

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH & FIRESIDE PREACHER

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

CHARLES PARTRIDGE, PUBLISHER, 428 BROADWAY.—TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 30.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 394.

THE TELEGRAPH AND PREACHER.

PRICE:

One Year, strictly in advance (if registered at the risk of publisher),	\$1 00
Six Months,	75
Three Months,	50
Class Price of 10 or upward, per annum,	1 50
To City Subscribers, if delivered,	2 50
Single Copies,	5
To Patrons in Canada (with postage prepaid),	2 50
" " South America, "	3 00
" " Europe, "	3 00

Advertising, 12½ cents per line.

The best remittance from foreign countries is American bills, if they can be obtained; the second is gold, enclosed in letters. Our friends abroad can have this paper as regular as those around us, by giving full address and prompt remittances, and we respectfully solicit their patronage. Small sums may be remitted in postage stamps.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

A Reply to Video.....	344
New York Conference.....	354
Religious Liberty in England.....	354
Independence consistent with.....	354
Rev. E. H. Chapin's Sermon.....	354
"Am I not thine Ass?".....	354
Forms of Reciprocity and forms of In- dependence.....	354
Direct Writing by a Spirit.....	354
Psychical power over Animals.....	354
Disorders among Salamanders.....	354
Question about the Spirit World.....	354
Gerrit Smith's.....	354
"F" on "Reform and Reformers".....	354
Speaking in many Tongues.....	354
The Independent, vs., the Shakers.....	354
A well-authenticated fact.....	354

Whoever receives this paper and is not a subscriber, may be assured that some kind friend who is desirous that he may become a patron, has taken the pains to furnish us with his address, with a request that we should mail him a copy, which we cheerfully do, hoping it will be the pleasure of the receiver to become a subscriber. Those who have suffered their subscription to expire, may consider the receipt of this paper afterwards a solicitation for the continuance of their patronage, and their pecuniary support of our endeavors.

Our contemporaries of the Press who would like to have this paper sent to them, are reminded that the special themes to which these columns are chiefly devoted, are such as to render secular papers of little value to us. Nevertheless we shall be happy to send this paper to all journals which come to us with an occasional notice, marked.

This paper is not given to light reading, in the form of seductive and exciting stories; neither is it cramped by allegiance to any sect or party. On the contrary, it is the organ of a free interchange of experiences and inspirations, as connected with significant current phenomena, and is the vehicle of new and earnest thoughts, respectfully uttered pro and con., on all subjects tending to instruct and elevate mankind. It is especially turned to the evolution of truth tending to practical reforms in the social, moral, industrial, intellectual, governmental and religious departments of human life. Hence it relies for its support on all those who are willing that truth shall prevail, and that practical righteousness shall be inaugurated among men. We recommend to all our readers to keep and bind up these volumes for reference, and as the most important records of current unfoldments and the deepest, most earnest and most progressive thoughts of the age.

This is a favorable time to Subscribe.

It has been our aim to furnish in this paper such reading as will instruct and elevate the reader, and tend to eradicate the evils which afflict mankind. We hope our course and efforts have secured some friends, whose sympathies with our endeavors will induce them to make some personal efforts, and to instigate some general action among the friends to extend our circulation and usefulness. We shall be happy to send specimen numbers of the TELEGRAPH AND PREACHER to everybody whose address may be furnished to us, and we solicit friends everywhere to furnish us with the address of their neighbors, townsmen, and others, for this purpose. We have also circulars, which we shall be glad to send to everybody, as many as they will distribute in railroad cars, hotels, lecture rooms, manufactories, and among the people generally. Friends may do much good by handing one of these circulars to each of their neighbors. The TELEGRAPH AND PREACHER is consecrated to the discovery, elaboration, and defense of truth, and to the inauguration of equal rights and righteous laws among men, irrespective of the frowns of popular error, and we rely on liberality, stern integrity, and zeal for truth and righteousness, to sustain this paper. Give us, kind friend, your patronage and hearty co-operation, and induce others to do likewise.

A REPLY TO VIDEO.

The "excerpts" which have recently appeared in this paper were made for my own benefit alone. I, however, requested their publication from circumstances of the following nature: Visiting the family of a Mr. W., which I had been slightly acquainted with for some years, I remarked, with the same feeling of conviction as I would have done on the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, that there was no evidence of any inspiration in the Bible. Mr. W. at once, in a manner which I considered rude, if not intentionally insulting, said "that any one who opposed the Bible did it because he wanted to gratify his passions and lusts." Now, so far as I myself was concerned, I knew this to be false; and, as an old student, I knew also that many others had opposed said book on grounds of a much higher and purer nature than the above-named—men whose character, bearing, position, age, would give the lie to such an assertion as W.'s. I therefore thought it best that said Beecherite bigot, and others of his class, should see those excerpts. I hoped, also, that it would lead such as "Video" and W. to read the works therein named (particularly the *Anacalypsis*, which I trust will soon be republished here by Mr. Partridge). If this should be the case, they will have much more truthful, more sublime, more enlarged ideas than they have at present, unless their blind attachment to a particular creed, or their native stupidity, dam up the avenues to all common sense.

Our Bible is (literally, as he who runs will read) astronomically, entomologically, geologically, geographically, historically, and prophetically false. It has in some instances been made conformable to science (see in excerpts, Wiseman's remarks), and it will doubtless eventually be twisted, turned, remodeled, re-translated, etc., etc., till not one of the above charges can be brought against it. And the fact that such charges can be substantiated is a sufficient proof that the work is not of God. Indeed, it appears to me that a man is very far from being wise who constantly turns for information to the false records of the interested, conceited Jews (whose father was the father of lies, Christ says), instead of those gorgeous and truthful pages a beneficent Creator has everywhere unfolded before us.

Scientific theologians now agree that the sun did not stand still for Joshua. Learned geologists now agree that the world was not made in six days. Geographers cannot discover that the Nile, Euphrates, Indus, rise in or pass through any particular garden. Historians are at a loss to know how Solomon and his empire could have been so magnificent, when not one of the great Greek philosophers and writers, from Pythagoras to Diod. Siculus, even so much as mention them. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and other able Orientalists, can not see where the prophecies concerning Nebuchadnezzar were fulfilled, since Egypt was never in a more flourishing condition than about

the time of N.'s death; and finally, entomologists have yet to learn that *arie, gob, gabai, gazam, schagab, chanamel, chani, bhargal, jalk, solam*, and *peelatal*, mean locusts.

I need not inform Video that every nation has its sacred book; and that if he had been educated a Mohammedan, he would have clung as faithfully to the Koran as he does now to the Bible. I have known personally as good men (and they were intelligent too) who believed in the Vedas and the Koran, as I have those who believe in the Bible. I will add, however, for his particular consideration, that, as in modern Christianity, "we find in almost every primitive mythology not only a great Father and Mother, the reciprocal principles, but a beneficent character, partaking of a divine and human nature, who is the GREAT TEACHER OF MEN . . . and, after a life of exemplary usefulness, disappears mysteriously. . . . He is born of an earthly mother, a virgin, and often a vestal of the sun, who conceives in a mysterious manner. . . . He appears as Buddha in India, Fohi in China, Sebaka in Thibet, Zoroaster in Persia, Osiris in Egypt, Taut in Phœnicia, Hermes or Cadmus in Greece, Odin in Scandinavia" (*Squier's Archaeological Researches*, p. 184); Manabosho of the Algonquins, and Codomo of the Siamese.

Video says "that we may reply fairly and philosophically to the author of the 'excerpts' he should tell us where he gets these extracts, the books, and the pages." I do not understand him; for I think there is hardly a single extract that does not give the book, if not the exact page, from which it was taken. The first, as expressly stated, are from Dr. Nott's lectures; then follow Diodorus, Siculus, Volney, Gesenius, Wiseman, Mantell, the *Anacalypsis*, Euc., Plowden, etc. The W. should have been *idem*, for each with that letter referred to Wiseman. As I said above, as they were only for my own use, I sometimes merely put the initial, and sometimes only the page, not caring to repeat the author's name—as, for instance, p. 94, p. 203, p. 313.

But what can be said to such journals, priests and people who, notwithstanding the lucid expositions of the Rev. Mr. Hatch, of the *Herald*, &c.; notwithstanding the two learned and conclusive articles of the *Westminster Review* (just published here by Townsend & Co.), showing that the Sunday was never designed to be other than a holiday by those who "set it apart," and that to many nations it never was known at all, still persist in calling it the *Holy Sabbath*? We also constantly hear clerical scholars talking of the "house of God"—as though one pile of bricks was more sacred than another—the boobies! If anything was wanting to show the utter foolishness of such cant we have only to point to our post office, once a church; to a billiard saloon and a rum-shop in Court-street; to an auction-store in Willoughby-street; to the late "Old Boston Theater." Houses of God, forsooth! It is perhaps, however, worse than useless to argue with persons who will not

study for themselves, but stand firmly opposed to common sense and glaring facts. Our clergy and many of their followers are like men who, having read a vast many books on moonshine, fancy they understand astronomy. The very learned Higgins says something to the effect, that a man has no right to talk theology who has not read Dupuis: I say, no man has a right to talk theology till he has read Higgins.

Video also says, "The Bible is founded on a rock," and then speaks of sand. I deny the first in any sense; but I believe the sand has been thrown in his eyes by an interested clergy. I once thought as he does, and began prayerfully to seek for said rock. I dug deep, and then round about, and the further I went the more unstable was everything, and I found that all and each of our dogmas had their precise types in heathen mythology, from which they are derived; all connected more or less intimately with pagan deities, whose characters, "male and female," as Sir W. Jones remarks, melt into each other, and at last into one or two; for it seems a well-founded opinion, that the whole crowd of gods and goddesses in ancient Rome and modern Varanes mean only the powers of nature, and principally those of the sun."

Video also says: "Shall we believe the one man or the dozen?" as though I had brought forward all my forces, and they were only as one to twelve. Did I, in my extracts, mention one of the greater historians and philosophers of Europe, who have an array of unrefuted and unrefutable (Video's assertion to the contrary notwithstanding) arguments on my side of the question? If one man, like Judge Edmonds, for instance, testifies against his interest, it is worth that of a hundred who testify in behalf of that by which they gain their bread and butter; and of the former class are many of my witnesses; and I will give Video one more whom, in this connection, he has probably never heard of—Sir Isaac Newton: "What the Latins," says he, "have done to this text (1 John. v. 7) the Greeks have done to that of St. Paul (Tim. iii. : 16). By changing the Greek *della* into *thela*, the abbreviation of *theos*, they now read, *Great is the mystery of godliness—God manifested in the flesh.*" Sir Isaac gives a list of authors, who, he says, "wrote all of them, in the fourth and fifth centuries, for the Deity of the Son and incarnation of God; yet," he says, "I can not find that they ever allege this text to prove it, excepting that Gregory Nyssen once urges it. In all the time of the hot and lasting Arian controversy it never came into play; though now those disputes are over, they that read *God made manifest in the flesh*, think it one of the most obvious and pertinent texts for the business. . . . If the ancient Churches, in debating and deciding the greatest mysteries of religion, knew nothing of these two texts, I understand not why we should be so fond of them now, the debates are over."—*Bishop Horsley's Sir Isaac, and Preface to Apoc. N. Test.*

Dr. Pococke says: "That many things in the sacred books of the Persians are the same as those in the Pentateuch and other parts of the Bible. They contain many of the Psalms, called by the Jews and Christians, absurdly enough, the Psalms of David."

Sir Wm. Jones says: "The primeval religion of Iran, if we may rely on authorities adduced by Monsani Fani, was that which Newton calls the oldest (and it may justly be called the noblest) of all religions."—*Sir W. J. on the Persians, Dis. VI., p. 197.*

Sir Wm. Jones, in his eleventh discourse to the Asiatic Society, says—"Our divine religion needs no such aids as many are willing to give it, by asserting that the wisest men of this world were ignorant of the two great maxims, that we must act in respect to others as we would wish them to act in respect to ourselves; and that, instead of returning evil for evil, we should confer benefits even on those who injure us; but the first rule is implied in a speech by Lyrias, and expressed in distinct phrases by Thales and Pittacus, and I have even seen it, word for word, in the original of Confucius."

"The oldest and wisest of the Grecian philosophers taught the very best parts of the Christian morality many hundred years before Jesus was born."—*Anacalypsis, p. 288.*

I do not intend to make any further reply to "Video" till he assures me he has read the 1200 pages of *Anacalypsis*, for at present he does not know what he is writing about; his assertions and witticisms are mere twaddle.

In conclusion I must say a word on Beecher's sermon, de-

livered in the evening, Oct. 23. He believes in a devil—what intelligence for the nineteenth century!—and goes on to prove there must be one, because there are bad men, and ferocious animals, and poisonous substances in the world. Hideous monsters [but suited to the state of things] existed long before man—is it any sign of a devil? Volcanoes, following good and wise laws of nature, destroy whole towns—is it any evidence of a devil? Arsenic is a virulent poison, but it is also a good medicine—does it indicate a devil? If this world had been a paradise, and man had been made perfect, whence would have arisen his aspirations for a higher—a better state? In the imperfections I see around me, I discover a design and wisdom that is surpassingly beautiful, and of inestimable value, and not the slightest need or indication of a devil.

AN OLD STUDENT.

SPIRITUAL LYCEUM AND CONFERENCE.

HELD EVERY TUESDAY EVEN'G, IN CLINTON HALL, EIGHTH ST., NEAR B'WAY
SEVENTY-THIRD SESSION.

TOPIC: The influence of rum, tobacco, etc., on the other life, continued.

Dr. LOWENDAUH: His facts are all indicative of good on the part of Spirits toward us. He had been in the habitual use of tobacco for twenty years. Soon after his arrival in this country, and while yet a skeptic as to Spiritualism, he was told through Mrs. Kellogg, who was then a stranger to him, that he would be cured of his love for tobacco. He, of course, had not the slightest faith in the prediction; but he soon found himself losing his relish for his accustomed cigar, which, when first perceived, he attributed to its being of inferior quality, and so smoked on. Soon the practice made him sick; but he remembered that such was the effect produced on him at the beginning, and so he resolved not to yield. Finally, the cigar was jerked out of his hand by an invisible power, and then he gave up. From that time to the present tobacco has been repulsive to him, and proximity even with others who use it is exceedingly offensive to his stomach. Thus was he cured of the use of tobacco by direct influence of Spirits.

Dr. Young desired to enter his protest against a particularly large-sized man of straw, which took upon itself the imposing form of an assert on on the part of—of somebody—that if, as claimed by such as are sound in the faith, we pass into the spirit-world precisely as we leave this (that is to say, if we advance without making progress), such fact is an endorsement of popular orthodoxy. Not in the least. The popular teaching is, that the misery of the other life is the result of Divine vengeance upon the culprit; whereas we declare it to be but a natural result of the perverted appetite. Then it is claimed by some that the Spirit is independent of the organism; so that when the latter is abandoned, the love of tobacco, etc., being wholly carnal, ceases with it, which is a mischievous fallacy.

Mr. Devoe said: It is his experience that, when sick, tobacco, and even beef and bread and butter, with many other things enjoyed when in bodily health, not only lose their relish, but become positively disgusting.

Dr. HALLOCK referred to some of his remarks at the last session, and further illustrated his deplorable heresy by pointing to what he deemed natural exemplifications of the law of affinity, as thus: Love—attraction—is between iron and iron, and not between iron and wood, etc., etc., whence he inferred that to hammer a human soul into firm union with a plug of tobacco, is as impossible as it would be to weld a lightning rod to a bean pole. He has observed that the owner of a picture, for example, instead of loving the material, hanging against his wall at such heavy outlay of dollars, when brought so near as to be unable to see anything but the material, is invariably disgusted with it, and is repelled therefrom to a position whence the principle or idea is revealed; from which fact he ventures the conclusion heretofore expressed, that it is not blotches of minerals mingled with oil that he is particularly delighted with, but rather with the immortal genius and art which molds them into the expression of a spiritual and eternal reality.

To his mind, many of the facts cited as proof of miserable conditions and evil habits, purposes, etc., on the part of Spirits, so far from affording scientific ground for inferring their presence, communication, or connection in any way with the alleged facts of proof, they are in sufficient to prove the trance, or state of spiritual vision through which they are supposed to be derived—that is to say, they show the medium (if at all) in a very imperfect state of trance. For example, the case reported last week, where a Spirit step-mother pleads hour after hour with her family on earth, for forgiveness; and when obtained at last, enacts a drama of pleased surprise in celebration of the victory. Now, by authority of a thousand observations, surprise, as evinced by that and a vast catalogue of similar exhibitions gravely cited in proof of evil from the other world, is not possible to the genuine trance or state of seership, to say nothing of the more perfect vision of the disencumbered Spirit. A Seer like Isaiah, who could look through the veil of centuries, and note the successive epochs of human development, who could see Christianity before its birth, and tell of victories

yet to be—can we associate impulse or surprise with a power of vision like unto his? Jesus, a man born of woman—a Seer, who saw the plow pass over the spot where stood the temple of his people's worship, hallowed by miracle, defended by all the power of religion and all the pride of state; whose eye saw Judas betray him, whose ear heard Peter deny him, and whose illuminated vision looked upon the future Cross as upon enacted history—what are we to say of childish surprise, impatience, and silly importunity, as related to powers like these, manifested by men and women in the body? And these powers or faculties, as we know, belong to the trance. They are the exclusive property of no age, of no individual, of no nation, of no religion. Where the seer is—where is the genuine trance, there are these immortal attributes manifested. The existence of these powers, as exercised in the trance and demonstrated by repeated observations, overturn whole volumes of reputed evidence relied upon as proof of diabolism, obsession, etc., and by a wide range of believers put forth as demonstrative of spiritual intercourse itself. These observations show that much thus relied upon as of spiritual origin is insufficient to establish the fact of genuine trance; in reality, they are evidence to the contrary. They show that, instead of originating with Spirits, they are not the product of the normal exercise of the spiritual faculties of the (so called) medium. They belong to the domain of psychomachy, that zone of obfuscation or conflict between soul and body, in which the bewildered seer looks out as "through a glass darkly," and "sees men as trees walking"—a condition in which sticks turn into snakes, mitens into monkeys, and imagination into realities. At best, they are manifestations from the imperfect or transitional state between the ordinary condition and the spiritual plane of the individual, in which nothing is reliable, save and except only the one important fact, that every impression or pronouncement is unreliable.

Mr. —: If we can come at the truth, it will be well; but who can say what is the truth? He has a few facts bearing upon the question. On one occasion he was receiving a communication through a trance medium, when repeated interruptions occurred by reason of the impatience of a lady present, who appeared to be ambitious to monopolize the kingdom of heaven for her own especial delectation. For the first offense, the Spirit simply reproved her "vaulting ambition" by saying: "Respect your turns." Alas! like the boy in the apple tree, upon whom gentle words and even tufts of grass made no serious impression, this lady would not "respect her turn;" and then the Spirit, like the old man in his treatment of the treed boy, pelted her with such pebbly arguments that they even broke friendship between herself and the innocent medium, for months afterward. Another Spirit, who had suddenly parted with his body in consequence of its unhappy proclivity to tumble down stairs, informed him through a trance medium, that he should be happy but for sympathy with the grief of his friends, and sorrowful regret for mis-spent hours; but that he was getting to feel more comfortable. He had been a lawyer, and while on earth was, by nature and profession, very irritable. Through the same channel, he inquired of another Spirit if there was a devil. The Spirit said he could not answer that question, giving as a reason that he (the Spirit) was too thickly obscured by earth-stains and blotches, to permit of a clear perception of spiritual individualities and truths, and therefore had not yet essayed the usual exploring expedition so much in vogue with certain mundane seers and philosophers. On another occasion, a Spirit communicating with him was obliged to stop, in consequence of persistent interruption from a brother Spirit manifestly suffering from lack of patience. In conversation, through a trance medium, with a Spirit who was herself a medium when in the body, he was told by said Spirit that, after entering Spirit-life, she had for a length of time pursued an individual on earth who had greatly injured her, with a direct view to avenge her wrongs upon him; but that now, she is all love and forgiveness.

PAPER OF MRS. FRENCH.

She understood the question to be, Do Spirits return to the earth for malicious mischief, for the purpose of injuring others, breaking up family relations, etc., or to seek through other organisms the gratification of animal passions and perverted tastes engendered in the life-form? and not (as some here seemed trying to shape it), does death level all distinctions, and place the pure and the impure, the well-sorted and the mis-sorted life on the same elevated plane? She had presented facts here, and given the results of her observations and experiences as opposed to evil obsession, or obsession of Spirits for purposes of evil, and that brandy-drinking, opium-eating, tobacco-chewing and smoking, etc., no matter how much these habits had enslaved the individual in the form, were no longer felt as needs by the Spirit, and hence that they had no desire for such gratification, but, on the contrary, they rejoiced to find themselves freed from habits which they had not the strength to break while in the form. Besides, when questioned, they have invariably (so far as my experience goes) expressed regret and remorse at their course here, always admitting and declaring that a misdirected life on earth was a loss, and a great loss, and that they were not in the same position of progression they might have been, and would have been in, by leading a different earth-life. How many young men, middle-aged and old men, do we meet, who are addicted to intemperate habits, and who, in their sober and sane moments, loathe such habits, and resolve again and again to break them, but who can not do so in consequence of the demon created in the physical by frequent use and abuse of alcohol, showing it is not

from the love of the effect upon the spiritual, but from a morbid condition of the physical. Free the Spirit from this morbid and diseased physical form, and the Spirit, the *real man*, is no longer enslaved. has no desire to be so, but desires to progress, and will do so. The following facts, in addition to those given before, not only show that the Spirit has no desire for a stimulus rendered necessary to the form by long use, but also shows that it is not necessary for identification to engender in a medium such tastes, or cause the medium to act out the character:

January 29, 1854.—At a circle in Washington City, loud raps were made, calling for the alphabet, before we had well taken our seats, and the following was spelled out: "Friend George, I am here for the purpose of redeeming my promise." The party addressed said, "Who are you? If a Spirit, speak or write, as this method is too slow. If you can rap, you can speak or write." Answer by raps. "If thee will preserve quiet, I will speak to the medium." I requested the Spirit to drop the Quaker style. Immediately my eyes were raised from the table, and directed to the ceiling, where I saw, in letters resembling gaslight, "I promised you, if it were possible, I would come back and tell you all about my wants. I have no desire for sweet flagg, or use for my carriage. I now know the cause of my feeling pain in my foot." Here the gentleman became so nervous and excited, that he interrupted the communication with, "Uncle Adam, if this is really you, talk intelligibly, for I am getting very nervous." "Well, you know that I lost my leg, and for six years used an artificial one. You also know that I used to complain of pain in my foot, and you always laughed at me. I had only lost the physical foot; the spiritual was still there, and was often pained from the use of the wooden leg. I will tell you more on another occasion, as I see you are frightened." George (the gent addressed) sat still, looking as pale as death. Some one asked, "What is the matter?" In much excitement, he said, "For God's sake, do not speak; I fear Uncle Adam is dead, for he has fulfilled a promise in this communication." I immediately left.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 3, 1854.—Whilst receiving a communication through the raps at Henry Gordon's, the door-bell rang. I was forced to leave the table, and pass out into another room, where I met the gentleman of the Washington circle. Saw in letters of light, as before, "George, I am glad to see you so earnest in the pursuit of knowledge. You find I was true to my promise. Farewell!"—*Adam Lane*. As soon as I could, I said, "My friend, you left us very abruptly at Washington." Ans. "Yes; I was so much shocked at the communication, never having witnessed a manifestation before; I did not believe it was spiritual; I thought you were by some means cognizant of a conversation between my uncle and myself, for I had not heard of his death. Still, I was so much troubled, that I left Washington at once for Philadelphia, and, on my arrival, found him dead. He died in a fit, on the morning of the day I received that communication. I have now come to say to you that but a few weeks previously, my uncle said to me, jokingly, 'George, if this Spiritualism is true, I will come back and tell you whether I need my sweet Flagg, to the use of which I have become so addicted, and what kind of a carriage I will have up there.' Neither of us at the time believed. With your permission, I will gladly pursue the investigation of this subject farther."

Dr. GRAY desired to be understood, that he did not maintain that the effects of vice and evil habits terminate with death; but that the disposition to commit wrong, does. He thinks the change wrought is at least equal to that produced upon an individual by the trance; that is to say, death improves a man by as much as the trance would; and he never yet saw a disposition to revenge manifested by a person in the trance. We must all have our regrets for mispent opportunity; but our question is, as to whether the disposition to commit or to enjoy wrong, goes with us.

DR. SPENCE'S PAPER.

It has been truly remarked by Dr. Hallock, that nature is a great cheat. She does one thing, and all the while makes it seem as if she was doing quite another. We love ourselves, our own internal activities, and yet we think we are loving the external stimulants, or inspirations which cause those activities. The question has been raised in the course of this discussion, whether the Spirit, in or out of the body, loves tobacco, rum, &c. I answer, that it loves rum and tobacco in the same way that it loves any other thing which is outside of itself, whether it be tobacco, rum, beauty, intelligence, morality, man. If I am a tobacco chewer, it is not the external thing called tobacco which I love; but tobacco placed upon my tongue, through the medium of the nervous system, stimulates, inspires that internal principle of my spiritual nature whose activities we call tastes, and it is those internal activities that I love, not the external quid, *per se*. I love myself therefore. So with rum, so with any external object that stimulates or inspires any of my internal sensational principles, whether it be that of taste, seeing, hearing, smelling, or feeling. I love the activities of those faculties of my spiritual nature, and not the outside causes of those activities; and those faculties, being no part of the body, are not shed with the body, but go with me into Spirit life. Again, I stand before the Falls of Niagara, and I think I love Niagara. I say it is beautiful, sublime. But the beauty, the sublimity which I cognize is all my own; it is the inspired states of those internal faculties whose activities we call beauty and sublimity, and hence the dog at my side knows nothing of either. I do not love Niagara therefore, but nature has cheated me and made me think I do. I love my own internal activities—the creations of my own faculties—I love myself. Again, I approach an intellectual being, and he gives me a thought. I think I love him and his thought. But it is not so. His thought is external to me; and, though it is an inspiration to me, yet it is not mine, and I know nothing of it. I only know of the thought which it inspires in me, be it more or less than his, and that thought—that activity of my own I love—I love myself. It is the same if I approach a moral being. I do not love him or his morality, considered *per se*, as things external to myself; but I love the inspired, or the active condition which that man's morality produces within myself. Now the sensational principles of my nature, as well as the intellectual and the moral, go with me into Spirit life; and the same is true of my lusts and passions, which, in their essential nature, are of the Spirit, not of the body. Such being

the case, a Spirit, in Spirit life, loves the activities of his sensational principles and of his lusts and passions there, as well as he would here; and if they ruled him here, they may rule him there. Now, although I do not know what are the ordinary external stimulants or inspirers of those principles in Spirit life, yet I see that it is possible, and I believe it is an actuality, that Spirits may and do have their internal sensational principles, and their lusts and passions stimulated by getting into sympathetic rapport with the tobacco-chewer, the rum-drinker, and the man of lust and passion; and that Spirits may and do court these things, and urge persons in the body, to indulge in such physical gratifications, that they (the Spirits) may enjoy the sympathetic rapport. Again, it is contrary to all that we positively know of every process of growth that is open to our examination, to suppose that death is a developing process which lifts a man, at once, from the sensational plain to the fully-expanded intellectual, or from the intellectual to a full moral unfolding. These are gradations which we enter by growth, not by miracle; and if a man here has not advanced beyond the sensational, and the lustful and passion principles of his nature, or, in other words, if they are the powers that give tone, and type, and character to his life here, they will do the same in the Spirit-world, until he is unfolded by a regular process of growth into his higher nature—until his intellectual powers, or his moral powers, or both, shall have attained their adult state, and give tone, and type, and character to his life.

Dr. GRAY suggests, as an element of very great force in this inquiry, that, on entering the other life, each one gravitates to that society which corresponds accurately to all his durable, real and immortal points of individuality. The laws of caste and self determine to a lamentable extent every man's society and associations here; but there, the law of affinity governs—affinity between real characteristics, not between abortive utterances of them.

If social displacement leads to drunkenness here, as he thinks it does, what shall keep it up there, after the cause is abolished? We mistake, perhaps, when we think any drunkard has affinity for drunkenness in another, or even in himself.

Adjourned, R. T. HALLOCK.

INDEPENDENCE CONSISTENT WITH DEPENDENCE.

The man is not born, neither the child—only the conditions. Childhood precedes manhood as the green blade heralds the golden ear; and there is something which comes before childhood. This something is the germ. From this germ, through the child, comes the man. The germ is given—the man is made. The germ and Maker are one. If the germ remains not in the hand of the maker, the man does not appear. The germ has intelligence and liberty; he can see and choose; he can remain or depart. If he remains, the temple is built—the man is made. If he departs, the materials are wasted—the gift is abused. Intelligence may become drowsy and blind, but liberty prevents blindness from weakening accountability. The actual gift is a blessing, for it points to the possible manhood. As the gift is free, the abuse does not attach to the giver. When the gift has strayed, the giver is no longer bound; to restore is optional with him. Perfect health is always preceded by perfect rectitude. Every deviation is followed by a disease exactly proportioned to the fall. Disease discovers misery on his track, and pleads earnestly for deliverance. The giver pities the sad condition of the fallen one, and sends a remedy. A remedy applied restores to health, but does not cancel the loss. A remedy misapplied is as no remedy. A man is not measured by the volume of his brains so much as by their texture. Here is where Wm. E. Channing towers above Daniel Webster. An active pigmy is of more benefit to the world than a sleepy giant.

SEMA, Oct. 24, 1859.

Religious Liberty in England.

People of the English religion are fond of boasting that their principles leave every man free to choose a faith for himself out of the Bible, at the same time woe be to him if he should choose anything resembling "Popery"—that's all. It is notorious that one of the London churches, in which "High Church" or Puseyite practices are carried out, is and has been for several months past a scene of the most disgraceful rowdiness. On last Sunday the rioting was carried on at the Church of St. George's-in-the-East, the Mission Church in Calvert-street, and the beautiful new Church of St. Saviour's in Welleclose-square, in a fashion which would be considered shameful in the lowest public-house or dancing saloon. The gates of Calvert-street Church were regularly besieged and defended—the besiegers at length carrying the day, or rather the evening, and rushing howling into the church where the opposing party met them by turning off the gas and throwing the whole place into darkness. Ultimately the interior was cleared by police; but "outside the church," says the *Times*, "the disturbance was terrific." At St. Saviour a similar scene was enacted, the "No Popery" mob actually spitting in the faces of the gentlemen who held the gates against them from the inside, and maltreating the clergyman when he made his appearance. At the third Puseyite place of worship, the conduct of the mob was still worse. They chased the "High Church" clergyman through several streets, and finished with a pitched battle with the police. Such is the "toleration" and religious liberty accorded and enjoyed in England.—*Dublin Nation*.

REV. E. H. CHAPIN'S DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED ON FRIDAY MORNING, OCT. 20, 1859.

"Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."—*MAT. 5: 48.*

In the verses immediately preceding the text, Christ inculcates the highest principles of social duty. Taking up the old doctrine of retaliation—of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth—he presents the contrasted spirit of the Gospel that commands pardon for injuries, and love for hatred. But this spirit found its illustrations not in the customs and conduct of men in Christ's time; and alas! it finds but little illustration in the conduct and customs of the men of our time, or of any time. The spirit organized in institutions, consecrated in laws, breathed abroad in popular sentiment, is not the spirit of love for hatred and good for evil. We do no better than the publicans did even then. Therefore Jesus bade his hearers, and bids us, to look for no human, conventional standard as the expression of that great principle of love which He set forth, but directs our attention to that infinite beneficence, to that boundless charity, which in its tender mercies embraces even the vilest, and which sends forth its bounties for the good and the bad, in the sunshine and in the rain.

The idea is this: let not the measure of your social duty be that of men in general, who love because they are loved, and who give to receive, but strive to cherish and exercise that exhaustless love which has its source and fulness in the divine nature alone. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect."

This, then, is the doctrine of the text; but I do no violence to its essential significance, as I shall endeavor to show, in taking it up as an injunction to moral or spiritual perfection in general. I take it up, I say, as an injunction to moral and spiritual reflection in general. Startling as may be the thought—impossible as the realization of the idea—may actually prove, the real meaning of the gospel—the whole tenor of the spirit of Christianity in the soul of man—is nothing less than this illimitable good, this exhaustless requirement, "Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." That the words before us contain an injunction without any limitation, is the point which I shall urge in this discourse, and that this injunction comes to every man, and has no limitation.

I observe, then, in the first place, that there is no limitation of the principle which is here specifically enjoined. That principle is the principle of love, of charity, in the most comprehensive sense of the word. This is what Christ has been talking about (I read you the passage this morning); He has been unfolding the greatness and power of that spirit of love, in a measure, as I said before, that the world has never received nor began to fathom, and yet which the world is bound to receive, instead of mere human statements. For with all the authority He could gather, He says: I say to you, do so and so, not as men do, or as human institutions do. Therefore I say the specific principle upon which Christ brings the text to bear, is the principle and spirit of love.

Christ does not say, be ye perfect in all respects, as your Father in Heaven is perfect; but in that quality of charity, in that great principle of love which will enable you to return blessing for cursing, and good for evil; and which, in its original and highest illustration, sends down upon all the sunshine and the rain.

The point to which I wish to call attention is this: that this principle is without any limitation. This principle of love really involves all that is high and good. It was not necessary for Christ to say, be ye perfect in every respect, as your Father in Heaven is perfect; for what he said implied that. I repeat the expressed idea of being perfect in this element of love is to be perfect in all high spiritual qualities. We could not help it then. You can not be perfect in that without being perfect in all things of the kind. This truth is expressly implied, and expressly declared in the New Testament, that in all perfection the center is love; and when you get the name of God as distinct from his mere attributes, that name is love. God's attributes, in whatever measure of perfectness they appear to us, are contained in, and proceed out of, love. In no place is it said, God is wisdom, God is justice; all these are mentioned as the attributes of God; but distinctly, as expressing the essence out of which all these attributes spring, it is said—"God is love."

So I repeat that in all perfectness the center is love; therefore love in its highest state is perfection. If it does not become us to criticize the divine attributes; if it is impossible for us to conceive of wisdom in that higher measure—that wisdom of love, and that power of love, and that justice of love; yet with this conception, as it is actually brought before us, of the divine nature, with that lofty standard guiding us to conclusions, we may reverently say, that wisdom without love would not be perfect wisdom, nor power perfect power, nor justice perfect justice. Therefore love is perfection, and without it perfection is not.

But it is not only in this consideration, but in the moral and spiritual condition of man, that we find it declared to men that love is the fulfilling of the law. Therefore, in order to be perfect in love, we must be perfect in all moral and spiritual qualities; and the injunction of the text, though indeed bearing upon this special principle of love, really exhorts us to all perfection; and when we really arrive at that state of perfection, all moral and spiritual qualities will be involved in it.

But let us push this a little further: I ask you to consider if the proposition is not a sound one—that perfection in any kind of excellence involves perfection in all other. However excellent a man may be in any particular branch of attainment, it is conceivable that if he were perfect in other branches of attainment, he would be more excellent in that particular branch. We use this term *perfect* in a very loose way. We say, for instance, of a man, that he is a perfect musician; but, even while we use this term, we have a vague conception that the word means something better, and something more that the musician may yet accomplish—something that may excel all his previous performance. We are constantly expecting of talent or genius of any kind, something more exalted than we have yet seen; and this constitutes the wonder of genius in the world—its unfathomable possibility, and that from it we expect greater revelations of splendor and power than anything we have yet seen. We are dissatisfied if it remains upon the level of its present attainment, lofty as that level may be. It is the penalty of fame that a man must keep up his reputation. “Get a reputation, and then go to bed,” is one of the absurdest of maxims; “Keep up your reputation, or go to bed,” is much nearer the truth. Keep it up; be something better; do something more wonderful, or decline in admiration and in reputation.

In everything that we call perfect in music, in painting, in intellectual excellence of any kind, we are every day contradicting our loose use of the term by expecting some loftier and greater achievement; in every moment we contradict what we say by looking for something better to emerge out of that.

All perfectness is not perfect. The question occurs the moment this principle is admitted, whether the person perfecting an achievement that seems to us so excellent, could not perform an achievement of a higher excellence if he were more perfect in all other lines of achievement and action. For instance, is not it conceivable that the musician, great as he is, might be a still better musician if he had cultivated the other branches of his intellect also—if all the harmonies of his soul in its depths had been awakened up, and brought to bear upon this particular thing? Would he not be a better musician if he knew more of external nature—if he had got its perpetual harmonies in his ear, and upon the chords of his soul—if he knew to the very core and heart of the thing all the significance there is in the trill of the birds, the whisper of the winds, the clashing cymbals of the waves, the trumpet peal of the tornado, and the roll of the thunder? And if he was a religious man—if the depths of his moral nature had been broken up, and his heart touched with celestial love and divine fire—might we not conceive of a still mightier, noble, and sweeter tide of power in the harmonies of his song and the excellence of his execution?

I repeat, that every single line of excellence lacks perfection, after all, just in proportion as we are imperfect in other lines of excellence. A man, for instance, may be accomplished in the Spanish language, but, according to this correct standard, he would be more thoroughly acquainted with that language if he were acquainted with all other languages, and knew all histories and customs of men of all kinds. It is of no use to state the proposition in the inverse way, and say if he knew that language thoroughly, it would bring him into a knowledge of all other languages. And if a man be an artist, of course he may be a better artist if he knows what beauty is in the rock, in the light of the sunset, and in the sea—if he knows thoroughly the anatomy of the human frame, and every tissue and fibre of the human body; and then if his moral nature and life be harmonious, he will paint a grander work than otherwise.

I speak of high art as though its influence could not in any respect be immoral; and it never can be, if it is truly high art. The real grains of painting and sculpture never can have an immoral influence in proportion as it attains to perfection; and only by a religious nature can these great gifts be harmoniously developed and worked out in their highest accomplishment.

Certainly the proposition remains true in regard to spiritual excellence. We can not be perfect in any one direction, or in any attainment without perfection in all other attainments. Strike upon the path of moral advancement, and you can not pursue that in any direction without its interests involve all others. You try it; you let a man undertake to be perfect in one virtue, and you will soon see what a miserable specimen of a man he is, even in that virtue. You may take justice, for instance; a man sets up for a just man; but with no love and no charity, can he be a just man? He is a man perhaps rigidly exact in formalities—a man in whom you can pick no legal flaws; he pays cent. per cent., and you can make no account against him that way; but can he be just to his neighbor without loving, or without having the deep sympathies of his nature warmed toward him in his heart?

Can we be just when we speak, for instance, of the poor, miserable, fallen man or woman, without taking into account the temptations that have pressed on their hearts, or the measure of resistance against that fall? Can I be just without entering in some degree into the searching and loving spirit of Jesus, even to the lowest basis of the soul, and feeling the great sympathies that vibrate there, and see the dim ideal there which is almost eclipsed? A man may perhaps have this principle of love in a hard and severe way; he may go up to the

very line of requirement; he may take the pound of flesh, and not a hair's weight more; but after all, in no sense can a man be perfect in justice who has not this principle of love.

Here is a man who sets up for a temperate man; but is he temperate if he does not control his passions? Can he exercise true temperance without fortitude, without strength, all through the departments and ranges of his moral being? Here is one, who is a charitable man—who does many good deeds, yet you will find he is an unjust man, because when he gives to one he takes away from another portion who depend upon and look to him. You perceive at once this is out of balance; the man is not perfect in charity who is imperfect in these other qualities. You will find very often that this charity is of that general kind which does so and so, and loves everybody in general, and nobody in particular, with all that world wide sweep of good feeling, without any center or tendril of substantial personal love. It is much harder to love those we are brought into direct contact with every day, than it is to love the world at large. It is much harder to love the individual man who stands before you and near to you, than to love the mass of mankind taken as a whole; because then your love is tried by the imperfection of its object, for no man is perfect. On the other hand, every man has his faults; and in proportion as you become intimate, these faults come out. For the ideal friend you had painted, the man of beauty and harmony turns out not to be so. He is but a man; and in proportion as these little evils come out, these little faults and foibles make themselves known, your love is tried; and to love a man in spite of these faults—to take hold of his heart and anchor there—to take him to your arms with love, excusing the fault, requires more energy than it does to love mankind in general.

You will find a great many people who talk largely about charity, but the moment they are balked they are the most uncharitable people in the world; the generous maxims grow scalding, and all their milk of human kindness turns to a bottle of aquafortis.

There is a great deal of ignorance in regard to the love with which Christ looked upon this great world; such love has never been fathomed, and even the half has never been told. Never has preacher or poet, or even prophet or apostle, told the love of Jesus Christ for the world at large—for the least and the lowest. It was no sham philanthropy, and no ideal sentiment; it was a love that led him to die upon the Cross. And yet he was not simply a lover of mankind in general; he loved John with a peculiar and especial affection; he loved Lazarus with an intimate and personal affection.

The greatness of the love of Jesus Christ is in the harmony and union of these two things; he loved the world generally, and he loved individuals also.

You will find that a man can not be truly charitable and yet lack this true principle of love. The principle of charity is not perfect. I say, also, that men can not be perfect in this love without being perfect in all other qualities of moral and spiritual excellence. But there is this difference between the quality of love here set forth, and these very virtues or qualities to which I have alluded. They are simply arguments of the great principle of all virtue and of all moral excellence.

Here is one who, as I have said, has a single virtue, and becomes nothing but a personification of a single virtue. A man sometimes takes a single virtue, and rides it like a hobby; and such men generally get their single virtue and their virtue becomes a perfect nuisance. There is nothing but that one virtue comes out before you, and he rides it till it becomes a mere skeleton hack-horse of virtue, instead of any exhibition of what a true life should be. Now this principle of love inculcated by Jesus differs from any isolated virtue, in that it has in it something of all virtues, and all moral and spiritual excellence. Attain to that—go down into the fathomless wells and cisterns of that love, and all other virtues will be developed out of it. If a man truly loves in the sense in which Christ loved, he is a temperate man, a just man, and a charitable man; and, instead of being simply a man of virtues, he is that highest and noblest of all, a virtuous man.

Having now arrived at the possession of all excellence which makes up the sum of human perfection, we are to come back again, and, starting with this love, show how, in attaining this, we do attain excellence in all other principles, just in proportion as we attain this true love. The artist must love; he must love the things to which his soul gravitates; the beauty above the brightness of the visible world that haunts him with dreams of inspiration he can not banish. It is not by mere constraint that we can know anything; it is not by tapping at the outside of the shell of anything that we can know it; we must, by intimate sympathy, go to the very heart of it. The man of science must love nature; the true historian must love men; and this is true of all things. All knowledge has its inevitable condition—love—at the basis and core of it.

All moral and spiritual life, which is true life—life that God accepts; all life that is not mammified, constrained and bandaged; all true spiritual and religious life—has its core and root in love. But that great principle of love, before we can be perfect in it, must have taken up the sum of all other perfections; and when we are perfect in it, all other perfections are involved and implied in it. That is the requisition set forth in the text, an assimilation with the very

essence of God himself. That is love. All selfishness, which is the root of all sin, must die out in him; all pride, all miserable self-conceit, all false honor—all must come down before that spirit of love which is the essence of God, and which was the glory of creation in Jesus Christ. Therefore, although specifically, Christ did not say, “Be ye perfect in all things, as your Father in Heaven is perfect,” yet in saying or implying that we are to be perfect in that love in which God is perfect, he said and implied that we are to be perfect in all other things. Therefore he sets before us, in the first place, a principle which has no limitation.

Secondly. As there is no limitation to the standard which is set before us here, what, let us now ask, is the standard? God himself. “Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect.” Nothing less and nothing more limited than that. The standard is God! Therefore you may think it is very unnecessary for me to take up this proposition. The standard is unlimited; you say God is an unlimited being in all his attributes, boundless and fathomless. The very term we use, which we can not comprehend, but which we use to cover our ignorance—“infinity”—implies no limitation. But, my friends, do not men practically and theoretically limit God? This is one point which is peculiarly illustrated by the passage before us—men do practically and theoretically limit the goodness of God. They limit the divine beneficence of God. Their creeds trouble them, and in order to reconcile their creeds, which they have built up as their conception of God, instead of looking at the truth itself, they say God's goodness must be limited, or his omnipotence must be limited. They virtually say that God is omnipotent but not good, or else they say God is good but not omnipotent; and in that way they endeavor to dodge the great problem that presses upon them. Especially do they turn away with dread from the revelations of the natural world. They say that if left to that alone, the problem is more than they can master; and that they must go to revelation in order to justify their faith in the divine goodness of God, which faith has been disturbed and clouded by the phenomena of nature. Now, my friends, all of us, I suppose, will agree that in the Christian revelation which has come to us through Jesus Christ, we have received a measure of the exhibition of the nature of God that we do not get from the outward world, and God comes to us there with a fullness and brightness which does not appear in nature. I have often dwelt upon this theme, and this especial truth of Christianity, and the necessity for this revelation to us, and the nearness of God, and the personality of God, which comes from it—the sympathy of God with individual man, as well as mankind as a whole; his peculiar sympathy with the human soul, above all things he has created.

I have shown how that is all gathered up and expressed in Jesus Christ as it is not expressed in nature. But admitting all this, let us not try to cloud over the face of nature in order to enhance the glory of revelation: for, after all, it is the revelation of nature which forms the principal foundation on which our faith rests. Our conception of God—of divine goodness—must come from the natural world, and from things round about us. You ask a blind man of colors, and he knows not what you say; you ask a perfectly deaf man about the nature of sound, and he knows not what to reply. So when revelation comes to us, telling us of the goodness of God, and there has been no exhibition of God's goodness by which we had been guided, and by which we had formed no standard, should we know anything about it?

If, for the first time, our conception of divine goodness were gathered from the pages of revelation, how could we have that conception of the goodness of God, were there no intuition within us answering to the effects of the world without? The leaves of the Bible would come to us as unmeaning as the snow-flakes that may fall from yonder cloud, and more so, because we must have a conception of the things spoken of in the Bible, and that conception must have been guided and taught by some reality in the world without. The glory of revelation, as I view it, is this: It affirms all the best instincts of the human heart, and all the noblest truths that have been revealed to the human mind. Christ does not say there for the first time, “God is good”; he appeals to the goodness of God as a recognized fact. The Apostle Paul speaks of those who had no written law—no outward revelation—and yet whom we condemn, inasmuch as rain, and sunshine, and fruitful season were alike to all.

God Almighty justifies natural religion, and I repeat that the glory of revealed religion is the fact, that it affirms the grandest truth of nature; and Christ rests upon these as admitted propositions. God has revealed his glory to man as he did to Moses, making all his goodness pass before him. And what I wish especially to urge on you here is the fact, that Christ does appeal to nature to illustrate those grand truths of the new economy. Here he is setting forth truth that contradicted the feelings of all his hearers probably—certainly the distinctive feelings of the great mass of the Jewish nation. He is setting forth a truth that not two thirds of the people in the world believe can ever be put into practice. The world laughs at it and hoots at it. Go out to-day and preach the last part of the 5th chapter of Matthew—that grand law of love instead of vengeance—and men will say, “Pooh! pooh! that is all very good to talk about in the closet, but it is not practical.” It is sublimely practical. But Christ

made it on the Cross, and it is practical to the world, as will be more fully illustrated when banners shall have been furled, and swords sheathed, and cannons hushed, and men shall have learned a nobler wisdom than they have heretofore practiced. The grandest foundations of society will be built upon Christ's law of love. And when he wishes to show the great truth of God's economy so distinct and so peculiar, he takes nature as an illustration of it, and falls confidently back upon the truth which all men recognize in their instincts, however metaphysical subtleties and skeptical doubts may paralyze and lead astray those instincts. He points to the goodness of God in nature, in the fact that he sends the rain and sunshine upon the evil and the good, and says, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect," and, as all that which appears to you in nature is perfect, the perfect goodness of God is manifest to you in nature.

Now what will these people say who believe in Christ? and I am not talking of skeptics now. As far as nature is concerned, they can not find the evidences of the goodness of God there; they see one kind of animal devouring another; they see, perhaps, five hundred and ninety-nine out of six hundred seeds coming to nothing; they see the buds and flowers falling half developed; they see the destructive and hideous creatures, and the process of disease, and nature to them becomes almost an apparatus of malignity rather than an evidence of divine benevolence. They say, God in nature does not appear to us good and beneficent; that is what they say virtually; and that, I say, is, in purpose, the worst kind of Atheism.

Unless you admit the goodness of God as manifest in the world, you have no argument against Atheism; you might as well fall down to the conception of a blind fate which crushes everything beneath its iron and relentless wheels.

I admit, to be sure, that evils exist in the world; but I say that the more profoundly you study the natural world, the less and less do they become, and their relations become more harmonious. While it may be true that details may perplex our faith a little, we find that this truth as a grand whole does not perplex our faith—the doctrine of the essential goodness of God as seen in nature—for the harmonies of things appear as we explore. Order is itself natural; it is a fact which science discloses everywhere. There is order in the calyx of the violet, and in the bosom of the sun, in the braided constellations of the heavens, and in the drops of the summer shower—order everywhere. It is a law, and that law a law of beneficence, working out steadily great events. Man, to be sure, finds evil in his own path; but how often is it an evil of his own creation? How often does his disappointment come from the baulking of some search for an object which he really does not need? Take up and count the disappointments in the world that come from seeking unessential objects—that come from our own sins, and if you say that the problem of sin itself is a great trouble, then I tell you you can not conceive of the existence of anything with finite ideas without the possibility of sin; you can not conceive of the possibility of a universe not liable to imperfection, unless that universe is God himself; and therefore sin is an essential possibility of every evolution of infinite goodness. I say that if you take the evils that come from our own sins—if you take up those that we make—how many of the real accusations that we bring against God himself diminish! But it is as a whole that I look upon nature; and as Christ saw it, so we may see it, as the manifestations of essential goodness, that the plain man, with a willing heart and right eye, not perplexed with metaphysical subtleties and skeptical doubts, may comprehend.

The only answer which can be made by the Christian to the skeptic, is the answer which these very Christians I am speaking of virtually repudiate; which is that all this is but scaffolding, transitional and temporal. Yes, there is suffering in the world, but don't you see what noble results come from it? Man has to meet with a great deal of trouble, but don't you see how much nobler it makes him, and how every effort he puts forth develops the muscles of strength, how every desire beats against this limitation, and kindles aspirations for something higher? And so we see it is but secondary. Evil is not the primal fact in the universe; and that is the only correct answer.

But what do these people do? They say virtually that evil is eternal. There is the trouble; they say, here is the evil in our midst now, and we do not know why evil may not exist forever. If God permits evil here to-day, why may he not permit it for millions of years? Why, that is the very essence of Atheism. Prove to me that evil can be eternal, especially in these aspects of evil—prove to me that this great center of malignity is comprehensive and enduring, and where is your answer to Atheism? Your answer is, it is transient, it is disciplinary, it leads to good ends. Do you see how false your analogies are when you point to the seeds that have never come to fruition, and the flowers that have never developed? Is that the analogy for eternal evil? Is it not one thing to say that if the dead, unconscious seed is not suffering itself, it may serve as a conscious life to other things? and is it not another thing to say of the conscious human soul that because it suffers now, it will suffer forever? Is it not one thing to say of man that he may sin here, and may suffer hereafter; but is it not another thing to say that therefore you must suffer always?

I repeat, that the only argument that you can bring against Atheism and skeptical despair is, "Not always, oh man, but transient, are

these dark clouds and spots on the sun. They are the fleeting shadows before the face of God; the scaffolding-apparatus subserving other ends." If there is evil here working out good, it does not follow that there will be evil eternally. Your logic must be crushed by your creed if you use such logic as that. You limit the goodness of God which Christ has made illimitable, for he appeals to it made manifest in nature, sending upon all the rain and the sunshine; not upon your little farm alone, godly man, but upon that of your poor sinning neighbor beyond; not upon you alone, O, proud son of fortune and reputation, but upon that poor scarified scamp that lies in the kennel. The sunshine warms him, the rain weeps in pity for him, God's universal bounty touches and blesses even him; upon all, says Christ. Away with your limitations of God, and especially of divine benevolence! The standard set before us in the text is an illimitable standard.

Finally, I observe, the text sets before us no limitation in attainment. The great thing is, to be perfect. We have seen what the principle is—love; we have seen what the standard is—God.

"Be perfect." You say, We cannot be perfect; who is perfect? Was there ever a perfect man? Never! Was Paul perfect? O, no; he had fightings without and within. Was Luther perfect? O, no; not at all. Ah, the poor flaws of our mortality! How well it is, we feel sometimes, that those who are great and good are not better known to us? When we get near to them, and our eyes become microscopic, how the little flaws come out, and how the little cracks appear in them; and he that was our ideal of perfection among men, is not perfect after all. But the requisition is still more pressing and tremendous than this. "Be ye perfect," not as some other men; but be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven. That is the injunction; "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect!" Is that possible for poor, weak man—for finite, sinning man—to be perfect even as the infinite God is perfect? That is the great mystery of our nature, and the wonder of this soul enshrined in flesh; even though it be sinful flesh, there is that in it which enables it to claim kinship to God. Oh, ye stars which light the vestibule of heaven! Oh ye glories of divine creation, with all your magnificence, how ye shrivel up and grow dim before the possibilities of the human soul! The poorest beggar has that kinship to God by which he may aspire to be perfect even as God is perfect!

Here is the wonderful adaptability between Christianity and the nature of man. What is man's nature, that it must have an illimitable ideal; that it must be constantly aspiring? It can not live on what it has attained; but the moment it has attained it, in one sense the life has gone from it. Has it been reputation you have been seeking? Well, you have gained it, and wear the world's laurel upon your sweaty brow, and the crown of honor on your throbbing forehead. Do you enjoy it? You look out into the dim distance of possibility, and see something more—a greener laurel and a brighter crown. You are not satisfied with what you have gained. You gain even an object of human love; but is not the joy of the pursuit a greater satisfaction than the possession even there? It is not in the mere possession of an object that there is the most joy, but in the pursuit; the excellence and inspiration of truth is in the pursuit, and not in the mere having of it. The pursuit of all truth is a kind of gymnastics, and man swings from one truth with higher strength to gain another. The continual joy and glory of the thing is the possibility opening before us. Who would have all excellences laid out before him now? Who would know all things now, and have the springs of intellectual activity dried up by that fact? Would you see heaven now with all its glory and all the perfection which you anticipate? Suppose you did? What, then, would be the real joy of heaven to you? Is not heaven continually the prospect of something better? Is not that the inspiration of it? Even though the darkness which hides the future world, hides beloved faces from us, do you not say, God be thanked "That eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered to the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love him?"

That is the joyful prophecy—something to come! to come! to come! That is the joy of the universe—to come! The worlds about us say, as the new constellations wheel in among the systems, "to come!" All the processes of nature, in their ceaseless work, declare "to come!" "To come!" says every falling leaf of to-day, pointing to the spring-time, while autumn stands like a pale, withered, and excited Cassandra, prophesying of the future! "To come!" says man. "To come!" says the sick man; the day of health will approach. "To come!" says the dying man; I know it will come when Christ shall give me the victory. It is all in the coming—all in the possibility. Christ showed the adaptability of this religion to man's nature by giving him an exalted ideal, an unapproachable standard; by setting before him something to which he can never attain. That is the glory of it, "to be perfect, as God is perfect."

"Be perfect as the apostle Paul?" I think I might somewhere in eternity be as good as he. "Be perfect, as John Howard was perfect;" but when I have reached the attainment of John Howard, or have reached the apostle Paul's attainment, I have nothing more to do? Ah! it is to be perfect more than that! Be perfect, as an angel is perfect? We may be angels; we may blossom into angels for aught we know; we may become among those who cast their crowns before

God Almighty, praising him continually. But then do we stop? No; the requisition is, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect." You never can be, and that is the glory of it; you will be always striving for it, pressing forward, and moving upward. All eternity becomes a development of ceaseless growth and of continual aspirations after perfection.

Now just think of the idea of being perfect! that is the great work which is set before man—to be perfect. You are placed in a low condition or in a high condition; no matter, strive to be perfect. To be growing perfect, yet never becoming perfect, is it not a great thing to look at? You look at a child, and you can hardly realize the idea; you go home, mother, and take up your little babe, and you can hardly realize that its soft dimpled hand may wield the sword of battle, or may be lifted up in senates as he gives utterance to the speech that shall propel the car of civilization, or move on the great machinery of power. You can hardly realize that that little babe shall be a man. But he will be a man, and will pass upward to something higher and higher, because its end is to be perfect. So you can look at the poorest being in the world, at the feeblest man, and when you think of his eternal possibilities, and see what Christ has set before him—how grand does he become! Look at his coronation robes; look at his crown, brighter than all the jewels in the world; and white, so that no fuller on earth can whiten them.

Where shall we look to keep the standard before us? There is one who has shown us God's perfection better than the silver shower that, after all, fails to show something of his glory—better than the sun that fades and goes down. Christ Jesus showed us the perfection of God, and the great thing is to feel that we can become like him.

If you want to inspire men and make them better, tell them what they can do, and not what they have done; tell them what they may be, and not what they are. Do not say to the drunkard, "You are a poor, miserable wretch," but say, "Oh, man, look at your possibilities—at what you may become." So I say to-day, pointing to Jesus Christ as the great ideal of perfection, and as representing God's love in all its fullness, "Oh, man you may be like that," and I say more, you ought to strive to be like that. Whatever else you are living for that is not toward that end, is false living, and not the end for which God has placed you here. And above all the strife, and dust, and commotion, rises the sublime ideal of God's love; and through all the din, and thundering, and clamor of the world, comes this voice of Christ to your heart and soul, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."

"Am I not thine Ass?"

Two ministers of the Gospel were once conversing on extemporaneous preaching.

"Well," said the old divine, waxing warm, "you are ruining yourself by writing your sermons and reading them. Your congregation can not become interested in your preaching; and if you were called upon to preach unexpectedly, unless you get hold of an old sermon, you would be completely confused."

The young divine used all his eloquence, but in vain, to convince the old gentleman that the written sermon expressed his own thoughts and feelings, and, if called upon, he could preach extemporaneously.

"As we are of the same faith," said the young minister, "suppose you try me next Sabbath morning. On ascending the pulpit, you can hand me a text from any part of the Bible, and I will convince you that I can preach without having looked at the text before I stood up. Likewise, I must be allowed the same privilege with you, and see who will make the best of it."

The idea seemed to delight the old gentleman, and it was immediately agreed upon.

The following Sabbath, upon mounting the pulpit, his senior brother handed him a slip of paper, on which was written, "And the ass opened his mouth and spake," from which he preached a most glorious sermon, charming the attention of the delighted hearers, and charming his old friend with his eloquence.

In the afternoon the young brother, who was sitting just below the pulpit, handed his slip.

After rising and opening the Bible, the old man looked anxiously around—"Am I not thine ass?" Pausing a few minutes, he ran his fingers through his hair, straightened his collar, blew his nose like the last trumpet, and he read aloud: "Am I not thine ass?" Another pause, in which a deadly silence reigned. After reading a third time, "Am I not thine ass?" he looked over the pulpit at his friend, and in a doleful voice, said: "I think I am, brother."

SINGULAR TRADITION.—Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the great Spirit made the earth, he also made three men, all of whom were of fair complexion; and that, after making them, he led them to the margin of a small lake, and bade them leap therein and wash. One immediately obeyed, and came from the water purer than before he bathed; the second did not leap in until the water had become slightly muddy, and when he had bathed he came up copper-colored; the third did not leap in until the water became black with mud, and he came out with its own color. Then the Great Spirit laid before them three packages of bark, and bade them choose; and, out of pity for his misfortune in color, gave the black man the first choice. He took hold of each of the packages, and, having felt the weight, chose the heaviest; the copper-colored one then chose the second heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened the first was found to contain spades, hoes, and all the implements of labor; the second enwrapped hunting, fishing, and warlike apparatus; the third gave to the white man pens, ink, and paper—the engine of the mind—the mutual, mental improvement—the social link of humanity—the foundation of the white man's superiority.

"LET EVERY MAN BE FULLY PERSUADED IN HIS OWN MIND."

CHARLES PARTRIDGE

Editor and Proprietor

Publishing Office of the Telegraph and Preacher, 428 Broadway.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1859.

This paper is hospitable to every earnest thought, respectfully expressed, but is responsible for none except those of its editor.

FORMS OF RECEPTIVITY AND FORMS OF INFLUX.

It is susceptible of logical demonstration that all created forms, whatever be their degree or plane, exist and subsist by virtue of an influx of a vitalizing and spiritual influence or force from above themselves, and ultimately from God. Each form, animate or inanimate, intellectual or unintellectual, is therefore, in some sense, an *expression* or *correspondent* of the superior and spiritual influence which generated it, and which now, by a constant influx, sustains and controls its functional operations.

This broad and general principle necessarily involves the specific truth, that the spiritual influx, impressions or perceptions, of which man is at any time the subject, must necessarily bear a relation to his character, quality and state, and will be perfect or imperfect accordingly. Furthermore, a person necessarily can be *en rapport* with societies and conditions in the Spirit-world only in proportion as these correspond to his qualities and state; and when intruded into the spiritual world, either by death, magnetism or spontaneous trance, he will see, be told of, or will be able to describe only those things of that world with which he is in direct *rappor*t, or which directly correspond to himself. This consideration goes far to account for the varieties in the impressions, spiritual perceptions, and revelations (if they may be so called) of spiritual persons and clairvoyants, and cautions us to receive *none* of them without making due allowance for the peculiar characteristics and states of their recipients and mediums. From no seer, medium, spiritual clairvoyant, or even disembodied Spirit who has the means of direct manifestation, may we, therefore, expect a perfect revelation of spiritual things, unless the revelator be a perfect man or Spirit, with perfect organs or instrumentalities of discernment, and is in a perfect state as to faith and charity.

It is not to be denied, however, that there is that which, in a subordinate sense, may be called real in the visions of every spiritual clairvoyant or disembodied Spirit, whatever the character of such may be; but the reality consists in the mere truthfulness of the outstanding object or appearance as related, by the laws of correspondence, to the internal states of the perceiver. The inference, therefore, which the perceiver of the vision might be led to draw, as bearing upon the question of universal philosophy, or upon the *average* of truth concerning natural, spiritual and divine things, should always be taken with great allowance, as being tinged at its basis and grounds with the peculiarities of the individual seer or Spirit, and to whom a different vision has perhaps occurred from what could occur to any other individual. In order to get any absolutely correct and undistorted indication of spiritual and divine things from the annunciations of a seer, that seer must see things as God sees them. It hence follows that the man who is most like God—the most pure and divine in his affections and thoughts, the most complete and harmonious in his mental and moral developments, the most unselfish and the most thoroughly and energetically devoted to the accomplishment of the divine will, even in the face of personal sufferings and persecutions, and even death itself—is the only one who ever can be a thoroughly, and, in all respects, reliable revelator of spiritual and divine truths.

Many finely turned sentences are uttered in our day, and issued from the Press, concerning the impropriety of receiving for truth, the dicta of any man, medium, Spirit, or other being—urging the necessity of every one exercising his own reason in the premises. This is right, and it would be well if the rule were more fully carried out than it is—even to the

positive determination that that which some men call their own "*reason*" is really such, and not a distorted and fanciful conception of their own prejudice and pride; and when that which is unmistakably true reason is found, it would be well if men could carry it out to the utmost in the dissection and estimation of all subjects and propositions. Error would then die, and Truth would be triumphant, for essential *Reason* is the Divine Logos by which all heavens and earths and living creatures were made, and which is the Rule of their internal, normal, harmonious and divine movements and operations.

But as man is finite, and in his present state very imperfect, it must be obvious that there is, even with the best and wisest of men, somewhere a limit to the capacity of exercising true reason. Whether this is so or not, the *fact* is very conspicuous that even those who, in our day, are most eloquent in urging the claims of *reason* in opposition to *authority* are, upon a close analysis of their mental states and habits, found quite as much devoted to authority as any other class of persons. It is true that their authorities may not be such as others receive, but each has some favorite author, some favorite medium or table-tipping Spirit, or some favorite sphere of personal association whose influence, as a general thing unconsciously, exercises an almost irresistible sway over his great leading thoughts, feelings and opinions. It is so more or less with us all, and we can not—indeed, and if we could, we ought not—suppress the tendency of our minds, after we have exhausted the inherent resources of our own rational faculties in the search for truth, to lean upon some one who is felt to be wiser and better than ourselves, and capable of guiding us better than we can guide ourselves, through the wilderness of ulterior thought explored by him, but untrodden by us, always refusing, of course, to be led *contrary* to our reason.

Seeing, then, that we can not, without incurring greater danger, absolutely dispense with all authority—seeing that in point of fact all have their authorities, however they may disparage the idea of authority in the abstract—it behooves each one to make the wisest possible choice of the authority he will follow in those matters which lie beyond the sphere of his abstract reasoning powers. We have seen that mediums, spiritual clairvoyants, and even disembodied Spirits who have the means of direct and independent communication, are necessarily unsafe guides in multitudes of matters in consequence of being unfitted, by their personal peculiarities and imperfections, for influx from and *rappor*t with the integral and harmonic system of divine truth as a unit, and that all their sayings, therefore, must be taken with caution and large allowance for mistakes. We have seen, moreover, that the only absolutely reliable annunciator of spiritual truth is he who sees spiritual things as God sees them. It follows, therefore, that among all the spiritual authors, mediums, seers, etc., that man or woman who is the most pure, holy, godly or *Godlike*, and the least earthly and selfish, is, other things being equal, the most reliable; and if there ever was in this world of ours, a being who came from God, with the spirit of God, to do the will and teach the truth of God, and nothing else, that being may be implicitly received—his very life and mentality may be incorporated with our own nature as the essential and eternal *Reason* itself—an incarnation of the Divine Reason or Logos.

Direct Writing by a Spirit.

A correspondent writing from a western city (whose name we withhold for a reason that will be obvious) incloses to us an original or autograph (not copied) communication given by a Spirit, as we understand him, by a *direct* process, and without human hands, to a circle consisting of himself and some five or six of his associates. If this communication was really given as it is alleged to have been (and we see no reason to doubt the fact, in view of similar established occurrences), it is important as illustrating the doctrine that there are all grades of intelligence among Spirits, and also as showing the relations which sometimes subsists between the orthographic and grammatical capabilities of Spirits in, and Spirits out of, the body who are in most intimate relations with each other. It should be premised that the letter of our correspondent is a rare literary curiosity of itself. The Spirit-communication is as follows, *verbatim et literatim*:

"dear friends let me ask you if you are not getting more than you

ever expected but little did you think a few years ago that *god* would grant such a blessing as to permit your dear friends to come and help you to progress and comfort you tell me why you don't show the same respect now as tho we was to come from Saginaw i am from a better place and more able to teach you as i am in the Spirit world i am able to teach you our progress is grate if this meadium gives us the chance we will do graet miracles for you i will now ask you to be pleased with what you get at any time."

Our correspondent states that portraits are drawn by the Spirits of his circle in the same way, which are recognized by persons as those of their Spirit friends. "But," says an old-fashioned theologian, "are we to take this as a specimen of the intelligence of your Spirits?" Not at all, but only as a refutation of your doctrine of a dead level of intelligence among the beings of the other world.

PSYCHICAL POWER OVER ANIMALS.

One characteristic of man's superiority over the animal creation is his power, when perfectly self-possessed, of restraining, controlling, and in various ways influencing animals by his mere will. A furious dog will never attack a man who has the courage to stand firmly and look him steadily in the eye; and the proud lion, the monarch of the desert, will cower and shrink away before the steady gaze of a firm and intrepid man. Instances are related of still more extraordinary influences which men have exercised over animals. Iamblichus relates a case in which Pythagoras tamed, by his will, a ravenous bear, which had long been prowling about and doing much mischief to a neighborhood; and after rendering the animal docile, he sent him away, and he never afterward was known to do any mischief. Also Pythagoras, by his will, prevented an ox from ever more eating a certain kind of food, and called down birds from the air, and caused them to perch upon his hand (*Iamb. Life of Pyth.*, ch. xiii.). Another fact belonging to this category is related in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, vol. xiv., p. 728, and may throw some light on the marvelous power which Mr. Rarey has in the way of taming refractory horses. At least it shows that Mr. Rarey was not the first horse-lamer in the world. It is as follows:

"In the middle of the last century a person named Sullivan professed to have a charm by which he could tame the wildest and fiercest horses. From the mode in which he proceeded to operate, he was usually called the *whisperer*. We have before us a manuscript account of one of his performances, written by an eye-witness, one of the most able statesmen in the Irish Parliament. A gentleman in the county of Cork had a horse which defied all the skill of the jockeys; no one could ride him, and it was even dangerous to enter his stable. Sullivan was summoned, and led to the place where the horse was kept. When the company entered the stable, the horse began to kick and lash as usual; but when Sullivan spoke, the animal showed signs of terror, and permitted the Whisperer to come near and grasp his head. Sullivan affected to whisper something in the animal's ear; the horse trembled violently, permitted itself to be bridled and saddled, and was rode tranquilly up and down the avenue in presence of a crowd of astonished spectators. Sullivan always declared that it was out of his power to explain the source of his influence."

Disorders among Episcopalians.

A Richmond (Va.) correspondent writes a rather doleful letter to the *Churchman* of this city, concerning disorders and flagrant violations of the rubrics in the religious meetings holden during the late session of the Protestant Episcopal Convention in that city. Among the numerous things mentioned which shocked the writer's sense of propriety were the fact that "a huge demijohn stood under the Holy Table, in full view of the whole congregation, during the whole service;" "during the prayer of Humble Access, the rector brought in some additional bread upon a common *carthenware* dinner-plate, and placed it under a thick white cloth upon the table;" an appointment was made to hold the services for the consecration of Bishops in the capitol grounds, instead of in a church, as the rubrics require, which appointment, however, meeting with opposition, was not carried out; at another time, "the alms were collected from the Rt. Rev. Bishops in an old *Kossuth hat*!" etc. To us outsiders, it looks as if all these irregularities might be overlooked, with a suitable reprimand, except one, and that is collecting the "alms" in that poor old loserish "*Kossuth hat*." That was too bad. It is true that the rubrics say nothing directly about *Kossuth hats*, but as those articles have never been "confirmed by the Bishop," there is no reason why they should be permitted to intrude themselves into the channel.

QUESTION ABOUT THE SPIRIT WORLD.

A correspondent writing from Windham, Ct., makes the following inquiries:

I wish to ask a question of Brother "F." in relation to his views of the Spirit-world. I have not time now to refer to the back number so as to quote his language, but will refer to the sentiment as I recollect it. It is this, that our experiences in the Spirit-world are the result or effect of our acts in this. A man, for example, eats an apple in this world; it makes an impression on his mind; now this man, when in the Spirit-world, wishes to eat an apple. It is simply an imaginary process by recollecting the apple he ate here; that is, a projection of the impression from the Spirit mind which was made while in the form, or in other words, he *mentally* eats the apple; it is simply an operation of the mind. Now, the question is, if this is so, why can it not be done here, as all agree that the Spirit gets no new powers by the change called death?—why can not the writer sit down, and by the recollection of a good meal eaten long ago, enjoy it over again? And farther, how can children who have had no experience in this life, have any ideas or experience in the Spirit-world—as a projection from their minds?

These objections appeared to me upon reading the articles by "F." on the Spirit world. It is possible that I misconceived the meaning of "F." in that particular.

Friend "G." certainly has misconceived my meaning. The only instance in my course of articles on the "Spirit and the Spirit world" in which I employed an apple to illustrate an idea, was in the ninth article, published August 20. My language was as follows, in illustration of the doctrine of substance and form as relating to the spiritual world:

"First, as to substance and its various forms and qualities: I hold in my hand a sensible object which men have agreed to call an apple. I feel its surface, smooth and round, with my hands; I see it with my eyes, with all the peculiarities of its shape, hues and variegations; I smell its fragrance, I taste its flavor, I eat it, and am sensible of a peculiar nourishing and invigorating result upon my system. The sum of these sensations or perceptions constitutes the aggregate idea of an apple, with all the peculiarities of properties which this particular apple presents. Now let the mind, with an interior thought, carefully observe, that precisely *such* a concatenation of sensations and experiences, however and in whatsoever state of existence they may occur, must of necessity give the idea of an apple, and that the *cause* of these sensations, whatever, under a different analysis, this may prove to be, and in whatsoever degree of existence it may be found, must be the apple itself, with all the substantial reality that can ever attach to an apple."

I suppose this is the illustration to which friend "G." refers. But it is not here postulated that the mere remembrance of an earthly experience by a Spirit, constitutes to it that same experience in the Spirit-world, though in an important sense it may be said that every experience of man, treasured up in the living archives of the memory, is immortal. It is supposed, in the above extract, that the actual *spiritual* substance and form of an apple exists in the spiritual world, as really as the *natural* substance and form of the same exist in this world (and so of all other things); and that the cause of the appearance, taste and other sensations and effects of an apple, as addressing the soul from a source or realm of being that is different from its own individualized substance, is to it, substantially, really and in form, that apple, though the latter differs from an apple in the natural world in a manner similar to that, for example, in which clairvoyant sight differs from the sight of the natural eye.

Gerrit Smith Insane.

The melancholy intelligence was telegraphed to this city on Wednesday of last week, that Gerrit Smith had become seriously insane, and had been removed by his friends, on Monday, to the Lunatic Asylum at Utica. What were the predisposing or immediate causes of his malady, we are not informed. This calamity is sincerely deplored by the numerous friends and admirers of Mr. Smith, and, occurring as it does just at this juncture of exciting political and social affairs in respect to which Mr. S. was not indifferent, it will no doubt be a subject of the significant comments of the Press, especially the Press of the Southern States. The New York Journal of Commerce, a partisan opposer of Mr. S., has these remarks:

"Much as we deplore the movement, which appears to have received the countenance of prominent Northern men, against the peace and sovereignty of a sister State, and the disturbance of the relations which should always exist between the different sections of the Union, the melancholy spectacle of prostrated and prostituted intellect, such as Mr. Smith possessed, affords, perhaps, equal cause for regret. His mind of the first order, developed by cultivation, and graced by the accompaniment of polished manners, while the possession of large pecuniary means afforded the opportunity for directing those brilliant qualities to the most useful purposes."

"F." ON "REFORM AND REFORMERS."

BLOOMING VALLEY, PA., Oct., 1859.

MR. PARTRIDGE: I wish to call the attention of yourself and others to an article in the TELEGRAPH under date of October 1. I wish to protest against the spirit animating that whole article—a spirit of aristocratic intolerance.

First, "F." pretended illustration of the "moral and intellectual qualifications" of reformers, by supposing a "gallery of marble statues," and the making "an ignorant and self-conceited boor to enter, sledge-hammer in hand, and lay about him indiscriminately, now smashing the features of a Laocoon, now dashing the arms and head from an Apollo, and everywhere scattering fragments and ruins in his path." Such an illustration, it seems to me on examination, will be found to be just no illustration, so far as any parallelism is concerned. If "F." had supposed an assemblage of persons, respectfully interchanging opinions upon the principles governing statuary, in which "Reform Convention" there was an "agreement to disagree" in the mode of operation, but in which there was a fraternal union of purpose in the object aimed at—the advancement of the art of sculpturing—such an illustration would have been a near approach to "the varying results of the works of reformers," but in such a case, "the features of a Laocoon," and the "head of an Apollo," would have been in nowise endangered, nor would the principles of statuary sustain any damage.

The support of, or opposition to, an abstract principle is very different from the defense of, or warfare against, an isolated fact or existence. While the latter may be very wrong, no evil can ever result from the former. For instance: If a number of persons deem the present Administration corrupt and criminal, a meeting together to discuss and oppose it by all legitimate means is right; but the taking the life of James Buchanan would be downright murder. Again: It would be the height of insanity to deliberately destroy the "Greek Slave," the "features of a Laocoon," or the "head of an Apollo," and yet if a number of persons should conceive a fault in the design or execution of these or less perfect models, and should call a "free Convention" to talk it over, no harm could come of it; and until "F." can show that reformers and reform conventions meditate an attack with fire and sword upon the "forms which breathe, and have moral natures and immortal souls," his pretended illustration is valueless.

"Truth is mighty, and will prevail," and whenever it has a conflict with error, it is always the gainer. Said Thomas Paine: "It is the eternal nature of truth that all it asks and all it needs is the liberty of appearing." Said Percy Bysshe Shelley: "That which is false will ultimately be controverted by its own falsehood; that which is true needs but publicity to be acknowledged." These different expressions of the same truth force conviction. What enunciation could be more self-evident? But granting their truth, free conventions are seen to be an instrument of progress, and a benefit to the race, and "F." slurs at "these days of isms and free conventions, and sorely-jaded hobbies," are inapplicable and unjust.

"Any theory hypothesis, philosophy, sect, creed or institution that fears investigation, openly manifests its own error," says the modern seer; and the world's history testifies to the truthfulness of the saying. It is not surprising that slaveholding propagandists should mob abolitionists, and force them from their midst; but it would be surprising to see abolitionists fetter free speech. Temperance men court investigation; rascals flee from it. With which of these elements is "F." in sympathy when he says: "But when the most sacred things in Church and State are subjected to an indiscriminate slashing at the hands of impudent ignorance and self-conceit, and when even the character of him whom good minds revere as the 'Lord of life and glory,' are subjected to the mad and ignorant onslaught, we are apt to think that the 'reformer' (!) might display his powers to much better advantage by choosing a different class of subjects." Crack off the hull of fine words and some wit, and the nut of the thing is bunkish enough to suit the bluest orthodox. Most sacred things in Church and State! In Luther's time there were "most sacred things in Church;" and at the present time, Louis Napoleon finds it necessary to imprison many persons who are making a "mad and ignorant onslaught" upon "most sacred things in State."

Second "F." relates the story of a shoemaker in the State

of New York during a gubernatorial campaign, who, while haranguing a crowd on reform in government, was nonplussed by the appearance of the then present Governor. The Governor pulled out his watch, and asked the shoemaker to repair it. "I am a shoemaker," said the man, "and not a watchmaker." "Ah!" said the Governor, "if you can not tinker a watch, you may be sure you can not tinker the more delicate machinery of government." "And sure enough," says "F." "what business would that cobbler, who was learned only in the science of boots and shoes, have had to attempt the rectification of a disordered watch, or to regulate the deranged and more complicated wheels of government? He had a legitimate sphere of reform, but that sphere did not transcend the sphere of leather." "What business," forsooth! Learned only in the science of boots and shoes! My souls! do these inspirations (!) come fresh from the "Spirit and the Spirit-world?" His sphere did not transcend the sphere of leather!! Surely the "sphere" of "F." must be akin to that of "of him whom good minds revere as the 'Lord of life and glory'—else how could he be so 'learned'?" How else can he know the capacities of a human soul?

But earnestly, what kind of logic or sense is there in this conclusion derived from the story of the shoemaker and Governor? Is the vocation of shoemaking incompatible with the full comprehension of the principles of government? Roger Sherman was a shoemaker. Did his sphere transcend the sphere of leather? History answers. A. J. Davis was an apprenticed shoemaker. Does "his sphere transcend the sphere of leather?" "F." answers this question in his "Introduction" to "Nature's Divine Revelations."

Such teaching, if carried into effect, would be fatal to political freedom and intellectual progression. If our shoemakers and laboring men are not to regulate the deranged and complicated wheels of government, who will? Should it be left to "Peters the Great," "Little Giants," and official incumbents? God forbid! If the "profound questions of social and ecclesiastical institutions, theology, or biblical criticism," are not to be "publicly meddled" with by the laboring public, who then—the infallible Pope or the Rev. "F."?

"The agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom." No subject can be thoroughly understood until it has been thoroughly agitated; and agitation is the direct result of free conventions.

ENNETT DENSMORE.

REMARKS BY F.

Could I be assured that those who will read the foregoing communication from Mr. Densmore would turn back to, and candidly re-peruse, my article on "Reforms and Reformers," I should feel quite willing to let the matter rest here without a word of reply; but as it is not to be expected that all will do this, I will offer a few words by way of correcting the erroneous impressions which these remarks of Mr. D. are calculated to give of the spirit and intention of my article.

As to the "spirit of aristocratic intolerance" which Mr. D. thinks he finds manifested in my article, it is hereby totally and emphatically disavowed. If I know my own heart (and this I claim to know at least as well as Mr. Densmore), then no man has or can have a more sincere and profound regard for universal human rights than I have. I suppose, however, that even Mr. Densmore will admit that it is at least barely possible for ignorant and self-conceited pretenders, who have swallowed a few pages of the dictionary, to dabble in subjects which they know nothing about, and, by dint of impudence, bluster and noise, to stifle the efforts of real investigation, obscure the light of true reason and knowledge, and thus delude the minds and infringe upon the rights of men by usurping the position of teachers, when they have need to be taught themselves even the first principles of knowledge. If there are no such persons in this "wide, wide world" of ours, then my remarks were inapplicable, and no one need feel sensitive about them; if there are some such persons, then it is no display of "aristocratic intolerance" to speak of the fact as it is, whatever "wincing" may be thus produced among "galled jades."

No man is more thoroughly in favor of mental freedom than I am—freedom of inquiry and investigation—freedom of speech and the press, and the freedom of audience and the general public to hear and read the truth, free from the windy, windy obfuscations of persons who know little or nothing of the subjects on which they treat, and whose highest ambition is to

secure a little notoriety, or to be leaders of some new movement; and if I should occasionally say a word by way of defending an innocent public against the impertinence of such, I shall feel that I am only doing my duty. For some years I have even had in my mind a cherished plan for the establishment of an institution in New York city for the freest orderly discussion of all subjects—social, moral, theological, etc.—on which the opinions of men are now divided, classifying the subjects according to the seven evenings of the week on which the meetings would be holden; but, in justice to the audiences, my plan would exclude from the privilege of speaking all those who could not previously satisfy a democratically-constituted committee that they had bestowed a reasonable amount of study upon those subjects which they propose to discuss.

Farther than this, I recognize the fact that men generally (myself included) form some kind of vague opinions on subjects of which they know but little; and I honor and defend their right (including my own) to express such opinions, whether from the rostrum or through the press, provided they do not assume to know more than they really do, or to cram their ideas down the throats of others by violent denunciation or swaggering pretension.

In one sense, moreover, my ideas of freedom go even farther than that, and I admit the right of those who can only kick and bray, to come together, and kick and bray to their hearts' content, or to their heels' content, if it be said that they have no hearts; but I also claim the right and "freedom" for myself and my fellow-auditors, of holding them up before the mirror until they see to what genus and species of the animal kingdom they belong. In this way they may be made to reflect, if in no other way.

Mr. Densmore reminds me of the motto, "Any theory, hypothesis, philosophy, sect, creed, or institution, that fears investigation, openly manifests its own error." True; and I may add that every iconoclast, disorganizer, and splatterdasher, who can not bear to have his own mental states and qualifications held up in the light of the blessed sun, without getting nervous and peevish about it, "openly manifests" his own weakness in the back bone. Fear investigation! Why, my dear Mr. Densmore, the main object of my article was to complain of the want of that which can be dignified with the name of investigation.

It was doubtless infinitely "hunkerish," if not a little more so, for me to complain of the "indiscriminate slashing," and the "mad and ignorant onslaught," to which the "most sacred things in Church and State" were sometimes subjected "at the hands of impudent ignorance and self-conceit;" but I am sorry that I am now obliged to still further intensify my "hunkerism" by saying that not even the most unsacred things in Church and State, or in anything else, are deserving such treatment, or any other treatment, from "the hands of impudent ignorance and self-conceit;" for "impudent ignorance and self-conceit" have no right to figure in such an arena at all, except in the effort to exchange themselves for knowledge and humility.

If Mr. D. will put on his spec's and read my article again, he will see that I said nothing that even remotely intimates that the respectable vocation of a shoemaker is "incompatible with a full knowledge of the principles of government," and that all his fine climax of exclamations *ad captandum vulgus*, goes for nothing. My point substantially was, as illustrated from an incident in the history of the old Dutch burghers of New Amsterdam (subsequently called New York), that one who is learned only—mind you I say ONLY—in the science of boots and shoes, had no business to tinker the delicate machinery of a watch, or the more delicate machinery of government. Now, if Mr. Densmore thinks that that shoemaker (clever fellow in his own sphere, no doubt) had a right to tinker machinery which he absolutely and confessedly knew nothing about, or to meddle with it in any way except to inform himself concerning its structure and laws so that he might afterward tinker it intelligently, then let him please say so, in plain terms, so that we may understand him.

I may add in this connection, that having myself served a regular apprenticeship at a mechanical business, and taken the very honorable degree of M. J., which means master of the jack-plane, and having spent six years of my earlier life at the work-bench, I certainly have no personal motive to disparage the sphere of the mechanic, and no reason to suppose that,

with a proper amount of study, it is "incompatible with a knowledge of the principles of government," but after being knocked about a good deal in this rough world, I trust I have learned the good manners, if not the Christian reverence and good sense, to abstain from all presumptuous meddling in affairs which I know nothing about, and in which the most vital, solemn, and, it may be, eternal interests of my fellow-beings are involved.

I will now ask Mr. Densmore a plain question: Suppose, my dear sir, that your own darling child, if you have one, were dangerously ill with the croup; you would send for the most intelligent and skillful physician in the neighborhood, would you not? But suppose that, before the physician arrives, Patrick O'Clodhopper rushes in from the stable [now Pat is a good fellow in his own way and place, and I have not a word to say against him], and suppose he offers himself as physician to the child. I think you would be very apt to say, "Patrick, my dear friend, if you will go and study medicine, and show yourself skillful, I will not object to employing you as my physician; but, as you have not studied medicine, I can not trust your prescription in this case; beside I have sent for the doctor, who, at least, ought to know all about this critical case." Whereupon Pat flies into a passion, and says, "I wish to 'protest against the spirit' animating your whole discourse; it is 'a spirit of aristocratic intolerance;' I am a free man, sir; and if I have a mind to practice medicine, no man shall hinder me;" and then he insists upon pouring down his nostrums, seemingly caring but little whether he kills or cures. What would you do in such a case, Mr. D.? I think you would be very apt to try the persuasive power of cow-hide boots to induce Patrick to make tracks down stairs a little faster than he came up.

Well, our Government, social state, and Church, are confessedly sick—awfully, dangerously, and, sometimes I almost fear, fatally sick. What kind of physicians are deserving of our confidence for their treatment is a question which, after the above remarks, I can afford to leave others to answer. I think, however, that, if the humble writer of these remarks were entrusted with the agency to employ physicians, neither Patrick O'Clodhopper, Mr. Splatterdash, nor the Rev. O. Foggy, D. D., would stand much chance, however "hunkerish" or "aristocratically intolerant" this might appear to my good friend Densmore.

Mr. D. seems to regard me as opposed to free conventions. I do not exactly understand him; but, from what I have written, my readers will probably be able to guess what my opinions really are on that subject.

SPEAKING IN MANY TONGUES.

The following is Judge Edmonds' Eighth Letter to the New York Tribune:

SIR: Some time since I published a tract, in which I mentioned several instances of speaking in many tongues, some of them within my own knowledge. And when I accepted the invitation to write these papers, I inserted a request in *The Banner of Light* for similar cases elsewhere, and in answer I received a large number of letters. From these two sources I compile the ensuing very general statement. I can do no more now, but will at some future day give them to the world in detail. It is enough now to say that those letters give names, dates, and places, so that the statements can be verified, and some of them are attested by several signatures; and in some instances they record the speaking in what seemed to be a well-organized language; but it was unknown to the hearers, and might be merely unmeaning gibberish, which some has been that I have heard. I exclude from this statement all cases where the language was unknown, and I give only instances in which the mediums have spoken languages with which they were previously unacquainted. I mention names wherever I am permitted to, and I hold the evidence subject to the inspection of any who may desire it.

My daughter, who knows only English and French, has spoken in French, Greek, Latin, Italian, Portuguese, Polish, Hungarian, and several dialects of the Indian, and sometimes not understanding what she said, though it was understood by the auditor to whom it was addressed.

My niece has sung in Italian and spoken in Spanish.

Mr. Finney of Cleveland, Ohio, has spoken Greek and interpreted

Mrs. H. Leeds of Boston has spoken in Chinese.

Mrs. Shephard of Albany, N. Y., has spoken in Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese.

Mrs. Dr. Mettler of Hartford, Conn., German and Indian.

Mrs. Gilbert Sweet of New York, French, Italian, and Hebrew.

Gov. Tallmadge's daughter in Gorman.

Dr. John F. Gray of New York has witnessed communications through the rappings and table-tippings, in Malay, Hebrew, and Spanish.

Miss Inman of New York has spoken in Spanish.

Mrs. Tucker of New York in Danish.

And Mrs. French of New York in nine different languages.

Thus far the extent of my tract. The following is a compilation from my letters:

B. S. Hoxie of Cooksville, Rock Co., Wisconsin, relates several instances of two young men speaking Chinese.

Wm. R. Prince of Flushing, N. Y., relates instances—one of Miss Susan Hoyt, and one of a Mr. Smith, near Newton—who spoke Italian.

Seth Whitmore of Lockport, N. Y., states that his son, about 17 years old, spoke Indian, and at one of his circles several of those present spoke in that language and in Italian, the mediums being Dr. G. C. Eaton, Mrs. Heath, and Mrs. Scott, the mother of Cora L. V. Hatch.

Mrs. Mary H. Underhill of South Malden, Mass., relates the instance of a medium's speaking Chinese.

Through A. D. Ruggles of New York, French has been written, and that in answer to a sealed letter in French, where the French and the translation were both given in reply; he has also written in German, Armenian, Greek, and Latin.

Robert Wilson of Keene, N. H., relates the instance of a medium's speaking in Italian.

From Braintree, Vermont, I am informed of a medium who has conversed in French; and of a medium in Barnard, Vermont, by the name of Frederick Davis, who "speaks almost [and I do not know but] all languages that are spoken in this age of the world."

John Ally of Lynn, Mass., certifies that Mrs. John Hardy has spoken in the Indian and French.

Through J. V. Mansfield of Boston, communications have been given in Chinese, Greek, Latin, Italian, German, Gaelic, French, and Spanish languages.

Benjamin Dean of Lee, Mass., states that his daughter, aged 11, has spoken and sung in Italian.

E. Warner of Milan, Ohio, states that Mrs. Warner has spoken German and Indian.

Dr. James Cooper of Belfontaine, Ohio, relates that his step-daughter, aged 14, has spoken or sung in the Seminole, Gaelic, German, Welsh, Greek, Hebrew, Nanotah, and others, amounting to nine in all.

Mr. J. G. Stearns writes me from Battle Creek, Mich., that he has spoken in Indian, Japanese, and French.

John B. Young of Chicago, relates that his wife has spoken Italian. She and two others—one of them a boy—spoke fluently in Spanish to each other, and she and a young lady spoke and sang in German.

Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson of Toledo, Ohio, has spoken in the Pawnee tongue.

Here, then, are scores of instances occurring in the presence of hundreds of witnesses, testified to under circumstances which preclude all idea of collusion, and establishing the fact as conclusively as human testimony can do so. What are we to do with it?

It is recorded in Scripture that when the Apostles were assembled on the day of Pentecost, they "began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance;" that there were then in Jerusalem "men of every nation under heaven," and "every man heard them speak in his own language," and they were all amazed and were in doubt, saying one to another, "What meaneth this? Others, mocking, said, These men are full of new wine."

Paul, in his Epistle to the Corinthians, recognized among the spiritual gifts, whereof he would not have them ignorant, "divers kinds of tongues" and "the interpretation of tongues." And the parallel between the past and the present will be complete when I add a fact mentioned in some of these letters, that it has not been unfrequent that the unknown language spoken by one medium has been interpreted by another or by

the same medium, the intelligence that is working this wonder realizing the difficulty experienced by Paul. "Wherefore let him that speaketh in an unknown tongue pray that he may interpret, for if I pray in an unknown tongue my spirit prayeth, but my understanding is unfruitful."

I repeat, what shall we do with this? We cannot deny the fact, for human testimony can not thus be disregarded, and the question will be asked, Wherein has man's nature so changed since the days of old, that what he was once capable of he can not do again? To regard it as a deception would demand a degree of credulity far surpassing that which we demand for the testimony. To repeat that these people were "full of new wine," would be mocked at now as it has been by all Christendom for eighteen hundred years.

It was regarded then, and it has been ever since, that this manifestation of the "spiritual gifts" was evidence of the divine nature of the mission with which the Apostles were charged. And why, I would ask, is the argument not as good now as it was then, and why not as applicable to the new facts as to the old?

For my part, when I behold performed at this day, in our very midst, nearly all the wonders recorded in the New Testament, on which the Christian religion has justly reposed its claim to a divine origin; when I see "mightier things" done now, as was then promised should be; and when I contemplate the sublime and healthful truths which these wonders are the instruments of bringing to the attention of man, I pause in breathless awe, and reverently acknowledge that

"The hand that made them is divine."

Of those truths I shall yet have occasion to speak in these papers. Now I will close this article by noticing a manifestation in some degree cognate with its subject, of which I have frequently heard, though I never personally witnessed it.

Mr. A. O. Millington, of Springfield, Ill., writes that: "The Circle of Hope having taken their places at the table, their being visitors present, according to custom, the medium requested all to examine her arms, and all said they were free from any kind of unusual marks. Then in a few moments her arm became cold as if it were dead, and my first wife's name came out in raised letters of about an eighth of an inch broad and high, [all saw this plainly, a fluid lamp of two burners being on the table], and then went away or disappeared. And, by request, the initials A. M. came back on her arm, and they also disappeared in a few moments. The name written was A. Millington, making eleven letters. A. for Almirah, the Millington being my own name. Now for the testimony, nine adults being present: A. H. Worthen, Illinois State geologist; Sarah B. Worthen, wife of the above, address Springfield, Ill.; George Bond, provision dealer, Quincy, Ill., [is not a Spiritualist, and permits me to use his name]; B. A. Richards, book and job printer, Springfield, Ill., and Matilda Richards, his wife; Thomas Worthen, Molly Booth, the medium, Harriet Millington, A. O. Millington." J. W. EDMONDS.

THE INDEPENDENT VS. THE SHAKERS.

We wish our cotemporaries of the religious press would not act so badly, for it takes a good deal of our time and valuable space to preserve peace among them where it is, and to restore it where it is wanting. It seems now that our neighbor of the *Independent* has been saying some things about the Shakers which the latter wished to correct, and friend Evans sent an article from which they garbled portions which suited their case, and made our Shaker brethren appear worse than before they attempted a reply and correction. This is not fair, according to modern *Spiritualism*; but we find it a very common practice among sectarians who dare not allow their readers to hear all sides, and judge for themselves, and hence they garble for them so much as the managers think they can bear. The following article on the subject is from friend Evans:

FRIEND TELEGRAPH: The following article I sent to the *Independent* (itself explains the occasion), with a request that if it did not see fit to publish it entire, it might be immediately returned to me for the purpose of publication in some paper which was sufficiently independent to let the public hear both sides. After some three weeks delay, the editors have published a line of it here, and a paragraph there, interspersed with remarks of their own. If O'Connell was right that "the truth would require five years to overtake a * * * that had only two hours the start," we entertain the opinion that fifty years of prejudiced, one-sided sectarian representations of Shakerism ought to suffice, and we believe that you

will do the *Independent* good service, and confer a favor on all the other parties concerned, by giving the un mutilated rejoinder a place in the people's paper—the TELEGRAPH.

FREDERICK W. EVANS.

The ungenial, sectarian article, entitled "Some Facts about the Shakers," in No. 542 (September 8), contains some points of unusual asperity upon the well-earned good name and character of that retiring class of persons, which entitles them to a rejoinder. The soul of the article needs salting with fire, and its facts all through need correcting. But I will notice only a few.

There is a vitality in the principles and system of Shakerism (Christianity), that, independent of great numbers within, or apostatized members without, will cause its continuance to be cotemporary with the race of man upon this earth.

The little society referred to by this writer does not compose the whole Shaker order, as there are no less than eighteen societies.

That they "look for recruits for their Church among the Gentiles," may be true; but that their "chief efforts in that direction is the apprenticeship of children," is not true, nor yet that they "treat those who leave them with great severity," notwithstanding that their misconduct has, in some instances, justly entitled them thereto.

The gratuitous assertion that "the society is falling into decline," and the uncalled for prophecy that "it will become extinct," are not sustained or justified by facts. The experimental Republic of America grew up under similar predictions of a final failure, by the despots of Europe, in whom the wish was father to the prophecy, until it is now, like its contemporaneous Shaker order, a fixed fact, which neither priests nor kings can well ignore.

The perpetuity and prosperity of the Shaker order were never more certain than at the present time. That "they still entertain the hope that there is to be a general revival, specially favorable to their cause," is a truth. And, more than that, I am of the opinion that that "general revival" has already commenced in Europe. "The Lord will do nothing but he shows his secrets to his servants the prophets." The Shaker order stands in that prophetic relation, and their testimony, which is "the testimony of Jesus, is the spirit of prophecy."

The Shaker order is the great medium between this world and the world of Spirits. Hence for seven years previous to the advent of Spiritualism in "the world," Spirit-manifestations were doing their work in the divine order in all the societies of Shakers. And the Shakers then constantly predicted its rise and progress in the world precisely as they have occurred up to this time, even as they have predicted, and do now predict, that within a short period of time a revival that will exceed all preceding general revivals as much as the moral, intellectual and spiritualistic preliminary development and preparation of the race exceeds that of any former period. "The signs of the times" in the spiritual heavens are, by the spiritually-minded, as easily discerned as are the signs in the natural heavens. But the "natural man" [and woman], those who are living in the generative order, "discerneth not the things of the Spirit."

The continued existence of the Shaker order is insured from the basis of the organic nature of man. Shakerism is the culminating point of the laws of progress that have been operative in the human race, on the generative plane, from the incipient stages of creation up to the present time; and, to use a geological metaphor, it has cropped out, at intervals, in all nations and ages. The therapeutics of Egypt, the essenes of Judea, the sybils and vestals of Rome, the monks and nuns of Catholicism, the direct Shakerism of Jesus and his apostles, and the seventy thousand celibates that Maria Child states to have existed in the deserts of Egypt, are but as drops to a shower of what might be cited in proof that the essential elements and cardinal principles of Shakerism have ever existed where the religious nature of man has been deeply stirred.

All the reformatory and progressive movements of the day, use Shakerism as the legitimate and proper fulcrum upon which to rest their levers to "move the world." They have found that for which Archimedes sought in vain.

The anti-war man, the temperance lecturer, the associationist or communist, the physiologist, the "guide and ruler of men," the metaphysician, the agrarian, or man's natural rights advocate; the woman's rights assenter, and the moral reformer,

all find the non-resisting, non-alcoholic drinking, non-private property holding, non-police supporting Shakers very convenient to refer to as living exemplars of the several truths they proclaim. And the equal rights of all members, male and female, with their equal participation in the cares and burdens of government of the latter, meet the views of the agrarian and woman's rights people.

But above all, the large-hearted and liberal-minded theologian, like Dr. Bellows (and others), will find, by investigation, that his expansive and comprehensive views of Christendom (Catholic and Protestant)—its past, present and future—are more clearly understood and better appreciated by the Shakers than by any other class of persons in the community, having in fact been forestalled by them.*

To the charge of being "ignorant and illiterate," we plead guilty; for nothing is either large or small, except by comparison. But, "that we give little heed to education, except to discourage it,"† and teach that "intelligence is unfavorable to piety," I shall have to put in the class of charges of "all manner of evil falsely," which Jesus forewarned his disciples they must prepare themselves to endure as best they could, until the wicked shall cease to do wickedly, and the creation of the "new heaven and the new earth, wherein shall dwell righteousness," is completed.

F. W. EVANS.
SHAKER VILLAGE, NEW LEBANON, COL. CO., N. Y.

* See "Church of Christ's First and Second Appearing," "Millennial Church," "Danbury's Manifesto," "Tests of Divine Inspiration," and lastly, "Compendium of Shakerism," published last winter by Appleton, New York.

† See "Legislative Report of Schools at Watervliet."

SPIRIT VOICES AND APPARITIONS.

RICHLAND CITY, RICHLAND CO., Nov. 3, 1859.

MR. PARTRIDGE—Sir: Having put my hand to the "plow," I again take this early opportunity to communicate to you some more spiritual manifestations as seen and heard by me. In the winter of 1843-44, I attended school in Mansfield, O. One evening, after school closed, I walked out to my father's (it being two and a half miles), when, as I was walking slowly along in a very thoughtful mood, something passed by my right ear, with a noise something like that which a bird would make, and said very loudly and distinctly: "Sarah"—that being my first name. I stopped and looked all around; no one was in sight. I stood still for several minutes, and came to the conclusion that as no one in the body was near me, it must be that the Lord called me, as he once called "Samuel." On reaching home, I told my father about it, and asked him what he thought it was. "Why," said he, "it must have been the Lord, and you should have said: 'Here am I, Lord,' and perhaps he would have told you what he wanted of you." It made a deep impression on my father's mind, and he often alluded to it.

Twice since that time I have heard the same voice. In the winter of 1847-48, one evening my mother and myself being alone in the kitchen, mother went into the dining room to her bureau for something, and I heard her, as I thought, call my name—"Sarah"—in a distinct voice, the sound coming from the room that she was in. I immediately said: "Well, mother, what do you want?" "Why," said she, "I don't want anything." I insisted that she had called me by name, when she replied with decision that she had not. Then I remarked: "It must have been father (my father had left the farm the winter before), but the tone of voice was yours."

One thing that happened while I was at Mansfield, I must here relate. I had a sister living there; she left the farm Sept. 21, 1846. The evening before she took sick, she and I were talking about whether Spirits could communicate to us or not. I believed that they could and did, and she was willing to believe if she had the evidence. We then entered into a compact, that if Spirits could communicate with mortals, then whichever of us went into the Spirit-world first, should communicate with the one still remaining in the form. This conversation was caused by the fact of her and I going across the street, a few evenings before, to see a woman sick of typhus fever, and as my sister and I stood looking at her, I began to feel so bad that we left the house, and I had to sit down by the gate on a stone. My sister asked me what made me act so strangely. I told her that that woman was going to die, because I felt so impressed. "How do you know?" she asked. "By my feelings and impressions, that is all I can tell you."

In two or three days after this time, the woman died, and hence our conversation. On the Sabbath morning after this, my dear sister took the same fever, and in two weeks she, too, was gone into the Spirit-world. In October, being at my brother-in-law's, I was taken very sick, and they thought I would hardly live through the night; but toward morning, I grew better and fell asleep. A bound girl of my brother-in-law's lay on the bed with me, and she always called my sister "mother." In the morning I heard her tell one of my little nephews that I was going to die; I called her to me, and asked her why she thought so? Said she: "Last night, after you fell asleep, I saw mother standing by the bed, dressed in white, and she was looking at you, and smiling." "Oh!" said I, "that is good; I shan't die yet, because if I had been going soon, she would have represented herself in mourning, and would have been weeping to show you that I was going to die; but her being in white, and smiling, is proof to my mind that she wanted to let you know I was going to recover."

In a few days I went out to my mother's, and was taken very much worse, so that my life was despaired of. One night, being left alone for a few minutes, my dear sister Martha [for that was her name] came to the foot of my bed, looking so pure and beautiful and so natural, that before I knew or comprehended that she was a Spirit, I attempted to rise and shake hands; but being too weak to do so, I fell back on the bed, and she smiled, and I again felt that I should get well; and so I did, and am alive to this day.* So you see that I had the proof at that early day, for which I thank God.

Very respectfully yours,

c.

* We should have guessed that our fair correspondent was "alive to this day," from the fact of her writing this communication; but it is well enough that she has expressly informed us of the fact, and thus made "assurance doubly sure." Our correspondent sends her full name with the above, as a voucher. [Ed.]

A WELL AUTHENTICATED FACT.

We publish the following, by the request of a friend, from an old paper:

In the year 1814, the late Mr. and Mrs. Foster, who were lost in the *Rothsay Castle* steamer in 1831, were acquainted with three sisters residing in London, two of whom were very serious, retiring women, and the third just as gay and volatile. They were all elderly, which rendered the gaiety of the third less becoming, and also inclined her the more easily to take offense at any remarks made upon it; she hated the piety of her sisters, and opposed it in many petty, spiteful ways, though they endeavored sedulously to accommodate themselves to her wishes, and to render the difference of their opinions as little disagreeable as possible.

One night, toward the close of the year 1814, she had been out at an assembly very late, and the next morning at breakfast was so remarkably different from her usual manner, that her sisters feared she was either unwell or had met with some misfortune that had afflicted her deeply: instead of her usually incessant clatter about every person she had met, everything they wore, and had said and done, she sat silent, sullen and absorbed; the gloom upon her brow was a mixture of temper and distress, which seemed to indicate a fixed resolution formed upon circumstances disagreeable to her, as if she was determined to pursue her own will, though it should lead her into trouble, rather than pursue the course she knew to be right, but which would reduce her to submit to the control of another. As she ate nothing, the sisters asked her if she was unwell? "No." What was the matter? "Nothing." Had nothing distressed her? "She had no idea of people prying into what did not concern them." The whole of the morning she spent in her own room, and at dinner the same scene as in the morning occurred; she ate little, never spoke but to answer unobsequiously, and then with an appearance of depression and melancholy that spread their influence very powerfully over the cheerfulness of her companions. She retired to rest late, and with the spirit of one that expects from sleep neither alleviation nor refreshment.

The next morning she again scarcely tasted breakfast, and seemed in the same distressed, uncomfortable state as on the preceding day; her sisters again renewed their inquiries. She said, "I am well, and nothing pains me." "Then you have something on your mind; why will you not tell us? do we not love you, have we not the same earthly interest as you, and can we seek any good but yours in our anxious wish to share your sorrows?" "Oh, you have superstitions enough of your own, without mine being added; I shall not tell you what ails me; so you have no occasion to rack your curiosity; I dare say you would think it some spiritual triumph, but I laugh at such things; I am not quite old enough yet to be the victim of dreams and visions." "We do not believe in dreams and visions, Anne," was replied; she answered harshly, "No; and I do not intend you shall." The sisters looked at each other

and remained silent. The second day passed as the first; Anne was gloomy and moody, and her sisters, both from pity and anxiety, were unhappy. The third morning she again entered on the day as one who loathes the light, who has no object in living, and to whom the lapse of time in the prospect of futurity brings neither comfort nor hope. As her sisters looked on her, one of them suddenly said, "And what was your dream?" "Ha! what was it? you would give the world to know, but I shall not tell you; I thought you did not believe in dreams." "Neither do we in general; we know them to be the offspring of a disordered stomach, confused images, and fancies, when reason is dormant, and the memory of them usually passes away as soon as we are engaged in our daily avocations; yet there is no doubt some dreams are no more sent in vain than any other affliction or warning. There is a verse in Scripture, which mentions God as speaking, 'In the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man.'" She laughed again. "You have a verse in the Bible for everything that suits you, but I do not choose to be warned in such a manner, and there is no doubt I shall get it out of my head in a day or two." "Anne, we do beseech you to tell us; if you really have had a dream from heaven, you surely would not wish to forget it; and if not, we will help you to laugh it off."

She answered, "Well, if I must tell you, I must; no doubt it was very extraordinary and very frightful; I should have thought it the effects of the ball, but that I never saw anything anywhere in the least like it."

"I thought I was walking in the wide street of a great city; many people were walking there besides myself, but there was something in their air which immediately struck me; they seemed thoughtful and cheerful, neither occupied with business or with pleasure, but having about them such a dignity of repose, such high and settled purpose, such grace, and such purity, as never was stamped on mortal brow; the light of the city was also strange; it was not the sun, for there was nothing to dazzle; it was not the moon, for all was clear as day; it seemed an atmosphere of light; calm, lovely, and changeless. The buildings seemed all palaces, but not like the palaces of earth; the pavements were all alike of gold, bright and shining, and clear as glass; the glittering windows seemed like divided rainbows, and were made to give and transmit none but the rays of gladness; it was indeed a place to which hope may bend and whereon charity might dwell. I could not help exclaiming, as I walked along, 'These are the habitations of righteousness and truth;' all was beauty, bright and perfect; I could not tell what was wanting to make me wish for an eternity in such a place, and yet its very purity oppressed me; I saw nothing congenial, though looks of kindness met me in every face of that happy throng. I felt nothing responsive; I returned in silence their friendly greetings, and walked on alone, oppressed and sad. I saw that all went one way, and I followed, wondering the reason."

"At length I saw them approach a building, much larger and finer than the rest. I saw them ascend its massive steps, and enter beneath its ample porch; but I felt no desire to go with them, further than to the foot of the steps. I approached from curiosity; I saw persons enter who were dressed in every varied costume of the nations; but they disappeared within the porch, and then crossed the hall in white. Oh! that I could describe the hall to you! It was not marble, it was not crystal, it was not gold; but light, pure light, consolidated into form. It was the moon, without the coolness; it was the sun, without his dazzling ray; and within was a staircase mounting upward, all of light, and I saw it touched by the snowy feet and white and spotless garments of those who ascended. It was, indeed, passing fair; but it made me shudder, and I turned away. As I turned, I saw on the lower step one looking at me with an interest so intense, and a manner so anxious, that I stopped to hear what he had to say; he asked in a voice like liquid music, 'Why do you turn away? Is there peace elsewhere? Is there pleasure in the works of darkness?' I stood in silence; he pressed me to enter, but I neither answered nor moved; suddenly he disappeared, and another took his place with the same look and manner; I wished to avoid him, but I seemed riveted to the spot. 'Art thou come so far?' he said, 'and wilt thou lose thy labor? Put off thine own garments, and take the white livery here.' He continued to press me until I got weary and angry, and I said, 'I will not enter; I do not like your livery, and I am oppressed by your whiteness.' He sighed and was gone. Many passed by me with looks of mingled kindness and pity, and pressed me to follow on with them, and offered me a hand up the steps which led to their mysterious change, but I rejected them, and stood melancholy and distressed."

"At length one bright young messenger came up to me, and entreated me to enter, with a voice and manner which I could not resist. 'Do not turn away,' he said; 'where canst thou go? Do not linger, for why shouldst thou weary thyself for nought? Enter thou and taste of happiness. Do not all tribes and colors press into that hall? Are they not clothed, and washed, and comforted?' He gave me his hand, and I entered the hall along with him."

"Here I was sprinkled with pure water, and a garment of pure white was put on me, and I know not how, but I mounted the white staircase with my happy guide. Oh! what a light

burst upon me when I reached its summit! Mortal words cannot describe it, nor mortal fancy conceive it. Where are the living sapphires—where are the glittering stars that are like the bright radiance on which I stood? Where are the forms either, or the looks of love that breathed in the innumerable company that moved around me? I sank down overpowered and wretched; I crept into a corner and tried to hide myself, for I felt that I had nothing in unison with the blessed creatures of such a place: they were moving to dance to the music, to the harmony of songs that never fell upon mortal ear; my guide joined in raptures, and I was left alone. I saw the tall forms, all fair and brilliant in their ineffable felicity, their songs and looks of gratitude forming the circumstances and differences of each."

"At length I saw one taller than the rest—one every more fair, more awful, surpassing thought, and to him every eye was turned, and in his face every face was brightened. The songs and the dance were to his honor, and all seemed to drink from him their life and joy. As I gazed in speechless and trembling amazement, one who saw me left the company, and came where I stood. 'Why,' he asked, 'art thou silent? Come quickly, and unite in the dance and join in the song.' I felt a sudden anger in my heart, and I answered with sharpness, 'I will not join in your song; I know not the strain; I will not unite in your dance, for I know not the measure.' He, with a look of surprising and humble resignation, returned to his place. About a minute after another came, and addressed me as he had done, and with the same temper I answered him in the same words; he seemed as if he could have resigned his own dazzling glory to have changed me; if heaven know anguish, he seemed to feel it; but he left me and returned. What could it be that put such tempers into my heart?"

"At length the lord of the glorious company of these living forms of light and beauty saw me, and came where I stood. I thrilled in every pulse with awe; I felt my blood curdle, and the flesh upon me trembled, and my heart grew hardened; my voice was bold. He spoke, and deep-toned music seemed to flow from his lips. 'Why sittest thou so still, when all around thee are glad? Come, join in the dance, for I have triumphed! Come, join in the song, for now my people reign.' Love ineffable, unutterable, beamed upon me as though it would have melted a heart of stone, but I melted not. I gazed an instant, and then said, 'I will not join in the song, for I know not the strain; I will not join in the dance, for I know not the measure.' Creation would have fled at the change of his countenance. His glance was lightning, and in a voice louder than ten thousand thunders, he said, 'Then what dost thou here?' The floor beneath me opened, the earth quaked, and the whirlwind encompassed me, and I 'sank into tormenting flame.' With the fright I awoke."

There was silence for a time, for the sisters were struck with awe. They considered the dream, the deep impression it had made. "Anne," said they "we can not wish you to forget this dream; we surely believe it is from God. Your description of the Holy City is much the same as we find in the Bible; 'the city hath no need of the sun, nor of the moon to lighten it, for the temple of God is there, and the Lamb is the light thereof;' all who enter there must put off their own garments—that is, their own righteousness—and must be clothed with linen clean and white, even in the righteousness of the saints, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord. Those that walk in the heavenly temple are those that have come out of tribulation, and washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; wisdom waits daily on the steps to call the sons of men into that temple, and the people of God try to persuade their fellow-men to tread in their steps. Oh, dear sister, you know nothing of the way; do hearken to the faithful warning, join us, and walk in the path that leads to heaven." Anne's brow again darkened, and she answered, "I will do as I please; I do not intend you to preach to me." She continued in this melancholy state until the end of the week, and was found in her own room a corpse; no one knows the cause of her death; she died without disease and without change.

LORD BACON'S RECEIPT FOR CURING WARTS.—The following passage occurs in Bacon's *Natural History*: "The Taking away of Warts by rubbing them with somewhat that afterwards is put to waste and consume is a Common Experiment; and I doe apprehend it the rather because of mine own Experience. I had, from my Childhood, a Wart upon one of my Fingers; afterwards, when I was about sixteen years old, being then at Paris, there grew upon both my Hands a number of Warts, (at least one hundred,) in a month's space. The English Embassadour's Lady, who was a Woman farre from Superstition, told me one day, She would helpe mee away with my Warts: Whereupon She got a Peece of Lard, with the Skin on;—and rubbed the Warts all over, with the Fat Side. And amongst the rest that Wart, which I had from my Childhood. Then She nailed the Peece of Lard, with the Fat towards the Sunne, upon a Poast of her Chamber Window, which was to the South. The Success was, that within five weeks space, all the Warts went quite away; and that Wart which I had so long endured, for Company. But at the rest I did little marvel, because they came in a Short Time, and might goe away in a Short Time againe; But the going away of that, which had stayed so long, dothe yet sticke me." A pretty sure way of disposing of warts is to rub upon them daily with a little strong lime-water. It scarcely ever fails to drive the ugly excrescences away in a few days time.

SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE'S
CATALOGUE.

No. 428 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Our list embraces all the principal works devoted to Spiritualism, whether published by ourselves or others, and will comprehend all works of value that may be issued hereafter. The reader's attention is particularly invited to those named below all of which may be found at the office of the Spiritual Telegraph. The postage on books is one cent per ounce, and two cents where the distance is over three thousand miles, and in all cases must be prepaid. Persons ordering books should therefore send sufficient money to cover the price of postage.

Lyric of the Morning Land.

By Rev. Thomas L. Harris. A beautiful poem of 8,000 lines (263 pages) 12mo, dictated in thirty hours, printed on the finest paper, and elegantly bound. Price, plain muslin, 75 cents; morocco gilt, \$1; morocco gilt, \$1.25. Charles Partridge, publisher.

Epic of the Starry Heaven.

By Rev. Thomas L. Harris. Spoken in 26 hours and 16 minutes, while in the trance state. 210 pages, 12mo, 4,000 lines. Price, plain bound, 75 cents; gilt muslin, \$1. Postage, 12 cents. Charles Partridge, publisher.

Lyric of the Golden Age. A Poem.

By Rev. Thomas L. Harris, author of "Epic of the Starry Heaven" and "Lyric of the Morning Land." 417 pages, 12mo. Price, plain boards, \$1.40; gilt, \$2. Postage, 30 cents. Charles Partridge, publisher.

Spirit-Manifestations.

By Dr. Hare. Experimental investigation of the Spirit manifestations, demonstrating the existence of Spirits and their communion with mortals; doctrines of the Spirit-world respecting Heaven, Hell, Morality and God. Price \$1.75. Postage, 30 cents. Charles Partridge, publisher.

The Spiritual Telegraph.

Volume I, a few copies complete, bound in a substantial manner. Price, \$2. Charles Partridge, publisher.

The Spiritual Telegraph.

Volume V., complete. Price, \$4.

The Telegraph Papers.

Nine Volumes, 12mo, for the years 1853, '4 and '5, about 4,000 pages, with complete index to each volume, handsomely bound. These books contain all the more important articles from the weekly Spiritual Telegraph, and embrace nearly all the important spiritual facts which have been made public during the three years ending May, 1857. The price of these books is 75 cents per volume. Postage, 20 cents per volume. Charles Partridge, publisher.

The Shalimar, Vol. I.

By S. D. Hillman, Editor, and other writers, devoted chiefly to an inquiry into the spiritual nature and relation of Man. Bound in muslin, price, \$2; elegantly bound in morocco, lettered and gilt in a style suitable for a gift book, price, \$3. Postage, 34 cents. Charles Partridge, publisher.

Volumes II. and III.

Plain bound in muslin \$1.50 each; extra bound in morocco, handsomely gilt, \$2 each. Postage, 24 cents each. Charles Partridge, publisher.

Britton and Richmond's Discussion.

400 pages, octavo. This work contains twenty-four letters from each of the parties above named, embodying a great number of facts and arguments, pro and con, designed to illustrate the spiritual phenomena of all ages, but especially the modern manifestations. Price, \$1. Postage, 28 cents. Charles Partridge, publisher.

The Rationale of Spiritualism.

A pamphlet of 32 pages, containing two extemporaneous lectures delivered at Putnam's Hall on Sunday December 8, 1854, by Rev. T. W. Higginson. Price, postage paid, 20 cents.

Saturn's Divine Revelations.

By A. J. Davis. This large work, which may be considered the pioneer of the modern spiritual unfolding, is still in constant demand by the inquiring public, notwithstanding the numerous editions through which it has passed. It is the product of a series of dictations by Mr. Davis, while in the clairvoyant or spiritualized state, during the years 1845 and 1846, and is in the subsequent and more general spiritual manifestations are foreshadowed and distinctly predicted. It may be said to occupy generally the whole range of human thought on mundane and spiritual subjects, in a progressive, and, for the most part, methodical way, and by discriminating minds has been found immensely fruitful of suggestions. Published by Charles Partridge, at the Spiritual Telegraph office, 125 Maiden Lane, New York. Price, \$2; postage, 45 cents.

A Chart.

By A. J. Davis. Exhibiting an outline of the progressive history and approaching destiny of the race. Price, \$1. Charles Partridge, publisher.

The Present Age and the Inner Life.

By Andrew Jackson Davis, being a sequel to Spiritual Inter-course. This is an elegant book of near 300 pages, octavo, illustrated. Price, \$1. Postage, 25 cents. Charles Partridge, publisher.

The Celestial Telegraph.

By L. A. Chabaret. Or, Secrets of the Life to Come, where, in the existence, the firm, and the occupation of the soul, after its separation from the body, are proved by many years' experiments, by the means of eight sensitive mediums, who had eighty perceptions of thirty-six persons in the spiritual world. Price, \$1. Postage, 19 cents. Charles Partridge, publisher.

Scenes in the Spirit-World; or Life in the Spheres.

By Hudson Tuttle, Medium. Price, muslin, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents; postage, 7 cents.

The Pilgrimage of Thomas Payne.

By C. Hammond. Dictated by the Spirit of Thomas Payne. Price, 50 cents; muslin, 75 cents. Postage, 15 cents. Charles Partridge, publisher.

The Clairvoyant Family Physician.

By Mrs. Tuttle. Price, muslin, \$1. Postage, 10 cents. Charles Partridge, publisher.

Volumes from Spirit-Land.

By Nathan Francis White, Medium. Price, 75 cents. Postage, 15 cents. Charles Partridge, publisher.

The Road to Spiritualism.

Being a series of Four Lectures delivered by Dr. R. F. Hall, at the opening of the New York Conference. Price 15 cents; postage, 3 cents.

The Worker and his Work.

A discourse delivered before the Young Men's Christian Union, by Dr. R. F. Hall. 24 pages. Price 6 cents.

Spiritualism; its Phenomena and Significance.

An Essay read, by invitation, before the New York Christian Union by Charles Partridge, Editor of the Spiritual Telegraph, together with a report of an ensuing discussion on the subject. Pp. 64. (Published at this office.) 50 cents, postage, 8 cents. \$1 per dozen. Postage, 10 cents.

B. Stan's Review of Beecher's Report.

There are the conclusions of the latter are carefully examined and tested by a comparison with his premises, with reason and with the facts. Price, 25 cents, paper bound, and 35 cents in muslin. Postage, 5 and 6 cents. Charles Partridge, publisher.

The Tables Turned.

By Rev. A. H. Britton. A review of Rev. C. M. Butler, D. D. This is a brief refutation of the principal objections urged by the clergy against Spiritualism, and is, therefore, a good thing for general circulation. Price, single copies, 25 cents; postage, 3 cents. Charles Partridge, publisher.

Spiritualism.

By Judge Edmunds and Dr. G. T. Dexter, with an appendix by Hon. N. P. Tallmage and others. Price, \$1.25. Postage, 20 cents. Charles Partridge, publisher.

Spiritualism Vol. II.

By Judge Edmunds and Dr. Dexter. "The truth against the world." Price, \$1.25. Postage, 30 cents. Charles Partridge, publisher.

Physico-Physiological Researches.

By Baron von Reichenbach. In the dynamics of Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallography and Chemistry, in their relation to vital force. Complete from the German, second edition, with the addition of a Preface and Critical notes, by John Ashburner, M. D. Third American edition. Price, \$1. Postage, 20 cents. Charles Partridge, publisher.

Discourses from the Spirit-World.

By Rev. R. P. Wilson, Medium. Dictated by Stephen Olm. This is an interesting volume of 300 pages. Price, 65 cents. Postage, 10 cents. Charles Partridge, publisher.

The Sacred Circle.

By Judge Edmunds, Dr. Dexter, and O. C. Warren. A fine bound octavo volume of 592 pages, with portrait of Edmunds. Price, \$1.50; postage, 34 cents.

Philosophy of the Spirit-World.

Rev. Charles Hammond, Medium. Price, 65 cents. Postage, 12 cents. Charles Partridge, publisher.

A Review of Dods' Involuntary Theory of the Spiritual Manifestations.

By W. S. Courtney. A most triumphant refutation of the involuntary theory, that deserves a respectful notice. Price, 1 cent; postage, 3 cents. Charles Partridge, publisher.

Secrets of Prophecy.

By Jonathan Kerner. A book of facts and revelations concerning the inner life of man, and a world of Spirits. New edition. Price, 35 cents. Postage, 6 cents. Charles Partridge, publisher.

Stilling's Pneumatology.

By Prof. George Bush. Being a reply to the questions: "What Ought and What Ought Not to be Believed or Disbelieved concerning Presentiments, Visions, and Apparitions according to nature, reason and Scripture, translated from the German." Price, 75 cents. Postage, 16 cents. Charles Partridge, publisher.

The Approaching Crisis.

By A. J. Davis. Being a review of Dr. Bushnell's recent Lectures on Supernaturalism. Price, 50 cents. Postage, 13 cents. Charles Partridge, publisher.

Light from the Spirit-World.

By Rev. Charles Hammond, Medium. Being written by the consent of Spirits. Price, 75 cents; postage, 10 cents.

Mystic Hours, or Spiritual Experiences.

By D. G. A. Redman. Price, \$1.25. Postage 19 cents. This book details the main test phenomena that have occurred in the experience of one of the best known mediums.

The Road to Spiritualism.

Being a series of four lectures, by Dr. R. F. Hall. LECTURE I.—Spiritualism Considered as a Scientific Problem. LECTURE II.—Spiritualism Considered as a Science. LECTURE III.—Spiritualism Considered with Respect to its Influences and Objections, both Intrinsically and Extrinsic. LECTURE IV.—The Science Impartially Applied. Price 20 cents, postage 3 cents.

SPIRITUAL BOOKS BY OTHER PUBLISHERS.

The Great Harmonia, Vol. I. The Physician.

By A. J. Davis. Price, \$1.25. Postage, 29 cents.

The Great Harmonia, Vol. II. The Teacher.

By A. J. Davis. Price, \$1. Postage, 19 cents.

The Great Harmonia, Vol. III. The Fear.

By A. J. Davis. Price, \$1. Postage, 19 cents.

The Great Harmonia, Vol. IV. The Reformer.

By A. J. Davis. Concerning physiological vices and virtues and the seven spheres of Marriage. Price, \$1. Postage, 19 cents.

The Harmonical Man.

By A. J. Davis. Price, 30 cents. Postage, 6 cents.

The Philosophy of Special Providence.

By A. J. Davis. A Vision. Price, 15 cents. Postage, 3 cents.

Free Thought on Religion.

By A. J. Davis. Price, 15 cents; postage, 3 cents.

The Magic Staff.

An Autobiography of A. J. Davis. Price, \$1.25; postage 22 cents.

The Philosophy of Spiritual Inter-course.

By A. J. Davis. Price, 50 cents; postage, 9 cents.

The Penetrator.

By A. J. Davis. Price, \$1; postage, 23 cents.

The Macrocosm, or the Universe Without.

By William Fulbough. Paper, bound, price 50 cents; muslin, 75 cents; postage, 12 cents.

Compendium of the Theological and Spiritual Writings of Swedenborg.

Being a systematic and orderly epitome of all his religious works. With an appropriate introduction. Privately printed by the author, with a brief view of all his works in Science, Philosophy and Theology. Price, \$1; postage, 10 cents.

HOUSE FOR SALE

OR to rent, 134 West-Twelfth street, near Fifth Avenue, recently vacated by Dr. Chapin. It is substantially built, with Nova Scotia brown stone front, and all modern improvements. Terms easy, apply to Charles Partridge, 125 Broadway. 382 U

W. S. COURTNEY,

ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law, 348 Broadway (Hudson Building), Room 37, third floor, New York.

THE WATER-CURE AND HYDROPATHIC INSTITUTE

It is located one door from St. John's Park, at 13 and 15 East-Tenth Street, New York. R. T. Trail, M. D., and D. A. Gorton, M. D., Physicians of the establishment. 382 U

DR. WEISSE'S SPECIFIC METHOD OF TREATING DISEASE.

(Formerly CURTIS & WEISSE.)

DRS. CURTIS & WEISSE were the first who attempted Homoeopathic compounds, thus uniting the science and skill of both Homoeopathy and Allopathy. A trial of the remedies they have produced will show their success. They are for Nervous Headache, Croup, Hoarseness, Cough, Piles, Inflammation of the Throat, Dysentery, Cholera, and other diseases. These specifics are the result of a successful practice of twenty-two years. They are given on the Homoeopathic principle, but not in infinitesimal doses. A trial of several years has shown their efficacy.

Nervous Headache.—This most distressing affliction, for which nothing was ever done, is now dissipated within half an hour, by taking a few drops of this aromatic. Whether the headache arises from over excitement or over fatigue, either mental or physical, the result is the same.

Croup and Quinsy.—This specific was first applied to this most alarming disease by Dr. Curtis. Nothing of a like efficacy has ever been found. It prevents the formation of the membrane, and leaves no bad after effects.

Hoarseness and Loss of Voice.—This specific has been thoroughly and successfully tried by our most distinguished speakers, vocalists and singers.

Cough.—This specific is for all coughs. It is especially effective in those troublesome night coughs which so disturb the sleep of patients. It is also excellent for Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and other Lung Complaints.

Piles or Hemorrhoids.—This specific is to be given in all the forms of this wide spread disease, which is usually owing to wrong habits of life. It benefits all and cures most cases, as soon as the causes that produced the affection are removed.

As these remedies cover the most frequently occurring diseases, it would be well for all families to have them on hand. Their price is such as will enable all classes to procure them. If properly corked, and kept in a dark, dry, and cool place, they will keep for years.

Each package contains from twenty to thirty doses, with directions how to give them, and how to feed the patient.

The eleven specifics may be had together in a box, by sending \$4, provided the purchasers indicate their own expense, and pay the freight on receipt.

Any one or more may be had, postage free, by sending eighteen three cent postage stamps for each.

Price, 37 cents a phial. One-third discount to the trade, for cash.

Any Editor who will copy this advertisement twice, and forward the papers, will receive in return three dozen specifics by express.

Direct, J. A. WEISSE, M.D., 28 WEST FIFTH-STREET, New York.

WM. C. HUSSEY,

HEALING MEDIUM,

FOR THE CURE OF

ACUTE AND CHRONIC DISEASES,

WITHOUT THE USE OF MEDICINES.

Dyspepsia Cured in a Few Sitzings.

155 GREENE STREET, N. Y.

ONE DOOR FROM HOUSTON, OFFICE HOURS 8 A. M. TO 4 P. M.

PIANOS, MELODEONS AND ORGANS.

THE HORACE WATERS PIANOS and MELODEONS, for depth, purity of tone, and durability are unsurpassed. Prices reasonable. Second-hand Pianos and Melodeons from \$25 to \$150. Pianos and Melodeons to rent. Monthly payments received for Pianos. Horace Waters, Agent, No. 338 Broadway.

"The Horace Waters Pianos are known as the very best."—[Evangelist]. "We can speak of their merits from personal knowledge."—[Christian Intelligencer]. "Waters' Pianos and Melodeons challenge comparison with the finest made anywhere in the country."—[Home Journal.] 393-81

MRS. S. C. ROGERS

HAS returned to the city with increased capabilities of usefulness in diffusing vitality through the system. Office hours, 9 to 11 A. M., and 1 to 3 P. M. She will lecture by Spirit influence at any suitable distance, to those wishing her services evenings. Residence, No. 324 Monroe street, near Grand. 303-U

MRS. B. A. BECK,

SPIRITUAL TEST MEDIUM, No. 351 SIXTH AVE., near Twenty-second street. 367

J. B. CONKLIN,

RECEIVES visitors every day and evening, from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M., at his Rooms, 54 Great Jones street, three doors west of the Bowery. 379 U

HOMOEOPATHISCHE HEILANSTALT

398

HOMOEOPATHIC HEALING INSTITUTE

388 Broome St., opposite Centre Market,

NEW YORK.

Office hours from 7 to 12 A. M., 5 to 7 P. M. 282 U

BOARDING.

BOARDING at Mr. LEVY'S, 231 WEST THIRTY-FIFTH STREET, where Spiritualists can live with comfort and economy, with people of their own sentiments. 381 U

SPIRIT DRAWINGS.

THE Spirit Drawings made through the hand of Mrs. Bradley are now on sale at 100 Greene street. 383 U

NOTICE.

TO PATENTEES, Authors, Publishers, and Dealers in Progressive Books or things.—The subscriber will act as local agent for the sale of anything, suited to the market, that is really useful or moral. Any circulars, specimen, samples or letters may be addressed or consigned to him, gratis, with an assurance of being dealt with promptly. A. C. HARVEY, Los Angeles, Cal.

SCOTT'S HEALING INSTITUTE,

No. 36 BOND-STREET, NEW-YORK

One of the most convenient, beautiful and healthy buildings in the city of New York, right doors east of Broadway.

JOHN SCOTT, Proprietor.

JOHN SCOTT,

SPIRIT AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN

This being an age when almost everything in the shape of an advertisement is considered humbug, we desire persons who may be afflicted to write to those who have been relieved or cured at the Scott Healing Institute, and satisfy themselves that we do not claim half what in justice to ourselves we could.

We have taken a large, handsome, and commodious house, for the purpose of accommodating those who may come from a distance to be treated.

Hot and Cold Water Baths in the House; also Magnetic and Medicated Baths, adapted to peculiar complaints. In fact, we have made every arrangement that can possibly conduce to the comfort and permanent cure of those who are afflicted. The immense success we have met with since last January prevents us from unhesitatingly that all who may place themselves or friends under our treatment, may depend upon great relief, if not an entire cure. Persons desirous of being admitted in the Healing Institute, should write a day or two in advance, so we can be prepared for them.

EXAMINATIONS.

Those who may be afflicted, by writing and describing symptoms, will be examined, disease diagnosed, and a package of medicine sufficient to cure, or at least to confer such benefit, that the patient will be fully satisfied that the continuation of the treatment will cure. Terms, \$5 for examination and medicine. The money must in all cases accompany the letter.

JOHN SCOTT.

Read the following, and judge for yourselves: Mrs. Jane Tillotson, Cleveland, Ohio, cured in fourteen days of falling of the womb, by the use of Scott's Womb Restorer. Price, \$5, post paid.

Mr. Tatum, New York city, cured of numbness and partial paralysis of limbs.

Mrs. Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y., cured of consumption. When this lady first called at the Scott Healing Institute, she was pronounced by her physicians incurable. She is now well and hearty.

Mr. Johnson, cured by one application of the hand and one box of "Ho Salvo," of chronic piles, and probably some two hundred more were cured of piles by using Scott's Ho Salvo.

Mrs. S. C. Burton, New Britain, Conn., one of the worst cases of scrofula, cured in seven weeks, and nearly all the sores covered over with new and healthy skin. This is probably one of the most astonishing cases on record.

William P. Anderson, New York city, troubled with rheumatism of back, hip, and knees. Afflicted for nine years. Cured in five weeks.

Mrs. H. H. N. boarded in the Scott Healing Institute, cured in four weeks of dyspepsia, and tendency to dropsy. Addressed to us will be answered, giving her full address.

JOHN SCOTT. WILKINSON, April, 27, 1855.

"—And I shall want some more of your Cough Medicine; it works like a charm. My daughter was very bad with a cough for a long time, and I was afraid she could not live long. After taking only two bottles, she is almost well. This is great medicine—people are astonished at its effects. No doubt I shall be the means of selling a large quantity of it, here in this section. Send it by Hope's Express as you did before.

My best respects, Isaac G. V.

Mrs. Mulligan had been afflicted, for years, with the heart disease. The physician pronounced her incurable, and gave her up to die. Mrs. Lester persuaded her to come to the Scott Healing Institute. After the third visit, she was able to do a hard day's scrubbing and washing. She is now enjoying perfect health. She resides No. 106 Tenth-avenue, New York city. Dr. John Scott only placed his hands on her three times.

Mrs. Smith, (late Mrs. Hall,) residing at Mr. Levy's boarding house, cured of Scarlet Fever in ten minutes.

Hundreds of other persons since the establishment of the Scott Healing Institute, but space will not admit of an enumeration. Out of 1,402 patients treated at the Scott Healing Institute, not one is not fully cured, but what has received a remarkable benefit. Of those hours from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M.

Address, JOHN SCOTT, 36 Bond-street, New York.

Scott's Healing Institute—Removal.

The undersigned begs leave to say to his patrons and the public, that he has removed his establishment from 16 to 36 Bond-street, New York, where he will continue to attend to the afflicted with (as he has) his usual success. Having materially added to his institute, both in room and assistants, he is prepared to receive patients from all parts of the country.

To the Ladies, particularly, he would say that he treats all diseases incidental to their sex, with invariable success. An experienced matron will be at all times in attendance on the ladies under my charge.

N. B. Recipes and medicines sent by express to any part of the country on receipt of from five to ten dollars, as the case may require. Be particular, in ordering, to give the name of Town, County and State, in full. J. S.

SPIRIT PREPARATIONS.

GIVEN TO JOHN SCOTT, AND PREPARED BY HIM AT 36 BOND-STREET, NEW-YORK.

CONSTANT, OR COUGH REMEDY.

This is a medicine of extraordinary power and efficacy in the relief and cure of Bronchial Affections and Consumptive Complaints; and as it excels all other remedies in its adaptability to that class of diseases, is destined to supersede their use and give health and hope to the afflicted thousands. Price, 50 cents.

PILE SALVE.

A sovereign remedy for this disease is at last found. It affords instantaneous relief, and effects a speedy cure. Mr. Everett, Editor of the Spiritualist, Cleveland, O., after twelve years of suffering, was in less than one week completely cured, and hundreds of instances can be referred to where the same results have followed the use of this valuable remedy. Price, \$1 per box.

EYE WATER.

For weak or inflamed eyes this preparation stands unrivaled. It never fails to give immediate relief; and when the difficulty is caused by any local affection, the cure will be speedy and permanent. Price, 50 cents.

SPIRIT EMULSION.

For Tetters, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, and all Scrofulous eruptions of the skin, an invaluable remedy, and warranted to cure in all ordinary cases. Price, \$1.

CANCER SALVE.