

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

FIRESIDE PREACHER

CHARLES PARTRIDGE, PUBLISHER, 37 PARK ROW.—TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS

THE TELEGRAPH AND PREACHER.

understanding the nature of the process, is absurd. How widely, then, must teaching as it is, differ from teaching as it should be, when hardly any parents, and but few teachers, know anything about psychology. As might be expected, the system is grievously at fault, alike in matter and in manner. While the right class of facts is withheld, the wrong class is forcibly administered in the wrong way, and in the wrong order. With that common limited idea of education which confines it to knowledge gained from books, parents thrust primers into the hands of their little ones years too soon, to their great injury. Not recognizing the truth that the function of books is supplementary—that they form an indirect means to knowledge when direct means fail—a means of seeing through other men what you can not see for yourself; they are eager to give second-hand facts in place of first-hand facts. Not perceiving the enormous value of that spontaneous education which goes on in early years—not perceiving that a child's restless observation, instead of being ignored or checked, should be diligently administered to, and made as accurate and complete as possible, they insist on occupying its eyes and thoughts with things that are, for the time being, incomprehensible and repugnant. Possessed by a superstition which worships the symbols of knowledge instead of the knowledge itself, they do not see that only when his acquaintance with the objects and processes of the household, the streets, and the fields, is becoming tolerably exhaustive—only then should a child be introduced to the new sources of information which books supply, and this, not only because immediate cognition is of far greater value than mediate cognition, but also, because the words contained in books can be rightly interpreted into ideas, only in proportion to the antecedent experience of things. Observe next, that this formal instruction, far too soon commenced, is carried on with but little reference to the laws of mental development. Intellectual progress is of necessity from the concrete to the abstract. But, regardless of this, highly abstract subjects, such as grammar, which should come quite late, are begun quite early. Political geography, dead and uninteresting to a child, and which should be an appendage of sociological studies, is commenced betimes, while physical geography, comprehensible and comparatively attractive to a child, is in a great part passed over. Nearly every subject dealt with is arranged in abnormal order, definitions and rules and principles being put first, instead of being disclosed, as they are in the order of nature, through the study of cases. And then, pervading the whole, is the vicious system of rote learning—a system of sacrificing the spirit to the letter. See the results. What with perceptions unnaturally dulled by early thwarting, and a coerced attention to books—what with the mental confusion produced by teaching subjects before they can be understood, and in each of them giving generalizations before the facts of which these are the generalizations—what with making the pupil a mere passive recipient of others' ideas, and not in the least leading him to be an active inquirer or self-instructor—and what with taxing the faculties to excess, there are very few minds that become as efficient as they might be. Examinations being once passed, books are laid aside; the greater part of what has been acquired, being unorganized, soon drops out of recollection; what remains is mostly inert—the art of applying knowledge not having been cultivated, and there is but little power either of accurate observation or independent thinking. To all which add, that while much of the information gained is of relatively small value, an immense mass of information of transcendent value is entirely passed over.

Thus we find the facts to be such as might have been inferred *a priori*. The training of children—physical, moral, and intellectual—is dreadfully defective. And in great measure it is so, because parents are devoid of that knowledge by which this training can alone be rightly guided. What is to be expected when one of the most intricate of problems is undertaken by those who have given scarcely a thought to the principles on which its solution depends? For shoe-making or house-building, for the management of a ship or a locomotive-engine, a long apprenticeship is needful. Is it, then, that the unfolding of a human being in body and mind is so comparatively simple a process, that any one may superintend and regulate it with no preparation whatever? If not—if the process is, with one exception, more complex than any in Nature, and the task administering to it one of surpassing difficulty; is it not madness to make no provision for such a task? Better sacrifice accomplishments than omit this all essential instruction. When a father, acting on false dogmas adopted without examination, has alienated his sons, driven them into rebellion by his harsh treatment, ruined them, and made himself miserable; he might reflect that the study of Ethnology would have been worth pursuing, even at the cost of knowing nothing about Aeschylus. When a mother is mourning over a first-born that has sunk under the sequelae of scarlet fever—when perhaps a candid medical man has confirmed her suspicion that her child would have recovered had not its system been enfeebled by over-study—when she is prostrate under the pangs of combined grief and remorse; it is but a small consolation that she can read Dante in the original.

Thus we see that for regulating the third great division of human activities, a knowledge of the laws of life is the one

thing needful. Some acquaintance with the first principles of physiology and the elementary truths of psychology is indispensable for the right bringing up of children. We doubt not that this assertion will by many be read with a smile. That parents in general should be expected to acquire a knowledge of subjects so abstruse, will seem to them an absurdity. And if we proposed that an exhaustive knowledge of these subjects should be obtained by all fathers and mothers, the absurdity would indeed be glaring enough. But we do not. General principles only, accompanied by such detailed illustrations as may be needed to make them understood, would suffice. And these might be readily taught—if not rationally, then dogmatically. Be this as it may, however, here are the indisputable facts: that the development of children in mind and body rigorously obeys certain laws; that unless these laws are in some degree conformed to by parents, death is inevitable; that unless they are in a great degree conformed to, there must result physical and mental defects; and that only when they are completely conformed to, can a perfect maturity be reached. Judge, then, whether all who may one day be parents, should not strive with some anxiety to learn what these laws are.

From the parental functions let us pass now to the functions of the citizen. We have here to inquire what knowledge best fits a man for the discharge of these functions. It can not be alleged, as in the last case, that the need for knowledge fitting him for these functions is wholly overlooked; for our school courses contain certain studies which, nominally at least, bear upon political and social duties. Of these the only one that occupies a prominent place is History.

But, as already more than once hinted, the historic information commonly given is almost valueless for purposes of guidance. Scarcely any of the facts set down in our school histories, and very few even of those contained in the more elaborate works written for adults, give any clue to the right principles of political action. The biographies of monarchs (and our children commonly learn little else) throw scarcely any light upon the science of society. Familiarity with court intrigues, plots, usurpations, or the like, and with all the personalities accompanying them, aids very little in elucidating the principles on which national welfare depends. We read of some squabble for power, that it led to a pitched battle; that such and such were the names of the generals and their leading subordinates; that they had each so many thousand infantry and cavalry, and so many cannon; that they arranged their forces in this and that order; that they manoeuvred, attacked, and fell back in certain ways; that at this part of the day such disasters were sustained, and at that such advantages gained; that at one particular moment some leading officer fell, while in another a certain regiment was decimated; that after all the changing fortunes of the fight, the victory was gained by this or that army; and that so many were killed and wounded on each side, and so many captured by the conquerors. And, now, out of the accumulated details which make the narrative, say which it is that helps you in deciding on your conduct as a citizen. Supposing even that you had diligently read, not only "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," but accounts of all other battles that history mentions; how much more judicious would your vote be at the next election? But these are facts—interesting facts (such, at least, as are not wholly or partially fictitious); and to many they may be interesting facts. But this by no means implies that they are valuable. Factionist or morbid opinion often gives seeming value to things that have scarcely any. A tulipomania will not part with a choice bulb for its weight in gold. To another man an ugly piece of cracked old china seems his most desirable possession. And there are those who give high prices for the relics of celebrated murderers. Will it be contended that these tastes are any measures of value in the things that gratify them? If not, then it must be admitted that the liking felt for certain classes of historical facts is no proof of their worth; and that we must test their worth as we test the worth of other facts, by asking to what uses they are applicable. Were some one to tell you that your neighbor's cat had kittens yesterday, you would say the information was worthless. Fact though it might be, you would say it was an utterly useless fact—a fact that could in no way influence your actions in life—a fact that would in no way help you in learning how to live completely. Well, apply the same test to the great mass of historical facts, and you will get the same result. They are facts from which no conclusions can be drawn—unorganizable facts; and therefore facts which can be of no service in establishing principles of conduct, which is the chief use of facts. Read them, if you like, for amusement; but do not flatter yourself they are instructive.

That which constitutes History, properly so called, is in a great part omitted from works on the subject. Only of late years have historians commenced giving us, in any considerable quantity, the truly valuable information. As in past ages, the king was everything and the people nothing; so in past histories, the doings of the king fill the entire picture, to which the national life forms but an obscure background. While only now, when the welfare of nations rather than of rulers is becoming the dominant idea, are historians beginning to occupy themselves with the phenomena of social progress. That which it really concerns us to know is the natural history of society.

We want all the facts which help us to understand how a nation has grown and organized itself. Among these, let us, of course, have an account of its government; with as little as may be of gossip about the men who officered it, and as much as possible about the structure, principles, methods, prejudices, corruptions, etc., which it exhibited; and let this account not only include the nature and actions of the central government, but also those of local governments, down to their minutest ramifications. Let us, of course, also have a parallel description of the ecclesiastical government—its organization, its conduct, its power, its relations to the State; and, accompanying this, the ceremonial, creed, and religious ideas—not only those nominally believed, but those really believed and acted upon. Let us, at the same time, be informed of the control exercised by class over class, as displayed in all social observances—in titles, salutations, and forms of address. Let us know, too, what were all the other customs which regulated the popular life out of doors and in-doors, including those which concern the relations of the sexes, and the relations of parents to children. The superstitions, also, from the more important myths down to the charms in common use, should be indicated. Next should come a delineation of the industrial system, showing to what extent the division of labor was carried; how trades were regulated, whether by caste, guilds, or otherwise; what was the connection between employers and employed; what were the agencies for distributing commodities; what were the means of communication; what was the circulating medium. Accompanying all which should come an account of the industrial arts technically considered, stating the processes in use, and the quality of the products. Further, the intellectual condition of the nation in its various grades should be depicted, not only with respect to the kind and amount of education, but with respect to the progress made in science, and the prevailing manner of thinking. The degree of æsthetic culture, as displayed in architecture, sculpture, painting, drama, music, poetry, and fiction, should be described. Nor should there be omitted a sketch of the daily lives of the people—their food, their homes, and their amusements. And lastly, to connect the whole, should be exhibited the morals, theoretical and practical, of all classes, as indicated in their laws, habits, prayers, deeds. All these facts, given with as much brevity as is consistent with clearness and accuracy, should be so grouped and arranged that they may be comprehended in their *ensemble*, and thus may be contemplated as mutually dependent parts of one great whole. The aim should be so to present them that we may readily trace the *consensus* subsisting among them, with the view of learning what social phenomena co-exist with what others. And then the corresponding *collimations* of succeeding ages should be so managed as to show us, as clearly as may be, how each belief, institution, custom, and arrangement was modified, and how the consensus of prevailing structures and functions were developed into the consensus of succeeding ones. Such alone is the kind of information respecting past times which can be of service to the citizen for the regulation of his conduct. The only history that is of practical value is what may be called *Descriptive Sociology*. And the highest office which the historian can discharge is that of so narrating the lives of nations as to furnish us with a *Comparative Sociology*, and for the subsequent determination of the ultimate laws to which social phenomena conform.

But now mark, that even supposing an attempt to track of this truly valuable historical knowledge has been acquired, it is of comparative little use without the key. And the key is to be found only in Science. Without an acquaintance with the general truths of biology and psychology, rational interpretation of social phenomena is impossible. Only in proportion as man obtains a certain rude, empirical knowledge of human nature are they enabled to understand even the simplest facts of social life—as, for instance, the relation between supply and demand. And, if not even the most elementary truths of sociology can be reached until some knowledge is obtained of how men generally think, feel, and act under given circumstances, then it is manifest that there can be nothing like a wide comprehension of sociology unless through a competent knowledge of man in all his faculties, bodily and mental. Consider the matter in the abstract, and this conclusion is self-evident. Thus: Society is made up of individuals; all that is done in society is done by the combined actions of individuals, and therefore, in individual actions only can be found the solutions of social phenomena. But the actions of individuals depend on the laws of their natures, and their actions can not be understood until these laws are understood. These laws, however, when reduced to their simplest expression, are found to depend on the laws of body and mind in general. Hence it necessarily follows that biology and psychology are indispensable as interpreters of sociology. Or, to state the conclusion still more simply: all social phenomena are phenomena of life—are the most complex manifestations of life—are ultimately dependent on the laws of life—and can be understood only when the laws of life are understood. Thus, then, when we see that for the regulation of the fourth division of human activities, we are as before dependent on science. Of the knowledge commonly imparted in educational courses, very little is of any service in guiding a man in his conduct as a citizen. Only a small part of the history he

reads is of practical value, and of this small part, he is not prepared to make proper use. He commonly lacks not only the materials for, but the very conception of, descriptive sociology; and he also lacks that knowledge of the organic sciences, without which even descriptive sociology can give him but little aid.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPIRITUAL LYCEUM AND CONFERENCE.

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

QUESTIONS: What are the sources of fallacy in Spiritual literature?

Mr. A. J. D. very much desired light upon the topic embraced by the question, but had none to give. He was a learner. He believed in the "irrepressible conflict" between intelligence and ignorance, light and darkness, truth and error; and concluded by reading the following paper, being a fragment of a communication relating to the subject recently before this Conference, received through a trance medium:

It has been stated by one of your learned men, and honestly believed, that all appetites pertaining to the flesh cease with the death of the body; but I wish to maintain my privilege, and say unto our friend, if this be so, then personal identity is lost. If we only retain our spiritual attractions, our higher mental culture, and all the lower animal appetites are left behind, then we lose part of our selfhood—our individuality. But I do say, most emphatically, that you can, in a great degree, leave them if you choose; and very few there are who have any desire to retain them; but yet, the effect that the use of ardent liquor, and other indulgences, have had upon the Spirit is visible, and easy to be perceived by the Spirit-eye. Friend can recognize friend, and an enemy can recognize his enemies as easily in Spirit life as in earth-life; and the power and ability to injure, if the determination exists, are equally available in Spirit-life as in this your earth-life.

I do not wish to intrude my thoughts on your mind as truth infallible; for I am free to confess to you, that what may be my standard of truth to-day, may to-morrow, in the diffusion of a stronger light, appear as a gross delusion; and I simply give you, according to my requirements in knowledge, the best I have to-day, and to-morrow, if I see I have made a misstatement, I shall assume to myself the privilege of correcting it, and not be called to account for having made my statement to-day to differ from that of to-morrow; for, of all things that appear to me abominable, when I contemplate them, are men and women, who stand like stagnant pools, without one breath of truth to cause a wave to ripple on the surface, with an undertide to press their waters. They stand as infectious cess-pools, throwing out from their filthy bosoms the miasma of death. I say unto you agitate the waters, even though error may blow its gales, the electric flash of truth will equalize all discolorations, and bring health, vigor and beauty where before was miasma and death. I say agitate the waters; the angels are now hovering over the great deep of the human soul, producing agitations; and often error springs up with its hydra head, but the lightning flash of truth must destroy all inharmonious conditions, and cause the garden of the soul to bloom in beauty, and, in the full fruition of all her powers, preparing it for eternity's bright realm, there to climb over heights, and roam amid unfading flowers, beneath the smile of a benign and loving Father's eye.

Dr. GRAY: We ask for a rule of criticism applicable to all times. For the present, he thinks of but two sources of fallacy. One is premeditated fraud; the other a translation of thought by one in the body to another in a state of trance, who supposes it to be from a Spirit. The fallacy thus originated does no mischief to one who is not an authoritarian; but to a man who, like Abraham, is ready to draw his sword, and slay his own son for the sole reason of a supposed command from God so to do, it is productive of many errors. Those who are ready to act in all cases according to the dictation of Spirits (as we not unfrequently hear persons boast their willingness to do) are in danger of falling into deplorable mistakes as to life and conduct from this cause. There is also danger that the medium mistake recovery for conversation with Spirits. We, who are not mediums, hold dialogues with ourselves in our states of contemplation or partial reverie, in which we discuss as with another the different bearings of the question occupying our thoughts. It is to be remembered also that the medium-state is not one of denial. Oppugnancy is fatal for the time being to mediumship. The power of judging or resisting belongs to that state of the mind which may be defined as positive; the opposite of a state of receptivity or mediumship. It is farther to be remembered that these states change rapidly; doubtless many times, in some instances, during a single interview; that is to say, the medium may be negative or receptive one minute, and non-receptive the next, and again in a condition to receive in rapid alternation throughout the entire sitting. Experience shows, as he thinks, that intercourse with Spirits is subject at any moment to interruption through this liability to change of state on the part of the medium. Antagonism is destructive of mediumship. It is not unusual to hear the impressible say, "There is an opposing Spirit present, who will not let me proceed," etc., which simply means that to the impressible, the disturbed conditions have assumed that form.

Mrs. FAENON thinks one great source of fallacy is jugglery. But there are interpolations, doubtless, in many cases where there is perfect honesty and good faith on the part of both medium and inquirer. She knows a lady who is so impressible that a person may stand behind her chair, or remain otherwise unseen, and she will speak the thought of the individual thus, to her, unconsciously present. For some time it was supposed by this lady, as well as not unfrequently by the participants in

this mental phenomenon, that it was the work of good Spirits, and not at all the exercise of her own spiritual powers. Experience has since resulted in the growth of a doubt, on the part of this lady, as to the correctness of her former opinion, that her power to speak the thoughts in another's mind was from disembodied Spirits; and, although a firm Spiritualist, she says now, "she does not know where mind influences ceases, and Spirit influence begins." This, Mrs. F. thinks is true in certain cases with all mediums.

Dr. HALLOCK: It is a fallacy to suppose we are holding converse with, or receiving prompts from, or being inspired by Spirits, when we are not. This is a truism, of course, and admits of no division of opinion. The question asks for a test as to the verity of spiritual intercourse in any given case. Not that it asks no more than this, but let us consider that as the first in order. In other words, let us inquire for the origin of fallacy as to fact. The claim to intercourse with Spirits is older than the art of paper making, and more universal than the printing-press. These claims can not all be valid (conceding them to be mainly honest, because they are contradictory). Whence the mistake or fallacy? It is a grave question, involving as it does not only a criticism of this fragment of alleged spiritual literature just read in our hearing, but the spiritual literature as well, to which nations have listened—the literature with which old Egypt imbued her temples—on which ancient Rome founded her State—on which Christianity builds her Church. Our question covers the whole ground from Moses to the newest claim to spiritual intercourse made before this Conference.

Premising that the most he aims at is to throw light upon the question, he would suggest that fallacy, both in the Spiritualism of the ancients and our own, is from a violation of the law of intercourse, which violation is from causes which seem to be directly opposite. That is to say, the ancients blundered through the enthusiasm of despotism, while the moderns are victims of the same error through excess of democracy. Historical Spiritualism, or at least that portion of it in which obscurity and contradiction (and of consequence fallacy) are apparent, is Spiritualism in the service of the State. The "man of God," "the seer or prophet," or "medium," as we express it, belonged to, or was in the interest of some potentate present or prospective, who "inquired of the Lord" through him. There were opposing seers—that is to say, one king had true prophets, and his enemy had false prophets; and, it may be remarked in passing, that when a true prophet ("reliable medium," as we phrase it) made a mistake, prophet like, the theory was, that the Lord (not the devil, as with us) had become a lying Spirit in his mouth. Be that as it may, if our conceptions of the Divine order are in the least correct—if our experience is of any value—it is irrational to suppose that Heaven should, in any case, respond to the solicitations of a seer whose object is the personal aggrandizement or military success of his chieftain. In our times, when a man "inquires of the Lord" for the whereabouts of a "pot of money," he don't find it; but let him inquire for an end of human use, and he receives an answer. Does not this, with innumerable like failures, indicate what may have been a fruitful source of fallacy in the Spiritualism of the older time? May it not be the same with us, though induced from an opposite condition of things? We are self-moved, when moved at all, to seek intercourse with the spiritual world. We act in the matter at the behest of no secular or spiritual potentate. We reject all such interference. Of old, too, spiritual intercourse had its pomp, and ceremony, and sacred places, and we repudiate all that too, and wisely, perhaps; but in this direction, and through abuse of this liberty, which is our birthright—in this refusal to recognize pomp and ceremony as necessary, in our practical disregard for sacred places—may it not be, that with these has gone the reality which they symbolize—to wit, a sacred state—a truly human purpose of the soul—the only door that leads to truth, even as its opposite leads to fallacy? It was said of old, "Does any man lack wisdom? let him ask of God who giveth liberally." Does human experience anywhere record, "Does any man lack money—that is to say, means of self-aggrandizement—let him ask of God," in the assurance of a liberal supply, and that without the discount of upbraiding? Not so; the law of intercourse with the spiritual world is otherwise. It is a conjunction of soul with soul, not of self-interest with supernatural ingenuity and cunning.

If this be so, do we not find a pregnant cause of fallacy in the cheapness, so to speak, at which we hold spiritual intercourse? May we not have abused our freedom, and run riot in the luxury of abundance? There is economy in nature. "Men do not cast pearls before swine," are Spirits likely to be less provident? When the teacher of boys and girls finds a pupil ambitious of the "rule of three," while ignorant of multiplication and division, does he read him a homily in algebra, or send him back to the lessons he has neglected? and are our Spirit-teachers of spiritual truths less intelligent and just? If not, then what but fallacy can result from the prevalent practice of seeking intercourse with Spirits simply because it costs neither altar, sacrifice, nor priest—the fallacy being that we suppose ourselves receiving from Spirits when we are not? We do not meet in the name of Spirits; that is to say, in their purpose or love, but in our own—in wide-mouthed contempt,

in bald curiosity, or for purposes of self—and they are not "in our midst," because they can break no natural law—but this can be, and this is the fallacy; the impressible whom we cluster around may become inflated with our pride, incited by our ambition, or poisoned by our lusts, and can shake back these states as from Spirits, in the dreamy unconsciousness of both speaker and hearer that the entire attention is but an echo, and nothing else.

Mr. KILBURN: A source of error or fallacy not yet alluded to, arises from a defective rendering of the Spirit, from incapacity of language, or peculiarity of style on the part of the medium. This not unfrequently leads to misapprehension as to what is really meant to be conveyed.

Mr. LARSEN knows of no law that will prevent him from communing with both high and low in this world, provided he consents to adapt himself to the one or other of these conditions. Spiritualism reveals the possibility of extending our communion to persons in corresponding states in the other life. It is but rational, assuming that we can be conjoined in the high, that the law should hold as well with respect to the low. All being able to approach us alike by invitation through adaptation on our part, by which we attract any grade of Spirits in harmony with our states, points directly, as he thinks, to the true source of fallacy; that is to say, it originates with Spirits, one branch of it originating in the low purposes of such as have been conjoined to like degradation to ourselves, and the other from the incapacity of the medium to utter the thought of the controlling Spirit. We observe, in the facts of mesmerism, that where several persons are under the control of the same mesmerizer, and are by him set to do simultaneously the same thing; that is, other his will, each will manifest the common purpose in a different way; that is to say, each individuality will be more or less incorporated with the effort. This holds with respect to Spirit-control, and constitutes another branch of the spiritual origin of fallacy. Another source is, as he believes, that Spirits not unfrequently resort to fallacy themselves in desperate cases, in order to cure the disease in us. The man who is prone to accept everything from Spirits as truth, without the labor of analysis, needs a lie to cure him of his folly. Adjourned. R. T. HALLOCK.

THE SPIRIT INVOCATION.

BY EDISON TUTTLE.—(REVISED.)

TUNE—*Wild-Beet Song.*

My home is above, in the regions of light,
Where flowers ever bloom and the skies ever bright
I sing—I sing of my Father's love,
Who called me to dwell in the bright realms above.

I sing—I sing, in a joyful note,
In warbling strains from my swelling throat
To call a dear traveler, whom I ever bless,
To my quiet home on earth his rest.

And when the worn traveler listens to hear,
With anxious thoughts words of thrilling cheer
Oh! what a pure rapture then over me steals
Sublimely then to me my heaven reveals.

Oh! home, then, my loved ones, from earth's drearier clime,
Tamed by storms of wild frenzy and maddening gales
Cast upward thine eyes to the bowers of rest,
And join your dear friends in the homes of the blest.

HORACE MANN'S SPIRITUALISM.—He says, in regard to the next stage of existence, we have the assurance of splendor and triumph, and love such as eye has not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive; and if so, then we must not within us, lying undeveloped and inert, the rudimentary organ of eye, and ear, and heart, with which we shall see, and hear, and feel the vision, the hallelujah and the ecstasy of the better world. As to the unseen and unimaginable magnificence and beauty of the future life, we are, while sojourning upon earth, only in the anti-natural state of darkness, inactivity and circumscription. Such is the nature which God has bestowed upon us, to be magnified, enlightened and adorned; and it is not given to mortal eloquence or poetry, with all their most-colored words, to paint the number and the variegation of its glories.

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 evil 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 as added friends everywhere to furnish us with the address of their neighbors, townsmen, and others, for this purpose. We have also directed which we shall be glad to send to everybody, as many as they will distribute in editorial care, lecture rooms, manufacturing, and among the people generally. Friends may do much good by sending one of these circulars to each of their neighbors. The *Telegraph and Preacher* is committed to the directors, deliberative, and of sense of truth, and to the inauguration of equal rights and righteous laws among men, irrespective of the fronts of people, color, and race, and rely on liberality, stern integrity, and for truth and righteousness, to sustain this paper. Give us, dear friends, your patronage and hearty co-operation, and induce others to do the same.

GEORGE FOX.

The following is extracted from a sketch of the life of George Fox, the founder of the respectable denomination of Friends or Quakers, written by the Rev. James Richardson:

It is a noted coincidence, that the leader of the old Rosicrucian alchemic material dreamers and mystics, Jacob Behmen, died in November of the year 1624, the very year that gave birth to George Fox, the leader of a higher, deeper, and more prevailing order of mystics, more spiritual, and at the same time more truly religious and practical. Behmen, too, was a shoemaker and shepherd as well as Fox, that also made the hides of the herds he tended into sandals. Whether Behmen's spirit in any way came into the body of the new-born Spiritualist by a transmigration of soul, that is becoming more and more rapid and universal in our day, and his mantle, or rather leather breeches, were shed upon the new-born child through the fact of a like trade and a like situation and state of mind resultant, we may have cause to see. Surely we think that the risen Spirit of Behmen cherished and infused influences into the boy's soul. * * *

George seems to have been well born. His mother, he says, was an upright woman, of the stock of the martyrs, and his father was called "Righteous Christer." He says of himself, "When a child, I had a gravity and stayedness of mind not usual in children, inasmuch that, when I have seen old men carry themselves lightly and wantonly toward each other, a dislike thereof had arisen in my heart, and I have said within myself, 'If ever I come to be a man, surely I should not do so, nor be so wanton.'" Thus early, life seemed no light matter or playday affair to the young prophet. While a boy, he strove to be in earnest, and obedient to the inner light. "When I came to eleven years of age," he remarks, "I knew pureness and righteousness. The Lord taught me to be faithful in all things, and to not faithfully two ways, viz., inwardly to God, and outwardly to man, to keep to yea and nay in all things;" i. e., to be sincere.

"As I grew up, my relations thought to have made me a priest; but others persuaded to the contrary. Whereupon I was put to a man who was a shoemaker by trade, and dealt in wool. He also used grazing, and sold cattle, and a great deal went through my hands." Thus he was placed in youth in a situation of some responsibility, and though it may at first sight appear more fitting his character to have made a Priest of him, yet the Lord saw otherwise. And, probably, the great element that he was the means of developing in the religious world never could have been so fully brought out by him with all the forms and restrictions of a church establishment hampering him at every step. For somehow or other, when a man becomes a priest, he soon ceases to be a reformer, or, when he takes to reform, he throws off the robe of the Priest. Reforms have their origin, not from those within the walls, but those who are out, or have been thrust out—the most unfettered, free, and liberal souls. So we might have lost the great prophet and spiritual reformer had George been made priest. While he was a shepherd shoemaker, says old Sewel, "He acquitted himself so diligently in his business, and minded it so well, that his master was successful in his trade while George was with him;" or, as Fox says himself, "While I was with him, he was blest, but after I left him, he broke and came to nothing. I never wronged man nor woman all that time, for the Lord's power was with me, and over me, to preserve me. While I was in that service, I used in my dealings the word 'verily,' and it was a common saying, 'If George says 'verily!' there is no altering him.'" Being disgusted, on one occasion, that professors should drink freely—for the Lord showed him "that he might not drink to make himself wanton, but for health"—he became very much concerned in his mind, and says, "I could not go to bed that night, nor could I sleep; but sometimes walked up and down, and sometimes prayed, and cried to the Lord, who said unto me, 'Thou seest how young people go together in vanity, and old people into the earth; thou must forsake all, young and old, keep out of all, and be as a stranger unto all.'" Thus was George Fox led by the Spirit into the wilderness away from men.

The Priest of his native town, to whom he went for comfort, asked him questions, and his answers so pleased the minister, that, as George says, "He would applaud, and speak highly of me to others; and what I said in discourse to him on week-days, he would preach of on first-days, which gave me a dis-

like to him. This priest, afterward became my great persecutor." To another ancient priest at Manchester (Manchester?) went he to ask about "the grounds of despair and temptations," but he bid him only take tobacco, and sing psalms. "But," says George, "tobacco was a thing I did not love, and I was not in a state to sing." The youth was much grieved that "he (the priest) told his troubles, sorrows, and griefs to his servants, so that it got among the milk lasses." He went seven miles farther to see one experienced priest, but found him, he relates, "like an empty hollow cask." Still the existence of evil and sin oppressed his soul, and he goes to a parson, Dr. Craddock, of Coventry, to inquire "the grounds of temptation, and despair, and how troubles came to be wrought in man;" but as they were "walking together in the doctor's garden, the alley being narrow, he chanced, in turning, to set his foot on the side of a bed, at which the doctor raged as if his house had been on fire."

Thus getting no good answer to his anxious inquiry about the grounds of temptation and despair, he, in his extremity, sought "one Macham, a priest in high account; but he," says George, "would needs give me some physic, and I was to have been let blood; but they could not get one drop of blood from me, either in arms or head, though they endeavored it, my body being as it were dried up with sorrow, griefs, and troubles, which were so great upon me, that I could have wished I had never been born, or that I had been born blind, that I might never have seen wickedness nor vanity; and deaf, that I might never have heard vain and wicked words, nor the Lord's name blasphemed." * * *

"As I had forsaken the priests," so I left," says he "the separate preachers—separatists or dissenters—also, and those called the most experienced people, for I saw there was none among them all that could speak to my condition. And when all my hopes in them and in all men were gone, so that I had nothing outwardly to help me, nor could tell what to do, then, oh, then I heard a voice which said, 'There is one, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition.' So Christ, the Word of God, that bruised the head of the serpent, the destroyer, preserved me; my mind being joined to his good seed that bruised the head of this serpent the destroyer. This inward life sprung up in me to answer all the opposing professors and priests, and brought Scriptures to my memory to refute them with." Thus did George Fox come to a full knowledge of the presence of that universal and loving spirit that was in Jesus—that inward Christ. * * *

When George went out preaching, "when the Lord sent me into the world," he says, "he forbade me to put off my hat to any, high or low; and I was required to *thou* and *thou* all men and women, without any respect to rich or poor, great or small. And as I traveled up and down, I was not to bid people 'Good-morrow,' or 'Good-evening,' neither night I bow or scrape with my leg to any man." "Oh! the rage," he writes, "that was in the priests, magistrates, professors, and people of all ~~sorts~~, but especially in judges and professors; for the '*thou*' in a single person was according to their wisdom and grammar rules, and according to the Bible, yet they could not bear to hear it; and because I could not put off my hat to them, it set them all into a rage." To understand this, we must consider that it was not only the custom of kings and potentates, but of all superiors to be addressed by those beneath them in the plural. It was even considered a matter of greater disrespect not to address all beside most intimate friends with "*you*," than it was a few years since to omit the Mr. and the Sir. Taking off the hat to superiors and equals was the great mark of outward respect, and much more universal and important than the bow was considered by the past generation. But George was too sincere to flatter any, and to give outward signs of honor to those for whom he could have no respect. But for this sincerity, in refusing deceitful and hypocritical compliments, he suffered greatly. He writes, "Oh, the blows, punches, beatings, and imprisonments that we underwent, for not putting off our hats to men." Some had their hats violently plucked off, and thrown away.

Rev. Dr. LATIMER in a recent lecture said Charles Wesley was emphatically the poet of the Wesleyan movement, in the same sense that Luther was the poet of the Reformation. He wrote more hymns than any other Christian poet, and his compositions are in the hymn-books of nearly every Protestant Church. Mr. Wesley was in Boston in 1735, and preached in the King's Chapel and Christ Church.—*Boston Transcript*.

HASHISH VISIONS.

Mons. Cabagnet, of Paris, author of *Le monde de la future décadence*, published in England under the title of *The Celestial Telegraph*, also wrote a curious and interesting work of which an English copy is now before us, entitled, "*The Sanctuary of Spiritualism: a study of the human soul, and its relations with the universe, through amnambulism and ecstacy*." This book is principally devoted to a description of the psychological phenomena developed by the inhibition of hashish or Indian hemp (*canabis indica*). So no of the visions related are at once amusing, interesting, and instructive in relation to the soul's constitution and powers. We make, this week, the following extract, and we have marked others which we may give hereafter. What here follows is an account of his experience under the influence of hashish, given by Mons. Blouet, a journalist of Paris.—[Ed.]

On the 4th of June, 1848, at two o'clock, at the residence of my friend, M. Alphonse Cabagnet, I took three grammes of hashish in a cup of coffee. At four o'clock I was seized with a fit of absurd laughter without any motive. I laughed without knowing why I laughed, because I was compelled to laugh. I felt a kind of shame at laughing thus. I thought I should be taken for an imbecile. The laughter subsided, and I threw myself on a hammock suspended from the walls of my friend's chamber. At the foot of this hammock was a small glass; I looked at it desiring at the same time to see some thing. I did not wait a long time; at the end of a few minutes the vision commenced. I first saw a large and beautiful house, which quickly disappeared; then a female, whom I gazed at for some time. I perfectly distinguished her bonnet, and her yellow barege dress; she was leaning against a half-open door, and seemed to look into the interior of a chamber that I did not perceive; her features, moreover, were totally unknown to me. Another female, who was also unknown to me, succeeded to her. This one was elderly, and was walking in the street fronting me. What I particularly noticed was her blue bonnet, adorned with a large white muslin veil, which the wind caused to flutter behind her, a circumstance which again aroused my gaiety. Nevertheless, I succeeded in restraining myself, and I saw a tall gentleman and lady taking each other's arm, and walking this time before me; the gentleman was dressed in black, and the lady, whose toilet was light, raised her cane with her left hand. Despite of all my efforts, I could not see the countenance of either. Encouraged by these visions I wished no longer to let them present themselves according to their caprice; I wanted to direct them at my pleasure, and made violent efforts to see my mother, then my wife, and next my daughter. I could not obtain a sight of one of these persons so dear to me, and the disappointment I experienced acted on my nerves so strongly as to produce violent shocks. I closed my eyes a moment, and then I gazed. I saw a perspective of a street, and then on the other side of the street the facade of the house I had already perceived. This excited my foolish laughter afresh, and I exclaimed—"What the devil does this house with an oil lamp?" And I laughed with all my might saying—"But it is all folly, like the rest; isn't it droll—my God— isn't it droll?" And I clapped and skipped and slapped my thighs violently, exclaiming—"Tis droll! tis droll! how I should like to remember that!" In short, I laughed so much that I was obliged to throw off my cravat and coat for I was nearly stifled. I then heard Alphonse upon my door and tell his wife to bring me a glass of water. "Stop," said I to him, "I hear you at a distance." He approached and took my hammock, saying to me, "Come, Blouet, you don't seem to have made me laugh so much that I have a pain in my side." "Is that all you say?" answered I, "I shall leave your house directly," and, as he was about expostulating, I added, "It is to mortify you I say this; I wish to vex you—it amuses me to vex you. Ah! ah!" said I to Alphonse, "I like you much; I like you so much that I feel I must call you Adolphe, or Adolphine; yes, that is it; I shall call you Adolphine." More laughter. "But 'tis all folly like the rest; I have never been so foolish as I am now; my God it is droll." Again, I tell you 'tis droll. Ha! ha! ha! how comical, how funny, how droll it is. Once more, isn't it droll? But I, then, am droll myself; yes, I am droll." The fact is, that by dint of repeating this word, I fancied myself to be the word itself, and, at the same time, striking my thighs, and gesticulating like a puppet. "I could dance capotally; yes, I am going to dance in the chamber—no, it is too small." I then drank a glass of water, for I was choking with laughter. I again cast my eyes on the glass, and perceived something like a statue lying on a tomb, the hands crossed over the chest. On examining further, I distinguished a dead body in this position, which, from the white coat and head-dress, I believed to be that of an Austrian soldier. As I strove to drive away this vision, my nerves, already agitated, were strongly affected, and I experienced powerful shocks in all my limbs. "Hold!" I exclaimed; "I am going to have a nervous attack." Alphonse approached with a view to calm me. "No, no, let me alone," said I to him; "I am very well; it is good to have a nervous attack. If it is true that women have them, we are very wrong to pity them, and believe they

suffer. It is very amusing; I feel all my nerves grow stiff; I seem to be in a bath of pleasure;" then, shutting my eyes, and placing both my hands on my forehead, I uttered a mental prayer, and begged God to cause some beautiful vision to appear. My conception thereupon developed itself to a degree I can not express, and it was given to me to comprehend everything. As my ideas were first directed to the corpse, I could perceive what it was to die, and in this manner: I saw myself die; my body was stretched out on the bed, and my soul escaped from all parts of it like a thick black smoke, but instead of being dissipated in the atmosphere, this smoke was condensed two feet above my body, and formed a body in every respect like that which I had just quitted. "Oh, how beautiful it is!" I cried. "Alphonse, my friend, I have just died. I comprehend death. I comprehend how we die, and why we die. Oh, how sublime that is!" I then passed into a state of which I have preserved no recollection. I think I did not speak, and know not how long a time I continued in it. When I returned to myself I wept so abundantly that I felt the collar of my shirt quite wet. At the noise of my weeping and exclamations, Madame Calagnet and Madame Adèle ran forward, with the conviction that I was ill. I understood their arrival, and why they came. "Don't be afraid," said I to them; "I am well, very well; I am not suffering; I weep because it is to me a supreme happiness to weep. Alphonse, on earth one cannot comprehend happiness. Know, then, that the greatest happiness may be the greatest suffering; the greatest felicity may consist in having the heart pierced with a sword. Alphonse, you do not weep, but I should wish to see you burst out sobbing; it seems as though you would be like me, perfectly happy. I comprehend virtue, I comprehend crime—for nothing is permitted except by the infinite goodness of God! You will never comprehend this infinite goodness. God is so good that he has been pleased to grant that I who know nothing should comprehend the wonders of creation—and do you know why? Because I have prayed to him. God is happy that we should pray to him, if I dare thus to express myself, and in order to thank me for my prayer, he has sent me this ecstasy. The word thank says too much; but the word recompense would not sufficiently convey my thought. I would give five hundred thousand francs, if I had them, that you could see what I see. When I say I see I deceive myself; I ought to say I feel, for I see nothing; I have a kind of mist before my eyes. It is singular my ideas succeed each other with so much rapidity that I have not time to express them, and whilst I pronounce a word representing an idea, an entire world of ideas appears to me, and makes me lose the idea I was going to communicate to you—and I see the ideas; they follow each other in succession, as the teeth of a wheel catch in a net. When I am in my ordinary state, all this is incomprehensible; it is because I am confined in a miserable material envelope—in a pitcher—that is the word—and in fact, why should I not dash this pitcher to pieces?" And I commenced striking my head with my fists. I felt no pain, but on my revival I clearly perceived that I had hurt myself. Alphonse threw himself upon me, and I felt him breathe strongly on my forehead, in order to free me from the bad fluid; after a few longitudinal passes I became calm. On this head I may inform those persons who wish to enter into this state, that it would be perhaps dangerous to have near them a knife. Not that in beating myself with my fist I had any intention of committing suicide. I wished solely to show Alphonse the contempt one must feel for one's material envelope; but it is possible that the better to prove this contempt a person might take a knife and plunge in his heart. For a moment I embraced all creation. "Thus I said: 'I am myself, I am you, I am us, I am madame, I am the house, the sky, I am everything.' Swedenborg is right in saying that we have in us a universe, since I can clasp the universe in one embrace. Creation is everything, and creation is nothing; it is everything, since it is composed of all that has been created; it is nothing for me, since I can be it. What I feel, what I experience at this moment it is impossible you should comprehend. Stay, listen, my friend, I am going to try to explain it to you. But in reality it would be useless, for you would not comprehend it. What was I going to say, I no longer know. My speech, although it may appear to you very quick, is so slow that while I am expressing my thought, my ideas vanish with inconceivable rapidity. Wait, it is about to come back to me; I will that it should return." I rest my head a moment on the hammock. "Ah, here it is; I told you that you could not understand me—well, judge; I comprehend that you do not comprehend me, and I comprehend how it happens that I myself comprehend. See to what loftiness of conception I have attained; you are only able to conceive material acts. Thus, to touch; hold, I touch your arm; being a material act you can conceive it, but to comprehend it is an intellectual act, and you can not conceive it, because you are enveloped in matter; myself, I conceive it, because I am disengaged from matter. I make use, indeed, of my material mouth to speak. That is true; without that you would not understand me; but it is not my body that speaks, it is my Spirit; it escapes to my mouth, and issues from it, as by a door or a window, under the form of a small flame, to communicate with you. At this moment I seem as though I were at my window, and that I am speaking

to some one in the street; it is no longer my material envelope that thinks and acts, it is myself. In our psychological conversations, we call our bodies pitchers. Oh, they are in truth really pitchers, or rather not so, they are not even pitchers, for pitchers still imply stone, and these are not even sandstone—they are miserable matter! Stay, they are less than nothing, and I am ashamed of them—pah! Ah! what beautiful things I see at this moment. How unhappy I should be if I recollected that in my material state. I wish not to recall it; it is done, I will not recall it. Imagine to yourself that I can do everything I wish. I wish not to conceive, and I press my head with both hands. Well, I do not conceive. I let go my head. Now I wish to conceive, and I conceive. In saying that I could embrace creation, you must understand that for Spirits there is no space; neither is there any time for them: thus one second may be ten thousand years, and ten thousand years may be one second. Oh! but you can not understand me. Oh, my God! I would give you forty years of my life to be able to make you comprehend that. Do you see, there is a second? I say, do you see? but you do not see it; but I see it. Well, this second, I will that it shall last ten thousand years; well, it has lasted ten thousand years; at this moment ten thousand years are only a second; I comprehend all that, and also that it can be so. Good God! I comprehend eternity. I say eternity very quickly. Well, then, I have not been any time at all in pronouncing it—not even the millionth part of a second. On the contrary, I now say eternity slowly. Well, I have been three thousand years in pronouncing this word, because it has pleased me to pronounce it during three thousand years. Swedenborg, whom we so much venerate, was not in a different state from mine. I see what he has seen, and comprehend what he comprehended. Oh, I am as great as Swedenborg myself! I am his equal: I understand now equality and fraternity. Oh, how right we were in following that Divine precept; yes, all men are equal! How should one man be superior to another man, when I myself am equal to Swedenborg? Stay—bring me a great general, a king, an emperor, with a robe embroidered with gold and silver, and daubed all over with ribbons and decorations, and his crown on his head—what is all that for me? Nothing, less than nothing. Stay—I scorn it, despise it—I spit upon it. Ah, what miserable dust! Oh, we are brothers. Oh, if you knew how much I love you! if you could comprehend how good it is to love one another. Hold! I am about fully to comprehend Divine love. Wait! I perceive as in a distant picture two material beings, completely naked, approaching each other; they enter into amorous union, and lavish on each other material caresses. I see a little farther off two Spirits meeting; they are much more beautiful: the woman has long hair hanging down; she resembles Eve as she is generally represented. Well, they meet each other smiling, and merely grasp each other's hand, they then turn from me, and walk down a long avenue of poplars. There is no much difference in pleasure between our terrestrial love and this simple touching of hands as there is between an ant and an elephant. Judge, then, by this what Divine love is—a simple grasp of the hand. See, I touch your hand, and you feel merely a contact. It is because on earth we know not how, we are not able, to feel; yet we say that we have five senses, and are very proud of being able to explain our sensations; but since we do not experience any, and our material garb prevents us doing so, what the devil do you talk to me about sensations? Poor human race! Truly that is pitiable!"

Seeing the extreme agitation I was in, Madame Calagnet and Madame Adèle were far from being reassured, and prepared to go out: I understood it all. "Stay, ladies," said I to them; "you see that I am quite well." "We are not afraid," they said. "I beg your pardon, you seem disturbed. I beg you will be quite easy concerning me—I am very happy." "These ladies," said Alphonse, "are going to get you a glass of eau sucrée, for you seem very thirsty." The ecstasy ceased, and as I was in reality very dry, I drank off the water at a draught. My first care was to thank God for having been pleased to make me comprehend what I had comprehended.

SPIRITUALISM GONE MAD.

DEAR MR. PATRIDGE: In the TELEGRAPH of December 17, I observe an article copied into your paper from the *Spiritual Age*, in which it is stated that the Spirit of Dr. P. B. Randolph quits his body, and wanders hither and thither at its will, and can then will itself back into the earthly form again. This seems to me to be driving the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism stark mad. I wish to be plain, and as I am in serious earnest, I am persuaded that your liberality in giving room to all earnest thoughts will be a sufficient guaranty to insure the insertion of this entire article.

Then, to be brief, I can not help feeling fully persuaded that the whole story is either a hoax or a delusion. I am one of those who believe that when the soul and the body of man have once been separated, that separation is final. And I am of the opinion that the time has come when the wonder-

ful stories related by those dreamers who undertake to account for the wonderful things they see and do by asserting that their souls and bodies were separated for the time being, must be explained upon some other hypothesis. Yet I do not assume the prerogative of explaining the phenomenon in question, but merely desire to give utterance to my earnest thoughts, in the hope that my remarks will lead to investigation, and investigation to truth.

I have been much pleased to learn from the letter of Dr. Redman and others that the cause is prospering at the South. I regret equally too, to learn that ignorance and superstition should prompt persons in the sunny South, or anywhere else, to become the persecutors of a lone and unprotected female of the modesty and beauty of a Miss Emma Hardinge. Yet from your columns I learn that the opposition was carried to that extent in Memphis, Tennessee, that some one threw a stone at her. But thanks be to God, the unfriendly misfire was warded off, as it would seem, that Emma Hardinge might yet complete her mission in full.

I have, through the power of God and his ministering angels, been called to the great work of promulgating the truths of Spiritualism. I lecture in the waking trance, and by impression. I go to Memphis in January, return to Indianapolis in March, and from thence to the Middle and Eastern States, lecturing and giving tests as well as acting by the laying on of hands as I pass along. Consumption in its incipient stages, dyspepsia, liver complaint, etc., are cured in a few sittings. Applications for lecturing should be sent in as early as possible. Address until the 20th of March, 1860, Indianapolis, Indiana, to the care of Dr. S. W. Howard. THOMAS A. STANTON.

HUNTSVILLE, IND., December 18, 1859.

SINGULAR INSTANCES OF INTERMENT.

In Schubert's *Spiegel der Natur* (Mirror of Nature) the author relates in his chapter on instincts, the following facts as proofs of a certain divine impulse in men.

"A gentleman, an acquaintance of the celebrated French authoress, Mme. Beaumont, was about making a pleasure trip on the river with a party of friends. Everything was ready, and he was just entering the boat when his sister, a deaf mute, came most suddenly and anxiously running along, and seizing her brother's arm and coat, tried to keep him back; but finding this unavailable, she threw herself at his feet, and taking hold of his knees, expressed by the most imploring gestures her wish that he should desist from going on the water.

"Touched by the painful entreating expression in the face and posture of the deaf mute, several persons joined in the prayers of the poor unfortunate girl, and her brother finally yielded to their wishes. It was fortunate for the party, for the boat had gone but a short distance on the river, when a sudden gust of wind made it capsize. Several of the company found a watery grave, and he who could not even swim would, no doubt, have met with the same fate, if his sister, by some divine premonition, had not prevented his going.

"Once, on an evening, a rich and benign farmer felt by some sacred impulse, impelled to send, at a late hour, some articles of food to a poor family in the neighborhood. Wherefore on late; can not this be done as well to-morrow?" said those around him. "No," replied he, "it must be done now. While insisting, the worthy farmer did not know what a blessing his benevolent action was just then to the tenants of the poor hut, for there the father—he who had to nourish and sustain the family—had fallen sick; the mother was infirm already, and the children had been crying for bread for nearly two days—the youngest was hungry. Thus their most pressing wants were at once removed, and perhaps some lives saved.

"Another gentleman, living near some coal mines in Selkirk, awoke one night from his sleep with an irresistible impulse to go down in his garden. He rose, went down; the same impulse led him out of the back gate of his garden into the fields, where he arrived just in time to save the life of a miner, who, in climbing up a ladder, missed his footing, and fell down the shaft into a coal tub, which his son was at the time winding up, but by the increased weight was unable to do so any more.

"A venerable clergyman in England once felt likewise an unexpected desire to pay, late at night, a visit to a friend of his, whom he knew to be of a very melancholy turn of mind. Though extremely tired by the cares and labors of the day, and though the distance to his friend's home was very great, the venerable gentleman could not resist his secret impulse. So he went, and, strange to say, arrived there just in time to prevent his friend from taking his own life. The timely and friendly exhortations had such a wholesome effect on the depressed spirits of his friend, that he never again attempted to commit suicide.

"Prof. Buchner, at Marlburgh, being once in a very pleasant company, felt a strong desire to go home and secure his bed from its old place to another corner in his chambers. He yielded to the impulse. Having done so, he returned at once, and went back to his friends. During the night a large portion of the ceiling in the room, just as the spot where he had formerly stood, crumbled down, and would no doubt have crushed him to death had his bed not been removed from there."



CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

Editor and Proprietor.

Publishing Office, (Daily Times Building,) 37 City Hall Square, Room 23

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1859.

GREETINGS OF THE SEASON.

It is not by the observance of any cold formality, that we extend to our readers, one and all, the customary greetings of the season. Ere this issue of our paper shall have reached our readers, the "merry Christmas will have been passed round the fireside and the festive board, and the little folk will have greeted the annual advent of the venerable old Santa Claus, and discussed his gratuities in the form of the well-filled stocking. Next come the festivities in honor of old Janus Bifrons, with one face looking to the past and the other to the future, and with ponderous key opening the gate of a new annual cycle; and as you and we, dear readers, pass that portal, let us express our mutual and heart-felt wishes in behalf of each other, for a "HAPPY NEW YEAR."

There are many considerations which commend the innocent festivities of this season to a hearty and general observance. Not only are they calculated to beget and foster kindly feelings between man and man—not only do they tend to revive in our selfish nature, the sentiments of fraternity and equality, and not only do they mark a *point de départ* of another annual series of struggles, of toils and pleasures—but they serve to perpetuate a custom which may link us in sympathy with our brethren of very ancient, if not the most ancient times. The observance of the twenty-fifth day of December, after the general manner in which we celebrate it, let it be noted, is not of exclusively Christian origin. That day, with some seven or eight days succeeding it, was observed by several of the ancient nations in celebration of the birth of the sun, which all tribes and nations then considered as the most proper visible representative of the invisible Divinity. It is at that season that the sun, after having descended to the lowest point in the Southern heavens (the winter solstice), begins slowly to rise again, presaging another season of warmth, fertility and beauty, to supply beneficently the wants of man and beast. It typified the new birth in man, who was considered the microcosm and representative of the outer creations, and of all cycles in nature. It thus represented the state of infancy, innocence and unselfishness, when the sense of the mine and thine is merged in a community of interests. It specially represents the infantile age of the world—the golden—the Eden age—when all were equal, all brethren, and the distinction of master and servant, rich and poor, were unknown.

The festivities of this season, as observed by the ancient Romans, were called the *Saturnalia*, from their special object to commemorate the peaceful reign of old Saturn, which name, in its radical significance, as used by the Greeks and Latins, was closely allied both to the word *time* and *fullness*, and thus by implication, to the infancy and uncorruptness of an incipiently renewed age—in which, again, the same idea appears as is given above. The Romans thus celebrated it by the free exchanging of gifts, signifying by this the community of interests which characterizes the childhood season of man and the race, and which they thought it was fitting to celebrate in this childhood season of the year. It was also a custom among them, at this season, for masters to wait upon their own servants at the table—to dissolve, in fact, for the time being, the relation of master and servant—while the schools were dismissed, and courts of judicature were closed—all commemorative of the same traditional period in the infancy of the race, when there were no masters and no slaves—when crime did not exist, and when all were considered as equal.

Though the twenty-fifth day of December has, for some sixteen hundred years, been celebrated by the Christian Church as the anniversary of the birth of Christ, there is no evidence that he was born on that day. The evidence is rather the contrary, because at that season of the year it is not at all

probable that in the latitude of Bethlehem of Judea, the shepherds would have been watching their flocks by night in the open air. It is therefore presumable that the fathers of the Church fixed on this day of annual celebration, because of the appropriateness of these long-established festivities of the birth of the sun, to a commemoration of the birth of the "Sun of righteousness," whose genial beams of spiritual light and heat were destined to produce the spring and summer seasons of a regenerating race.

In this way, and for these purposes, may you and we, dear readers, and may the unborn generations of the future, ever celebrate the "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year."

DISUNION.

Southern members of Congress have been threatening disunion in case a President not of their own choosing should be elected in 1860. Aside from all party politics, in which we never mingle actively, this strikes us as a doctrine not only extremely nuggerous, but sufficiently treasonable. If a noble and dignified party is fairly and legally beaten at the ballot-box, it strikes us that it is bound in all honor to take the matter good naturedly, and not even entertain the thought of insubordination. As soon as a principle is generally adopted that will allow every one to secede from national and civil compacts, simply because a majority, in the exercise of their legal and constitutional prerogatives, happen to prefer a different candidate for office from one that would be preferred by themselves, of course our republican institutions are at an end, and thenceforth the only rule would be that of the strong over the weak. We are happy to see that some of the more sensible of our Southern brethren who have spoken out on this subject, utterly repudiate and reprobate this doctrine of some of their more fiery politicians. Thus Hon. Joshua Hill of Georgia said, in the House of Representatives, on Wednesday of last week, with great emphasis and significance of manner, that he "would never, so help him God, consent to destroy the structure under which we live, merely because a man of objectionable political principles should be elected to the Presidency." Mr. Hill deserves the sincere thanks of all parties, and all honest and sensible men, for that declaration, made, as it was, in direct opposition to the sentiments of several of his more fiery Southern confederates.

The *Baltimore Patriot*, though, of course, pro-slavery, is also speaking manly words in favor of the glorious Union bequeathed to us by our ever-to-be-venerated revolutionary fathers, and is dealing well-deserved rebukes to those who would unduly sunder the ties that bind the North and South in the most glorious confederacy upon the globe. Whatever sectional interests may for the time being prevail, we pray you, Messrs. Fire-eaters, don't meddle with the Union.

As to the matter of threatening, and endeavoring in that way to influence the course of political events, why—we of the North might threaten a little too, as our Southern friends might readily guess if they would mind their arithmetic. But we, or at least the great majority of us, don't believe in threatening. We don't think it is *polite*. Besides, we don't believe either that a man's judgment was ever convinced, or his morals were ever really improved, by threatening him; and as for restraint—coercion—we, at least, ought not to suffer it ourselves, nor to permit ourselves to exercise it toward our orderly, peace-loving, law-abiding neighbors. We have the strongest confidence in dispassionate argument—reason—moral means—to ultimately work out a mutually satisfactory settlement of all controversies that are now pending, or that hereafter may exist, between the North and the South—a settlement that would be compatible with the highest interests of both sections, and whenever we see a person losing his temper in a contentious debate, or taking measures to excite the fiercest discussion either by speech or the press, we at the same time see the *prima facie* indication that that man is conscious of his inability to defend his own cause by the same means.

The Northern Light and the Telegraph

We are grateful to the able and discriminating editor of the *Northern Light*, for the following kind remarks, which we extract from a paragraph in his paper under date of 2nd December:

"This paper (the *Spiritual Telegraph*) has obtained a high standing for honesty and veracity wherever it has circulated. It has elicited praise from its opponents and enemies, and the Press wherever it speaks of it at all, speaks very favorably."

ABSTRACTION INVENTION.

It is known by experience that the most difficult problem in any department of investigation whatsoever, may be most readily solved when the mind is in a state of quietude and abstraction, and when all disturbing impressions from the outer world are flowing in through the bodily senses. If, indeed, the outer senses can become entirely dormant while the interior faculties maintain their full activity, as in some cases of dreaming, somnambulism, and magnetic trance, intellectual results may often be obtained entirely beyond the capacities of the mind in its normal state. The writer once met with an eminent mechanical inventor, in whose experience this general statement finds a practical illustration. He informed us that he seldom met with any difficulty in getting the plan of a machine to do any particular kind of work. After studying upon the plan for several hours, or at most for a day or two, his mind will arrive at a deep state of abstraction, when all at once the model of the machine, perfectly visible to the internal eye, will suddenly present itself before him. Then, all he has to do is to clothe that spiritual form or model with tangible physical substance, and he has the object sought for. The gentleman mentioned to us several ingenious machines for doing different kinds of work, the theory of which he obtained in this way. He has paid much attention to magnetism, has a species of semi clairvoyance in other directions, beside that of mechanical inventions, and has performed many marvels in the diagnosis and cure of disease.

These achievements of the mind, while in states of deep abstraction, may or may not be aided by the direct intervention of disembodied Spirits; but it should ever be remembered that man himself is a Spirit, and possessed, in some degree, of all the mental powers exercised by the Spirit separated from the fleshly element. A more comprehensive, even if it be a less comprehensible, theory of such phenomena is, that man is a microcosm, and hence, while the inventor is all things else, he is also the very machine which he is seeking to invent, and when his mind is perfectly abstracted and concentrated, that machine is distinctly developed in his consciousness, and is projected before his mental vision.

A Protracted Trance.

The Paris *Siecle* (quoted by the *Journal du Magnetisme*) takes from the *Diario de Barcelona* the following account (which we translate and condense) of a singular trance, which of itself seemingly ought to convince skeptics that the human soul is at least not dependent for its existence upon the physical organism through which its powers are manifested to the external world. On the afternoon of the 26th of July, a woman named Theresa Inglis, aged thirty-one years, a resident of Cervera, left her house for the purpose of attending to her little flock of sheep. Evening arrived, but she had not returned, when her family, justly alarmed, commenced a search for her. The authorities of the village were apprised of the loss of the woman, and all the neighbors were called out, who searched mountains and fields, but without finding her. The Judge of the district was then apprised of the affair, but the searches ordered by this functionary were no more successful than the previous ones. Finally, nineteen days after the disappearance of the woman, her body was found by a shepherd, apparently dead. The deposition of the shepherd, however, was only all true, for the woman had all the while been only in a deep sleep, pathologically known as *coma*, by which she was deprived of the use of her senses, which she recovered two days afterward, that is, on the twenty-second day after her disappearance. She remembered nothing that had transpired from the time she left her husband's house till the moment when she recovered her senses. A month after this, she had an attack of the same kind, but this time her sleep only continued for a few days.

"Do Good and Distribute."

We take pleasure in acknowledging in receipt of one dollar from the writer of the following note, and for the purpose therein specified it shall be faithfully appropriated; and we publish the note of the donor, that others may thereby be incited to "go and do likewise."

ALBANY, Dec. 16, 1859.

MR. PARTRIDGE: Dear Sir—I feel that your generosity in sending your paper to the poor and casual collectors, as a gift, in the good cause of God and Humanity ought not to be borne by you alone. For one, I have misgiving in this matter, and feel that I can not thereby escape my duty, and therefore enclose you one dollar. With Respectful regard

Born into the Spirit-World.

Reported this life, Thursday, Dec. 15, at 12 M., LORNA FRANK, youngest child of Stephen T. and Lavinia A. Mason, aged six months and twenty-five days.

Truth must Prevail.

In an article in the "Edinburgh Papers," by Robert Chambers, the writer makes some sensible remarks on the incredulity with which the accounts of the phenomena of mesmerism were generally received, which remarks will equally apply to the ignorant opposition which almost every new and important truth seems fated to meet on its entrance into the world. We may echo the language of the writer, and apply it to the "interesting group of truths" classed under the head of Spiritual Manifestations, which also would probably have remained totally undeveloped "but for an irregular corps of experimentalists," both in the body and out of it, "who were not to be awed into quiescence by *a priori* objections from authoritative sources." The triumph of the science of Animal Magnetism under such adverse influences, one might think, ought to serve as a monition to learned ignorance to abstain from active opposition to any other new doctrine until qualified to speak of its merits by due investigation as to its claims and its foundation. The writer says:

"The rôle of the physicist during a course of years, while the matter was under trial, was to utter derisive shouts, to proclaim *charlatanerie*, and show the inconsistency of the alleged facts with the laws of nature. But for an irregular corps of experimentalists, who were not to be awed into quiescence by *a priori* objections from authoritative sources, this interesting group of natural truths, for anything that appears, would have remained totally undeveloped. It is ever so. The physicist, either from narrowness of mind, induced by the pettiness of his special studies, or from a fear of losing what reputation he may have acquired, or from the vanity of appearing incredulous (for here lies a temptation very besetting to human nature) sets himself in opposition to all such new doctrines. He not only does nothing for their advancement, but he so far by all means to put them down, as if, since he can have no gain by them in any way, he felt personally aggrieved by the notice which they attract."

Evangelical and Unevangelical.

The Unitarians and Trinitarians have been each rejoicing that the other is more and more coming into their faith; but this rejoicing is likely to be turned into a wrangling dispute as to which have changed their views. Neither party is willing to admit that any change has "come over the spirit of their dreams," but each insists that the other has changed, and that the change is a closer approximation to their religious doctrines.

The *Presbyterian Herald* can not comprehend what an Evangelical Unitarian can be. The *Christian Inquirer*, in answer, professes to quote from their principal book as follows:

"And Jesus answered him, the first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel! The Lord our God is One Lord. And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength; this is the first commandment. And the second is like—namely, this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these."—*Mark 12: 29, 31.*

When we consider that these are mere words of the Bible, which may require volumes to twist into the meaning which the Unitarians choose to attribute to them, it makes the subject as clear as mud.

Common Sense and Common Creed.

During the discussions that have been going on in the Unitarian denomination concerning "a common creed," one of the divines of that body remarked that "ministers needed common sense more than they did a common creed." A pertinent assertion, and one which no observer of the clergy generally will deny. The editor of the *Boston Congregationalist* evidently thinks the same thought, as may be seen by the following, cut from that paper:

"We don't believe that ministers are more deficient in common sense than any other class of people, though we must confess that we have sometimes been momentarily tempted to think so. We have occasionally seen some, particularly in their pastoral duties, show so marked and lamentable an ignorance of human nature, that we have been ready to exclaim, 'What dost thou here, Elijah?' and it can not be denied that many of them do often manifest a lack of wisdom, of the power of adapting means to ends, which can not but be fatal to the highest usefulness."

Since the publication of Mrs. Green's circular, in our issue of Nov. 26, several inquiries have been addressed to us as to the particulars of her address. We would say that we are personally acquainted with Mrs. Green, but know not her street or number. We presume, however, that letters addressed to Mrs. Frances Harriet Green, Providence, R. I., would be duly received and attended to. A recent note from Mrs. G. advises us that she has met with an unexpected delay in the execution of her plans. She will probably issue another notice soon.

DREAM LIFE AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

(Continued from last week.)

BY WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

I have gleaned these facts principally from Herodotus, where they are related promiscuously and incidentally with other matters, without any manifest design to make out a concatenation. But I think no candid person, whose appreciation of the spiritual is in any great degree unfolded, can fail, on reviewing these statements, to recognize in them marks of sincerity and truthfulness, and to see in them the successive links of a divinely ordered chain of events, which, by established laws of spiritual intercourse, were foreshown to those whom they most concerned.

At a later day the city of Jerusalem was, according to Josephus, evidently saved from destruction by two correlative dreams, one of which occurred to Jaddua, the Jewish High Priest, and the other to Alexander the Great. The main particulars I give in a condensed form as follows: While Alexander was engaged in the siege of Tyre, he wrote to Jaddua, the High Priest at Jerusalem, requesting him to send him some auxiliaries and provisions, together with such presents as he had formerly sent to Darius, the Persian king. But the High Priest answered the messenger that he had given his oath to Darius not to take up arms against him, and that he would not transgress this while Darius lived. On hearing this reply, Alexander was very angry, and determined upon marching against Jerusalem as soon as he should have completed the reduction of Tyre, which intention he accordingly proceeded to carry out. But on hearing of the approach of Alexander's army, Jaddua, in fear for the safety of the city, ordered the people to make supplications and sacrifices to God, "whereupon," says Josephus, "God warned him in a dream, which came upon him after he had offered sacrifice, that he should take courage and adorn the city and open the gates; that the rest should appear in white garments, but that he and the priests should meet the king in habits proper to their order, without the dread of ill consequences, which the providence of God would prevent."

Jaddua acted strictly in accordance with this dream; and when he understood that Alexander was not far from the city, he went out in procession, with the Priests and the multitude of the citizens, to meet him. "Alexander, when he saw the multitude at a distance in white garments, while the Priests stood clothed in fine linen, and the High Priests in purple and scarlet clothing, with his miter on his head whereon the name of God was engraved, approached by himself and adored that name, and first saluted the High Priest. . . . Whereupon the king of Syria and the rest were surprised at what Alexander had done, and supposed him to be disordered in his mind. However, Parmenio alone went up to him, and asked him how it came to pass that when all others adored him, he should adore the Jewish High Priest? To whom he replied, 'I did not adore him, but that God who hath honored him with the High Priesthood; for I saw this very person in a dream, in this very habit, when I was at Dios, in Macedonia, who, when I was considering with myself how I might obtain the dominion of Asia, exhorted me to make no delay, but boldly pass over the sea thither, for that he would conduct my army and give me dominion over the Persians; whence it is that having seen no other in that habit, and now seeing this person in it, and remembering that vision, and the exhortation which I had in my dream, I believe that I bring this army under the Divine conduct, and shall therewith conquer Darius, and destroy the power of the Persians, and that all things will succeed according to what is in my own mind.'"

The wrath of Alexander being appeased in this extraordinary manner, he not only spared the city, but granted to its inhabitants certain immunities which he was not accustomed to accord to people subdued by his arms. The perfect coincidence of his dream with that of Jaddua shows that both proceeded from the same interior and superior source of intelligence, and that it was designed and pre-arranged by the latter that Jerusalem should be preserved from destruction, and that the Macedonian arms should prevail over the powers of the Oriental world.

We will now make a chronological leap over a few centuries, for the purpose of introducing another fact belonging to the same category with the foregoing—a fact relating to the course

of empire, or the change of a kingly dynasty. Mauritius, a Byzantine emperor who reigned in the latter part of the sixth century, dreamed during one of his warlike campaigns, that himself and his whole stock would be killed by one Phocas, who would succeed to his throne. He told this dream to Philippius, his son-in-law. Diligent inquiry was afterward made whether there was any one in the numerous army of Mauritius bearing the name of Phocas, when it was found that there was only one of that name, and that he was a soldier. The Emperor supposed himself secure from the intrigues of one of so mean a fortune, and gave no further thought to the subject. Shortly after, however, there was a mutiny in the army excited by a detention of their pay; and in the tumult Phocas was invested with the purple and saluted as Emperor. The army marched back toward Constantinople, and Mauritius fled to Chalcedon, where he and his whole progeny, by the command of Phocas, were put to death.

Now had this Phocas been a conspicuous personage, known and feared by Mauritius, the dream of the latter might have been accounted for as a resolution of waking thoughts and apprehensions, which were afterward fulfilled in the same way as any previously probable and apprehended event is fulfilled; but the Emperor's feeling of security previous to the dream, his total ignorance until after it occurred, that any person of the name of Phocas existed, and, withal, the exact fulfillment of the dream, compel us to look for its origin in an independent and intelligent Source, who knew the events of the future, and possessed the power of intimating the same to the mind of the sleeper.

Such are a few of the prophetic and otherwise significant dreams noted in the ancient records concerning the destiny and interests of empires and the race. We will now mention a few of the many that are found in the heathen records of those ancient times, as embracing more contracted spheres of social and individual interests.

Datis, the Persian general whom Darius sent to invade Greece, while retreating with his fleet across the *Ægean Sea*, after his defeat at the battle of Marathon, received a strong impression from a dream, that some temple had been robbed by his soldiers in the course of his expedition, and that the sacrilegious booty which had been obtained had been secreted somewhere in the fleet. He immediately caused search to be made, which resulted in the discovery of a golden statue of Apollo which had been taken from a temple at Delium, on the coast of Attica. He caused the statue to be deposited on the island of Delos, with orders that it should be returned to the place where it belonged; and afterward felt relief from a mysterious sense of imperative duty as touching that affair.

The following singular allegorical dream is related by Pausanias: Epitides, a Messonian general, "was commanded in a dream to dig up that part of the earth in Ithome which was situated between a yew tree and a myrtle, and take out of a brazen bed-chamber which he would find there, an old woman, worn out with her confinement, and almost dead. Epitides therefore, as soon as it was day, went to the place which had been described to him in the dream, and dug up a brazen water pot. This he immediately took to Epaminondas, who, when he had heard the dream, ordered him to remove the cover and see what it contained. As soon, therefore, as Epitides had sacrificed and prayed to the God who had given him the dream, he opened the water pot and found in it a thin plate rolled up like a book." On this plate were found writings which it was deemed of great importance that the Messonians should preserve. This plate had a long time previously been concealed there for preservation by Aristomenes, in obedience to the suggestions of an oracle.

The mention of the name of Aristomenes reminds us of the account (also given by Pausanias) of the singular manner in which his life was once preserved by means of an allegorical dream. During the war between the Spartans and the Messonians (of which latter Aristomenes was the leader) he was, by stratagem, taken by seven Cretan brothers, who bound him

* *Antiquities of Darius the Great*, p. 267. Were this the proper place, we might prove that concentrated places, images, or other objects, as apart by the common consent of a whole people, have the power of magnetic contact between persons in this, and the spiritual powers of the other world, and therefore that the oracles of heathen temples and the images of the gods, were not personifications, as so this day they are generally supposed to have been.

with the cords of their quivers. While two of these Cretans went to inform the Spartans that Aristomenes was captured, the other five led him to Agilus, a place in Messenia. "In this place a virgin dwelt along with her mother, for her father was dead. But in the night prior to this event, the virgin saw in a dream a lion with talons, led along by wolves; but she thought he was freed from his bonds by herself; that she caused him to resume his natural courage, and gave him his talons, and that thus at length the wolves were torn in pieces by the lion. As soon, therefore, as the Cretans brought Aristomenes to this place, the virgin knew the meaning of her dream, and asked her mother who Aristomenes was? But when her mother had satisfied her in this particular, and she had beheld Aristomenes, she knew what she ought to do. Hence she gave the Cretans wine in abundance; and as soon as they were intoxicated, and in a deep sleep, she drew out a dagger, with which she cut the bonds of Aristomenes; and he, receiving the dagger from her hands, slew his insidious enemies."*

The last chapter of the second book of Maccabees contains the account of a dream of Judas Maccabeus portending the success of his army in their then pending conflict with the troops of Nicanor. It is to the effect that while Onias the High Priest was praying for the Jewish people, "there appeared a man with gray hairs, and exceedingly glorious, who was of a wonderful and excellent majesty. Then Onias answered saying, 'This is a lover of the brethren, who prayeth much for the people, and for the holy city, to wit, Jeremiah the prophet of God.' Whereupon Jeremiah, holding forth his right hand, gave to Judas a sword of gold, and in giving it spake thus: 'Take this holy sword, a gift from God, with the which thou shalt wound the adversary.'" Judas re-animated the spirits of his desponding troops by the relation of this dream, and afterward led them to the battle, which resulted in a signal victory in the Jews' favor, accompanied with the death of Nicanor and thirty thousand of his men. The event thus completely realized the preternatural foreshadowings, which latter were probably impressed upon the mind of the sleeping Judas by the then angelic spirit of Jeremiah the prophet, who had been sent for that purpose.

The foregoing are among the numerous prophetic and monitory dreams that were *unsought* and apparently *spontaneous*, as found among the records of the ancient days. We have not alluded to parallel psychological experiences as occurring in later times, and in our own day, a sufficient number of which might be collected to fill many volumes. But the ancients also sometimes induced or invited prophetic and otherwise significant dreams, by various *artificial* means. There is abundant evidence that they sometimes used magnetic manipulations for the cure of diseases; but whether they ever employed this method to produce clairvoyance (a species of lucid dreaming), is not now so certain, though it is probable. More frequently, however, they resorted, for this purpose, to the use of narcotic potions, unguents, and fumigations, or to the inhalation of gases which had specific effects upon the nervous and cerebral system, similar to those now known to attend the use of chloroform and nitrous oxide gas. The oracles of Trophonius, and also of the Delphic Apollo, were rendered through persons prepared according to those methods. It was to some extent customary, also, for persons desiring particular kinds of information from the interior world, to sleep upon or near the graves of their deceased ancestors, or near the tombs of noted and semi-deified characters; and whatever dreams they might have under such circumstances, were considered as answers from the spiritual intelligences whom they consulted. Sometimes they would, for a similar purpose, sleep in the temples of the gods, when the dreams which they had were considered as indicative of the Divine will. In this latter way especially was the deified Esculapius consulted by invalids in respect to means of procuring health.

To some of these modes of procuring dreams Jeremiah evidently refers when he says: "For thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel: Let not your prophets and your diviners, that be in the midst of you, deceive you, neither hearken to your dreams which ye caused to be dreamed. For they prophesy falsely in my name. I have not sent them, saith the Lord."—Jer. xxix. 8, 9. The inspiration which dictated

* Pausan. Messenica, xix.

the above passage impliedly advises that no one should pry, with undue curiosity, into the secrets of the future, or into the mysteries of the unseen world, and especially teaches us to abstain from all *artificial* methods to force interior impressions from that spiritual or divine source of intelligence which may see it best to withhold the information sought for; and the penalty implied as annexed to a transgression of this rule is the extreme liability of being misled. If this rule were more generally observed by dreamers, clairvoyants, and "mediums" of our own day, no doubt many unfortunate interior delusions would be avoided. The true rule for all such to pursue is, to purify, harmonize, and religiously elevate all their affections, aspirations, and thoughts, and then to await passively and unanxiously the "movings of the spirit." Impressions coming under such circumstances, whether in dreams or otherwise, would, in general, be eminently demonstrative of an over-ruling, angelic, and divine intelligence, constantly advancing the individual and the race toward a more celestial and beatific life; and if all believers in spiritual influences would properly observe this general rule of interior discipline, the predicted period would be speedily ushered in, in its full glory, when the spirit of the Lord shall be poured out upon all flesh, and when our sons and our daughters shall prophesy, our old men shall *dream dreams*, and our young men shall see visions.

THE AFRICAN RACE.

FALLSINGTON, PA.

The proper disposition of the African race and their descendants in these United States, judging from the antagonism of those who are most prominent in the discussion of this question, seems fast approaching a crisis—of some kind. Whether the "irrepressible conflict" will ultimate in a mere physical strife of blood and muscle, or preserve an exclusively moral and intellectual phase, remains yet to be seen. That either of the antagonists in this dispute will ever succeed in convincing the other by arguments, I have not the smallest hope or expectation. Such a result is utterly hopeless, inasmuch as either party is abundantly confirmed in their respective conclusions from circumstances beyond their present control. These conclusions are supported by one-sided and partial observations of the subject, and each party will persist in viewing the subject from opposite stand-points, and base their arguments on premises totally at variance, which must, of necessity, control opposite conclusions.

The ultra "abolitionist" starts from the (assumed) position, that of "one blood" had made all the nations of the earth; hence that the present apparent inferiority of the African race is simply the result of the unfavorable conditions to which they have always been subjected, and that, circumstances being equal, their moral and intellectual faculties would develop equally, at least, to those of many of the races which pass for white. On the other hand, it is confidently believed that the African race, as well as several other races, constitute separate and distinct types in the human race, and had separate and distinct origins, and are indigenous to the country where the dawn of history first discovered them—just as certainly as the various kinds of plants and animals which are found in their several localities. Hence the lion and camel of Asia differ from those of Africa, which observation also holds good with the various animals of similar species in every part of the globe. And every botanist knows that the same differences in parallel species run through all the *genera* of plants in every country. Hence, if the several races of animals and plants were created or produced on the spot where they were when first discovered, they can see no reason why the same causes could not produce or create a peculiar race of mankind. It is not my intention to offer any argument to sustain or establish either of the foregoing positions; but I will just remark that I can not see how any intelligent and well-informed mind, if thoroughly stripped of all educational bias, can avoid arriving at the latter conclusion.

I have no kind of doubt that a great majority of those who take opposite sides on the "slave question," and labor so industriously and zealously to advance their peculiar opinions, are candid and honest in their convictions, and sincerely believe that it is *their* duty to speak and act as they do. But that which I desire to witness the most is for every one to live out his honest convictions for himself, and abstain from dictating to his neighbor, (who, by the by, may have equal means

to know for himself), and, if his neighbor thinks and acts differently in any special matter, not to arraign his motives, and call him hard names, and hold him up as an object of hatred and contempt. I, for one, have unbounded FAITH in every department of nature; or, if you please, that God, in his providence, is amply able to settle this and all other "exciting questions" in the best possible manner, and that, too, in just the right time. So let us trust the "Ruler with his skies."

In conclusion, I, too, will offer my say on the all-absorbing "slave question," which is simply this: That my sympathies are for the slave-holders and their posterity, believing them to be, by far, the greatest sufferers in the operation, in every point of view; and the opening of the slave trade again, as desired by some people in the South, would only hasten the ultimate crisis. It might work a benefit in some sense, to the white population for a time, but it would be a vast benefit to the African race in the end, and would, most assuredly, ultimately supersede and supplant the white race in all localities where the African is better fitted by constitution for existence than the white race. So let us cease applying opprobrious epithets to our southern brethren, and *vice versa*, be willing to mingle together, in the spirit of true Christian brotherhood, in all the relations of social and commercial intercourse, without presuming to act as viceregents of God, in executing what we may suppose to be his judgments against any supposed sin, not doubting the truth and certainty that cause and effect are forever inseparable, and that the infraction of any law, whether it be in mind or matter, is sure to meet with its appropriate penalty.

And now, if any one feels like calling me by a hard name, for supposing it possible for the African race to have sprung from a different source from the white race, I will say, in extenuation, that I nevertheless believe that the African race is immortal, is susceptible of improvement, and capable of a degree of progress equal to meet the necessities of self-government and the discharge of the duties incident to social and civilized life; and that, in process of time, Africans will even be capable of providing dry kindlings in anticipation of rainy weather. That such a process is possible, is amply proved in the well-marked development plainly visible in the African race, even in the short period of time which has elapsed since their removal to this country, by being brought in contact with a higher civilization. It even shows in the physiognomy and expression of the countenances of their descendants, where no trace of white blood can be detected. Who knows but that the boasted Saxon race, some millions years past, would fail to gather dry kindlings before a storm? On matters of this kind, I am now selecting certain specimens of the African race, who are even yet incapable of making so necessary and prudent provision.

So let us yet hope for the further improvement and progress of all the different grades of development which characterize the various races of mankind.

Edgewood.

EVIL SPIRITS.

[The author of the following leaves his name, and adds no name, but prefers to withhold the same from the public.]

MR. CHARLES PARTRIDGE—My Dear Sir: It is with some hesitation I come before the public on the subject of *Evil Spirits*. But the recent remarks in the New York Conference have convinced me that I ought not to withhold my knowledge and experience. I would premise by saying that my own belief previously had been, that when man laid down the body, his lusts and impure desires would be laid down at the same time. I had drawn up the account of my experience about a year since, when "T. J. C." of Iowa, called on, and having had a like experience with him, to give publicity to the same, but circumstances prevented me in the subject again in the Conference.

In confirmation of the experience of "T. J. C." I give the following: Having become satisfied that the Spirits of our deceased friends could and did communicate through the medium of mediums, and wishing to share the privilege of such communion, I was induced to try if any influence could be exercised by myself (in other words, whether I could be a medium). I took a pencil, and sat passively when a friend's hand was moved over the page, and mental questions were answered by writing "yes" and "no." After further

questions would also be answered by the lifting of the hand. I was told that I should become a healing medium; and, to confirm me, the influence said I could relieve the pain of an individual present by laying on my hand, which proved to be the case. This confirmed me that the influence was good, and therefore I did not hesitate to continue the use of my hand in answering questions by writing and lifting the hand. This had continued for a short time, when, on awakening from sleep one night, I was surprised to hear voices, and concluded at once they must be from Spirits, as I had heard of some that could hear speaking. In this I was confirmed by the subject of the communications, they being addressed to me. They said they were my guardian Spirits; they were known to me in their lifetime by the names they gave, though I had not thought of any of them for a long time, nor had I been very intimate with any of them. Some of them I knew to be dead; others I did not at the time, but have since heard that they are still living. They proposed to regulate my eating—what I should eat, how much, how I should do it, giving advice as to my affairs, etc. I was led to believe from something said by them, that it was but one Spirit that had counterfeited several. Immediately I heard the remark made as if to some one present, "He has found me out." From this time I heard all manner of stuff, the merest foolishness and untruth. When that which they had told me did not come to pass, they said that they had lied to me, and that they could not help it.

I once heard a conversation concerning myself carried on between two voices, which convinced me most thoroughly that the voices were independent of myself. This was continued for some two weeks. I could not sleep for the incessant speaking. Whenever I would endeavor to sleep, they would cause the most annoying sensations—a burning and pricking that would prevent sleep, except for a few minutes, when nature became so exhausted as to be regardless of the annoyance. I was told I had committed the unpardonable sin, that I was without the pale of God's mercy, and many terrible things of the conditions of Spirits, and often their talk was vile and obscene. This gradually left me, and I could hear them no more, I presumed from the cause that I had discontinued the use of my hand in writing and lifting to answer questions. My health was seriously affected, and I am convinced that if this hearing had continued much longer, I should have become insane, or ended my days.

After these annoyances or burning sensations had mostly ceased, and hearing of voices was entirely gone, the writing was recommenced by my sitting passive (not imagining that by so doing I was giving them power over me), and I received many communications. Some were of a good character, respecting my business; one, that I had better let this writing alone. The most of them purported to be from a class of individuals that my station in life had brought me into contact with in a way that was agreeable to neither—persons with whom I had no sympathy whatever, and, what was remarkable, they were of the same vicinity of those claiming to be my guardian Spirits, but of an entirely different station in life. The communications were generally asking my prayers for themselves, or some of their friends, who, they said, were in a bad way; at other times, they cursed me, and said they would kill me for what I had been officially compelled to mete out to them. Of these individuals I had not thought or heard of during over twenty years, and being several hundred miles from their locality, or where they had a locality when I knew the.

I at last began to realize the fact that the suffering any hand to be used by them in writing gave them a power over me, my detriment, and though not affected as formerly, yet I suffered in some of my organs very disagreeable and distressing sensations, and these sensations had been foreshadowed by them by writing that such an individual had died from the same, and that my fate should be the same. (The individual as I afterward found, was living.) I became convinced at last that the whole influence was evil, and that it was possible and probable that some Spirit or community of those whom I had known to their displeasure in this sphere were the authors of the whole annoyance. I therefore gave up all further use of my hand. The sensations after a while began to be less distressing, and finally left me. I have for curiosity offered my hand to be moved by them several times, but never received any but "yes," or "no," or unmeaning

scrawls, and never anything when invoked in the name of the Deity to give the truth. But when I have so tried, I have been admonished by a recurrence of the disagreeable sensations, to let them alone.

I leave every one to draw his own inference from the above facts. To me they were facts that my senses can testify to, and no hallucination. It is difficult to make others sensible of these things except by experience, and such, I hope, they may never have. I am satisfied, and feel it in my inmost being, that those mediums who have committed suicide, have been driven by the distressing obsession of Spirits to the act. The continued and incessant harassing presence, and no way of leaving them, or getting out of their way, no opening for relief, must, in some minds, lead to self-destruction. The narrative taken from a Philadelphia paper, and published in the "Present Age and Inner Life," by A. J. Davis, article, "Revelations from Pandemonium," which, however, I had not read at the time, truly describes the feelings of anguish that I felt at times from their continued presence and harassments. Indeed, I am convinced that there are beings, once inhabitants of this world, who have passed into the next, that are evil-disposed, their dispositions remaining the same as when here, and that when from some means they come into rapport with certain individuals here, they feel disposed to act out their evil dispositions by tormenting others as they often do while here, when they have the power, and that until some healthful influence is brought to bear, they will continue in the same condition. These ideas are entirely opposed to what have been my sentiments, both by education and my cherished reason, until otherwise convinced by experience as before related. I have passed over many similar relations without much thought, but I have been brought to a realizing sense that there is much truth in many of these cases we pass so heedlessly by.

IDENTIFICATION BY WRITING.

HOUSTON, TEXAS, Nov., 1859.

DEAR SIR: I have always been a hunter after truth; and having found a pebble on the great shore of the ocean, I am disposed to contribute it to the general stock in the museum of the age. You have cordially invited contributions; I present my mite.

For about seven years previous to January, 1855, various stories of table-tipping, spirit rapping, and other similar wonders, had been related to me, and I had often gone to the places where such things were to be seen, but always arrived a little too soon or a little too late. No demonstration could ever be had when I looked on. I knew the parties to be sincere and truthful persons, but seriously regretted that they could have no rapping exercises at a time when I could see them. My presence seemed to destroy the exhibition. Of course I strongly suspected delusion. Years rolled on, "my heart's desire and prayer to God being" that I might see something that would lead to a satisfactory conclusion. I waited for it, and sought it, but never found it. In January, 1855, however, at San Antonio, in this State, one day about dinner-time, being on a business tour through that region, I was standing in front of the then principal hotel, in conversation with several gentlemen, when the rappings became the subject of remark, and I expressed my oft-repeated desire to see something—anything that a reasonable mind could call proof of the alleged fact of Spirit-communication. One of the gentlemen, as we were dispersing at the sound of the dinner-bell, told me there would be a "circle," at his house, that night, and if I would come round, perhaps there might or might not be a demonstration; but he wished me to come any how, as the weather was pleasant, the distance short, and the company would be intelligent.

I went round after tea—five persons, in all, were assembled—and became seated at a round table, upon which were paper, pens, pencils, ink, and all proper writing apparatus. It was proposed first to lay hands on the table and sit quiet. In about five minutes Spirits announced themselves by certain convulsive motions in three of the persons; pens or pencils were quite emphatically seized, and, after some wild scribbling over the paper, and badly defacing a sheet or two thereof, one led off into a connected sentence, announcing the presence of very many Spirits anxious to communicate. It was then proposed that each person at the table should have one chance

going round from the medium to her left, and so on. I sat immediately on her right, and, of course, was the last one to have a showing. I "improved the occasion," however, by watching all that was done or said. Things proceeded in the most quiet and orderly way; all the parties, except myself, having been there before, and the whole affair being perfectly familiar to them, upon the arrival of my opportunity, I framed, in my own mind, the following wish: "Is there be such a possibility as that Spirits of the departed can communicate with mortals, let some rational proof thereof be now given." With perfect spontaneity, the hand of the medium wrote: "Do not regret your past experiences; they have all helped to develop your mind, and enable you to arrive at primary truth." Sitting perfectly convenient to the medium, and it not being, there and then, considered a breach of politeness, I read as fast as it was written. Of course there was nothing in the words of the communication that was startling. The sentence was finished. The medium's hand gave a peculiar gyratory motion, and executed the *fac-simile* signature of a distinguished U. S. senator, who had been a friend indeed to me, but whom I had seen buried nearly six years before that writing! I saw my departed friend's name written as if by his own hand, a thousand miles from the place of his burial, among the most perfect strangers, and so strikingly like his proper hand that, had I not seen it written by another, I would cheerfully have testified it to have been in his own proper hand.

Immediately followed another, and another, all of similar import, each signing the names of those at whose funerals I had been, and each in the peculiar handwriting of the parties respectively while living. There were some seven or eight in all, and, among them, those of Senators Ashley and Sevier and the Hon. F. W. Trapnall, all of Arkansas—all of whom I had known intimately, and had seen buried years before—Trapnall having died about two years before, but the others some seven or eight years before. The signatures of ~~some of~~ these gentlemen had striking peculiarities, which were preserved in all their perfection. The medium wrote a most cramped and miserable hand while in her normal condition, but executed the signatures of those dead persons in wonderful perfection.

Now, what was I to think? Here is a stranger a thousand miles from the place where those friends lived and died, who, perhaps, may have heard of, but certainly never was acquainted with all the parties; and that stranger is now here as certain a medium of written communication from their deceased friends to me as the post-office was while they were alive. There was but one conclusion to draw, which was, that the spirits of men and women, after their bodies are dead and buried, can and do communicate intelligibly with living, and healthy, and wide awake men. From thenceforth I knew that the portion of the Apostles' Creed which declares a belief "in the communion of saint" was very truth. I know not whether there be such a thing as rapping, if there be, let those enjoy it who like it. For me it would be exceedingly unsatisfactory. I confess that, though a member of an orthodox church, and a diligent reader and hearer of the word, my mind craved proof of the soul's immortality, and of the possibility of spirit-intercourse. Jesus and the Apostles evidently taught it; but, oh how their teachings have been perverted and persistently misunderstood! how the work of soul shrivelling and mammon worshiping has usurped the places sacred to the worship of God and relief of our fellows!

There has been considerable mediumizing here in Texas, among the most distinguished were Mr. T. L. Harris and Mr. Galen Forster, of the *Banner of Light*. They spoke here, years and months ago, to large and appreciative audiences. Mr. Forster's efforts were upon the grandest scale. For ease and force of expression, as well as for pith and moment of substance, they have rarely, if ever, been equalled. The big game he had been reading Agassiz, Humboldt, Tom Paine, or the devil, and committed them to memory, and spouted them like a schoolboy at a declamation. He professed to have spoken as he was moved by the Spirit.

I must conclude this paper. If the character and temper of the foregoing suits your paper, you are at liberty to use it. I have had other and different experiences which, though not so didactic, are none the less interesting. Hoping that you may be kept free from the prison-house of bigotry and fanaticism, I remain,

A TAVENHILL

[The author of the above sends us his real name and address, as a voucher for this statement.]

PUNISHMENT AN INSTINCT.

NAPOLI, N. Y., Dec., 1859.

I rarely ever saw a boy "stub his toe" who did not turn round and kick the offending stone. His sense of "justice" will knock the skin from his heel sooner than suffer the stone to pass unwhipt for its offending. The grown-up boy will beat the brute he leads for not "minding his dodge." *Natural men, i. e. sinners*, seize their brother "by the throat," saying, "Pay me, or"—then follow all manner of imprecations. The man of grace—the religious—not feeling at liberty to swear, makes the case more awful still; he will send the offender "to hell," and quote Scripture to make it sure.

I take it, it is not easy to make a clear difference in these several cases. In either case the party is hurt, and, as if by instinct, he turns to give the *harmer* "hell." Experience will save the boy's heel, refinement prevent the street fight, and personal safety leaves *God* to do the damning.

This merciless element needs to be eradicated from all bosoms. It seems to me to grow naturally from the everlasting "spice" in nearly all sound sermons. Can a sermon be "orthodox" which does not *distinctly damn* all sinners? If, then, mothers are for ever hearing from the pulpit, and teaching their children, and all are hearing about punishment, hell, wrath, perdition, "and all them fellows," how can "stones" or men escape "hell" at their hands.

Let the minister's sermons exhibit benignity; let the mother's counsels, and all her thoughts, be full of charity; let the eyes show tenderness, and the lips utter kindness; let the hands be taught to carry comforts, and the feet to run for aid; and "stones" and men would be equally safe.

It is easier to kill and send to hell all the "Hivites, Hittites, Jebusites," etc., in all Canaan or Christendom, than to reform and ennoble a score. But half a score, thus made noblemen, are worth a thousand times more than all those nations "in hell." ~-

How sweet is the voice of kindness! How beautiful the gaze of sympathy! How plastic the touch of love! Bring these all to bear on the most brutal heart, and he will pause in his bloodiest work, grow calm, and, imbued with better thoughts, become a better man! So beautiful is the ministry of Spirits! They come to me, breathing low and soft words, like the whispers of my dying mother, and passion abates, anger ceases, wrong is shamed, and then my soul talks with them; I deplore my erring, my glad heart thanks them, and, joy forever, I feel I am a wiser and a better man.

"Ho prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

C. H. BALDWIN.

REV. H. P. CROZIER'S ADDRESS.

NEIGHBOR PATRICK: As you manifest a willingness to open your columns to criticisms on what you publish, I propose saying a thing or two about the above sermon. It strikes me that the *animus*, or spirit of the sermon, is to depreciate the value and superlative excellence of the sacred Scriptures. One would infer from reading it, that the inculcations of the ancient heathen philosophers were fully as pure and good and spiritual and elevating, as the inspired utterances of the Hebrew kings and prophets and apostles; and that the mass of the Gentile world exhibited as pure a morality as the mass of the Jewish nation did. If it were so, we might ask, "What advantage, then, hath the Jew? or what profit is there in circumcision?" To this question, St. Paul replies, "Chiefly, because that unto them were committed the oracles of God." In the first chapter of his epistle to the Romans, Paul presents some facts in regard to the character of the Gentiles, which, it would seem, would convince any candid reader that they were given up of God to work wickedness with greediness. They had lost "the inner light," and were groping in midnight darkness. Though some of the old pagan philosophers inculcated some noble sentiments, in most cases their sentiments seem to have had but little influence on their own morals. They were constrained to say:

"I know the right, and I approve it;
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue."

But among the pious men of the Bible, most of them puri-

fied themselves in a good measure, according to their teachings. When they were overcome by the force of temptation, and led to disgrace themselves and their religion, they acknowledged their offenses and wept bitterly, and earnestly sought forgiveness. Where, among pagan writers, can there be found a composition to compare with some of the Psalms, for moral purity and for utterances of penitence after wrongdoing?

I will not contend with the author of this sermon, on the point that every man has light enough to render him inexcusable if he is not virtuous and godly.

The author cites the prayer of Lyricus Menallipides with a commendation which will not be borne out by the teachings of Scripture. This was his prayer: "Hear me, O Father, thou wonder of men, who always governest the living soul." This is the whole of it. To be sure, like the other heathen poet, he acknowledges himself to be the offspring of God, by calling God his father; but he does not ask for anything. This can hardly be called a prayer. God says to us, "What is thy petition? and what is thy request?" This poor heathen can not think of anything to ask—no sins to be forgiven, no soul to be purified, no daily bread—no wish that God's kingdom may come, and that his will be done on earth as it is in heaven. And yet our author asks, "How much would it suffer in comparison with most of modern prayers, public and private?" He calls it "devout from its utter lack of all beseeching and teasing of the Deity." I wonder if Mr. C. ever read about Jacob's wrestling with another all night, and saying, as the day began to break, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me"? And has he forgotten that God says, "Ask me of things to come concerning my sons, and concerning the works of my hands; command ye me"? Has he lately read the parable of the importunate widow, and about the man going to borrow three loaves? Has he ever read of a certain one, who was so earnest and in such an agony, that he prayed, and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground? Before friend C. sends forth a new edition of this sermon, I would suggest that he read the prayer of Daniel for the restoration of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity (Dan. ix.), and the account of Elijah praying for rain on Mount Carmel, and what the apostle James says of it; and the story of the Syro-Phœnician woman.

But enough for the present.

Yours truly,

E. D. K.

* Published Nov. 26, 1859, in the TELEGRAPH AND PREACHER.

THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

A wonderful stream is the river Time
As it runs through the realm of years,
With a faultless rhyme, and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surger sublime,
And blends with the ocean of tears.

There is a musical tale of the river Time
Where the suldest airs a e playing;
There is a cloudless and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vespere chime,
And the tones with the rose are ringing.

And the name of this tale is "Long Ago,"
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
They are hoaps of dust, but we loved them so,
There are trinkets and treasures of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There is a lone snow-capped, and a deep without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments she used to wear.

There are hands that waved, when the fairy shone
By the mirage is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be the blessed tale,
All the day of life till night;
When the evening comes with its beautiful smiles,
And our eyes are closing in slumber while,
May that island of souls be in sight!

SINGULAR DEATH FROM SKINNING & RATTLENAKE.—Some weeks since, Mr. Stalter, of Skutumpah, Rockland County, killed a large rattlesnake, which he carefully skinned. Some time afterward he accidentally cut his thumb with the knife which he had used for this purpose, when his hand and arm began to swell. The family sent for a physician who, not being informed of the facts of the case, prescribed for the swelling, and left. Mr. Stalter daily became worse, when the physician was again sent for, but found the unfortunate man beyond all medical aid. Before he died, his body was covered with livid spots, resembling those on the snake he had killed.—*Tribune*

WEEKLY ITEMS AND GLEANINGS.

FUNERAL OF JOHN E. COOK.—On Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, the funeral of John E. Cook, executed with his contract, at Charles town, Va., on the 16th inst., took place at the house of M. Samuel L. Davis, of 114 South Ninth-street, Washington. The writer of this was present on the occasion. A large number of people were assembled, some 700 or 800 of whom, unable to crowd into the house, stood some two hours in the street, notwithstanding a pelting rain. Among these were many ladies, and some well-dressed and intelligent looking colored people. Cook was connected with a most respectable circle of relatives and friends in Williamsburgh, who were present on the melancholy occasion, and Gov. Willard, of Indiana, and his wife (the latter the sister of Cook) were also present, as was likewise the young wife of Cook. Cook had been a teacher in the Sabbath school of the Lee Avenue Church (Dutch Reformed), and for some years a member of Rev. Dr. Porter's Church in Fourth-street; and his funeral was first appointed to take place at the Church last named, but the appointment was afterward changed.

The services were conducted by Rev. Messrs. Caldwell, of the South Baptist Church, Johnson, city missionary, and Mulhory, of the Grand-street Methodist Church. During the services, Mr. Caldwell read an affecting letter written by Cook to his wife and child on the morning of his execution.

After the services, the public were admitted, from the street, to look upon the body of Cook, which was placed in a rosewood coffin in the tier hall, and afterward a procession moved, with the body, to Cypress Hill Cemetery, where the body was interred.

UNION MEETING.—The grand Union meeting took place at the Academy of Music on Monday evening of last week. The audience was large, but might have been larger, and also might have been considerably more orderly than it was. Speeches were made by Charles O'Connor, Ex-Governor Hunt, and others. We cannot, however, learn that the meeting amounted to much, as there seems to be a pretty general impression, even among Southern people, whom the meeting was obviously intended to conciliate, that there were motives lying at the bottom of it which were more nearly related to the personal interests of New York merchants and political aspirants, than to a perpetuation of the American Confederacy from an abstract love of it.

STAMPED OUT STUNNERS.—Some three hundred students in the medical colleges in Philadelphia left in a body last week for various colleges in the South, to which they had been invited by the respective faculties of the same, on condition of their simply paying the matriculation fee. The following telegraphic dispatch from Kansas and dated Dec. 22, shows how they were received in that city:

"The medical students on their arrival from Philadelphia were received by the faculty and students of the Medical College, the Governor's Guard, and an immense throng of citizens. The procession marched to the Governor's mansion, where an address was delivered by Governor Wise. It then proceeded to the College, where Prof. Gibson made a speech. Dinner was partaken of at Columbia Hotel. There was great enthusiasm and waving of handkerchiefs along the route."

SOUTH CAROLINA LEGISLATURE.—*Washington, Tuesday, Dec. 20, 1859.*—A special dispatch from Columbia, dated 19th inst., says that both Houses have adopted a resolution that South Carolina owes it to her own citizens to protect them from every onus, and that for the purpose of military preparation for any emergency, the sum of \$100,000 be appropriated. The Senate also adopted a resolution that, while still deferring to her Southern sisters, the respectfully announced to them that, in her judgment, the safety and honor of the slaveholding States imperatively demand a speedy separation from the free-soil States of the Confederacy, and earnestly invites and urges her sister States of the South to originate the movement of Southern separation, in which she pledges herself promptly to unite.

LEWIS BORN, of Kentucky, is dead. He was a Democratic Member of Congress from 1835 to 1855 inclusive, a single Congress excepted, and was Speaker for a single term. He died Lieutenant-governor of his State, having been chosen to that office last August.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—The present owners of the Great Eastern purchased her for a very small portion of her original cost, yet the existing stock is quoted at only twelve shillings in the pound. This is equivalent to a loss of forty cents on the dollar by the late purchasers.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE.—The Sea Captain, Messrs. Democratic learn from "good authority" that a report of African slaves expected in the ship *Island Harbinger* the latter part of the present month. They will, if they arrive safe, be landed without any attempt at slavery the consignees trusting to the sentiment in Massachusetts to the necessity of increasing the number of balances for a triumphant acquisition in the event of a Government prohibition.

THOMAS GANNETT, of Wilmington, Del., a venerable Quaker, stated at the John Brown meeting in Philadelphia, that he had been instrumental in aiding 2,245 slaves to escape by the "underground railroad," beside about 200 more whom he had assisted before he began to keep an account. The statement was greeted with much applause.

AT the Philadelphia meeting in aid of Brown's family, C. C. Foote, of Canada, stated that he knew John Brown, and knew his strong affection for black people—that he once passed a party of twelve slaves into his (Foote's) possession, and in doing so he exhibited all the tenderness of a father toward them. On the trip to Canada, an infant was born, and they christened it "John Brown." [Laughter.] The child Brown had given to him with his own hands.

FALL OF A BUILDING.—LOSS OF LIFE.—On Tuesday evening of last week, shortly after 6 o'clock, the building Nos. 54 and 56 R. street, occupied by Messrs. Kent & Lowther, grocers and commission merchants, fell with a tremendous crash, killing Mr. Ely, a well-known merchant, and policeman Stewart, and severely injured six or seven other persons. The warehouse was a double building, four stories high, 30 feet deep, and 45 feet in width. Upon the various floors were stored about 5,000 barrels of flour and \$25,000 or \$30,000 worth of groceries.

THE WILDERNESS IS AFRICA.—Prof. Hedgeswick, of London, in a communication from Dr. Livingstone, dated at River Zambesi, Africa, May 27. Dr. Livingstone reports that the country is highland lake region, where the inhabitants cultivate cotton extensively while, he adds, "every one spins and weaves it."

