thing is to observe closely how others manage; to mark the good or evil produced by every course of life—see how those do who manage well; by those means you learn.

Be careful of your habits, these make the man. And they require long and careful culture, ere they grow to a second. Good habits I speak of. Bad ones are easily acquired—they are spontaneous weeds, that flourish rapidly and rankly without care or culture.

THE TURKS AND THEIR ALLIES.—The sudden and sweeping reforms promulgated by the Sultan have almost caused a revolution in his dominions. Everywhere outbreaks are taking place, and large bodies of troops are employed in their oppression. Religious fanaticism is the principal cause of these disturbances. The followers of Mahomet believe that, in admitting Christians to certain privileges—that in allowing them to erect churches and temples, and openly perform the ceremonies of their worship, the Sultan has betrayed the interests of that religion of which he is the acknowledged head. To such an extent is this feeling carried, that in the disturbed districts many of the cadis, or chief magistrates, refuse taking any steps to put down the outbreaks. Now, these sudden and violent alterations in the institutions of Turkey are made at the pressing instigation of the Allied powers. It has been asserted in the English Parliament that no coercion was exercised toward the Sultan; but we rather suspect the style of argument used to that monarch was tantamount to saying "There is no compulsion, but you must." To conciliate Russia, the Western powers insisted that the Sultan should make such sweeping revisions in the domestic affairs of Turkey as amount almost to a revolution. Turkey being unable to resist the "gentle pressure" of her kind Allies, conceded all they required, and the result is—violence and insurrection.

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I have had a mental experience distinct from all this. During these experiences I was held in subjection by a Spirit so strong that it was all in vain for me to seek release—one who would teach me whether I wished to be taught or not; one who would teach me not what I wished to know, but what it desired me to hear. It seemed to me that I was held with iron hands. I was first taught that "There is a dark pall resting on this earth, that God was determined to remove; that he loved this earth with an everlasting love; that it was dear to him as the apple of his eye; that it had not entered into the heart of man to conceive the wealth and glory hidden beneath its gloom; that there must be a restoration of all things—a new heaven and a new earth—or this earth must be released from its present bondage; that the glory of the Lord must cover the earth as the waters cover the sea—that this time is at hand—that there is to be a time 'when man shall be as wax of gold;' a time 'when the voice of weeping and the voice of crying shall no more be heard in Jerusalem; when there shall be no more an infant of days nor an old man that hath not filled his days; when the child shall die a hundred years old.'" (See Isa. 65th, from the 17th to the last verse.) In short, that there is to be a time of triumph of truth and righteousness, of peace and joy and health, and that the time is at hand, or at least the time when we are to receive such influences that will produce such a state of things.

I was next exercised that "the Tabernacle of God is with men." I said to the Spirit, how? what? and where? At this time I was, it seemed to me, enveloped in a cloud. I was enclosed from all terrestrial impressions. I had a mere consciousness of earthly existence and that was all. When I asked the Spirit what was meant by "Tabernacle of God," a veil or curtain was cast aside, and I beheld the Spiritual Tabernacle. But oh! the exceeding glory and incorruptible riches of the holy place! Gold and silver, and purple and fine linen are faint types of its spiritual glory. In the agony of fear and trembling and utter helplessness I exclaimed, Why are these things shown to me, a weak and obscure woman? Why are they not given to some strong man that could grasp and apply them? I can do nothing with them. Then there came a voice as it were from the inner tabernacle, saying unto me, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head, and the woman shall bruise the heel or tail of the serpent." I said, You are teaching me false doctrine; my Bible does not read so. So strongly was I held to this interpretation of the text that I read it over and over again to see if this meaning would correspond with the reading. It would not, but the reading seemed to me so pure that it must be false as it appeared to me. I wished not to embrace a delusion or false doctrine. But my mind was held in the most intense agony of tension and vacuity until I took the position, that woman should accomplish this work. Then the interpretation of the text assumed an inconceivable degree of moral grandeur and sublimity. I could do nothing but shed tears over the magnitude of the work to be accomplished—a work designed so long before the time for its execution. The Bible seemed to me to be written in golden letters, and a golden chain seemed to connect or run through its pages.

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The Holy City, the New Jerusalem coming down from God, out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband, is the dispensation to be established. It is to release man from his falsehoods; he is to be clothed of his fig-leaves and clothed in garments worthy of his manhood. There shall in no wise enter into the Holy City anything that defileth or whatsoever loveth abomination or maketh a lie. At the crucifixion, when Christ was pierced in the side, there came forth blood and water, which signify two Dispensations. The blood was for the remission of sins, and was a type of the Christian Dispensation. The water was a type of the third or last Dispensation, (the Jewish Dispensation being the first) which is to be established by woman, and is to be one of triumph over Death, Hell, and the Grave."

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Interesting Miscellany.

MEMORY.

"Quick recollection," says Coleridge, "is often mistaken for reflection." This brief saying has suggested to me the inquiry, how much of our knowledge may be considered as independent of memory? I contend that, excepting a few first principles, such as personal existence, etc., (which are matters not of inference or demonstration, but of intuition,) none of our knowledge is unrelated to memory, and that all of it is ascertained without the aid of any such principle of the mind as the judgment or reflection.

Common minds seldom, almost never, reflect; they memorize. If you ask some if they have a good memory, they will answer No; meaning that they have not cultivated a memory of words and books. The truth is, they were not born with a love for that particular branch of science, but have applied themselves to some other. But the mind was so constituted that it must be active in something; therefore each man has some one ability, acquired by a constant repetition of it, such, for instance, as cracking jokes, violin playing, drawing or painting. Proficiency in these is attained not by reasoning, but by frequently practicing till memory is perfect. Thus all memorize; few think, few originate, few are creators. Shakspeare even was but a delineator. Such truthfulness to nature as his was never attained by meditating on abstract subjects in his closet, but by a daily contact with humanity as it really is. He painted the picture of human life as seen, visited and experienced by himself. His copies were perfect, it is true, but nature was the original which he so perfectly imitated from his matchless memory. His chief distinction was his memory.

Bunyan, too, who was an inventor if ever there was one, related in his immortal allegory only his own experience, and as truly depended upon memory as his chief resource, as he who learns the history of nations, and then rehearses it to others. How long and vain was Newton's attempt to solve the law of gravitation among the heavenly bodies, till he remembered the falling apple. And after that great man had solved it, another could learn of him, and as perfectly understand the principle as did he who himself had solved it. A child learns the letters of the alphabet by this principle, by remembering what they are like. A, he remembers from the quaint idea of a man spreading his feet; O, because it looks like his hoop; X, because it resembles a saw-horse, and the others in some way, unknown perhaps to us, but certainly by memory. As he becomes more advanced, he will constantly recur to things remembered. If some new principle is presented, unconnected with previous knowledge, there is not a possibility that he will understand it, till a kind friend sees the difficulty, and refers him to some previously understood principle, and then all is made plain. Soon a whole treatise, which required months to understand, can be reviewed and understood in a few hours, because memory leads him through a familiar path; but if he enters a new field of science. The first step, perhaps, may be a difficulty inexplicable, till his own or his friend's memory suggests a word, and the whole principle is an axiom.

How wonderful is the capacity of memory! Cyrus and Frederick knew the names of every soldier in their armies; Homer could repeat the whole of the Iliad and the Odyssey. It is said that if all the writings of the five best British poets were destroyed to-morrow, Macaulay could restore two-thirds of them all from memory; and such instances are not solitary, though rare.—*Bo ton Cultivator.*

JUSTICE IN TURKEY.—In Turkey trial by jury is unknown. The aggrieved party complains to a judge, who orders both parties before him—he listens to the accusation and the defense, examines the witnesses, and decides at once without reference to the statutes. There are written laws in Turkey, but the Judges are often illiterate and proud men, who conceive that it would derogate from their dignity to refer to a law book! These decisions are sometimes two hasty and frequently unjust. In illustration of which is the following incident: "The Governor of Constantinople, attended by his suite, was one day passing through the street, and took a fancy to examine the weights used by a certain baker to weigh his bread. He found them deficient, and cautioned the baker against a repetition of the offense. Some weeks afterward the baker was standing in his shop, conversing with a friend, when to his great consternation, he saw the Governor coming toward the shop. As he knew the consequences would be unpleasant, if he again examined his weights, he requested his friend to take charge of the shop for a few minutes; with which request the good man unhesitatingly complied, and the real master of the shop disappeared by the back door. The Governor approached and ordered the weights to be tried—they again proved light. 'Rogue, rascal,' said the enraged officer, addressing the astonished Osmanli, 'did I not give you a fair warning some few weeks ago? and will you then persist in deceiving your customers?' So saying he ordered the temporary master of the shop to receive the punishment of the bastinado, which was inflicted on the spot with great severity, in spite of the remonstrances of the poor fellow; his ear was then nailed to the wall of the shop as a terror to evil doers!"

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.—Never be afraid of blushing. Accept no present of value from men. Avoid lightness of carriage. Be modest and moderate in dress. Be not often seen in public. Affect no languishing. Don't talk loud. Never deal in scandal. Receive salutes modestly. Be affable with men, but not familiar. Sympathize with the unfortunate. Be not always laughing and talking. Be discreet. Suppose not all men to be in love with you that show you civilities. Let not love begin on your part. Speak not your mind on all occasions. Seem not to hear improper conversations.

THE TOLL GATE OF LIFE.

We are all on our journey. The world through which we are passing is in some respects like a tarapike—all along which Vice and Folly have erected toll-gates for the accommodation of those who choose to call as they go—and there are very few of all the hosts of travelers who do not stop a little at some one or the other of them, and consequently pay more or less to the toll gatherers. Pay more or less, I say, because there is a great variety as well in the amount, as in the toll exacted at those different stopping places.

Pride and fashion take heavy tolls of the purse—many a man has become a beggar by paying at their gates—the ordinary rates they charge are heavy, and the road that way is none of the best.

Pleasure offers a very smooth, delightful road in the outset. She tempts the traveler with many fair promises, and wins thousands—but she takes without mercy; like an artful robber, she allures until she gets her victim in her power, and then strips him of health and money, and turns him off a poor miserable object, into the worst and most rugged road of life.

Intemperance plays the part of a sturdy villain. He is the very worst toll gatherer on the road, for he not only gets from the customers their money and their health, but he robs them of their very brains. The men you meet on your road, ragged, and ruined in fame and fortune, are his victims.

And so I might go on enumerating many others who gather toll of the unwary. Accidents sometimes happen, it is true, along the road, but those who do not get through at least tolerably well you may be sure have been stopping by the way at some of these places. The plain common-sense men, who travel straight forward, get through the journey without much difficulty.

This being the state of things, it becomes every one in the outset, if he intends to make a comfortable journey, to take care what kind of company he keeps in with. We are all apt to do a great deal as companions do—stop where they stop, pay toll where they pay. Then the chances are one to ten, but our choice in this particular decides our fate.

Having paid due respect to a choice of companions, the next important thing is to observe closely how others manage; to mark the good or evil produced by every course of life—see how those do who manage well; by those means you learn.

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