

# NEW-ENGLAND SPIRITUALIST.

A JOURNAL OF THE METHODS AND PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRIT-MANIFESTATION, AND ITS USES TO MANKIND.

PUBLISHED AT 15 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON.]

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT STILL!"—COETNE.

[TERMS, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.]

VOL. II.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1856.

No. 21.

## Phenomenal & Philosophical.

[Translated for the New England Spiritualist.]

THE ANGELS.

NO. II.

THEOLOGIAN.

What! Carry skepticism so far as to doubt the existence of absolute spirits! Why, the entire universe is full of them! They are incessantly in motion, and it was not without reason that I compared them to the atoms of the air, since, so to express it, they form one unbroken throng. This throng is diffused throughout such space as you deem vacant, but which is so only so far as our senses are concerned. An ancient declares energetically, that there is not in the universe even a chasm in which we can slip a finger, without encountering a spirit; so abundantly is the invisible people which constitute the most beautiful ornament of creation, everywhere diffused, even in those places which you imagine mere wastes, because you do not there perceive the gross bodies of your suns and planets.

And you demand that I prove the existence of pure spirits! This proof is of elementary simplicity, and is found in all treatises on theology. It is comprised in the principle which you just advanced. You concede that there should exist in the order of creation, beings more and more similar to God; so much rather should it be admitted that the principal end of Deity in the things which he creates is the good which results from the assimilation of those things to himself. Now the perfect assimilation of the effect to the cause is evidently obtained, when the effect resembles the cause in the very quality by which the cause produces it. But then God produces creatures by his intelligence and his will; then the perfection of the universe requires that there should be creatures in which shall exist intelligence and will; and these qualities being purely spiritual, the creatures in question should be so likewise. One can even say, in following an argument much more simple, that God's nature being purely spiritual, it follows for the similitude, that there would be below him beings purely spiritual also. Thus you see at the first step we reach the end.

PHILOSOPHER.

Your argument is but specious, and it is by rank abuse that your catechetical theologians have acquired the habit of using it as so decisive a weapon before the eyes of their disciples. The Angelic Doctor in taking it as the point of departure for his dissertation, has no less committed the fault of considering it conclusive. In fact it does not suffice to demonstrate that spiritual creatures exist, if it be not demonstrated at the same time, that these creatures, to be in rapport with each other and the material world, have no need of a covering analogous to what we call the body, and which we, who also unhesitatingly recognize ourselves as spiritual existences, know so well that we are incapable of doing without. The proof that your great doctor (Dionysius) was not insensible of this fact, is that immediately following the article you have quoted, he puts the question to know whether the angels have a body to which they are naturally conjoined. There is the important point. All angelic psychology is in some manner involved. If the angels, however spiritual they may be, are naturally allied to bodies, they re-enter simply into the general condition of men. If, on the contrary, the corporeal organization is entirely foreign to them, they constitute in the order of creation a genus absolutely distinct in all respects. "The human soul requires to be united to a body," says 'La Somme,' "because in the order of intellectual substances it is imperfect, and exists only as a power, not having the fullness of knowledge in its nature, but drawing it from sensible objects by means of the bodily senses. But in every class where we find something imperfect, we may look above it for something perfect in the same class. Therefore there are in intellectual nature certain substances perfectly intellectual, having no need to acquire knowledge through sensible objects. Moreover, not all intellectual substances are allied to bodies; but some exist independently thereof, and these we call angels."

I have ventured to remind you of this important passage, which shows so well that the question of the nature of angels is fundamentally the same as that of the origin of ideas; it is the essential basis of the opinion which you maintain. But without entering into the vortex of problems involved,—do you not acknowledge that I am justified in availing myself of the general principle upon which it proceeds—"that in every class where we find something imperfect, we may look above it for something perfect of the same class?" The rule will, in fact, work both ways; and I say in my turn, that if among corporeal organizations, there is, as is apparent in ourselves, something imperfect, there should exist, higher in the same class, perfect corporeal organizations. And I add that this body, so far from detracting from the resemblance between spiritual substances and God, completes, on the contrary, this likeness; for it constitutes the image of that relationship which the universe holds to God.

In saying that the fullness of knowledge in superior beings is dependent upon their connection with a body, I am in nowise reduced to impute to them a material organization as imperfect as our own. I accept fully in reference to this matter the word of 'La Sagesse,' so dear to the ascetics: "The body weighs down upon the soul; and inhabiting the earth depresses the mind, which is dissipated in a multitude of thoughts." I willingly concede that the body, given up to the instincts of animality which incessantly torment us, reduced to a

small number of narrow and uncertain senses, feeble, infirm, untractable, troublesome, weighs down the soul, and prevents its living in the high regions as freely as its spiritual nature would predispose it. Yes; the habitation of the earth, subject to innumerable trammels, disappointments, labors, lowest occupations, prevents the spirit from concentrating itself upon eternal ideas. But what conclusion am I to draw? It is that under the same conditions of alliance between the substance of the soul and matter, under the same conditions of residence in a determinate quarter of the sidereal world, there necessarily exist somewhere intellectual beings better endowed than ourselves, and enjoying senses more perfect than our own;—and it is these intellectual substances which I call the angels.

Furthermore, the defect in the reasoning of the scholastics is exposed, if I mistake not, by the argument which has just served me. It consists in the assumption that the human soul represents an imperfect being in the class of purely intellectual substances; whereas, evidently it is so only in the class of intellectual corporeal substances. I cannot therefore agree with you with respect to the existence of superior beings purely spiritual, until you show me an imperfect being of that class. Meanwhile you will permit me, for I have logic on my side, to hold to my definition of the angelic nature, which is deduced from the development of human nature as it is known to be.

Do you consider that the creation, thus bound by the laws of matter, presents no longer for our admiration types sufficiently sublime? But I would remind you of what I have already intimated touching the magnificence which we have a right to conjecture in the corporeal beings that hover above us in the unknown spheres of the universe. Nothing of that which is repugnant to you here below, and makes you accuse our apparel of grossness, of weight, of resistance, of hostility to the soul, is found there. All these taints of animality, which are the cause of our passions and vices, and which you attribute so gratuitously to the impurities of the flesh, have disappeared. All the forces which concur to the establishment and support of the organs are at the disposition of the spirit, and obey it completely. Thanks to the power, complexity, and delicacy of the wondrous maze of endowments over which he reigns supreme, the being influences at will its neighbors, changes its place at pleasure, takes cognizance of the sensible phenomena which interest it,—in a word observes, operates and converses freely throughout the expanse of its celestial country, and, never wearying, passes from the activity which is its life, to the ecstacy of recognition and love which is its repose. Can you seriously withhold your admiration from a plan so marvellous? If not, why contest the universality of its operation, and thus destroy rather than admit the sublime unity of the population of the universe?

And upon the whole, whether you will or not, in order not to confound these pure essences with God, you are not the less reduced to give them bodies; for however spiritual you make them, you must still conceive them in a special place, otherwise they vanish as creatures, and are resolved into the Divine Mind.—Now I demand, what is this portion of space in which your angels are found; which is their exclusive possession; since you declare that two of them cannot be at the same time in the same place; which, in a word, is their personal property—what is it, if not an actual body, how much soever you may sublimate it in the endeavor to place it beyond the pale of natural laws? The fundamental principle of corporeity consists in attributing to a determinate being a determinate portion of space, and not in the manner of enjoying that space, which is evidently but secondary. "Following what rule we will," says 'La Somme,' "by giving the angelic nature locality, you make it exist in corporeal space."

Exactly the same thing applies to the relation between the human soul and the corporeal space it occupies; accordingly your theorist does not neglect to pursue the analogy still further. "The soul," he adds, "is in the body as containing it, and not as being contained; and similarly, the angel is said to be in corporeal space, not as being contained, but as containing it in some manner."

There is, then, this in common—that the angel possesses and contains, the same as man, a determinate place; with this difference—that man, in his possession, far from confining himself to simple occupation, produces at will in the bosom of his domain, the movements which serve him, is informed of the changes which are passing therein,—in short, reigns there supreme; whereas the angel, on the contrary, instead of ruling in his own, exists therein without activity, and with no power except to exclude every other creature from the same,—in a word, occupying its place only in a negative manner, enjoying in fact, mere impenetrability, like brute matter. Of these two modes of possessing space, which to your mind should be considered superior?

I hold it impossible to conceive of purely spiritual beings, because it is not possible to conceive of a real creature out of the conditions of extension. Moreover, whether the middle age realized the fact or not, its reputed spirits were naught but embodiments of its reputed heaven.

Contemplate these imaginary beings connected with empty space and an indefinite form, strangers to all physical phenomena, alike unfit for sensation or action, in all points similar to the abstract figures we conceive in mathematics; and ask yourself if the celestial population, such as the scholastics painted, was not in perfect keeping with the superior regions, such as astronomy then supposed them to be. To me the resemblance seems perfect. The material universe was supposed to occupy but a little corner of immensity; and where the

physical qualities of creation vanished, the physical qualities of its inhabitants likewise disappeared. In restoring to the universe its fullness, modern science seems to me to have done implicit justice to this chimera of incorporeal spirits. They are no longer possible, for there is no longer any portion of space for them.

But since ether vibrates round all and through all, it should follow that, every where, creatures have been ordained susceptible to these magnificent undulations, and that they are thus bound together in the unity of sensible nature no less than in that of intellectual and moral nature.

From the Spiritual Telegraph.

### DEMONIACAL POSSESSION 200 YEARS AGO.

GENTLEMEN EDITORS: I communicate to you the following extract from *Town and Country Magazine*, Vol. X, London, 1778, p. 119; for any use you may choose to make of it. The cause of the Spiritualists scarcely requires any more proofs, but the statement therein, coming from a man of so high standing in society, and being so unique in all respects, ought to be, I think, recorded anew in the annals of Spiritualism.

A GENUINE COPY OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY THE DUKE OF LAUDERDALE IN THE YEAR 1657.

Sir,—It is sad that the Sadducean, or rather atheistical denying of spirits and their apparitions and possession of persons, should so far prevail, as I find it does at present. But why should we wonder at it in such an age of infidelity as this, since those who will not believe Moses and the prophets we know will not be convinced though one should rise from the dead? But for me may Heaven ever defend me from such hardness of heart; and indeed I account it no small mercy to me that I have had signal proof, and even ocular demonstration, of the truth of a real and certain possession of spirits, which I propose a relation of as the business of this letter.

There was some years since in the town of Dunoe in the Mers, a poor and ignorant woman who was generally believed to be possessed by an evil spirit. I myself often saw her, and never doubted it; and I well remember that the minister of the place, a learned, ingenious and godly man, made no scruple of affirming the same to all persons, and himself often visited her, and readily attended strangers who were desirous of the same satisfaction. This pious gentleman even went so far as to apply to the king's privy council, to whom he also brought the written attestations of twenty neighboring ministers to the truth of the fact, for a warrant to keep days of humiliation for her. The power of certain bishops, however, hindering at that time any such fasts to be kept, prevented this godly intention.

These persons, moreover, were not to be made to believe that this was a real possession. I wonder not, indeed, at these gentlemen's disbelief of possessions in general, if they have seen what I myself have of the baseness and roguery of the Church of Rome in the tricks of this sort, in order to make a merit or miracle in dispossessing, but think they might have given a fuller credit to this, where there were the attestations of so many godly persons to the truth of a fact, and no intent of a sham dispossession or any other deceit.

As to the pretended French miracles of this sort, I was myself, I remember, at London at the time when there were a thousand strange stories reported, and books written, about the possessions of the London nuns; and being desirous to be an eye-witness of the truth, I went to see them, not doubting that it was possible for the devil to possess a nun as well as any other person. But alas! I was strangely disappointed, for this was no other than a trick, nor did I see anything there but a company of wanton wretches pretending to be possessed, singing many bawdy songs in French, and playing a thousand odd, indecent tricks, in which, however, though they had been well taught, they were nothing to compare to our tumblers and rope-dancers; and one of them with the letters I. H. S. and Maria Joseph in her hand, which, they told us, were written by miracles, but which I am confident was done only by *aquafortis*. I was quite tired with this foolery, and spoke my mind about it pretty freely in the hearing of a certain Jesuit, who still, however, affirming that these were actual possessions, I desired leave to speak to them in a different language, and was promised by the holy father that I should be answered in the same. But when I told him I should speak in a language that neither he nor any there would understand, he told me gravely that perhaps these devils had not travelled. On this I left the place with a proper contempt, and heard afterward in the town that the whole was in reality a cheat, and the main intent of it was to prove witchcraft upon an innocent person, the curate of the place, whose name was Cupit, who had been converted from their religion, and whom they at last burnt for a wizard.

Not long after this, being determined to know the truth or falsehood of another famous story of this kind, I went to Antwerp to see a number of possessed persons, as they were called, exorcised, but in truth all I saw there was a number of gross Dutch wenches suffer exorcism patiently and belch most roaringly, so that if they were possessed by devils they seemed to be very windy devils, but to me they appeared only possessed with a large morning's draught of new beer. Some few of them did indeed make much squeaking and resistance before they would allow the host held up to them by the priest; but all I wondered at was the monstrous blasphemy in the exorciser in saying to the pretended devil, "Prostratem adorabis creatorem tuum, quem digitis tenes." "Thou shalt prostrate adore thy Creator, which I now hold in my hand."

If these bishops, I say, had seen these pretended pos-

sessions, I cannot wonder at their not readily believing a real one; but had they been eye-witnesses, as I myself was, of what (to return to my story from this long digression) I am going to relate to you, I am very sure they would no longer have doubted the certainty of it.

The report, in short, of the strange things our Scotch woman uttered being now spread over all the country, among a number of neighboring gentlemen, my old friend, Sir James Forbes, who lives in the North of Scotland, being accidentally then at Edinburgh, and meeting there with a minister of a neighboring place, entreated him to go with him to see her, and brought him with that intent to my father's house, which was within ten miles of the place where she lived, where I made one of the party, and the next day we went together to her.

We found her, as the poorer sort thereabout generally are, a poor ignorant creature, who had never been taught so much as to read, and spent some time in conversation together without seeing anything of what we expected, for the woman showed no signs of anything extraordinary. The minister on this, almost out of patience, says to the knight in Latin, *Nondum audivimus spiritum loquentem*, "We have not yet heard the spirit speaking." And on this, immediately there issued out of the woman's mouth a voice in these words, *Audis loquentem, audis loquentem*, "Thou now hearest him speaking, thou now hearest him speaking." This from a poor creature who, they were sensible, knew no tongue but her own, nor, in truth, the half of that, put the minister into such an amazement, that I think it made him not mind his Latin, for he immediately took off his hat, and lifting his eyes up to heaven, cried out, "Misereatur Deus peccatoris," "The Lord have mercy on the sinner." On which the spirit, to show his skill in the language, immediately answered, "Die peccatrix, die peccatrix," "Say on this female sinner, say on this female sinner." The spirit here corrects the minister's false Latin. On this we were all perfectly satisfied of the truth of this report, and the reality of the possession, and this the more, because neither then, nor at any other time after, was there any attempt to dispossess her, and we all returned with great amazement to my father's house at Thirstaine castle.

I am sir, your faithful friend and servant,

LAUDERDALE.

### A WONDERFUL MAGICIAN.

A Paris correspondent thus expresses the extraordinary feats of a new hero in the world of magic:—"The wonders of Signor Ragazzoni, whose approaching departure for London fills us with dismay, have been exhibited for the last time at the Tuileries. This wondrous magnetizer, called the 'man demon' in Italy, has produced more surprising effects in magnetism than have ever been witnessed before. The experiment of striking senseless was repeated the other night at St. Cloud, and filled the beholders with amazement. Signor Ragazzoni placed himself at one end of the long gallery of the palace, upon receiving the indication, in writing, of the person chosen from among the company to serve as an example of his power, outstretched his hand toward the victim, who instantly fell, struck as with the lightning's blast, stiff and senseless on the floor. So long as Ragazzoni so willed it, did the patient remain thus stretched out before him, to all appearance dead—for it seems that this magnetizer is the first whose power has been strong enough to stop the pulsation of the heart. Another gesture, and the patient rises—wondering what has happened, and why he is lying thus irreverently before imperial greatness on the ground. After the exhibition of these and other curious experiments, an Italian singer, just arrived from Florence, was introduced, under the auspices of the Princess Matilde, and sang with great éclat the *andante* of Vaccai's *bravura*, 'Le Romeo.' The allegro followed, and the cantatrice was rushing from top to bottom of the clavier, sending out rockets and blazes of harmony, to the great delight and admiration of the company, when the Emperor, who was seated at the further end of the room, made a sign to Ragazzoni, who was standing at a distance behind the singer; the 'man demon' stretched forth his hand towards her, when suddenly, as if some infernal power had seized her in its grasp, the singer paused, with staring mouth and eyes wide open—the note, unfinished, died away; and, after two or three gulping efforts, she gazed around terrified—then, falling forward on the piano, burst into tears. The audience, believing the effect to be produced by timidity, applauded, to the utmost, encouraging her by every means in their power; but to all the kind inquiries of the ladies, she could return no answer.—Her voice was paralyzed, and all she could do was to point to her throat with a piteous expression of countenance, and shake her head in despair. At another sign from the Emperor, who had been much amused at the scene, Ragazzoni stretched forth his hand once more, and then the spell was unloosed—the poor cantatrice could thank, with all the volubility of her country, the courtly audience for the interest they had expressed and give way to the pent-up words which came rushing in a torrent to her lips; but the emotion had been too violent; nothing could induce her to resume her cantata, and the concluding notes of 'La tremenda necisse spada' remain yet to be sung before we can judge of the power of her contralto notes by the famous phrase of that air, which has been the stumbling-block of so many singers, and made the fortune of Giuditta Grisi."

On evergreen banks, and amid beautiful scenery, we may not inhabit, and we cannot; but we all may do better, by each one of us opening in his soul a well of living water, springing up for us into more than mortal life.

### THE SPIRITS AND THE EASTERN ARGUS.

Mr. S. B. Brittan, in a letter dated at Portland, communicates the following valuable test fact to the *Spiritual Telegraph*—

I am indebted to Mr. M. A. Blanchard, of this city, for an interesting spiritual fact which I will here record. Late on Friday evening last (Aug. 1st), Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard, Mr. B.'s mother, and a lady visitor—a medium for spirit manifestations—were quietly seated round a common centre-table, at the residence of Mr. B., when the table began to move—with and without contact—in answer to questions. Our friend inquired how many spirits were present in the room? and the answer was, "five," being one more than there were persons present in the flesh. The colloquy continued: "Are you all special friends or relatives of the persons in this circle?" "No." "Are you [the spirit in communication] an entire stranger to all present?" "Yes." "Will you give your name?" "Yes." These answers were all given by movements of the table when no member of the circle was touching it. Mr. Blanchard then procured writing materials, and the spirit through the medium soon wrote his name—"FRANCIS DOUGLAS." No member of the company had ever been acquainted with a person answering to that name. Mr. B. asked the spirit how they were to identify him, and the spirit answered the question in the following words, which were distinctly written by the hand of the medium: "I was publisher and proprietor of the *Eastern Argus* in 1820. I died in that year." On inquiry being made as to the mode of testing the correctness of these statements, it was written—in the manner already described—"Ask Eben Steel." Mr. Blanchard observed that perhaps he might not recollect with certainty, never having been himself connected with the *Argus* nor with the Newspaper Press. Following this suggestion, the spirit immediately wrote, "Ask Charles Holden." Further interrogatories were interrupted by a refusal on the part of the spirit to write more at that time. The invisible intelligence thus terminated the interview by saying, in substance, that what had been communicated was intended as a test, and that when they had ascertained the correctness of the preceding statements, the spirit would have more to say.

The next morning after the occurrence of the interview already described, Mr. Blanchard met Mr. Holden in the street, and inquired who was the publisher and proprietor of the *Eastern Argus* in 1820: to which the

which one Mr. B. had in mind. Our friend thereupon signified that it made no difference; that he would like to obtain any reliable information respecting either. Mr. Holden said, "Francis Douglas was publisher and proprietor of that paper in the early part of 1820, but he died by accident during that year." Mr. Blanchard inquired how he could answer so promptly and with so much precision respecting events which transpired so many years ago. Mr. Holden remarked that perhaps there was not another man in Portland who could have answered the question with equal certainty; many, he presumed, might be aware of the fact that Mr. Douglas was proprietor of the paper, and that he died about that time. "But," said he, "I have certain data to which I can recur; I entered that office as an apprentice in 1819, and I know that Mr. Douglas died the next year, for I lived in his family at the time."

It may be proper to add in this connection, that Mr. Holden was associated with the *Eastern Argus* for many years, in the several capacities of apprentice to the printing business, journeyman compositor, publisher and editor, and that he dissolved his connection with that journal, in the latter capacity, only about two years since. It is also worthy of remark that Mr. Steel, to whom the spirit at first referred, was subsequently consulted by Mr. Blanchard. His recollection was not so clear, but he confirmed the most essential features of the spirit's statement, and said that Mr. Douglas died suddenly, about the time mentioned in the communication, in consequence of an accidental injury, received while on an excursion among the islands in Casco Bay.

Now, if Francis Douglas did not visit Mr. Blanchard's house on the evening of the first instant, and there make the communications herein recorded, pray who was the unseen visitor, or to what power in heaven or on earth shall we ascribe the facts?

### WITCHCRAFT.

Enactments like the following were not deemed ridiculous, even in the mouths of the legislature, in the reigns of Philip and Mary, and James I:—

"All persons who shall practise invocation or conjuration of wicked spirits, any witchcraft, enchantment, charm, or sorcery, whereby any person shall happen to be killed or destroyed, shall, with their aiders and abettors, be accounted felons, without benefit of clergy; and all persons practising any witchcraft, &c., whereby any person shall happen to be wasted, consumed, or lamed in his or her body or members, or whereby any goods or chattels shall be destroyed, wasted or impaired, shall, with their counsellors and aiders, suffer for the first offence one year's imprisonment and the pillory, and for the second the punishment of felony without clergy."

The like penalties are annexed to declaring by sorcery where any hidden or stolen treasure or goods may be found.

Again, "if any person shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed, or reward any evil or wicked spirit, or take up any dead man, woman, or child out of his, her, or their grave; or the skin, bone, or any other part of any dead person, to be employed in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment, &c., he shall suffer death as a felon, without benefit of clergy."



# The Spiritualist.

A. E. NEWTON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

"I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot hear them now."—Jesus.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1856.

## CANNOT FIND EVIDENCE.

The following letter was received and forwarded to the editor during his absence. As our reply may be applicable to many besides the individual who called it forth it is inserted here:

MR. A. E. NEWTON.—Dear Sir,—I received a notice from you stating that my term of subscription for the *New England Spiritualist*, had nearly expired. In reply I will say that I have taken the paper about two and a half years. It is now about three years since I first became interested in Spiritualism. I have attended many circles, and have read various works on the subject. The money I have paid to public test mediums, and also for books, amounts upon the whole to about \$80.

I have not yet received one single conclusive test, and I have concluded to let the matter drop, and not puzzle my brains any more about it.

I want evidence. I have been to Mr. Redman's, Mrs. Coan's, Mrs. Hayden's, &c., &c. I have heard the raps, but never could make out whether there was any intelligence connected with them or not. If you can give me some satisfactory information in regard to the matter, or can inform me how I shall get the evidence, I am willing to renew my subscription. If you cannot, you will please discontinue sending my paper.

Yours truly,  
REPLY.

DEAR SIR:—Your note relative to your difficulties in the investigation of Spiritualism, and to your subscription to the *Spiritualist*, is before me. As to the latter subject I have only to say, that, in accordance with the terms of publication, the paper will be discontinued when the time paid for has expired, as I have no wish to urge it upon any one who does not care to read it.

In relation to the evidences of spirit-communion, I must say that my experience has been vastly different from yours. I never yet paid \$50.00, nor even \$5.00, to public media, for evidences on this subject; yet such evidences have come to me with such frequency, abundance and positiveness, as to leave no question on the subject, any more than on that of my own existence. Surely I have a thousand times better evidence that spirits disembodied (to use a common term) exist and have communicated with me in various ways, than I have that you exist and wrote the letter that now lies before me.

But, dear sir, I am aware that my experience will not do for you, any more than yours will do for me. I must believe that which is proved to me beyond a doubt, though you and all other men may fail to get the same proof; and I leave you and all other men to use your own judgment about depending on my testimony.

I do not know that your failure to obtain the requisite evidence on this subject, implies any fault or anything censurable in yourself, and hence I have no censure, no anathemas, to deal out upon you, after the fashion of religionists in general, because you believe not with me. Nor do I know that I can give the "satisfactory information" for which you ask. I will, however, respectfully venture a suggestion or two which possibly may be of service.

My investigations, during the last four years, into the philosophy of spirit-existence and manifestation, have led me to the conclusion, that there are persons whose existing mental and physical states are such (not necessarily from anything blameworthy in themselves,) that it is impossible, or nearly so, for them, as they are, to obtain satisfactory evidence of spiritual realities. The convincing demonstrations of spirit-power either cannot, in the nature of things, be wrought in their presence; or, if wrought, their minds fail to seize upon them and perceive their significance.

The principle involved in this is not peculiar to evidences on this subject. It runs through all other matters. Even the exact and positive science of mathematics meets with the same difficulty in some minds. Though it is true, that "figures don't lie," yet it is equally true, that some people do not know what figures mean—and hence even a mathematical demonstration is no demonstration to them.

To make clear what I mean: The relations of numbers are perceived by a single mental faculty, called by phrenologists "calculation." A person who is very deficient in this organ cannot compute numbers, and hence cannot perceive for himself the conclusiveness of arithmetical proof. For example, that distinguished physiologist and phrenologist, Dr. George Combe, states of himself that he is specially wanting in this faculty of computation, and hence cannot be convinced by mathematical proof depending on this organ. He expresses himself in this marked language, (I quote from memory,) "I can very well comprehend such problems as two times four, or three times three, but when it comes to nine times nine, how can a man understand it?"

Now, if a difficulty of this character stands in the way of some people, in relation to positive mathematical evidences, why should not a similar one be expected in relation to the more abstruse matters of a spiritual nature? Not only do spirits claim to be dependent for power to manifest themselves ordinarily on the quality of certain ethereal emanations from persons called mediums, which may be disturbed or chemically changed by the emanations from other persons present; but the inquirer himself is dependent to a great extent for the ability to perceive the evidence of spirit-agency on a certain faculty or faculties which are less active in some than in others. If the requisite faculties fail from any cause to act, then the investigator fails, of course, to be convinced. Though facts are indestructible and positive things, yet some people do not know what facts mean.

Now Dr. Combe was sufficiently philosophical to avail himself of the powers of other minds, where his own were defective; and hence he was in the habit of employing other persons to perform his calculations, keep his accounts, and manage his pecuniary transactions for him. And he was willing to rely on the results to which the calculating faculty arrived in those who had it properly developed. Few, however, are willing to do the same in regard to the spiritual faculties—few will consent to trust the perceptions and conclusions of other minds, better constituted in this respect than their own. I do not blame them—I am slow to

exercise such trust myself; and I therefore ask no one to believe in these matters what he does not obtain convincing evidence of, through his own powers of perception and deduction.

To those then who fail to find the evidence which I have found, I can only say,—you must "hide your time"—await the unfolding of those powers and susceptibilities by which you will be enabled to take hold with a more tangible grasp upon spiritual realities. I take no credit to myself that it has been otherwise with me than with others—for what have I that I did not receive? I find myself far behind many others in the development of these finer perceptions; hence it does not become me to treat superciliously or censoriously those who may be still behind myself. The loss is theirs, not mine; and I would aid them to the experience and enjoyment which I have realized, so far as in my power.

According to your statement, you have been peculiarly unfortunate—for I think very few who have ever heard the genuine "raps," have failed, not only to find that there was "intelligence connected with them," but to be sorely perplexed to account for that intelligence on any other than the spiritual theory. The sturdiest opposers of Spiritualism—the Rogerses, the Mahans, the Brewsters, admit not only the raps, but the intelligence. It is clear, therefore, that for some reason you are a long way in the rear of most investigators.

Now it seems to me reasonable, and in accordance with universal experience in other departments, that the growth of these powers of perception will be promoted somewhat by an earnest seeking for knowledge; and that we shall be more likely to arrive at the truth in relation to these, as concerning all other matters, by continued search and endeavor, rather than by indifference and neglect. I therefore cannot see the propriety of your decision to "drop the whole subject, and not puzzle your brains any more with it." Though the expenditure of time and money on public media may be of little use in your present condition, yet I cannot understand how any thinking man can consent to "drop" from his consideration a subject of such mighty interest as the spiritual nature and relations of man; or how any free mind can afford to be ignorant relative to the current facts of the great movement now agitating the civilized world on this subject. Moreover, I doubt if you can carry out your conclusion, however strenuously you may attempt it. Probably the more you try to shut the subject out, the more it will force itself upon you.

It is very possible, however, that it may be for your advantage for a time to turn your attention less to the search for external evidences, and more to the world within yourself. Endeavor to understand the nature and powers of your own spirit—to learn how it manifests itself, and becomes cognizant of the manifestations of other embodied spirits—to ascertain wherein it is defective in development, and how its various faculties and susceptibilities may be more harmoniously unfolded; and perhaps in due time you will be able to lay hold with a firm grasp, as others now do, upon the evidences which disembodied intelligences are able to give of their existence, presence, and love.

Should this, however, fail to be the result, you will yet by this course have attained that which is better than money, namely, personal self-culture, which, I apprehend, is after all the great benefit, the ultimate use, to be derived from intercourse with the beings of higher realms.

Hoping these suggestions may not be altogether devoid of interest and value to you,

I am truly yours, A. E. N.

## R. W. EMERSON AND THE SPIRITUALISTS.

MR. EMERSON, in the last lecture of his recent series at Boston, spoke of the manner in which a great man's thought diffuses itself, and gets respected, in a generation or two, widely and mechanically. After using several other illustrations, he said that the law is strikingly revealed in the midnight fumbings over mahogany throughout the country now, to get at the secrets of the spiritual world. It always happens, he said, that whatever spirit is called up—Franklin, or Fenelon, or Napoleon, or Abbe-Kader—it is always Swedenborg that answers. That is the cow from which all the milk comes.

The *Spiritual Telegraph* thus comments on the preceding:

The above paragraph, which is going the rounds of the newspapers, originally appeared in the *Boston Transcript*. We think the writer must have misunderstood Mr. Emerson. We have always regarded that gentleman as occupying a position greatly above the sphere of narrow and ignorant prejudice, and we feel strongly inclined, on presumptive grounds, to defend him against the imputation of having ever given utterance to an assertion which even the moderately informed opposers of Spiritualism know is so palpably untrue as the assertion that "whatever spirit is called up, it is always Swedenborg that answers," meaning, we suppose, that it is always he through whom the answer purports to come. The fact is, a communication is comparatively seldom received, which claims Swedenborg either as its medium or its author.

It was our privilege to hear the lecture of Mr. Emerson, in which occurred the passage above partially reported. So far from casting ridicule upon Spiritualism, the great essayist in reality, paid it a high compliment; yet we saw, at the time, that his peculiar and somewhat equivocal mode of expression was misconstrued by the more obtuse portion of his auditory into a slur. The idea intended by him evidently was, that the representations of the spirit-life and its philosophy as presented in modern spirit-communications, correspond essentially with those given by Swedenborg; in other words, that Swedenborg's philosophy is generally repeated in these responses. The lecturer probably does not admit that the Swedish philosopher obtained his ideas from actual intercourse with that world, but considers them rather as speculations of his own; and probably he conceives (with a great many other misinformed people) that the responses obtained as from spirits, through "mahogany," now, are not from actual spirits, but in some way the mere reflex of human minds. It is much, however, for so acute a critic as Mr. Emerson to assert the essential harmony of modern revelations concerning the spiritual state, with each other, and with those received by Swedenborg. Those astute individuals to whom they are but a "jargon of contradictions," would do well to consider his opinion.

We understand that Rev. R. P. ABLEMAN has been engaged by the Portland Association of Spiritualists to supply their desk at Mechanic Hall for three months, commencing in September. Mr. A. delivered a course of lectures in that city a few weeks ago which attracted much attention.

All noble beings live in their affections.

## A SHORT SERMON.

There is an ancient fable about two shields, the one rusty and soiled, the other polished and bright. He of the dirty face glanced at his neighbor and perceiving his brilliancy, looked up and said, "O sun, illumine me too with thy ray!" Sol replied, "Go clean thyself!"

The moral is obvious; and it is one which we cannot too strongly impress upon all who would be reflectors of spiritual light. Pure hearts, pure lives, free from the tarnish of selfishness or the rust of corrupt thoughts, are essentials to every true soul. Especially are they desirable—if they can be of more value to one person than another—to those who are gifted with an organism susceptible to direct spiritual influences. The celestial sun is ever shining; and there are individuals whose special gift, it seems, is to catch its rays and radiate them to their fellow creatures. But there are those who, possessing this inherent power, have allowed it to be perverted in one way or another. Like the shield they may be true metal, but some blemish of personal interest or passion, some mark of prejudice or delusion, may have marred their natures so that no perfect image can be transmitted by them.

Let such cleanse themselves of all these spots and stains. It is useless to call upon the higher powers to impress us with visions of truth and beauty, if, when the influence comes, it is to be dimmed and distorted by our own imperfections. Carry a clean heart, an humble spirit, a willing mind to the Fountain of Celestial Truth, and as the sun mirrors itself in the polished shield, will spiritual influences descend and write themselves in beauty on your natures.

## DELIVER US FROM EVIL.

This is an age of overthrown prison walls, and of broken fetters; never was there such a glad and tumultuous rushing forth of cramped and confined minds into the inspiring air of liberty. Yet let us not forget, that freedom is sometimes a dangerous gift. Those who have dwelt in spiritual darkness all their lives, should rush not too suddenly into the dazzling pleasures of day, but purge their purblind eyes in gradual light, before treading amid the pitfalls of spiritual experience.

There are pitfalls, and the most ardent in the cause of the new dispensation, are the most liable to fall into them. To the man without life, to the mere human machine, grinding out the dry bran of existence, the living fields present no temptations. Not so to the man of sympathies and aspirations, filled with life and impulse;—he must act, he must love, he must progress; and if he cannot always see to go right, he will often go wrong. Hence the unanswerable charge which is frequently made against Spiritualists, of running wildly into error and absurdity. This is no discredit to the cause—it is rather a proof of its vitality. Christ himself prayed, "Lead us not into temptation." The spiritual intelligences that surround us, the life that fills us, the very love that inspires and warms us, may lead into temptation. It is the same power, the same spirit of Divine Love, which alone can "deliver us from evil." Spiritualists should not forget this prayer.

## SUNDAY MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Although the usual public lectures have been suspended during the warm season, yet it is gratifying to be able to state that the meetings, both at the Association Rooms in Brattle st. and at Chapman Hall, are well sustained. We had the pleasure of being present at the former place, on Sunday morning last, and found a crowded and highly intelligent auditory assembled. The principal speaker for the occasion was Dr. A. B. CHILD of this city. After reading very appropriately, the reply of Jesus the Nazarene to the self-righteous scribes and pharisees of his day, who complained that he associated with "publicans and sinners," (in which is included that beautiful parable of "the prodigal son,") the Doctor proceeded to refer to a similar complaint which is made against modern Spiritualism. He showed that its advocates are but living out the divine teachings of Jesus, in recognizing as brothers and sisters even the fallen and degraded, in taking by the hand the debauchee and the prostitute, and endeavoring to bring them under the elevating influences of pure spirit-communion. He contended that its aim and purpose are one and the same with true Christianity, and that its inspiring and energizing influences are greatly needed to arouse the profligate Christian world from the death of skepticism, materialism and formalism in which it is confessedly sunk. He gave utterance to many wholesome and pungent truths, applicable alike to both Spiritualists and their religious opposers of every name.

It was announced that Miss SMITH would speak in the afternoon, under spirit-influence; but we were unable to be present.

The efforts of this association, in keeping open their rooms for information and investigation during the week, and for meetings on Sundays are evidently accomplishing much for the spread of spiritual light among those who need it.

THE RAINBOW.—It is an ancient belief, groundless, but also very pleasant, that when God doth set his bow in the clouds, spirits pass to and fro upon it. The rainbow was meant to be a help to faith, and assuredly it is such. It is a bridge into the world of unseen things; on which the feeblest of my aspirations have often mounted high above their usual earthliness.—*W. Mountford.*

As prisoners in castles look out of their grated windows at the smiling landscape, where the sun comes and goes, so we from this life, as from dungeon bars, look forth to the Heavenly land, and are refreshed with sweet visions of the home that shall be ours when we are free.

TRUTH.—One truth is the seed of other truths. It is sown in us to bear fruit, not to lie torpid. The power of mind by which truth becomes prolific, is freedom. Our great duty is to encourage vigorous action of mind. The greater number of free and vigorous minds brought to bear upon a subject, the more truth is promoted.

SPIRITUAL SIGHT.—The fact has recently been philosophically demonstrated in Germany, that in certain states of the nervous system, subjects do see by a kind of spiritual sense, independently of vision.—*Phrenological Journal.*

## ELECTRICITY AND NEGRO PHILOSOPHY.

A gentleman residing in Alabama, recently carried home a small electrical machine, for making some experiments. As soon as he got home, the negroes, as usual, flocked around him, eager to see what master had got. There was a boy among these darkies that had a strong disposition to move things when they wanted moving, or in other words to pilfer occasionally.

"Now, Jack," says his master, "look here; this machine is to make people tell the truth, and if you have stolen anything, or lied to me, it will knock you down."

"Why, master," said the boy, "I never lied or stole anything in my life."

"Well, take hold of this," and no sooner had the lad received a slight shock, than he fell on his knees and bawled out, "Oh, master! I did steal your cigars and a little knife, and have lied ever so many times; please forgive me."

The same experiment was then tried with like success on half a dozen juveniles. At last an old negro, who had been looking on very attentively, stepped in.

"Master," said he, "let this nigger try. Dat masheen is well enough to scare de children wid, but dis nigger knows better."

The machine was then fully charged, and he received a stunning shock. He looked first at his hand, then at the machine, and at last rolling his eyes, "Master," said he, "it ain't best to know too much. Dars many a soul gets to be damned by knowing too much, an' it's my 'pinion dat de debil made dat masheen just to ketch you soul somehow, an' I reckon you had best jist take an' burn it up, an' have it done wid."

The above serio-ludicrous anecdote furnishes a not inapt illustration of two classes of persons, in their treatment of the spiritual manifestations. There are many, who, when a new and strange phenomenon is presented, are ready to cry out, wonderful! astonishing! and concede it to be all that the most assuming pretenders may affirm. They search not for themselves, but swallow in crude masses, all the nonsense and fanaticism that knavery can invent or delusion conjure up. A wonderful fact being presented, there is no limit to the extravagant deductions that may be drawn. A table is moved in some inexplicable manner; the cause they at once accept to be spirits, because some one says it is. A communication comes, and somebody asserts that it means so or so;—it means, launch off into some absurdity, set aside considerations of reason, propriety, judgment, and lay your individuality on the altar of credulity. "Well, we'll follow; this is all so wonderful."

There are others who promptly conclude that anything new or inexplicable, particularly if it have a mysterious appearance, is the work of Satan. "It is not best to know too much," is their language. "This thing looks dark, and it must be of the devil;—all dark things are his."

They forget that all is darkness to the blind, and that till the films of prejudice be removed, the very sun may appear as black as the midnight thunder-cloud.

To the first-named class we would suggest, you have reason and intellect as well as a "bump of marvellousness." You are bound to exercise the former as well as the latter,—equally should you give the latter its legitimate influence upon the former. A healthy faith, a sane belief, is one in which all the faculties harmonize;—it has the elements of spirituality, reason, intellect, and finally of practicality. A notion that lacks one of these constituents is incomplete. We may be too credulous as well as too skeptical. The wise man will take a just balance between the extremes.

To those who ascribe such wonderful power to that strangely anomalous being, the devil, we would hint,—perchance you make the same mistake the negro did, and pronounce that as the "machinations of the evil one, which is at the foundation a beautiful and highly useful science. It is the mistake that the opponents of progress are prone to make. The march even of physical improvement has been often met with the cry of "Heresy! Diabolism!"

No; use your wits. Sift these things to the bottom, and if you find the arch enemy there, bring him out in all his hideousness. If on the contrary you discover food for the philosopher and the metaphysician, let us have it; we cannot be too wise. There is little fear of being "damned by knowing too much." Truth is a poor machine for the devil to catch souls with.

The editor of this paper expects to speak in Portland on Sunday, the 24th inst. Also, to be at the Convention at So. Royalton, Vt., on the last days of the month.

## REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF PRESENTIMENT.

MR. J. C. ROGERS, a young man engaged on this paper as a compositor, came to the office yesterday morning, and told the hands that he was unfit for work. Being asked what ailed him, he said that he dreamed during the night that he saw his mother in her coffin, and the dream was so vivid, and had affected him so deeply, that he could not work. He remained about the office all day, much depressed in spirits, until four o'clock in the afternoon, when he received a telegraphic dispatch, announcing to him that his mother was dead. The lady had enjoyed perfect health, to within a few hours of her death, and no communication whatever had been received, warning him of her illness. We have examined into these facts carefully, and can vouch for them. The communication of the circumstances of the terrible dream was made seven or eight hours before the telegraphic dispatch was sent. Publicity would not be given to this singular occurrence if there existed a shadow of doubt as to the entire truth of the main facts. The death took place on the morning of yesterday at Niagara, C. W., 228 miles from Detroit.—*Detroit Advertiser, Aug. 2.*

The *Age of Progress* remarks as follows on the above:

We find this account copied into the *Buffalo Express*, whose editors have let no opportunity slip to ridicule, sneer at and denounce the spiritual philosophy. It seems they do not dare to denounce the editor of the *Advertiser* as a liar, a maniac or a fool. What do they think of the phenomenon? How came the intelligence of the mother's death to be communicated to the son, in a manner so impressive that he could not work during the day? Did he force see her death and bear the painful intelligence to her son. Or did electricity volunteer to be the bearer of it, without human aid?

It is plain to us that the spirit of the mother, either after or before its separation from the physical form, went to the bed-chamber of her son, and gave him the vision, whereby his mind was prepared to receive the painful intelligence of her death. It is well known to those who have made the spiritual philosophy their study, that the spirit of the sick person can go abroad, whithersoever it is attracted, as well before its connection with the body is severed, as afterward. Another spirit, however, may have been the acting agent who produced the vision.

## LETTER FROM MR. HUDSON.

REHOBOTH, Mass., August, 1856.

DEAR BROTHER NEWTON:—Reclining in the dense shade of lofty trees, whose leaves are stirred to soft music by the fragrant breeze, on the side of a green hill whose sudden slope overlooks a quiet little river, with its waters sparkling in the sunbeams,—refreshed by a bath in both elements (for the mild, sweet air is no less invigorating than the clear, flowing water)—I cast my thoughts back to the editor's chair, with the thermometer scaling the nineties, the brick walls reverberating the intense heat and the surrounding atmosphere scarcely less oppressive than that of a furnace. Grateful, indeed, for this pleasant change (to which my pen cannot do justice), I send my heartfelt sympathies to my brother in the chair aforesaid, as he patiently looks over the often dry and tedious "exchanges," in quest of some cheering line or inspired utterance, to refresh the overheated brain, or suggest, perchance, the subject of some yet unwritten "article." Would that all, indeed, might thus rejoice in the full tide of natural beauty, and the rare freedom from pressing care and exhausting toil,—that ALL earth's burdened children might so enjoy these golden summer hours, this precious Sabbath-rest. And both head and heart prophesy, here and to-day, the sure advent of a human society in which all the rich inspirations of the glorious beauty of even this lower world shall be free to all who tenant the mortal form.

I cannot and would not break off abruptly into absolute silence from my brief weekly communications with the readers of the *Spiritualist*. I have too deep interest in its mission, in its noble aim to set forth those highest and grandest truths which the age and the people most thoroughly need, and in its complete success,—not to express this interest in whatever way lies most open to me. And while regretting that I cannot now materially add to the substantial support which your paper deserves as much as it needs,—I can truly say that my brief service has been in the deepest sense a "labor of love."—And I have at least learned something, in the weekly task of conning the often dreary columns of your "exchanges,"—political, religious and literary,—something of the present urgent need of public journals that shall be free from the shackles of sect and party,—FREE in every way to aid the utterance of all truth that comes to heal the many wants and woes of humanity. For we find each so-called "religious" paper bound down to the petty interests of the sect that supports it,—regarding with jealousy the spread and influence of all views and aspirations that transcend its own narrow limitations, and quite ready to denounce all formidable heresies with such weapons as the civil law allows! Who, that looks forward with unutterable longings for the advent of the universal Church, the free Spiritual Home for Humanity, can draw either comfort or encouragement from these shallow sectarian contentions? In vain we turn to them for the "living water" of celestial wisdom and spiritual inspiration. They only scrupulously guard and cherish the antique vessels from which earnest souls once quaffed the purifying, invigorating, life-imparting element. And even these are so straitly bandaged and labelled, that their antique beauty or fitness is all but hidden from the scrutinizing eye.

Of the political papers, again, as a class,—though they serve the highly useful purpose of informing the people generally of all that immediately concerns the maintenance of our present measure of civil and religious liberty,—yet they are necessarily confined to party interests, or, at best, to the immediate and pressing necessities of our political condition. They open no field for the full, free, public discussion of the great principles which underlie all these social agitations and convulsions. They are not the journals of either social or spiritual science. They recognize what is, not what ought to be, and must hereafter be. We do not look to them as prophets or harbingers of the coming ages of world-embracing Freedom, Harmony and Peace; and should be grievously disappointed if we did. And our miscellaneous publications, however creditable in a purely literary aspect, are rarely baptized into the spirit of thorough and comprehensive reform. If they while away otherwise idle and tedious hours, their end is answered.

Pardon this somewhat sweeping criticism, dear reader, of "the Press" in general. It is written in no cynical spirit, but as the candid, quiet impression produced by a few weeks' diligent observation from that post of hard labor—the editor's chair. It is simply recognizing the obvious public gap, that our brother NEWTON's modest paper would very gladly help to fill. It is the one social need that press, pulpit, and public lecture do now but sparingly supply. And it was refreshing to take up, from day to day, the sheet of some brother laborer in the same field,—to see allied publication, perhaps from the Far West, boldly disowning all sectarian, partisan, local or other arbitrary limitations, and thoroughly devoted to the free and broad discussion of all the great questions that spring out of man's social and spiritual constitution. Honor to those who are thus opening the way towards the establishment of such organs of earnest thought and searching inquiry as the new age demands, and will in due time abundantly support. They "have their reward," though not often in worldly comfort and wealth. But they have the satisfaction of pioneering a road over which thousands after them will travel in safety, and even in ease and joy. They are already powerfully helping to overthrow the last strongholds of bigotry, exclusiveness, and shrieking conservatism.

My thoughts have tended irresistibly towards this general survey of the work already accomplished, and that which is yet to be undertaken by the Press that shall be thoroughly devoted to the cause of the New Spiritual Church and Society of Humanity, which now waits its happy inauguration in our earth. Truly a most fruitful theme, and one which I am at present quite incompetent to discuss. But when once we identify ourselves with the serene, grand life of Nature, and are baptized into the spirit of the universal Beauty,—we feel, indeed, that "ALL THINGS are possible to him that believeth."—how much more, then, to the believing race,—the future compact and powerful, because harmonically organized body of humanity!

LIGHT NOW.—A little boy, blind from birth, aged about four years, died. About an hour before the little sufferer departed, he exclaimed: "Pa! I see day now; darkness is all gone, day is come." His father inferred from the incident that he was better, and would probably recover. But an hour passed, and he was with the angels.



## MUSINGS AND RURAL ETCINGS.

BY U. CLARK.

EAGLE HARBOR, N. Y., Aug. 1st.

Is it the spirit-voice of departed years that sounds so sad in the summer breeze, rustling the foliage whose shadow rests on the rural-cottage home, where for a day I linger, looking out over the green landscape? All should seem joyous now, in the harvest season, while the fields bend with grain and verdure; the sun-shine falls like the smile of heaven on new mown meadows fragrant with the breath of grateful incense; the birds bound from bough to bough with liquid melody mingling with the music of streams; and the wide Temple of God, with its thousand altars over woodlands, lakes, and hills, is warmed and lighted with a mid-summer glory. Yet all is not joyous to the soul of him who has passed the spring-time of life, and realized how many hopes and dreams may forever fade away from the world only to come back again when we shall have gone to the land beyond this. As we pass into the summer time of life, and go forth to bear the burden and heat of the day, and reap the harvest whose seed should have been sown in other years, we go with a sigh over the past, and with a sad, stern, solemn consciousness of the great responsibilities of our being. We know not why it is nor how, but over our spirits steals a melancholy whose voice seems echoed by the murmuring streams, the busy hum of insects, the wild warble of winged songsters, the whispering winds among woodland foliage and waving fields destined soon to the scar and yellow hues of autumn. Weep, we would if we could, but our hearts anon seem drained of the fresh floods of grief and sorrow and disappointment which once flowed over our being and drowned us in tears, while storms and tempests beat on us with a pitiless fury, now leaving our manhood tested and tried with the fortitude of heroic endurance. Alas, we may often sigh and feel a solemn, leaden, stoical sadness steal over us, while no tear can steal to the eye to open the fount whose emotions may be either dry or else buried and shrinking from contact with that dread cold world whose blight has fallen on all the tenderest hopes of the heart.

We have no time now to weep, or mourn, or brood over the past. The meridian sun is up, and the harvesters fling their blades, all harnessed for battle, into the waving fields of the world, bidding us be up and follow on in the great labor of our generation; for all is passing, passing, and so we shall pass, too, with the uncounted throngs who have gone to work in other worlds, leaving their earth-garments in the tomb which should bury all our sighs and sorrows. But I cannot write what is felt most and deepest. O, there are moods in which we only mock the meaning of our unfathomed souls! There are seasons in communion with God, nature, the past, the future, the invisible, when silence becomes the most sublime language, and all attempts at utterance either strike us dumb or seem to sound like breaking the mute, mysterious harmony of the solemn stars that watch on the ramparts of night! And then we roll our vision heavenward to hold converse with the great dead, and from the vault of eternity we hear spirit-voices answering to the deep, unspoken language of our interior life.

In the light of spiritual philosophy all this world changes its hues and aspects. Life on earth dwindles to a small central point, from which, in every direction, diverge innumerable lines of light spreading out to infinity. Our little globe hangs like a speck in realms of immeasurable space peopled with countless ponderous orbs whose shadows might hide a million globes like ours. And here we are, swinging on this pendant, whirling ball whose light and glory are borrowed from the splendors of that celestial empire which shall at last ensphere all worlds and intelligences. And where hang we our hopes, our joys, our dreams, our ideals? If they hang on this tiny globe, all are soon swept away by the storms that beat, the billows that surge, the lightnings that scatter and the thunders that roar over the sandy foundations of this earth-life of ours. Scenes of sensuous pleasure, bowers of bliss kissed by the balmy breezes and flowers, palaces of splendor and luxuriance, coffers of gold and silver hoarded with hard hearts and hands, lofty summits wreathed with the laurels of victorious ambition and whose base is trod by shouting multitudes,—yea, all these, with all this material universe, shall pass.

"Like an unsubstantial pageant faded," and leave nothing save that which is built on the everlasting bases of God and eternity. With our foothold still on the earth, our hands should reach up into the heavens; so when the earth foundation trembles beneath our feet, and earth-elements would beat us down, we may lift ourselves up above all the bustling discords below, and hang on angel-hands held out to our help from the spheres celestial, and hurl our pendant heels, with exultant spirit, at the world, bidding it whirl on in madness till its career shall end.

"And leave not a wreck behind!" But I trust that neither this terraqueous globe nor its inhabitants will feel hurt at these reflections, nor allow my vapors to affect the general concord of things. For after all, we may suspect that God has ordered this world as well as all others, with about as much wisdom as we grumbling mortals can command; and we may doubt very much whether we shall ever be able to improve on the original pattern of the Great Author. I ask pardon for these melancholy musings, and yet they may have their lessons like all the experiences of life. They are the penalty of rural idleness, punishing many a man who undertakes, for a season, to fly the great strife and labor of his mission, by lying off into the country. Go where we will, there is no escaping the great summons that bids us be up and stirring amid the fields and marts of working, groaning, suffering humanity.

BRIGHT HOURS AND GLOOMY.—Ah, this beautiful world!—I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and heaven itself lies not far off, and then it suddenly changes and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the day. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come gloomy hours, when the fire will not burn on our hearths, and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—*Longfellow.*

## SPIRITUALISM IN SWITZERLAND.

From Geneva we learn that a set of "table-turners" have constituted themselves into a religious society; they meet regularly in a chapel erected on a spot indicated by the sacred table. There are included in this society (strange as it may appear), wealthy merchants, capitalists, Calvinistic preachers, and a professor of mathematics. It is now two years in existence, and though still small, is gradually and steadily increasing. The first number of a periodical, dictated by the table, in very pure and good French, has just appeared, entitled "Rome, Geneva, and the Church of Christ."—*Am. Publishers' Circular.*

## SECTARIANISM.

That sectarianism is the very worst enemy of human progress, I think no serious and reflecting mind can be disposed to deny. What division of interests, what wrangling about school-books and church funds, it introduces into towns! How much money is expended to support it, which might be profitably employed in enlarging the minds of the inhabitants, by teaching them improved modes of agriculture, useful sciences, and a broad, comprehensive system of universal morality, based on reverence for God, and love for man!

How this theological fiend separates relatives and neighbors, chills friendship, interrupts love, and disturbs married life!

I actually knew two women living near each other, in a lonely country town, who wouldn't speak to each other for months, because one maintained that the body of Jesus was incorruptible, and the other declared she didn't believe it. Supposing Jesus himself had preached to fishermen and farmers, on the hill-side in their neighborhood, as he was wont to preach in Galilee, two thousand years ago, how much importance would he have attached to such controversies about dry bones? Would he employ himself with doctrinal points? Or would he say to them:

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another."

In another town, I was acquainted with two worthy women, who interchanged many kind offices in times of sickness or affliction. Both are sincerely devout, but one had been educated a Catholic and the other a Calvinist; therefore each believed that the other must be damned. This conviction troubled them, however, because their own hearts were more compassionate than the Deity in whom they had been taught to believe. Each spoke to me of the other in words to this effect: "She is such a kind, good woman! What a pity it is that she cannot be saved! I pray often and earnestly that she may be converted from the error of her ways, and thus be prepared to enter the kingdom."

I merely replied: "Your fervent wishes for each other's salvation are an offering more acceptable to God than faith in any doctrinal points."

But, in my own mind, I imagined them both entering the spiritual world together, each pleading for the other with the angels. The Calvinist saying:

"She was kind and good while on earth. She helped the poor, comforted the sick, soothed the afflicted, and prayed often. She was educated among Catholics, who taught her to pray to the Virgin Mary, which was a great sin. But she worshipped as well as she knew how, and it grieves my heart that she should be punished for it through all eternity."

The Catholic in her turn, pleading:—"This woman worshiped God devoutly, but she had the misfortune to be brought up among heretics. She never prayed to the blessed Virgin, and she ate meat on Friday. These were grievous sins; but she was always good to the poor and the suffering. Would that my prayers could avail to redeem her from purgatory!"

I seem to see the angels turn aside to conceal a smile, and to hear them answer, with gentle seriousness: "Be not troubled, sisters; the prayers of both were heard in heaven, because they were upborne on the wings of sincerity and mutual love. All such prayers are availing. God does not judge according to the ideas of men."—*Mrs. L. M. Childs.*

THE HAND THAT SAVES US.—Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a cathedral. Both stood on a rude scaffolding, constructed for the purpose, some forty feet from the floor.

One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and in admiration stood off from the picture, gazing at it with intense delight.

Forgetting where he was, he moved back slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he had neared the edge of the plank upon which he stood. At this critical moment his companion turned suddenly, and almost paralyzed with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant, and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath. If he spoke to him, it was certain death; if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush, flung it against the wall, splattering the picture with unsightly blotches of coloring.

The painter flew forward and turned upon his friend with fierce upbraidings, but started at his ghastly face, he listened to his recital of danger, looked shuddering over the dread space below, and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that saved him.

Just so we sometimes get absorbed upon the pictures of the world, and, in contemplating them, step backwards, unconscious of our peril; when the Almighty in mercy dashes out the beautiful images, and draws us at the time we are complaining of his dealings, into his outstretched arms of compassion and love.

## THE TESTIMONY OF MAGNETISM.

Animal Magnetism establishes the spiritual, immaterial existence of mind in a state separate from matter as clearly as any fact in nature can be demonstrated by experiment; for, first, it throws the mind into a state probably analogous to that after death, in which the body has little or no control over it, and in which time and space are unknown, in which it sees without the eyes or as disembodied mind sees by a spiritual cognizance and in its independent capacity as mind; and, secondly, when the magnetizer and the magnetized are both pure and holy minded, the latter sees and holds converse with the spirits of departed friends, and receives from them directions and warnings as to the future. It also shows that the spirits of departed friends become guardian angels to the living.—*Christian Phrenologist.*

## "I WILL BE WITH YOU STILL!"

The deep quiet of midnight rested over the scene; meet season, that, for the parting of the spirit from the feeble tenement of clay; no sound was heard save the suppressed sobs of the watchers, and the long-drawn, struggling breath of the one so tenderly watched.

A mother on her death-bed, and all her children around her! Never before did the eye refuse the loving glance, never before did the lips remain closed at the appeal of "mother—dear mother!"—never before did the hand receive the fond pressure unreturned—but now the film of death is gathering over the glazed eye, the dulled ear conveys no sound, the nerves are powerless to transmit sensation, the animating soul is fast leaving the earthly medium through which it held communion with those so dear. Yet a brief space, and the last throbs are felt—the lids drop forever over the darkened eyes, and the limbs are motionless.—Cold, pale, and still, lies the mortal frame, whose ministrations of love will never more bless the mourners now gathered round, but to the soul of each comes a whispered voice, "I will be with you still!"

The dark night has passed away, the morning light gleams over the busy world, and its subdued rays fall upon the frail form that, marble like, rests amid the white vestments that tell of death and the grave.—Cold and motionless still; far away from the cares and tumults has flown the animating soul, but again comes the spirit-voice to the heart of each, "I will be with you still!"

Hidden forever in this life from the eyes of those who so loved her, the earthly remains are lowered into the "narrow house"—tears drop upon the grave, but the trusting glance is raised above, where the heavenly spirit enters upon a higher, nobler life, and from whence come the whispered tones, "I will be with you still."

Days pass on—a softened shade is passed over the life of each from the thought of the one whose loving ministrations have passed from earth, but they know that that love is active yet and watches over the dear ones left for a season to work out their appointed tasks.

Again returns the gloomy winter—nature fades and dies, but amidst the general decay springs forth a young, fresh life, to bless a home which had long been blessed by her love, and around the infant and unconscious form on spirit-wings come the whispered words, "I am with you still!"

Pure, sainted spirit! hover around the little child! as she bears the name, may she possess the virtues we shall see no more on earth. Be with her!—be with us!—*Newchurchman.*

DE FOE AND THE GHOST THAT MADE THE BOOK SELL.—An adventurous bookseller had ventured to print a considerable edition of Drelincourt's *Book of Consolation against the Fears of Death*, translated by M. D'Assigny. But, however certain the prospect of death, it is not so agreeable (unfortunately) as to invite the eager contemplation of the public, and the book, being neglected, lay a dead stock on the hands of the publisher. In this emergency he applied to De Foe to assist him in rescuing the unfortunate book from the literary death to which general neglect seemed about to consign it.

De Foe's genius and audacity devised a plan, which for assurance and ingenuity, defied even the powers of Mr. Puff in the *Critic*; for who but himself would have thought of summoning up a ghost from the grave to bear witness in favor of a fading book? At a late hour of the evening, a business-like style in the whole account of the transaction, which bespeaks ineffable powers of self-possession. The apparition of Mrs. Veal is represented as appearing to a Mrs. Barge, her intimate friend, as she sat in her own house in deep contemplation of certain distresses of her own. After the ghostly visitor had announced herself as prepared for a distant journey, her friend and she began to talk in the homely style of middle-aged ladies, and Mrs. Veal prosed concerning the conversations they had formerly held, and the books they had read together. Her very recent experience probably led Mrs. Veal to talk of death and the books written on the subject, and she pronounced, *ex cathedra*, as a dead person was best entitled to do, that "Drelincourt's book on death was the best book on the subject ever written." She also mentioned Dr. Sherlock, two Dutch books which had been translated, and several others, but Drelincourt, she said, had the clearest notions of death and the future state of any who had handled that subject. She then asked for the work, and lectured on it with great eloquence and affection. Dr. Kenrick's *Assecltick* was also mentioned with approbation by this critical spectre (the Doctor's work was no doubt a tenant of the shelf in some favorite publisher's shop), and Mr. Norris' poem on *Friendship*, a work which, I doubt, though honored with the ghost's approbation, we may now seek for as vainly as Corelli tormented his memory to recover the sonata which the devil played to him in a dream. The whole account is so distinctly circumstantial, that, were it not for the impossibility, or extreme improbability at least, of such an occurrence, the evidence could not but support the story.

The effect was most wonderful. Drelincourt upon *Death*, attested by one who could speak from experience, took an unequalled run. The copies had hung on the bookseller's hands as heavy as a pile of bullets. They now traversed the town in every direction, like the same balls discharged from a field-piece. In short, the object of Mrs. Veal's apparition was perfectly attained.—*Scott's Memoir of De Foe.*

## MARRIED.

In Brentwood, June 29th, by Rev. C. Dame, NATHANIEL M. PIERCE, Counsellor at Law, of Danvers, Me., to Miss EMILY JONSON, youngest daughter of Josiah Brown, Esq., of Brentwood.

## CONVENTION IN VERMONT.

There will be another Convention in South Royalton, Vermont, on the three last day of August, 1856, commencing upon Friday the twenty-ninth, and closing on Sunday the thirty-first. All Spiritualists and all who are sufficiently interested in the subject of Spiritualism are kindly invited to attend.

It is intended that this assembly shall be one in which the friends who are separated by distance may meet in joyful congratulations, and who rejoicing in the "truth that has made them free," participate in free and orderly discussion, and in the collection of facts relating to man's identity beyond the grave and his ability to "minister unto us."

The above invitation is extended to the foes of this glorious truth, that they may give us light, theologically or theologically, practically or philosophically, if they will be so generous or are thus content.

It is not intended, however, that the time shall be squandered in bearing with those who desire to flout the subject and turn the facts of Spirit Manifestation into the vale of darkness.

Let us come for good.

It furthermore is not expected that any one is to convert the occasion into a "Benefit" in dollars and cents.

Suitable arrangements will be made for the accommodation of the friends. Houses will be furnished for those who wish to board themselves, and a Public House will receive the rest at a fair rate. We anticipate a larger gathering than last year's even. We have selected South Royalton as the place for this meeting for many good reasons which need not now be enumerated.

D. TARNELL, JR.  
ABEL BENNETT.  
JOHN D. POWERS,  
JOHN PARKER,  
AUSTIN E. SIMMONS.

So. Royalton, Aug. 4, 1856.

## LETTERS RECEIVED, NOT OTHERWISE ACKNOWLEDGED.—T. B. Nether, Milo A. Townsend, Joel Watson, Cyrus Pierce, David Watson, H. Snow, L. A. Jewett, Mrs. H. T. Tilden, "Stella."

Miss ELIZABETH SMITH is expected to speak at No. 16 Brattle St., next Sunday, in the morning and afternoon. Admittance to these rooms is always free.

DR. HENRY C. GORDON, of Philadelphia, widely known as a clairvoyant and physical medium, of extraordinary characteristics, is at present stopping at the Fountain House in this city. He is engaged in giving sittings for spiritual phenomena every evening at the Association Rooms, No. 16 Brattle St.

Mrs. W. B. COAN, extensively known as an excellent test and physical medium, now in Maine, informs us that she designs to visit the principal towns and cities of New England, on her return to New York, after the first of September. She requests friends in any place who wish her to take their localities in her way, to address her at Exeter, Me., until the above date.

We learn from the Christian Spiritualist that the sittings of Miss Fox at the Rooms 353 Broadway, N. Y., have been discontinued for a few weeks in order that she may have an opportunity to recruit her health. Due notice will be given in that paper of her return, when friends from a distance will be afforded the usual facilities for investigation.

CALVIN HALL will be at Stafford Hollow, Conn., from Monday until Wednesday, and at Stafford Springs the rest of the week, for four weeks from the 18th of this month.

DR. JOHN BOYER DODS will remain in Boston for a few weeks, and is prepared to answer calls for lectures in the vicinity. Letters may be addressed to the care of A. E. NEWTON, 15 Franklin St.

MR. REDMAN will be absent from his rooms for a short time, after the 10th inst., on a visit to the West.

BRO. D. F. GODDARD of Chelsea, Mass., will be ready to respond to calls for lectures upon Spiritualism, its phenomena, philosophy, and practicalities, anywhere in the State of New Hampshire, until the first Sunday in September. Letters addressed to him in Manchester, N. H., care of Joel Page, will be promptly attended to.

CALVIN HALL will be in Westfield, Mass., Mondays and Tuesdays; Chicopee Falls, Wednesdays and Thursdays; Springfield, Fridays and Saturdays, for four weeks from the 14th inst.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND will give clairvoyant examinations and sittings if desired by her friends in the towns she is about visiting. The sick and suffering may thus receive benefit.

Mrs. R. M. HENDERSON, Psychometric delineator of character, and trance speaker, Newtown, Conn.

LECTURERS NOW IN THE FIELD. The following are the names and addresses of the principal public advocates of Spiritualism who are now in the field in New England:

DR. JOHN MAYHEW, of New York, may be addressed at this office.

J. W. H. TOOMEY, of New York, late editor of *Christian Spiritualist*, may be addressed at Salem, Mass., Box 219.

J. J. LOCKE, of South Reading, (Liberty Grove) Mass.

JOHN M. SPEAR, may be addressed care of Wm. P. Spear, 15 Franklin St., Boston.

Miss C. M. DEBBE, of South Boston, reads lectures written by spirit agency.

Miss A. W. SPRAGUE, of Plymouth, Vt., Trance Speaker.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND (formerly Mrs. Newton), of Bridgewater, Vt., Trance Speaker.

Mrs. H. F. HUNTLEY, of Paper Mill Village, N. H., Trance Speaker.

Mrs. R. M. HENDERSON, Trance Speaker, Newtown, Conn.

Mrs. JOHN PUFFER, Trance Speaker, No. Hanson, Mass. (Mrs. Puffer also examines and prescribes for disease.)

AUSTIN E. SIMMONS, of Woodstock, Vt., Trance Speaker.

ALLEN PUTNAM, Esq., of Roxbury, Mass., will receive applications to repeat his lectures on Mesmerism, Spiritualism and Witchcraft.

N. S. GREENLEAF, Haverhill, Mass., Trance Speaker.

GIBSON SMITH, South Shaftsbury, Vt.

S. C. LEWITT, formerly editor of the *New Era*, lectures on Spiritualism as a Science, as clearly proved as chemistry, or any of the natural sciences. Also on its Philosophy and its Uses, embracing as may be demanded in any locality, much or little of the wide range of current thought and vital truth which this vast and important subject affords. He may be addressed at 15 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Let it be understood that in announcing these names, we make no endorsement of the teachings of these several speakers. Those who speak in the normal state are expected to present their individual views of truth, each in his or her own way; while those who are used as instruments for disembodied intelligences do not themselves undertake to be responsible for what is spoken. Truth must bear her own credentials.

## MEETINGS IN BOSTON AND VICINITY.

MEETINGS IN CHAPMAN HALL.—NEW ARRANGEMENT. Meetings will be held in this Hall, Chapman place, leading from School street, on Sundays, at 3 and 7 P. M., for the investigation and discussion of Spiritualism, and all the great questions which pertain to the happiness of man, present and future.—The meeting will be conducted by the subscriber, who will invite speakers to take part in the discussions. Persons from abroad, and friends knowing of suitable persons who will speak, will please give their address to the Chairman. Admission fee, 6 cents. Circles for Development, &c. in the morning at 10 o'clock. Admission to the circles, 5 cents, as usual.

The subject for consideration next Sunday afternoon will be the question, Has Chattel Slavery been a necessity in the course of man's progression?

P. I. BLACKER.

MEETINGS IN BRATTLE STREET, No. 15, at the Hall of the "Spiritual Association," on Sundays, morning and afternoon. Speaking usually by entranced mediums—exercises expected to be of a religious character. Admission free. Rooms open at all times during the week for information respecting Spiritualism, interviews with mediums, sale of books and papers, &c.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at Guild's Hall, corner of Hawthorn and Bellingham streets. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

On and after September first my terms for examination will be \$5.00 when present, \$8.00 for locks of hair, all subsequent examinations \$2.00.

WM. E. RICE, Clairvoyant.

MRS. A. G. FELLOWS AND U. CLARK. Test examinations and Spiritual treatment of Disease, Character, Development, and all that pertains to human need. Office 193 Bowers, New York. Residence, 6 Lewis Place, Williamsburg, L. I. Persons writing will remit, according to their means, from \$1 to \$10. Address in care of Partridge & Brittan, 342 Broadway, New York.

## NOW READY.

## THE PENETRALIA.

Being

HARMONICAL ANSWERS TO IMPORTANT QUESTIONS;

## A NEW WORK,

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS,

Just Published by

BELA MARSH,

15 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

In the preface Mr. Davis says: "From time to time during the past three years, the author has been interrogated on almost every topic; frequently by letter, sometimes orally, and naturally by the subjects themselves; and this volume is designed as a response to such questions as have appeared to him of the greatest importance to mankind." Those who have read the proof sheets, pronounce this to be the most original, attractive, and useful work ever written by this voluminous author and it reveals some of his most private spiritual experiences.

## CONTENTS.

The Philosophy of Questions and Answers, . . . . . Page 7  
The Assembly Shroud Catechism, Revised and Corrected, . . . . . 25  
Questions on Life, Local and Universal, . . . . . 41  
Questions on The Psychology, . . . . . 76  
Questions on the Disposition of Opinion, . . . . . 87  
Questions on the Marriages of Jesus, . . . . . 101  
Questions on the Modern Theology, . . . . . 123  
Questions on the Evidences of Immortality, . . . . . 139  
Questions on the Effects of Utilitarianism, . . . . . 219  
Questions on the Origin and Perpetuity of Character, . . . . . 233  
Questions on the Benefits and Penalties of Institutionalism, . . . . . 253  
Questions on the Benefits and Penalties of Institutionalism, . . . . . 301  
Psychometric Examination of William Lloyd Garrison, . . . . . 319

This excellent Volume, containing 225 pages octavo, is issued on good paper, and well bound. To be had wholesale and retail of the Publisher, BELA MARSH. Price \$1. Single copies sent by mail on the receipt of 50 cts and 8 postage stamps.

SPECIAL AGENT OF THE SPIRITUALIST.—MR. W. C. SPEAR has been sent to several places in this vicinity, for the purpose of obtaining additions to our subscription-list. Friends of the SPIRITUALIST in the places he may visit, will confer a favor on us by lending him any assistance in their power, and by commending the paper to such as are becoming interested in the movement of this day.

MR. SPEAR will spend a few weeks in Maine, after Aug. 11th. He is commended to the confidence and aid of our friends in that section.

## MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

Test Medium. Mr. G. A. REDMAN has removed to No. 15 West street, near Washington, where he will receive company from 9 to 12 A. M., from 2 to 5, and from 8 to 10 P. M., daily, Sundays excepted. Public circles on Monday and Thursday evenings only, from 8 to 10, at 20 cents each person.

Mrs. B. K. LITTLE, (formerly Miss Ellis) Happing, Writing, and Trance Medium, has opened rooms at No. 40 Eliot street. Private sittings daily. Hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 6, and 7 to 9 P. M. Terms 50 cents each person for an hour's sitting. Hours from 9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. N. B.—Clairvoyant Examinations, \$1.00.

Mrs. J. H. CONANT, Spirit Medium, has removed to No. 2 Centre street, and is holding sittings from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 5 P. M. where she will attend to visits of her friends.

Please enter, and walk up stairs without ringing the bell.

Mrs. W. R. HAYDEN, Happing, Writing, Happing and Test Medium, No. 5 Hayward Place, Boston. Mrs. Hayden has great powers as HEALING MEDIUM, and will devote a portion of her time daily for that purpose. Professor Hays' opinion of Mrs. Hayden as a Medium:—"I have great confidence in Mrs. Hayden as a sincere, conscientious Medium, and recommend her as being of the highest order." ROBERT HARR.

Healing and Spirit Vision. T. H. PEABODY, Healing Medium Mrs. T. H. PEABODY, Trance Medium, 54 Hudson street, Boston.

Miss E. D. STARKWEATHER, Happing, Writing and Trance Medium, residence No. 6 Barre place, out of Eliot, near Washington. Terms, 50 cents each person for an hour's sitting. Hours from 9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. N. B.—Public circles on Monday and Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock, 20 cents each person. Evening sittings with families, if desired.

## IN NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

Mrs. Mary Sedgwick, Union street, North Adams, Mass., will devote a portion of time to the examination of diseases and prescriptions for the same. Also healing by the laying on of hands; spirit-medications, and teaching. Hours from 9 to 11 A. M., 2 to 4, and 7 to 9 P. M. Private sittings \$1.00 each person. Public 50 cents each person.

A daughter who is a discerner of spirits will give attention.

## IN WARE, MASS.

Mrs. Almada Dexter, Healing Medium, gives notice that she will be at her brother's, in Ware, Mass., three days of each week, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, for the purpose of examining cases of disease, &c. Charges—For examination and prescriptions when the patient is present, 50 cts.; by letter, \$1.00.

## General Advertisements.

## DR. ABBOTT'S CORDIALS.

OUR CHOLERA CORDIAL can be depended on to cure Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery—has been in constant use since the Cholera Season of 1832. "Francis Connor" will cure cholera, faintness at the stomach, and is an excellent Tonic Cordial. OUR PANACEA will cure Coughs, Cold, and Asthma. THE CASKET CORDIAL will cure the Canker in the Mouth, and Stomach and Canker Humors in the Blood.—FEMALE RESTORATIVE—For Female Debility.

P. S. Spiritual and Mesmeric Prescriptions put up with care. J. & BENJ. F. ABBOTT, 214 Hanover st.

COAL AND WOOD. Allen Putnam & Co., of Roxbury near the Boston line, on Northampton street, keep constantly on hand an assortment of COAL, WOOD AND BARK, which will be delivered in Roxbury or Boston at the fair market price. Approved orders at the

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST No. 15 TREMONT Street, Boston, Mass.

HEALING INFIRMARY. DOCTOR BARRON cures Cancer and Cancerous Humors, without the use of the knife or torturing with caustics, and with but little pain and inconvenience to the patient, by applying a cerate which has a chemical action, destroying the vitality of the cancer, causing a separation between the cancer and the surrounding tissues, and an opening of the integuments over it, so that in a few days the tumor will escape, rot and branch. The opening in the flesh thus made heals up in a short time, usually leaving no traces of the cancer behind. Over 200 cases have been cured by this process. The Doctor continues to attend to Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all cases, in which he has had great success for the last twelve



## Interesting Miscellany.

For the New England Spiritualist.

## TRUST IN GOD.

Trust in God! immortal lesson!  
Oh that man's power had known!  
On our lips a ceaseless burden,  
In our lives a stumbling stone.  
Blindly following our blind guides,  
Who on the loftiest billow ride,  
Think he alone is in the right.

"Life's a phantom, fleeting, cheating,"  
Say they—"an unconscious dream;  
And a burning life is heating  
At the junction of its stream.  
A mysterious Fate hath made thee  
Heir of heaven or of hell;  
As thy Father loves or hates thee,  
So thy heritage shall tell."

"From thy future he doth guard thee  
By impenetrable walls,  
Yet commands thee to be ready,  
To go on, when'er he calls.  
Ready with thy loins all girded,  
And thy lamp all burning bright;  
Yet provides thee not a guide,  
Or wish to make a light!"

List a spirit's voice: "From slumber  
Bid immortal Reason soar;  
'Tis thy master key—the number  
Which unlocks heaven's magic door.  
Purge thy soul of superstition,  
Let the light of heaven shine in;  
And thou'lt need not a physician,  
Nor a priest to absolve thy sin."

"Lacks he wisdom whose creations,  
Worlds on worlds, unceasing roll?  
Are his words but vain relations,  
When they move thine immortal soul?  
'Tis the germ of God within us,  
Inspiration's faintest stir;  
He will quench the thirst he brings us;  
God's his own interpreter."

"What though clouds obscure thy morning,  
Clouds can never stay the sun;  
Onward press! another dawning  
May behold the victory won.  
These are all thy childhood's lessons,  
And in kindness to thee given;  
All thy seeming woes are blessings,  
Earth-disguised, but drops from heaven."

"God, thy Father, knows thy weakness,  
And he leaves thee not alone;  
Angel friends on wings of fleetness,  
Guard thy footsteps every one.  
Life's a school; in its seclusion  
We prepare for higher states;  
Death unbars the institution  
Which receives its graduates."

"Then as up the spiral pathway  
Thou attain'st each new degree,  
Tells thy heart engraven passport,  
I learned well thy A B C.  
Trust in God, freely and fully,  
Be thy sunshine dim or clear;  
All is right! none trust Him wholly,  
Who encourage doubt or fear!"

## A CHILD'S DEPARTURE.

BY W. A. FOGG.

On a lowly couch in a quiet room,  
Which was filled with the summer's rich perfume,  
Lay a child, whose wasted form, though fair,  
Told plainly that slow disease was there.  
His mother anxiously o'er him bent,  
Watching the shades as they came and went  
Over his countenance; but while  
She watched, there came a ghastly smile,  
And, opening his eyes, he gazed around  
The darkened room, where not a sound  
Till thus the little sufferer spoke:

"Oh, mother! I see those beautiful forms  
That by my bedside stand,  
And gently and peacefully smile on me,  
And clasp my cold, cold hand,  
And, mother, see those crystal walls,  
And those pearls gleaming unfold,  
And the pretty beings treading there  
O'er streets of the purest gold.  
See, sister Fannie is with me there,  
Though a year ago she died—  
Oh! little Charlie is with me too,  
Whom we laid to rest by her side.  
And they each have a little harp that shines  
As bright as the summer's sun—  
See! now they are gazing sweetly on me,  
Now towards my couch they come;  
Now all are striking their beautiful harps,  
And singing a joyful strain,  
Which is caught by those in the golden streets,  
And echoed back again;  
And Fannie and Charlie and all have wings  
As white as the driven snow,  
And they're calling me away, away—  
My mother dear—I go."

A start, a smile, and a half-drawn breath,  
And the young child lay in the arms of death.

## ZSCHOKKE'S INTUITIVE POWER.

Zschokke, the German writer and teacher, is a peculiarly honorable and unimpeachable witness. What he affirms as of his own knowledge, we have no right to disbelieve. Many of us have read the marvellous account given by him of his sudden discovery, that he possessed the power in regard to a few people—by no means in regard to all—of knowing, when he came near to them, not only their present thoughts, but much of what was in their memories. The details will be found in his Autobiography, which being translated, has become a common book among us. When for the first time, while conversing with some person, he acquired a sense of power over the secrets of that person's past life, he gave, of course, little heed to his sensation. Afterward, as from time to time the sense recurred, he tested the accuracy of his impressions, and was alarmed to find that, at certain times, and in regard to certain persons, the mysterious knowledge was undoubtedly acquired. Once when a young man at the table with him was dismissing very flippantly all manner of unexplained phenomena as the gross food of ignorance and credulity, Zschokke requested to know what he would say if he, a stranger, by aid of an unexplained power, should be able to tell him secrets out of his past life. Zschokke was deflected to do that; but he did it. Among other things he described a certain upper room, in which there was a certain strong box, and from which certain moneys, the property of his master, had been abstracted by that young man; who, overwhelmed with astonishment, confessed the theft.—*Graham's Magazine.*

HEAVEN IS HERE.—It is possible that the distance of heaven lies wholly in the veil of flesh, which we now want power to penetrate. A new sense, a new eye, might show the spiritual world compassing us on every side.—*Channing.*

## FOOTPRINTS OF ANGELS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

It was Sunday morning; and the church bells were all ringing together. From the neighboring villages came the solemn, joyful sounds, floating through the sunny air, mellow and faint and low, all mingling into one harmonious chime, like the sound of some distant organ in heaven. Anon they ceased; and the woods, and the clouds, and the whole village, and the very air itself, seemed to pray; so silent was it every where.

Two venerable old men—high priests and patriarchs were they in the land—went up the pulpit stairs, as Moses and Aaron went up Mount Hor, in the sight of all the congregation; for the pulpit stairs were in front, and very high.

Paul Flemming will never forget the sermon he heard that day,—no, not even if he should live to be as old as he who preached it. The text was, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." It was meant to console the pious, poor widow, who sat right below him at the pulpit stairs, all in black, and her heart breaking. He said nothing of the terrors of death, nor of the gloom of the narrow house; but, looking beyond these things, as mere circumstances to which the imagination mainly gives importance, he told his hearers of the innocence of childhood upon earth, and the holiness of childhood in heaven, and how the beautiful Lord Jesus was once a little child, and now in heaven the spirits of little children walked with him, and gathered flowers in the fields of Paradise. Good old man! In behalf of humanity, I thank thee for these benignant words! And still more than I, the bereaved mother thanked thee.

After the sermon, Paul Flemming walked forth alone into the churchyard. There was no one there, save a little boy, who was fishing with a pin-hook in a grave half full of water. But a few moments afterward, through the arched gateway under the belfry, came a funeral procession. At its head walked a priest in white surplice, chanting. Peasants, old and young, followed him, with burning tapers in their hands. A young girl carried in her arms a dead child, wrapped in its little winding-sheet. The grave was close under the wall, by the church door. A vase of holy water stood beside it. The sexton took the child from the girl's arms, and put it into a coffin; and, as he placed it in the grave, the girl held over it a cross wreathed with roses, and the priest and peasants sang a funeral hymn. When this was over, the priest sprinkled the grave and the crowd with holy water; and then they all went into the church, each one stopping, as he passed the grave, to throw a handful of earth into it, and sprinkle it with the hallow.

A few moments afterwards, the voice of the priest was heard saying mass in the church, and Flemming saw the toothless old sexton treading, with his clouted shoes, the fresh earth into the grave of the little child. He approached him, and asked the age of the deceased. The sexton leaned a moment on his spade, and, shrugging his shoulders, replied,

"Only an hour or two. It was born in the night, and died this morning early."

"A brief existence," said Flemming. "The child seems to have been born only to be buried and have its name recorded on a wooden tomb-stone."

The sexton went on with his work, and made no reply. Flemming still lingered among the graves, gazing with wonder at the strange devices by which man has rendered death horrible and the grave loathsome.

In the temple of Juno at Alis, Sleep and his twin brother, Death, were represented as children reposing in the arms of Night. On various funeral monuments of the ancients the Genius of Death is sculptured as a beautiful youth, leaning on an inverted torch, in the attitude of repose, his wings folded and his feet crossed. In such peaceful and attractive forms did the imagination of ancient poets and sculptors represent death.

And these men were men in whose souls the religion of Nature was like the light of stars, beautiful, but faint and cold! Strange, that in later days this angel of God, which leads us with a gentle hand into the "land of the great departed, into the silent land," should have been transformed into a monstrous and terrific thing! Such is the spectral rider on the white horse; such the ghastly skeleton with scythe and hour-glass; the Reaper, whose name is Death!

One of the most popular themes of poetry and painting in the Middle Ages, and continuing down even into modern times, was the Dance of Death. In almost all languages is it written,—the apparition of the grim spectre, putting a sudden stop to all business, and leading men away into the "remarkable retirement" of the grave. It is written in an ancient Spanish poem, and painted on a wooden bridge in Switzerland. The designs of Holbein are well known. The most striking among them is that, where, from a group of children sitting round a cottage hearth, Death has taken one by the hand, and is leading it out of the door. Quietly and unresisting goes the little child, and in its countenance no grief, but wonder only; while the other children are weeping and stretching forth their hands in vain towards their departing brother. It is a beautiful design, in all save the skeleton. An angel had been better, with folded wings, and torch inverted.

And now the sun was growing high and warm. A little chapel, whose door stood open, seemed to invite Flemming to enter and enjoy the grateful coolness. He went in. There was no one there. The walls were covered with paintings and sculpture of the rudest kind, and with a few funeral tablets. There was nothing there to move the heart to devotion; but in that hour the heart of Flemming was weak as a child's.

He bowed his stubborn knees, and wept. And O, how many disappointed hopes, how many bitter recollections, how much of wounded pride and unrequited love, were in those tears through which he read, on a marble tablet in the chapel wall opposite, this singular inscription:

"Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and with a manly heart."

It seemed to him as if the unknown tenant of that grave had opened his lips of dust, and spoken to him the words of consolation, which his soul needed, and which no friend had yet spoken. In a moment the anguish of his thoughts was still. The stone was rolled away from the door of his heart; death was no longer there, but an angel clothed in white. He stood up, and his eyes were no more bleared with tears; and, looking into the bright, morning heaven, he said:

## "I will be strong!"

Men sometimes go down into tombs, with painful longings to behold once more the faces of their departed friends; and as they gaze upon them, lying there so peacefully with the semblance that they were on earth, the sweet breath of heaven touches them, and the features crumble and fall together, and are but dust. So did his soul then descend for the last time into the great tomb of the Past, with painful longings to behold once more the dear faces of those he had loved; and the sweet breath of heaven touched them, and they would not stay, but crumbled away and perished as he gazed. They, too, were dust. And thus, far-sounding, he heard the great gate of the Past shut behind him, as the Divine Poet did the gate of Paradise, when the angel pointed him the way up the Holy Mountain; and to him likewise it was forbidden to look back.

In the life of every man, there are sudden transitions of feeling, which seem almost miraculous. At once, as if some magician had touched the heavens and the earth, the dark clouds melt into the air, the wind falls, and serenity succeeds the storm. The causes which produce these sudden changes may have been long at work within us; but the changes themselves are instantaneous, and apparently without sufficient cause. It was so with Flemming; and from that hour forth he resolved that he would no longer veer with every shifting wind of circumstance; no longer be a child's plaything in the hands of Fate, which we ourselves do make or mar. He resolved henceforward not to lean on others; but to walk self-confident and self-possessed; no longer to waste his years in vain regrets, nor wait the fulfilment of boundless hopes and indiscreet desires; but to live in the Present wisely, alike forgetful of the Past, and careless of what the mysterious Future might bring. And from that moment he was calm and strong; he was reconciled with himself. His thoughts turned to his distant home beyond the sea. An indescribable sweet feeling rose within him.

"Thither will I turn my wandering footsteps," said he, "and be a man among men, and no longer a dreamer among shadows. Henceforth be mine a life of action and reality! I will work in my own sphere, nor wish it other than this. This alone is health and happiness. This alone is Life."

'Life that shall send  
A challenge to its end,  
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend!'

Why have I not made these sage reflections, this wise resolve, sooner? Can such a simple result spring only from the long and intricate process of experience? Alas! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life, to light the fires of passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly at first, and then more clearly, that upon the earlier pages of that book was written a story of happy innocence, which he would fain read over again. Then comes listless irresolution, and the inevitable inaction of despair; or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain, a more noble history than the child's story with which the book began."

A SWEET VOICE.—A sweet voice is indispensable to a woman; I do not think I can describe it. It can be and sometimes is cultivated. It is not inconsistent with great vivacity, but is often the gift of the gentle and unobtrusive. Loudness or rapidity is incompatible with it. It is low but not guttural, deliberate but not slow. Every syllable is distinctly heard, but they follow each other like drops from a fountain. It is like the cooing of a dove, not shrill, nor even clear, but uttered with that subdued and touching readiness, which every voice assumes in moments of deep feeling or tenderness. It is a glorious gift in woman—I should be won by it more than beauty—more even than by talent, were it possible to separate them. But I never heard a deep, sweet voice from a weak woman. It is the organ of strong feeling and of thoughts which have lain in the bosom, till their sacredness almost bushes utterance.—*Willis.*

## MEDIUMS IN FORMER TIMES.

Halleran, of Vienna, was constantly accompanied by his familiar genius; he saw him and conversed with him. When he had reached his sixtieth year, it seemed that his genius wished to quit him. There were afterward only certain days in the month, when he had the good fortune to see him.

I knew at Gersbach, near Durlach, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, a curate, who was put in duarance because he had likewise a familiar spirit. There is at Mannheim, a man who always thinks himself accompanied by several spirits. Sometimes they walk by the side of him in visible forms; at other times, they accompany him only under ground. Pintel speaks of a very dangerous maniac, who was calm only during the day; but who, during the night, believed himself always surrounded by ghosts and phantoms; who conversed in turn with good and evil angels, and who, according to the character of his visions, was benevolent or dangerous, inclined to acts of kindness or to acts of barbarous cruelty.

History, both ancient and modern, furnishes a great number of examples of the same kind.—*Dr. Gall.*

## ROMANCE IN INDIAN LIFE.

A private soldier, writing from Fort Laramie, mentions the following incidents of the massacre of Lieut. Grattan:

"I will give you two facts connected with the massacre. A musician—one of the party—owned or married a squaw, and on that unfortunate day, when she saw danger threatening the troops, she rallied her father and brother to preserve her lover. When he fell wounded, she rushed to him to protect him from the arrows, or perish with him. Her father shot several arrows at the other Indians, and was wounded himself in the zealous defence of the soldiers. Then he sat down and wept, as he could do no more. The hostile Indians then rushed on the wounded soldier, tore him from the embrace of his faithful squaw, and scalped him before her eyes. After this she could not be prevailed upon to eat or drink, and starved to death, dying in nine days, and glad to go to regain the presence of the spirit of one she loved so dearly."

Nothing can be great which is not right.

It is only the calm waters that reflect Heaven in their breast.

Unhappy he who isolates himself, and refuses to enter into those relations of intercourse with others which assure to him a superior life. He deprives himself voluntarily of the nutritive sap intended to give him vigor, and, like a branch torn from the vine, dries up and perishes in his egoism.—*Arnold Guyot.*

When darkness sweeps across thy spirit's sky, look up, for the stars are the angels' alphabet, who write in lines of love many gentle thoughts for thee, and thou wilt behold the star-gemmed words of consolation—the solar thoughts of Deity. In the smiles of heaven the burdened heart forgets its load of care, while its angel face gazes on the visions of a brighter world. Change may tear the trembling soul from all it loves; but clothed in robes of affection, one gentle touch by the certain hand of change will set the spirit free; and those whom you call, mistakingly, the dead,—in an angel voice, soft as the hymning of a seraph orchestra, whisper to thee, "We meet in heaven."

## NEW ENGLAND SPIRITUALIST.

This paper has for its leading object the presentation before the community of the evidences, both ancient and modern, which go to establish the following propositions:

- I. That man has an organized spiritual nature, to which the physical body is but an outer garment.
- II. That he has a conscious individualized existence after the death of the physical body.
- III. That the disembodied can and do communicate sensibly with those still in the flesh.
- IV. That incalculable good may be derived from such communion, wisely used.

These propositions embrace what is popularly denominated Modern Spiritualism, and the questions involved in, and growing out of them, are becoming THE QUESTIONS OF THE AGE—than which none more interesting or important were ever raised among men.

Correspondents are cordially invited to contribute facts bearing on the question of spirit-existence and agency, and thoughts or suggestions, whether their own or from the Higher Life, calculated to throw "more light" on the great problems of Human Life, Duty, and Destiny. Those who write in a kindly, truth-seeking, rather than dogmatic spirit, free from censoriousness and needless harshness, with a due appreciation of the value of the Past, notwithstanding its errors, will be most welcome to a place in our columns.

TERMS, as heretofore—\$2.00 a year, or \$1 for six months, always in advance. To clubs, five copies for \$8.00; ten copies \$15.00. To city subscribers, when served by carrier, \$2.25.

A. E. NEWTON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER,  
15 Franklin Street, Boston.

Single copies of the SPIRITUALIST may be procured of  
BELLA MARSH, 15 Franklin Street, Boston.  
BURNHAM, FREDERICK & CO., 9 Court Street, Boston.  
TERRELL & CO., 100 Washington Street, Boston.  
Mr. ———, Spiritual Association Rooms, 15 Brattle St., Boston.  
DEXTER DANA, 72 Washington Street, Roxbury, Mass.  
PHILIP T. WILSON, 100 North St., Boston.  
B. S. AYRES, Portland, Me.  
A. ROSE, Hartford, Conn.  
S. W. SHAW, and O. S. SUMMERS, Providence, R. I.  
FAMOUS DARTY, 221 Arch Street, Philadelphia.  
S. F. HOYT, 8 First Street, and Union Depot, Troy, N. Y.  
A. BARTLEY, Boston, Mass.  
FREDERICK HILL, 160 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
VALERIE & CO., San Francisco, Cal., Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.  
MISS SARAH J. LINS, 45 North 5th St., St. Louis, Mo.  
JOHN SCOTT, St. Louis, Mo.  
S. W. PEARCE & CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.  
H. TAYLOR, Sun Building, Baltimore.  
F. McILROY, Post Office, Charleston, Mass.  
A. S. TAYLOR, 259 Third Avenue, New York.

The following persons will receive subscriptions for the SPIRITUALIST in their respective localities:  
MAINE—Augusta, W. J. Kilburn; Bangor, A. Bartlett; Camden, A. D. Tyler; Gardiner, J. H. Barnes; Kennebunk, E. Willard, F. M.; Montville, J. O. Bean, M. D.; Portland, M. F. Whitfield; Presque Isle, J. B. Hall, P. M.; Rockland, C. Coffin, M. D.  
NEW HAMPSHIRE—Manchester, E. B. Alden; Exeter, Dr. W. L. Johnson; Great Falls, H. H. Bracey; Hampton Falls, J. C. Brown; Lebanon, C. W. Brown; Nashua, J. H. Brown; Portsmouth, J. H. Brown; Dover, J. H. Brown; Concord, J. H. Brown; Amherst, J. H. Brown; Andover, J. H. Brown; Haverhill, J. H. Brown; Lawrence, J. H. Brown; Lynn, Jonathan Buffum; Lowell, J. L. Cambridge; Natick, A. H. Davis; Newburyport, John S. Gilman; No. Adams, S. Sedgwick; S. Weymouth, Samuel Newcomb. They are all

MASSACHUSETTS—Ablington, Wm. R. Washburn; Athol, S. F. Cheney; Chelsea, Thos. Sweetser; Chicopee Falls, John Ordway; Collins Depot, W. Collins; Concord, James Olin; Groton Centre, I. L. Olin; Hanson, Marcus Adams; Haverhill, Jonathan Stevens; Lawrence, J. H. Brown; Lynn, Jonathan Buffum; Lowell, J. L. Cambridge; Natick, A. H. Davis; Newburyport, John S. Gilman; No. Adams, S. Sedgwick; S. Weymouth, Samuel Newcomb. They are all

VERMONT—Burlington, S. B. Nichols; Danville, Geo. F. Green; South Reading, P. P. Wilder; Vergennes, J. H. Butler; W. Brattleboro, John Lisco; Windsor, T. B. Winn; Woodstock, J. D. Powers.  
OHIO—Chagrin Falls, Dr. A. H. Hoxby; Cincinnati, E. Bly and S. W. Pease & Co.; Cleveland, Dr. F. M. Brown; Columbus, Joel Watson.  
MISSOURI—St. Louis, Miss Sarah J. Lins.  
ILLINOIS—Alton, William Nixon; Rockford, Rev. Herman Snow.  
NEW YORK—Clay City, John B. Jones; Malone, J. M. West.  
INDIANA—Pennville, Jay C. Enos Lewis.  
MICHIGAN—Dearborn, W. H. Keeler; Albion, M. H. Tuttle. Orlando Taylor, Saginaw, Saginaw County.  
PENNSYLVANIA—Columbus, J. Judson; Easton, Dr. O. D. Wilcox; New Brighton, M. A. Townsend.  
NEWJERSEY—Newark, J. H. Mackenzie.

All the lecturers whose names appear in the list inside, together with the following persons, are all  
Warren Chase, H. Cutler, Calvin Hall, Warren Brown, D. F. Goddard.

## Bella Marsh's Advertisements.

RICE'S SPIRIT MEDICINES. PURIFYING SYRUP.  
This Medicine is purely vegetable, and is an effective remedy for all Diseases caused by an impure state of the Blood, want of action in the Liver and Digestive Organs, Imperfect Circulation, Constipation of the Bowels, and Derangement of the Secretory Organs. It will remove from the system, Scrophula in all its various forms—Salt Rheum, Cancerous Humors, Cancer, Skin Head, Diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, Piles, warts of the face, and the Bowels and Secretory Organs. Price \$1.00.

ALSO, THE NERVE SOOTHING ELIXIR.  
A powerful and safe remedy for all Spasmodic and Nervous Diseases. It will relieve and cure Cholera, Colic, Cramps, Convulsions, Neuralgia, Tooth ache, Rheumatism, Pain in the Back and Sides, Severe Pains and Disorders of the Circulatory and Bowels, and the pains produced by Internal Injuries. Price 50 cents.

HEALING OINTMENT.  
A very useful external medicine, in all cases of Humors, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Chilblains, Chapped Hands, Inflammation, and external injuries of all kinds. Price 25 cents per box.

These Medicines have all been tested and can be relied upon; they contain no poisons.  
PREPARED FROM SPIRIT DIRECTIONS  
BY WILLIAM E. RICE. For sale by BELLA MARSH,  
15 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON.  
WM. E. RICE, may be addressed at 48 Hudson Street.

A SPIRIT REMEDY. PULMONARY SYRUP. This Syrup is an effective remedy for negative and diseased action of the Lungs, viz., as a confirmed secretion in the Chest, weakness and tendency to Consumption, Irritation of the Mucous Membrane, Asthma, and it will relieve the distressing cough and modify the symptoms of Consumption. Price 50 cents.

Prepared from spirit directions by William E. Rice. For sale by Bella Marsh, 15 Franklin Street, Boston. Price 50 cents.

MRS. MITTLER'S CLAIRVOYANT MEDICINES.  
We cannot convey through the medium of an advertisement, however extended, sufficient evidence of the various cures of each of the following Medicines. It is enough to say that they are specific remedies, and have never failed in a single instance when the priests directed have been strictly followed.

## RESTORATIVE SYRUP.

For languid and unequal Circulation, Derangement of the Secretions, Sick and Nervous Headaches, Bilious Obstructions, Inactivity of the Liver, and other disorders arising from an Impure State of the Blood, &c.

DYSENTERY CORDIAL.  
For the complaint for which this remedy is recommended, it is safe to say there is nothing else in the list of known remedial agents.

ELIXIR.  
For Cholera, and severe Colic Pains, Cramps of the Stomach and Bowels, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Pains, &c., &c.

From a great number of certificates by highly respectable persons, we select the following, as the three several kinds.  
"MRS. MITTLER.—MAMAM, I consider it my duty, as a friend to humanity, to acknowledge that I have, in my own person and family, and among the persons employed in my Factory, experienced and witnessed the uniform and complete success which has attended the administering of your invaluable medicines, the Restorative Syrup, Dysentery Cordial and Elixir for Cholera."  
Manchester, Conn., June 6, 1855.  
For sale at wholesale or retail, by Bella Marsh, Agent, No. 15 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

MRS. MITTLER'S PULMONARY. An Excellent Remedy for Coughs, Irritation of the Throat and Lungs, Hemorrhage, Asthma, Consumption, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Respiratory Organs. Price \$1.00 per bottle.  
MRS. MITTLER'S NEURALGIC MIXTURE. This is the best of all Remedies for the various kinds of neuralgic pains, viz., Headache, Constipation of the Bowels, Headache, Migraine, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Colic or Worms. Price 50 cents per bottle.  
MRS. MITTLER'S LINIMENT.—Which supplies a deficiency long felt, in the treatment of Lameness and Stiff Joints, Rheumatic Contractions, and Neuralgic Affections, Calfs and Stiff Joints, Rheumatic Contractions, &c., &c. Price \$1 per bottle. For sale at wholesale or retail, by Bella Marsh, Agent, No. 15 Franklin Street.

MR. PARKER'S SERMON OF IMMORTAL LIFE.  
The fourth edition of this excellent Sermon is just published and for sale by BELLA MARSH, No. 15 Franklin Street. Price 10 cents each. All the other publications of Mr. Parker, for sale as above.

## LIST OF PUBLICATIONS

FOR SALE BY BELLA MARSH,

No. 15 Franklin Street, Boston.

THE following list embraces all the principal works devoted to Spiritualism, whether published by BELLA MARSH, of Boston, or elsewhere, and the prices of the same being annexed, together with the rates of postage. All new publications received as soon as issued. The Trade supplied at publisher's prices.

Tiffany's Monthly, 83.00 per Annum; 25 cents single number.  
Hon. Warren Chase's Three Lectures, On the Harmonical Philosophy. Price 20 cents.

Tiffany's Lectures, Spiritualism Explained: being a Series of Twelve Lectures delivered before the New York Conference of Spiritualists, by Joel Tiffany, in January, 1856. Price \$1.00. Postage free.

Natty, a Spirit; His Portrait and his Life. By Allen Putnam. Price 62 1/2 cts.; postage 10 cts.

The Ministry of Angels Realized; A Letter to the Edwards Congregational Church, Boston, By Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Newton. With Notes and an Appendix, embracing facts illustrative of Angelic Ministry, and the substance of a Reply to the "Congregationalist." Price 15 cts., single; \$1.25 a dozen; \$10.00 a hundred. Postage 1 cent.

Answer to Charges, Of Belief in Modern Revelations, &c., given before the Edwards Congregational Church, Boston, By A. E. Newton. Price 10 cts.; postage 1 cent.

The Lily Wreath, Of Spiritual Communications; received chiefly through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams. By A. E. Child, M. D. Full gilt \$1.50; half gilt \$1.00; plain 50 cts. Postage 10 cents.

The Bouquet of Spiritual Flowers, Received chiefly through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams. By A. E. Child, M. D. Prices as above.

A Lyric of the Golden Age, Thomas L. Harris. "And I saw New Earth." Price, \$1.50. Postage 20 cents.

Prof. Hare's Large Work, Experimental Investigations of the Spirit Manifestations, &c. Price \$1.75 Postage 50 cents.

Scenes in the Spirit World; Or, Life in the Spirit. By Hudson Tuttle. Price 50 cents. Postage 5 cents.

Mr. Wolcott's Amazing Picture, Representing the Attack of the Allies on the Helms of Spiritualism. Price 25 cents.

The Progressive Life of Spirits after Death, As given in Spiritual Communications to, and with Introduction and Notes, by A. E. Child, M. D. Price 15 cents.

The Present Age and Inner Life, A Sequel to Spiritual Intercourse. Modern Mysteries classified and explained. By Andrew J. Davis. Illustrated with Engravings. Price, \$1.00. Postage 25 cents.

The Harmonical Man; Or, Thoughts for the Age. By Andrew J. Davis. Price 50 cents. Postage 5 cents.

Nature's Divine Revelations, &c. By Andrew J. Davis. Price \$2.00. Postage 42 cents.

The Great Harmonia. By Andrew J. Davis. Vol. I, The Physical. Price \$1.25. Postage 20 cents. Vol. II, The Mental. Price \$1.00. Postage 15 cents. Vol. III, The Moral. Price \$1.00. Postage 15 cents. Vol. IV, The Reformer. Price \$1.00. Postage 15 cents.

The Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse. By Andrew J. Davis. Price 50 cts. Postage 9 cents.

Free Thoughts Concerning Religion. By Andrew J. Davis. Or Nature versus Theology. Price 15 cents; postage 2 cents.

The Philosophy of Spiritual Providence. By Andrew J. Davis. A Vision. Price 17 cents; postage 2 cts.

The Approaching Crisis. By Andrew J. Davis. Being a Review of Dr. Bushnell's recent Lectures on Supernaturalism. Price 50 cts.; postage 12 cts.

Answers to Seventeen Objections, Against Spiritual Intercourse, and Inquiries relating to the Manifestations of the Present Time. By John S. Adams. Price 58 cts. in cloth; postage 7 cts.

A Letter, To the Chestnut Street Congregational Church, Chelsea, Mass. By John S. Adams. Price 10 cts.; postage 2 cts.

A Rivulet from the Ocean of Truth, Or, the Spiritual and Materially interesting narrative of the advancement of a Spirit from darkness into light, by John S. Adams. Price 25 cts.; postage 5 cts.

Review, Of the Conclusion of Rev. Charles Beecher, referring the Manifestations of the present time to the Agency of Evil Spirits. By John S. Adams. Price 5 cents.

An Epistle of the Starry Heaven, Thomas L. Harris. Price 75 cts. Postage 12 cts.

Lyric of the Morning Land, Thomas L. Harris. Price 75 cts.; postage 12 cts.

Henry C. Wright, On Marriage and Divorcement. Price \$1.00; postage 20 cents.



# NEW-ENGLAND SPIRITUALIST.

A JOURNAL OF THE METHODS AND PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRIT-MANIFESTATION, AND ITS USES TO MANKIND.

PUBLISHED AT 15 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON.]

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT STILL!"—GOETHE.

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. II.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1856.

No. 21.

## Phenomenal & Philosophical.

[Translated for the New England Spiritualist.]

### THE ANGELS.

NO. II.

THEOLOGIAN.

What! Carry skepticism so far as to doubt the existence of absolute spirits! Why, the entire universe is full of them! They are incessantly in motion, and it was not without reason that I compared them to the atoms of the air, since, so to express it, they form one unbroken throng. This throng is diffused throughout such space as you deem vacant, but which is so only so far as our senses are concerned. An ancient declares energetically, that there is not in the universe even a chasm in which we can slip a finger, without encountering a spirit; so abundantly is the invisible people which constitute the most beautiful ornament of creation, every where diffused, even in those places which you imagine mere wastes, because you do not there perceive the gross bodies of your sons and planets.

And you demand that I prove the existence of pure spirits! This proof is of elementary simplicity, and is found in all treatises on theology. It is comprised in the principle which you just advanced. You concede that there should exist in the order of creation, beings more and more similar to God; so much rather should it be admitted that the principal end of Deity in the things which he creates is the good which results from the assimilation of those things to himself. Now the perfect assimilation of the effect to the cause is evidently obtained, when the effect resembles the cause in the very quality by which the cause produces it. But then God produces creatures by his intelligence and his will; then the perfection of the universe requires that there should be creatures in which shall exist intelligence and will; and these qualities being purely spiritual, the creatures in question should be so likewise. One can even say, in following an argument much more simple, that God's nature being purely spiritual, it follows for the similitude, that there would be below him beings purely spiritual also. Thus you see at the first step we reach the end.

PHILOSOPHER.

Your argument is but specious; and it is by rank abuse that your catechetical theologians have acquired the habit of using it as so decisive a weapon before the eyes of their disciples. The Angelic Doctor in taking it as the point of departure for his dissertation, has no less committed the fault of considering it conclusive. In fact it does not suffice to demonstrate that spiritual creatures exist, if it be not demonstrated at the same time, that these creatures, to be in rapport with each other and the material world, have no need of a covering analogous to what we call the body, and which we, who also unhesitatingly recognize ourselves as spiritual existences, know so well that we are incapable of doing without. The proof that your great doctor (Dionysius) was not insensible of this fact, is that immediately following the article you have quoted, he puts the question to know whether the angels have a body to which they are naturally conjoined. There is the important point. All angelic psychology is in some manner involved. If the angels, however spiritual they may be, are naturally allied to bodies, they re-enter simply into the general condition of men. If, on the contrary, the corporeal organization is entirely foreign to them, they constitute in the order of creation a genus absolutely distinct in all respects. "The human soul requires to be united to a body," says 'La Somme,' "because in the order of intellectual substances it is imperfect, and exists only as a power, not having the fullness of knowledge in its nature, but drawing it from sensible objects by means of the bodily senses. But in every class where we find something imperfect, we may look above it for something perfect in the same class. Therefore there are in intellectual nature certain substances perfectly intellectual, having no need to acquire knowledge through sensible objects. Moreover, not all intellectual substances are allied to bodies; but some exist independently thereof, and these we call angels."

I have ventured to remind you of this important passage, which shows so well that the question of the nature of angels is fundamentally the same as that of the origin of ideas; it is the essential basis of the opinion which you maintain. But without entering into the vortex of problems involved,—do you not acknowledge that I am justified in availing myself of the general principle upon which it proceeds—"that in every class where we find something imperfect, we may look above it for something perfect of the same class? The rule will, in fact, work both ways; and I say in my turn, that if among corporeal organizations, there is, as is apparent in ourselves, something imperfect, there should exist, higher in the same class, perfect corporeal organizations. And I add that this body, so far from detracting from the resemblance between spiritual substances and God, completes, on the contrary, this likeness; for it constitutes the image of that relationship which the universe holds to God.

In saying that the fullness of knowledge in superior beings is dependent upon their connection with a body, I am in nowise reduced to impute to them a material organization as imperfect as our own. I accept fully in reference to this matter the word of 'La Sagesse,' so dear to the ascetics: "The body weighs down upon the soul; and inhabiting the earth depresses the mind, which is dissipated in a multitude of thoughts." I willingly concede that the body, given up to the instincts of animality which incessantly torment us, reduced to a

small number of narrow and uncertain senses, feeble, infirm, untractable, troublesome, weighs down the soul, and prevents its living in the high regions as freely as its spiritual nature would predispose it. Yes; the habitation of the earth, subject to innumerable trammels, disappointments, labors, lowest occupations, prevents the spirit from concentrating itself upon eternal ideas. But what conclusion am I to draw? It is that under the same conditions of alliance between the substance of the soul and matter, under the same conditions of residence in a determinate quarter of the sidereal world, there necessarily exist somewhere intellectual beings better endowed than ourselves, and enjoying senses more perfect than our own;—and it is these intellectual substances which I call the angels.

Furthermore, the defect in the reasoning of the scholastics is exposed, if I mistake not, by the argument which has just served me. It consists in the assumption that the human soul represents an imperfect being in the class of purely intellectual substances; whereas, evidently it is so only in the class of intellectual corporeal substances. I cannot therefore agree with you with respect to the existence of superior beings purely spiritual, until you show me an imperfect being of that class. Meanwhile you will permit me, for I have logic on my side, to hold to my definition of the angelic nature, which is deduced from the development of human nature as it is known to be.

Do you consider that the creation, thus bound by the laws of matter, presents no longer for our admiration types sufficiently sublime? But I would remind you of what I have already intimated touching the magnificence which we have a right to conjecture in the corporeal beings that hover above us in the unknown spheres of the universe. Nothing of that which is repugnant to you here below, and makes you accuse our apparel of grossness, of weight, of resistance, of hostility to the soul, is found there. All these taints of animality, which are the cause of our passions and vices, and which you attribute so gratuitously to the impurities of the flesh, have disappeared. All the forces which concur to the establishment and support of the organs are at the disposition of the spirit, and obey it completely. Thanks to the power, complexity, and delicateness of the wondrous maze of endowments over which he reigns supreme, the being influences at will its neighbors, changes its place at pleasure, takes cognizance of the sensible phenomena which interest it,—in a word observes, operates and converses freely throughout the expanse of its celestial country, and, never wearying, passes from the activity which is its life, to the ecstacy of recognition and love which is its repose. Can you seriously withhold your admiration from a plan so marvellous? If not, why contest the universality of its operation, and thus destroy rather than admit the sublime unity of the population of the universe?

And upon the whole, whether you will or not, in order not to confound these pure essences with God, you are not the less reduced to give them bodies; for however spiritual you make them, you must still conceive them in a special place, otherwise they vanish as creatures, and are resolved into the Divine Mind.—Now I demand, what is this portion of space in which your angels are found; which is their exclusive possession; since you declare that two of them cannot be at the same time in the same place; which, in a word, is their personal property—what is it, if not an actual body, how much soever you may sublimate it in the endeavor to place it beyond the pale of natural laws? The fundamental principle of corporeity consists in attributing to a determinate being a determinate portion of space, and not in the manner of enjoying that space, which is evidently but secondary. "Following what rule we will," says 'La Somme,' "by giving the angelic nature locality, you make it exist in corporeal space."

Exactly the same thing applies to the relation between the human soul and the corporeal space it occupies; accordingly your theorist does not neglect to pursue the analogy still further. "The soul," he adds, "is in the body as containing it, and not as being contained; and similarly, the angel is said to be in corporeal space, not as being contained, but as containing it in some manner."

There is, then, this in common—that the angel possesses and contains, the same as man, a determinate place; with this difference—that man, in his possession, far from confining himself to simple occupation, produces at will in the bosom of his domain, the movements which serve him, is informed of the changes which are passing therein,—in short, reigns there supreme; whereas the angel, on the contrary, instead of ruling in his own, exists therein without activity, and with no power except to exclude every other creature from the same,—in a word, occupying its place only in a negative manner, enjoying in fact, mere impenetrability, like brute matter. Of these two modes of possessing space, which to your mind should be considered superior?

I hold it impossible to conceive of purely spiritual beings, because it is not possible to conceive of a real creature out of the conditions of extension. Moreover, whether the middle age realized the fact or not, its reputed spirits were naught but embodiments of its reputed heaven.

Contemplate these imaginary beings connected with empty space and an indefinite form, strangers to all physical phenomena, alike unfit for sensation or action, in all points similar to the abstract figures we conceive in mathematics; and ask yourself if the celestial population, such as the scholastics painted, was not in perfect keeping with the superior regions, such as astronomy then supposed them to be. To me the resemblance seems perfect. The material universe was supposed to occupy but a little corner of immensity; and where the

physical qualities of creation vanished, the physical qualities of its inhabitants likewise disappeared. In restoring to the universe its fullness, modern science seems to me to have done implicit justice to this chimera of incorporeal spirits. They are no longer possible, for there is no longer any portion of space for them.

But since ether vibrates round all and through all, it should follow that, every where, creatures have been ordained susceptible to these magnificent undulations, and that they are thus bound together in the unity of sensible nature no less than in that of intellectual and moral nature.

From the Spiritual Telegraph.

### DEMONIACAL POSSESSION 200 YEARS AGO.

GENTLEMEN EDITORS: I communicate to you the following extract from *Town and Country Magazine*, Vol. X, London, 1778, p. 119, for any use you may choose to make of it. The cause of the Spiritualists scarcely requires any more proofs, but the statement therein, coming from a man of so high standing in society, and being so unique in all respects, ought to be, I think, recorded anew in the annals of Spiritualism.

A GENUINE COPY OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY THE DUKE OF LAUDERDALE IN THE YEAR 1657.

Sir,—It is sad that the Sadducean, or rather atheistical denying of spirits and their apparitions and possession of persons, should so far prevail, as I find it does at present. But why should we wonder at it in such an age of infidelity as this, since those who will not believe Moses and the prophets we know will not be convinced though one should rise from the dead? But for me may Heaven ever defend me from such hardness of heart; and indeed I account it no small mercy to me that I have had signal proof, and even ocular demonstration, of the truth of a real and certain possession of spirits, which I propose a relation of as the business of this letter.

There was some years since in the town of Dunee in the Mers, a poor and ignorant woman who was generally believed to be possessed by an evil spirit. I myself often saw her, and never doubted it; and I well remember that the minister of the place, a learned, ingenious and godly man, made no scruple of affirming the same to all persons, and himself often visited her, and readily attended strangers who were desirous of the same satisfaction. This place, I think, even went so far as to apply to the king's privy council, to whom he also brought the written attestations of twenty neighboring ministers to the truth of the fact, for a warrant to keep days of humiliation for her. The power of certain bishops, however, hindering at that time any such fasts to be kept, prevented this godly intention.

These persons, moreover, were not to be made to believe that this was a real possession. I wonder not, indeed, at these gentlemen's disbelief of possessions in general, if they have seen what I myself have of the baseness and roguery of the Church of Rome in the tricks of this sort, in order to make a merit or miracle in dispossessing, but think they might have given a fuller credit to this, where there were the attestations of so many godly persons to the truth of a fact, and no intent of a sham disposssession or any other deceit.

As to the pretended French miracles of this sort, I was myself, I remember, at London at the time when there were a thousand strange stories reported, and books written, about the possessions of the London nuns; and being desirous to be an eye-witness of the truth, I went to see them, not doubting that it was possible for the devil to possess a nun as well as any other person. But alas! I was strangely disappointed, for this was no other than a trick, nor did I see anything there but a company of wanton wretches pretending to be possessed, singing many bawdy songs in French, and playing a thousand odd, indecent tricks, in which, however, though they had been well taught, they were nothing to compare to our tumblers and rope-dancers; and one of them with the letters I. H. S. and Maria Joseph in her hand, which, they told us, were written by miracles, but which I am confident was done only by *aquafortis*. I was quite tired with this foolery, and spoke my mind about it pretty freely in the hearing of a certain Jesuit, who still, however, affirming that these were actual possessions, I desired leave to speak to them in a different language, and was promised by the holy father that I should be answered in the same. But when I told him I should speak in a language that neither he nor any there would understand, he told me gravely that perhaps these devils had not travelled. On this I left the place with a proper contempt, and heard afterward in the town that the whole was in reality a cheat, and the main intent of it was to prove witchcraft upon an innocent person, the curate of the place, whose name was Cupit, who had been converted from their religion, and whom they at last burnt for a wizard.

Not long after this, being determined to know the truth or falsehood of another famous story of this kind, I went to Antwerp to see a number of possessed persons, as they were called, exorcised, but in truth all I saw there was a number of gross Dutch wenches suffer exorcism patiently and belch most roaringly, so that if they were possessed by devils they seemed to be very windy devils, but to me they appeared only possessed with a large morning's draught of new beer. Some few of them did indeed make much squeaking and resistance before they would adore the host held up to them by the priest; but all I wondered at was the monstrous blasphemy in the exorciser in saying to the pretended devil, "*Prostratem adorabis creatorem tuum, quem digitis tenes.*" "Thou shalt prostrate adore thy Creator, which I now hold in my hand."

If these bishops, I say, had seen these pretended pos-

sessions, I cannot wonder at their not readily believing a real one; but had they been eye-witnesses, as I myself was, of what (to return to my story from this long digression) I am going to relate to you, I am very sure they would no longer have doubted the certainty of it.

The report, in short, of the strange things our Scotch woman uttered being now spread over all the country, among a number of neighboring gentlemen, my old friend, Sir James Forbes, who lives in the North of Scotland, being accidentally then at Edinburgh, and meeting there with a minister of a neighboring place, entreated him to go with him to see her, and brought him with that intent to my father's house, which was within ten miles of the place where she lived, where I made one of the party, and the next day we went together to her.

We found her, as the poorer sort thereabout generally are, a poor ignorant creature, who had never been taught so much as to read, and spent some time in conversation together without seeing anything of what we expected, for the woman showed no signs of anything extraordinary. The minister on this, almost out of patience, says to the knight in Latin, *Nondum audivimus spiritum loquentem*, "We have not yet heard the spirit speaking." And on this, immediately there issued out of the woman's mouth a voice in these words, *Audis loquentem, audis loquentem*, "Thou now hearest him speaking, thou now hearest him speaking." This from a poor creature who, they were sensible, knew no tongue but her own, nor, in truth, the half of that, put the minister into such an amazement, that I think it made him not mind his Latin, for he immediately took off his hat, and lifting his eyes up to heaven, cried out, "*Miseretur Deus peccatoris*," "The Lord have mercy on the sinner." On which the spirit, to show his skill in the language, immediately answered, "*Die peccatriceis, die peccatriceis*," "Say on this female sinner, say on this female sinner." The spirit here corrects the minister's false Latin. On this we were all perfectly satisfied of the truth of this report, and the reality of the possession, and this the more, because neither then, nor at any other time after, was there any attempt to dispossess her, and we all returned with great amazement to my father's house at Thirsteine castle.

I am sir, your faithful friend and servant,

LAUDERDALE.

### A WONDERFUL MAGICIAN.

A Paris correspondent thus recounts the astonishing feats of a new hero in the world of magic:—"The wonders of Signor Ragazzoni, whose approaching departure for London fills us with dismay, have been exhibited for the last time at the Tuileries. This wondrous magnetizer, called the 'man demon' in Italy, has produced more surprising effects in magnetism than have ever been witnessed before. The experiment of striking senseless was repeated the other night at St. Cloud, and filled the beholders with amazement. Signor Ragazzoni placed himself at one end of the long gallery of the palace, upon receiving the indication, in writing, of the person chosen from among the company to serve as an example of his power, outstretched his hand toward the victim, who instantly fell, struck as with the lightning's blast, stiff and senseless on the floor. So long as Ragazzoni so willed it, did the patient remain thus stretched out before him, to all appearance dead—for it seems that this magnetizer is the first whose power has been strong enough to stop the pulsation of the heart. Another gesture, and the patient rises—wondering what has happened, and why he is lying thus irreverently before imperial greatness on the ground. After the exhibition of these and other curious experiments, an Italian singer, just arrived from Florence, was introduced, under the auspices of the Princess Matilde, and sang with great *ecclat* the *andante* of Vaccai's *bravura*, 'Le Romeo.' The allegro followed, and the cantatrice was rushing from top to bottom of the clavier, sending out rockets and blazes of harmony, to the great delight and admiration of the company, when the Emperor, who was seated at the further end of the room, made a sign to Ragazzoni, who was standing at a distance behind the singer; the 'man demon' stretched forth his hand towards her, when suddenly, as if some infernal power had seized her in its grasp, the singer paused, with staring mouth and eyes wide open—the note, unfinished, died away; and, after two or three gulping efforts, she gazed around terrified—then, falling forward on the piano, burst into tears. The audience, believing the effect to be produced by timidity, applauded, to the utmost, encouraging her by every means in their power; but to all the kind inquiries of the ladies, she could return no answer.—Her voice was paralyzed, and all she could do was to point to her throat with a piteous expression of countenance, and shake her head in despair. At another sign from the Emperor, who had been much amused at the scene, Ragazzoni stretched forth his hand once more, and then the spell was unloosed—the poor cantatrice could thank, with all the volubility of her country, the courtly audience for the interest they had expressed, and give way to the pent-up words which came rushing in a torrent to her lips; but the emotion had been too violent; nothing could induce her to resume her cavatina, and the concluding notes of 'La tremenda *necisse spada*' remain yet to be sung before we can judge of the power of her contralto notes by the famous phrase of that air, which has been the stumbling-block of so many singers, and made the fortune of Giuditta Grisi."

On evergreen banks, and amid beautiful scenery, we may not inhabit, and we cannot; but we all may do better, by each one of us opening in his soul a well of living water, springing up for us into more than mortal life.

### THE SPIRITS AND THE EASTERN ARGUS.

Mr. S. B. Brittan, in a letter dated at Portland, communicates the following valuable test fact to the *Spiritual Telegraph*—

I am indebted to Mr. M. A. Blanchard, of this city, for an interesting spiritual fact which I will here record. Late on Friday evening last (Aug. 1st), Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard, Mr. B.'s mother, and a lady visitor—a medium for spirit manifestations—were quietly seated round a common centre-table, at the residence of Mr. B., when the table began to move—with and without contact—in answer to questions. Our friend inquired how many spirits were present in the room? and the answer was, "five," being one more than there were persons present in the flesh. The colloquy continued: "Are you all special friends or relatives of the persons in this circle?" "No." "Are you [the spirit in communication] an entire stranger to all present?" "Yes." "Will you give your name?" "Yes." These answers were all given by movements of the table when no member of the circle was touching it. Mr. Blanchard then procured writing materials, and the spirit through the medium soon wrote his name—"FRANCIS DOUGLAS." No member of the company had ever been acquainted with a person answering to that name. Mr. B. asked the spirit how they were to identify him, and the spirit answered the question in the following words, which were distinctly written by the hand of the medium: "I was publisher and proprietor of the *Eastern Argus* in 1820. I died in that year." On inquiry being made as to the mode of testing the correctness of these statements, it was written—in the manner already described—"Ask Eben Steel." Mr. Blanchard observed that perhaps he might not recollect with certainty, never having been himself connected with the *Argus* nor with the Newspaper Press. Following this suggestion, the spirit immediately wrote, "Ask Charles Holden." Further interrogatories were interrupted by a refusal on the part of the spirit to write more at that time. The invisible intelligences thus terminated the interview by saying, in substance, that what had been communicated was intended as a test, and that when they had ascertained the correctness of the preceding statements, the spirit would have more to say.

The next morning after the occurrence of the interview already described, Mr. Blanchard met Mr. Holden in the street, and inquired who was the publisher and proprietor of the *Eastern Argus* in 1820; to which the latter replied that there were two; and desired to know which one Mr. B. had in mind. Our friend thereupon signified that it made no difference; that he would like to obtain any reliable information respecting either. Mr. Holden said, "Francis Douglas was publisher and proprietor of that paper in the early part of 1820, but he died by accident during that year." Mr. Blanchard inquired how he could answer so promptly and with so much precision respecting events which transpired so many years ago. Mr. Holden remarked that perhaps there was not another man in Portland who could have answered the question with equal certainty; many, he presumed, might be aware of the fact that Mr. Douglas was proprietor of the paper, and that he died about that time. "But," said he, "I have certain data to which I can recur; I entered that office as an apprentice in 1819, and I know that Mr. Douglas died the next year, for I lived in his family at the time."

It may be proper to add in this connection, that Mr. Holden was associated with the *Eastern Argus* for many years, in the several capacities of apprentice to the printing business, journeyman compositor, publisher and editor, and that he dissolved his connection with that journal, in the latter capacity, only about two years since. It is also worthy of remark that Mr. Steel, to whom the spirit at first referred, was subsequently consulted by Mr. Blanchard. His recollection was not so clear, but he confirmed the most essential features of the spirit's statement, and said that Mr. Douglas died suddenly, about the time mentioned in the communication, in consequence of an accidental injury, received while on an excursion among the islands in Casco Bay.

Now, if Francis Douglas did not visit Mr. Blanchard's house on the evening of the first instant, and there make the communications herein recorded, pray who was the unseen visitor, or to what power in heaven or on earth shall we ascribe the facts?

### WITCHCRAFT.

Enactments like the following were not deemed ridiculous, even in the mouths of the legislature, in the reigns of Philip and Mary, and James I:—

"All persons who shall practise invocation or conjuration of wicked spirits, any witchcraft, enchantment, charm, or sorcery, whereby any person shall happen to be killed or destroyed, shall, with their aiders and abettors, be accounted felons, without benefit of clergy; and all persons practising any witchcraft, &c., whereby any person shall happen to be wasted, consumed, or lamed in his or her body or members, or whereby any goods or chattels shall be destroyed, wasted or impaired, shall, with their counsellors and aiders, suffer for the first offence one year's imprisonment and the pillory, and for the second the punishment of felony without clergy."

The like penalties are annexed to declaring by sorcery where any hidden or stolen treasure or goods may be found. Again, "if any person shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed, or reward any evil or wicked spirit, or take up any dead man, woman, or child out of his, her, or their grave; or the skin, bone, or any other part of any dead person, to be employed in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment," &c., he shall suffer death as a felon, without benefit of clergy.











